









### CONSOLS AT 90

HUSBAND — "Well! I declare I'm quite glad she's not here. It will be an  
 excuse to slip out home with my darling little Pipsey Popsey. What are  
 we now Dickey? I'm 'pretty Dick' 'pretty Dick'."

THE  
PICNIC MAGAZINE,

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE,

SCIENCE, CHESS AND THE DRAMA.

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N<sup>o</sup>. II.

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CONTAINING

SELECTED REVIEWS: CAPIOLIS NOTICIS AND LISTS OF NEW BOOKS. BIOGRAPHY :  
TALKS, TRAVELS, SCIENTIFIC SPECIATIONS AND NOTICES. NATURAL HISTORY :  
ORIGINAL ARTICLES : POETRY : CHESS AND MISCELLANEA—CAREFULLY COMPILED  
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**CHESS, DRAMA, &c. &c.**—Wit and Humour.—Caricatures, &c.

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THE

# PICNIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

JULY, 1848.

[No. 5.

## I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

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### REVIEWS.

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*Rollo and his Race ; or, Footsteps of the Normans. By Acton Warburton. Two vols. Bentley.*

READ in the right spirit, this is a very interesting and charming work. A man of elegant mind, of delicate and lively perceptions, habituated to regard the picturesque, whether in the aspect of nature, or the history of mankind—rambles loiteringly over a country which is to the modern inhabitant of Northern Europe what the Doric Peloponnesus might have been to the Dorian colonist of Sicily or Byzantium, and gives us, with honest enthusiasm, not unmixed with fervid prejudices, his impressions of the present, blent with his recollections of the past.

It is impossible to describe befittingly the Norman land, without touching upon the Norman architecture,—and without a sentiment of reverence for the noble relics of that grand art which records in stone the chronicle and character of a race. Mr. Warburton writes on this enticing theme, with all “its vexed subjects,” in a spirit that will provoke many dissentients from his taste. We do not agree with his scorn of the pointed arch, nor his execration of the Tudor innovations. But, *de gustibus non disputandum*; and we content ourselves with observing that Mr. Warburton’s reflection will convince him that he has not hit upon the truth, when he supposes that the Norman style of architecture, like the Norman mind, was formed “by the appearances of Nature—long nights, unending frosts, limitless wilds,” &c. (in short, the aspects of a Norwegian clime and land)—“all tending to nourish the idea of perpetuity,” and so “expressed in the salient feature of the architectural style that bears his name, viz., the circular arch.” For Mr. Warburton should surely recollect that it was not till our friend the Norman had got out of these “unending frosts and limitless wilds,” and ensconced himself comfortably in Neustria, that the idea of “perpetuity expressed in the circular arch” ever entered into his



head. In his native Norway, so far from thinking about architectural perpetuity, he was contented with his log huts; and even the palaces of his kings were built but of timber. It was as he contemplated the works of that civilization into which he has forced himself that he saw (not invented) the circular arch already existing in half the Roman churches throughout Christendom; and with the marvellous adaptability which was the true characteristic of the Scandinavian, he borrowed what he beheld. Far from this "perpetuity principle" in institutions, character, &c., being the attribute of the Norman, it was precisely because he was the least rigid, the most supple, plastic, and accommodating of mortals—that he became the civilizer and ruler wherever he was thrown. In France he becomes French, in England English, in Italy Italian, in Novgorod Russian; in Norway only, where he remained Norwegian, he failed to accomplish his elevated mission.

Above all men (and of this truth Mr. Warburton is not sufficiently sensible) the Norman was an imitator, and therefore an improver. Wherever his neighbours invented or possessed something worthy of admiration, the sharp, inquisitive Norman poked his aquiline nose. Did Sicily invent a better kind of helmet, instantly the Norman clapped it on his head. Did the Moor or the Breton breathe sentiment into a ballad, the Norman lay forthwith adopted the humanizing music. From a Franc castle or Lombard church, to a law by Canute or a witan under Athelstan, the Norman was always a practical plagiarist. Wherever what we now call the march of intellect advanced, there was the sharp eager face of the Norman in the van. All that he retained, in his more genial settlement, of his ancestral attributes, were the characteristics of a seaman. He was essentially commercial; he liked adventure and he liked gain; he was also a creature social and gregarious. He always inter-married with the population in which he settled, borrowed its language, adopted its customs, reconciled himself to its laws; and confirmed the aristocracy of conquest, by representing, while elevating, the character of the people with which he so closely identified himself.

Even in Ireland it is remarkable to see how much better the Norman families, such as the De Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, &c. amalgamate with the Celtic population than the later Saxon immigrants, who for the most part form a class perfectly apart. The fact is, that the Norman was especially an amalgamator; the Saxon, on the contrary, is a sad exterminator. The contrast in this between the Saxon's conquest of Britain, and the Norman's conquest of Saxon England is striking. If a body of Normans had colonized America, we firmly believe that they would have intermingled with the Indians, and raised that semi-savage population to their own level. The stubborn Saxon drives them into their wilds and forests, and civilizes for himself alone. On the flood of Saxon immigration nothing floats but the Saxon.

Mr. Warburton is too partial to be discriminating, but his partiality has a charm. He exaggerates the virtues of the Norman, or rather, he leaves out of sight the concomitant vices. He forgets the proverbial cunning or astuteness of his favourite ideal—its avarice and rapacity—qualities which the Norman possessed as long as he was Norman, and only lost as

he became fused in the general character of the population in which he was settled. As long as he was (at first in Neustria, at first in Sicily, at first in England), one of a garrison amidst a subject population, he could not help being cunning. He was constrained for his safety to have recourse to the *ruses* of a camp—and as long as he was lusting after some “*bel muneir*” that belonged to his neighbour, we do not see how he could help being greedy and rapacious. But Mr. Warburton does not exaggerate the astonishing influence for good which this remarkable race have exercised, especially in their noblest settlement—England. No one who has not paid some attention to our Saxon poetry, with its most artificial structure, its meretricious alliterations, its tedious, unanimated tone, relieved it is true by some exquisite descriptions, and an ethical allegorical spirit (as in the song of the Phoenix), can be aware how thoroughly it differs from the genius of our existing national muse,—and how much, immediately from the Anglo-Norman, and his kinsman the Anglo-Dane (though perhaps remotely from the Saracen), we derive of sentiment, vivacity, character, passion, simple construction, easy humour, and true pathos,—all, in short, that now especially distinguish the poetic and popular literature of England. But for the Norman and the Dane, we think it probable that we might have had writers like Thomson, Young, and Wordsworth,—but we feel a strong conviction that we should have wanted Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. No one who has not made himself familiar with the wretched decrepitude of the Saxon Church, its prostrate superstition and gross ignorance, at the age preceding the Conquest, can appreciate the impetus given to learning by the Norman ecclesiastics; and no one who has not studied the half-disorganized empire of disconnected provinces and rebellious earldoms under the Confessor, with laws of succession both to throne and to lordship most irregular, can comprehend all the advantage derived from the introduction of an hereditary aristocracy, singularly independent and high-spirited—quickly infusing its blood and its character into the native population—leaguings its own interest with those of the whole subject community—and headed by a line of monarchs who, whatever their vices and crimes, had at least the power to defend the land from all other invaders, and the wisdom to encourage the trade and the commerce which have ultimately secured to England at once its fame and its freedom.

Even war, both civil and foreign, became an agent of good under the sway of these kindly,\* if turbulent, lords. The chiefs were in want of the people—and they became also in want of money. Popular rights soon grew acknowledged. First burghs, then peasants, became enfranchised; and the solid mass of bondage under the Anglo-Saxons, with its divisions of subject Ceorl and enslaved Theowe, rapidly melted away. Our society soon resolved itself into its great elements, King, Lords, and Commons; and in the gripe of the Norman, the unwieldy, dismembered empire was compressed into symmetry, and hardened into strength.

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\* William of Malmesbury especially, says that the Norman nobles were kindly masters,—much more so in England than they were in Normandy. Froissart attributes the insolence of the English common people to their being so well off compared with the villeins of the Continent.

We can afford to do justice to this race,—for, as a distinct class, it is vanished from amongst us; its body is gone, though its spirit remains. It did its office; it poured its fresh, vigorous blood into the worn-out Saxon; but it is the Saxon man thus rejuvenated that breathes, and moves, and lives. No greater mistake can be committed than that so common with the French and some of our own writers—the mistake to suppose that the bulk of our landed aristocracy are of Norman origin; that there is any distinction of race between our patrician classes and the plebeian. All such distinctions, indeed, ceased to be perceptible under the earlier Plantagenets. Already the heirs of the first Norman invaders were the descendants of English mothers. But as the wars of the Roses finally swept away the old ruling families, we find Saxons of pure origin rising everywhere into ascendancy. Not now discussing a question liable to dispute, viz., what was the precise extent of spoliation and dispossession at the Conquest (though we think, at least, that it has been greatly exaggerated), it is certain that the bulk of the Saxon proprietors continued under the great barons to hold their lands in fief. As these great barons vanished, those Saxon proprietors emerged; and now form the body of our territorial aristocracy.

A glance at the names of our Peerage will suffice to show how Saxon or Saxon-Danish proprietors are predominant amongst all the creations subsequent to Henry the VII. In our great dukedoms, Cavendish and Russell are names emphatically Saxon. The old Norman houses of Fitzalan, Mowbray, and Maltravers, are represented by the direct heir of the Saxon Howards. The great Norman house of Percy is blent with the blood of a yet older family in England, the Smithsons (a name that speaks at once of the Northumbrian Anglo-Dane). The mirror of all chivalry, Sidney, comes from Saxon fathers; the model of all country gentlemen, Hampden, from the Saxon-Danes. In most of the counties, the oldest names amongst our landed gentry manifest English descent. In Kent, for instance, the Oxendens, Honeywoods, Knatchbulls, Derings, Hodges, &c. In Norfolk, Jerningham, Walpole, Woodhouse, Bedingfield,\* Wigget (the last derived from *Wig*, viz., a warrior, a name as genuinely Saxon as in the days of Alfred). North of the Humber, and in Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire, we recognise names that speak trumpet-tongued of the early Dane settlers—Thorold, Trollope, "Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves," Cromwell, Lambton. Most of the names ending in *son* or in *by*, such as Coningsby, Willoughby, are peculiarly Danish patronymics. In short, despite all the ingenuity of fabulous genealogies, the majority of our most ancient aristocracy is as thoroughly English, ante-dating from the Conquest, as the ploughmen in our fields, or the tradesmen in our shops.

We have left ourselves, unfortunately, small space for extracts from Mr. Warburton's volumes; but we must find room for the very interesting description of the Chateau D'Eu.

"This tranquil-looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually

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\* In Norfolk, the proprietors were generally Anglo-Danish before the Conquest, and some names quoted are rather significant of that part of the English family than of Saxon kindred, but at all events they are decidedly not Norman.

purchased for him by the Senate ; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the château, with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre, mother of Louis Philippe.

"The exterior presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilasters, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof ; the whole immediately bringing the Tuilleries to your recollection.

"The park contains forty hectares. The lower part, which is not visible from the castle, is after the present fashion. Here the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden ; winding walks, scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans sailing by green islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over banks of sward that take (as fancy might say) their verdure from the tears.

"The upper park, commanded by the windows of the château, is laid out in terraces, and planted by Le Notre. It consists of a large square plot of ground, divided by cruciform walks, and disposed in formal beds. A stone deity stands at each corner of the plot, and the metrical cadence of a fountain in the midst distributes order through the whole. Beyond the flower-beds, the park reaches away until it disappears in the perspective of lofty elms and beeches, that bound it on either side. From the open space innumerable alleys of trees vista off to right and left, forming, with their interlacing branches, many a beautiful aisle—beautiful, but so serious withal, that no excitement of moonlight or soft air would justify the most frivolous fairy in dancing anything less solemn than a minuet upon the sward below.

"The window of the King's study was open ; a fit spot to stand and gaze upon the scene. 'Twas impossible not to feel how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the *parterres*, accorded with the grave recollections of the place. How often must the great man to whom the castle now belongs, look from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life.

"There are few indeed can look back on a career so full of vicissitude, as the present King of the French. Fate has crowded into his seventy-four years, such an amount of hardship, danger, and extremes of condition, as seldom fall to the lot of man. Fortunately to France, happily for the peace of the world, he has survived them all. The fates seem to hover round his hale old age, as loath to touch a life on which so much depends."

Alas, and alas ! Certainly the Fates hovered long, and when they pounced at last, who could have foreseen that they would have dropped their victim, "*se sua virtute involvens*," wrapped in his virtue and his pea-jacket, into the parlour at the little inn of Newhaven.

Mr. Warburton has a very happy art in blending external description with historical reference or illustration,—take, from among many, the following passages :

"The scenery of the Seine is beautiful here, and a boat bears you pleasantly up the river towards Jumièges. On the right, opposite Villequier, lies, buried deep among the richly-wooded hills, the lovely Caudebec. It was the favourite haunt of the painter Vernet, who used to gaze day after day upon this exquisite landscape ; the parti-coloured town, with 'its face fixed upon the flood,' and the beautiful church—'La plus belle chapelle,' said Henry IV, 'que j'ai encore vu.' Then passing La Maillerie and Le Lendin, we come to Jumièges.

"At one time the right bank of the Seine from Rouen to the sea presented a succession of monastic establishments. The Abbey of Jumièges was the most remarkable of these. It had existed from the time of Clovis, and was celebrated for its beauty, its wealth, the number and holiness of its inmates. Among its abbots were some of the most illustrious names of France. The church was in a decaying state in the time of Longsword, who rebuilt and enlarged it in 940. It was again added

to, and beautified, by the Abbot Robert, in 1067. The Huguenots first, and afterwards the Revolutionists, visited this abbey with especial destruction, and now all remaining of the once-famous establishment, is the gate of the conventual building which has been turned into a dwelling-house, and the ruins of the Norman Church.

Again—

“We are now gliding down the Seine by Elbœuf, Rouen, St. George de Bocheville, Jumièges, Caudebec, Tancarville, Lillebonne to Havre. He who with a hearkening imagination has floated down the silver stream has learned lessons of history he will not soon forget. All nations of the western world,—the Celts, the Gauls, the Romans, the Saxons, the Franks, the Normans, the French, the English, have encountered each other on its waters, and dyed them with their blood. The sword has thrown its gleam upon the wave, the faggots of the Inquisition their glare. The prayers of the clergy, the war-cry of the nobles, the groans of the people, have in turn mingled with the echo of its course. The bigot fury of the Huguenots, the vain conspiracies of the League, the idle war of the Fronde,—the poor glory of a Louis XIV., the infamy of a Louis XV., and crowning all, the tremendous scenes of the Revolution. This the silent witness has beheld that glides beneath our boat and smiling bears it on.

“But it may be that its smile is for other histories than these. Rich and prosperous towns, verdant meads, and fertile fields, fringe its course to the sea, and on its ample bosom are borne the products of the artizan’s skill, the toils of the labourer, the freights of the merchant,—and shall I speak of softer tales that it could tell? Those four tremendous letters before which the old world trembled—S P Q R—have been reflected in its waters, and passed away; but the influence of four other letters lingers yet, and will, while those waters flow—shall I speak of—LOVE? Of the village dances on the banks,—the moonlight *fêtes* upon the summer waves, the vows that have been sworn, the hearts that have been plighted by the old river-side?

“There is but one epithet—as is proper, a French one—that can correctly describe the character of the Seine from Havre to Rouen. It is not *savage*, it is not soft, it is not grand, neither is it highly picturesque; but it is beyond all others that I know—*rainte*.”

Few readers, we apprehend, will read passages like these without being charmed with their natural sentiment, their graceful eloquence, and felicitous style.

In the second edition, to which we trust his work will arrive, we recommend Mr. Warburton to erase a *nouvellette*, in which an old legend with a De Courcy for its hero is dressed up as a modern love story;—to revise his note on the tapestry of Bayeux (the French authority he quotes is a sad blunder—let him consult Mr. Gurney’s paper on this celebrated stitch-work in the *Archæologia*);—and especially to omit the fabulous portrait of Rollo now prefixed to his work, in which the whole costume is one anachronism.

In conclusion, with some inaccuracies in detail, with much debateable matter in doctrine, Mr. Warburton has done ample credit to a name already so distinguished by the literary talents of his brothers, and has produced a book always animated by eloquence, and attractive by genuine feeling and lively enthusiasm. And in tracing the monuments of a race, so emphatically the fathers of gentlemen,—a gentleman’s refined taste and loyal nature heighten every excellence, and extenuate many faults.—*Examiner*, April 1.

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*The Half Sisters. A Tale. By Geraldine Endor Jewsbury, Author of 'Zöe.' Two vols. (Chapman and Hall's Series of Biography and Fiction.) Chapman and Hall.*

THE authoress of 'Zöe' has entitled herself to most favorable hearing. If that work was immature, and exhibited somewhat of the extravagance and indiscretion incident to young authorship, it was also, beyond a doubt, marked strongly by traits of original observation and genius, by the writer's determination to think for herself, and by an abundant and overflowing eloquence rarely discoverable in this manufacturing age of books.

The present work has the best characteristics of the first, though it differs in several important points. The design is far more evident: the principal object appearing to be, to demonstrate the value or influence which certain social conditions of life have upon the character and fortunes of women. It is not our purpose to enter into discussion on these points, more especially as we might not altogether agree with Miss Jewsbury's theories on the subject, though we cannot hesitate to say that they are set forth with remarkable ability. We would rather, if possible, infer another moral from the book, to which we are more inclined to yield assent. And that is, the superiority in many ways over the children of opulence, which poorer persons (men or women) acquire by being thrown upon their own intellectual strength. We work, we strive, we think, we invent, we fight, we conquer,—not from the mere pleasure of the process, but from the necessity that compels us to act. The want or desire to attain what we have not, stimulates to labour; and the willing labour leads to almost inevitable success. Besides which, there is the hope that gilds the prospect, and the health which accompanies the endeavour; in themselves perhaps of equal value with the greatness that crowns the struggle in the end.

To a certain extent Miss Jewsbury entertains the same opinions; but coupled with them, or rather obtruding into and overshadowing them, she seems to have a paramount notion that individual happiness and even character are altogether determined by the habits of those about us. We incline to think, on the other hand, that every one is in a high degree the creator of his own happiness; and that character is a thing not to be cramped or modified in any material degree by the trivial thoughts or mechanical pursuits of inferior neighbours. A strong mind will shake and influence a mind that is weak: but given the mind, given the character, and we are satisfied that it may almost always work out its own way; and that there is always, to use our authoress's words, "a side on which it may escape from that which is seen and definite, into that which is unseen and infinite." Even in the case of the two half sisters, it is not so much the social position of Alice as her want of character and stability (exquisitely portrayed throughout, as we think) that generates her unhappiness. How many great inventors have passed their lives among dull and uneducated journeymen! how many poets have dreamed wonderful dreams with nothing but prosaic neighbours around them! Yet Miss Jewsbury says,

"It is the being condemned to live with those who lead mechanical lives—lives without significance—who see in the daily routine of household business, in the daily occupation of going to the mill, the counting-house, and the different works of life nothing

but modes of filling up days and weeks, called in the aggregate *life*,—without an idea of looking round—much less *beyond*,—it is *this* which drives passionate souls mad ; but if there be one opening through which the air from the everlasting universe of things may breathe upon us, we can feel strong and cheerful—no matter how bare of material comforts our lot may be.

"*This* was Bianca's supreme blessing, which rendered all the hardships of her lot as dust on the balance. Alice, on the contrary, was hemmed in by people who cared for none of these things. She had not confidence enough in her own yearnings to make away for herself ; she did not sufficiently believe in her own aspirations to incur the comment, and censure, and want of sympathy of those around her ; she endeavoured, instead, to make herself like to them, to feel satisfied with what satisfied them ; she was haunted by a dull sense of self-reproach, she was divided against herself, weak, helpless, and dissatisfied."

But we must give the reader some idea of the narrative which these two very charming volumes contain. Philip Helmsby, the son of an ironmaster at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is sent to Italy for purposes connected with his father's business. He there becomes acquainted with a young girl, who attaches herself to him, and with whom he lives for one or two years. At the expiration of that time, he is recalled home, leaving his mistress (who, unknown to him, is likely to give birth to a child) in Italy, but fully intending to return to her and resume their former intercourse. Habits of business, however, and the respectability of social life in England, generate a dislike for the habits which he had indulged in Italy ; and at last determine him to abandon his Italian mistress, and to marry a young Englishwoman (the daughter of his father's partner), who has nothing but her own dull respectability to recommend her. This good, decorous, vulgar, stupid lady, is most happily sketched, in the midst of the society she delights in.

About thirteen years after his marriage, Philip Helmsby dies, leaving behind him a daughter, Alice, by his wife and (unknown to himself) a daughter, named Bianca, by his Italian friend. These two are the 'Half Sisters' of the tale, and it is upon their adventures—contrasted as they are in mind, in education, and in social position—that the interest and moral of the story turn. Both will be found very striking by the reader, whatever his own opinions may be.

The book opens with a picture of the Italian and her daughter Bianca, in an inn somewhere in the north of England. The girl herself is about sixteen years of age, and has been brought to this country by her mother (now almost in a state of imbecility), in the hope of finding Philip Helmsby, and of disclosing to him the existence of his child. It appears that Helmsby has then been dead about two years, leaving a widow and a legitimate daughter ; and the poor helpless Italian, on ascertaining these facts, becomes insane, and dependent for her daily bread upon the small earnings of the resolute and intelligent Bianca. In a strange country, without any knowledge of the language, and without any means of support, Bianca is glad to form one of the troop of a provincial circus-manager (a Mr. Simpson), who with his equestrians is then fascinating the town of L—. At this period she is seen by Conrad Percy, a collegian, who takes an interest in her desolate situation, and gives her a small sum of money for her immediate wants. For this, and for some small subsequent help, he is repaid by an amount of gratitude and love that could only emanate from a female

heart. It is all delightfully told, and the opening inspires an interest which is well sustained throughout.

The portraits of Simpson, the Manager, with his dirty hands and innumerable rings, his selfishness and kindness,—and of Mrs. Simpson, “a tall, well-formed woman, with a hard, bold face, and a defying pair of black eyes,” are capital pieces of portraiture, though slight. The same praise may be given to the pictures of the theatrical proceedings in Mr. Simpson’s circus, and at Mr. Montague St. Leger’s more legitimate theatre,—and of the slovenly actors who form the support of those provincial establishments. It is extraordinary what an amount of shrewd, clever observation we find here, exerted on very out-of-the-way subjects.

At Mr. St. Leger’s theatre, to which Bianca is transferred in the course of time, she encounters her sister Alice, who has been brought up under the care of her vulgar, common-place mother, and has been married to a Mr. Bryant, a man of some mark, and one of the best-drawn characters in the book. It is here also that she again meets Conrad Percy, who avows his love for her (her love had been his from the beginning)—but who is compelled or induced by the menaces of his father to leave Bianca for a time, and to spend a year or two abroad. In the hope of making herself more worthy of Conrad’s love, Bianca resolves to attain, if possible, the summit of renown as an actress; and in this she is materially aided by a great London actor, who has been “starring” at Mr. St. Leger’s theatre, and who appreciates her genius.

Two or three years of labour and experience in the provinces mature her talent, and she finally comes—preceded by a great reputation—to London, where her success is without parallel. All the demonstrations of vast popularity are showered upon her. Garlands, verses, critical rhapsodies, invitations from all quarters, attest her success. In the meantime the father of Conrad dies, and Conrad himself returns to London just at the height of the furor in her favour. Even his own love or admiration, which had flagged in absence (and, in fact, had been diverted towards another object), revives, and he sends a note to her towards the close of one of her performances, intimating that he should be in waiting for her at the end of the play. Her agitation at receiving the note is violent. She has been labouring to deserve him, as she imagines,—she who deserved a thousand-fold as much,—and now, suddenly, after an absence of years, he returns. ‘She trembled so much, that she nearly fell in attempting to descend the stairs.’ And her lover?—but we cannot do better than let Miss Jewsbury describe him at this particular juncture.

“At the stage door Conrad was standing negligently, and looking with a mixture of contempt and curiosity at all that was passing; his head was turned, and he did not perceive Bianca till she was close beside him. He saw she was agitated, and, without speaking a word, lifted her into the carriage, and followed her himself. He, too, was moved at the sight of one he had once so much loved; but he was not prepared for the passionate emotion with which Bianca, suffocated with sobs, flung herself on his breast. He was embarrassed, and almost frightened at the sight of such strong emotion; he had nothing within his own soul to meet it, and he was oppressed with it. Still he caressed her tenderly; but he felt awkward, and feared lest she should discover how much less fervent his feelings were than hers. But his vanity was soothed, and that enabled him to go through a scene which, on its own merits, was very wearisome. ‘Half the men in London would envy me, if they saw



me ;'—and this reflection gave a fictitious value to his position. When a man has once got over his passion for a woman, he finds her demonstrations of attachment very irksome ; if they proceeded from the most indifferent woman in the world they would please him better, because there would be at least something open—he is not *sure*, beforehand, that she may not prove the yet unseen queen of his soul : but a woman whom he has once passionately loved and forgotten, has neither hope nor mystery remaining for him ; she is a discovered enigma. No matter what noble or precious qualities lie within her—he has explored them, and found they cannot enrich *him* ; there is no more to hope, or expect, or discover. Bianca had just one chance of regaining Conrad, and but one, and that she flung away within the first hour of their meeting. Her position was so changed, her whole nature was so matured and developed, within the four years of their separation, that she was, in fact, a new creature. Had there been the least uncertainty, the least difficulty, the least appearance of indifference, Conrad might have been stimulated into a desire to regain his empire over this brilliant creature ; but when she flung herself upon him, and let him see so clearly that she was still the same Bianca as of old, that same Bianca of whom he had become weary, and that her affection was as glowing and overpowering as ever, the faint spark was quenched which might have become a flame, and he felt something like displeasure at her, for being more constant than himself. However, he began to express all the admiration he felt for her acting, and to foretell all sorts of glories for her. 'You surpassed all my expectations, Bianca, and realised all that could be embodied in a dramatic Muse. What other actresses may have been in their generation I know not—but you make all who behold you very thankful that they live in this.'

"Oh !" cried Bianca, impatiently, 'do not praise me, *you*—other people can say all they think about my genius, it is for you I have laboured—it is for you I have endeavoured to make myself of some value, to make myself worthy of you.' Of what worth is my genius to me except that ? Only tell me that you do not despise it, that you love me as you did when last we parted, that is all I care to know. The praise I get from others is for you to put your feet upon—it kills me to be *praised* by you.'

"Conrad never liked to give pain. He could do cruel things when his own comfort or inclination were at stake, but he had not nerve enough to give pain before his own eyes ; he had, to do him justice, a fund of good-nature. He felt worried to see people suffer, and therefore he did his best now, to say and do all that was expected from him. If she had only shown one tithe of the passion she manifested, it would have been a much easier task ; but now he felt all enterprise or enthusiasm choked out of him by her vehemence. Men are beasts of prey in the souls ; they desire or value nothing but what they conquer with difficulty, or some sort of violence ; and they require to find an antagonising resistance."

We shall not spoil the interest of the story by detailing too much. It is necessary, however, to inform the reader that Bianca's half-sister, Alice, who has become the wife of Bryant,—a man over-occupied by business and involved in deep money speculations,—feels or fancies herself disregarded by her husband, and falls into bad health. At this time Conrad, tired of his love for Bianca, comes to Bryant's house, and a violent (and it must be owned rather sudden) attachment springs up between him and Alice. Conrad, constant to nothing but his own self-love, persuades Alice to elope with him ; and just as she is sitting down to address a farewell letter to her husband, that husband unexpectedly returns. The shock throws her into convulsions, and she dies. It is then that the sincere love of Bryant, which had been obscured by incessant occupation, is again seen. These scenes are unquestionably the most affecting in the whole book. It is impossible to read them without being deeply moved. The death of Alice is full of sweetness, and most tragical pity.

"Bryant sat motionless as an Indian Faqueer rigid in sorrow. He looked up with dull eyes as the doctor appeared.

"If you wish to see her, come now ; but be very calm."

"Let every one else leave the room," said Bryant, as he followed the doctor, and stood beside his wife. She was lying calm and sensible, but entirely exhausted ; her eyes were sunk, and looked preternaturally large, surrounded with a large violet circle ; she trembled when she saw Bryant, and cowered down amongst the bed clothes.

"Am I then so very hateful to you, my poor child ?" said Bryant, mournfully.

"She did not speak, but looked up in his face with an expression of touching, deprecating helplessness.

"Alice ! Alice !" said Bryant, "let me speak to you. I feared you should die without my being able to tell you, not of my pardon, but of my love ; poor child ? how much you have struggled and suffered, and I was ignorant of it ! Why did you not take refuge with me ? I would have sheltered you from yourself ; you might have trusted me, Alice. I could have sympathised with your temptation, and you should not have been left single-handed to struggle, and to fall at last. Who could have loved you as I did, who could have pitied and sympathised as I would have done ? You should not have fallen, I would have won back your heart with such love as must have won you. Oh why did you feel so little confidence in me ? Why did you not lean on me in your helplessness ? It was not your fault that you were tempted, and I should only have loved you more for your peril ; dear child, I do not blame you now. I love you ; do not look on me with dread. Think of me as one who loves you better than any earthly thing."

"Alice put out her hand to him, and he took it almost timidly.

"Bryant," said she, in a whisper, "one thing I want you to know : you are not dishonoured—in that one sense, at least, I have been faithful to you. Do you believe me ?"

"I do," said Bryant, earnestly.

"Would to God I continued she, in gasps, as her weakness would permit her—"would to God I had confided all to you. I was a hundred times on the point of doing so. You could have brought back my heart to you ;—but I did not know you—I did not dare to trust you. I see now all the evil I have wrought. Forgive me ; you can forgive me, can you not ?"

"Bryant bent down over her. She looked timidly up to him. He lifted her up in bed, and laid her head upon his bosom, as she had been a child.

"I have no right here now," said she.

"Ever your resting-place !" cried Bryant, fervently, "would I had sought more to draw you here in love and trust. It was my blame—I ought to have sought you more ;—but, Alice, I love you—I have always loved you—I love you as a father, mother, husband, all that the world has of most tender and protecting. I will not fail you ;—cling to me, trust to me ;—I love you far more than you can love yourself."

"Alice clung to him, like a frightened child."

"Let me die here, Bryant, let me die here ; I have no other wish."

"You shall get well, darling—you shall not die, now that we have just found each other again."

"No, no, no," said Alice, "it is very merciful thus—it is more than I deserve—to die, and to be taken away from all the evil I have done."

"Her tears were falling fast ;—at first, they came like a painless gentle rain ; but they became more violent ; the convulsions returned, and though not so severe as at first, she had not strength to rally ; fainting followed, and at length she fell into a dead, heavy stupor, from which she never awoke. She died in the evening,—as nearly as could be ascertained, about the hour she was first seized :

"The broken lily lies,  
The storm is overpast."

The remorse of Conrad, struggling still with irrepressible affection, shows itself in scenes of violent grief and abasement. He casts himself at Bryant's feet, and entreats to see the dead Alice before her burial ; and the husband, after a scene of fine reproof, at last consents.

"They passed up the large staircase, and stood before the chamber of death. Bryant took out a key, unlocked the door, and they entered together.

"There, on the bed surrounded with heavy crimson draperies, lay the white, cold form of Alice, utterly insensible to the misery of the two beings whom she had loved best in life. There was something frightful in the changeless calm of that which still bore the semblance of passionate humanity. Conrad uttered a sharp cry at the sight of her, and fell, in strong convulsions, over the footboard of the bed.

"In the midst of his own sorrow, Bryant felt a flash of triumph to think that in death she was all his own; and that Conrad, the intruder, the usurper, stood there an alien, without the power to take a last look except by his permission.

"It was beyond his strength to remove Conrad, but, with the assistance of the butler, he was taken to another chamber. He went not near him himself, but, with proud, Arab-like hospitality, ordered medical assistance and every needful attention for him, and then locked himself in the room where the dead lay. There, sitting beside the bed, one hand clasping that of Alice, he watched all night, feeling that she was all his own once more.

"Men must lose some dear object by death before they can realise the invisible world: we must have a stake in it before we can believe it.

"Sitting there, beside his dead wife, Bryant was admitted to the threshold of the unseen state. What now to him was the dream of life, with all its highly-coloured appearances?—hope and fear were alike dead: he sat in the presence of the Invisible, and calmness came gradually to his soul.

"Alice's weakness—Conrad's treachery—his own wounded pride—all seemed now hushed to insignificance in the presence of the great, mysterious fact of Death; even his grief seemed small and idle. What was he that he should complain? The tumult and glare which had surrounded all things subsided before the cold, colourless light of death, with whom 'neither variableness nor shadow of turning' may dwell.

"He left that chamber in the early dawn of the next morning with some portion of the eternal calmness in his own soul.

"He did not trust himself to see Conrad, who lay in a brain fever. He ordered that he should receive all needful attention, and a regular nurse was hired for him.

"Bryant left the house immediately after the funeral.

"It was many days before Conrad recovered sufficiently to leave his room. He had been dealt with by a hand not of man, and when he left his sick room years seemed to have passed over his head."

In the extremity to which he is reduced by grief and sickness, Conrad returns and seeks for consolation from his true friend, Bianca. Fortune has turned, and she now is in a condition to administer comfort to him whom she had formerly loved. She nurses him—"like a sick child;" and strives to be to him, "mother, sister, friend." During all this time she has been following her profession, admired by many, and beloved by one. This one is a certain Lord Melton, whose affection she had returned with a mere sisterly regard during the height of her love for Conrad, but the value of whose regard she now begins to appreciate. A large heart, like that of Bianca, needed a great object; and she finds this in her second love, whose wife she eventually becomes. For some time she had been under the delusion that the remembrance of her first passion was to engross her for ever, and it was at this season that she had allowed Lord Melton to quit England. In his absence, however, other thoughts come upon her; and she begins to perceive that the friendship which she had felt for him from the first, and which had increased from day to day, had assumed another character. The growth of his influence is detailed with eloquent beauty, and is crowned with happiest result.

The reader of the *Half sisters* will not fail to be struck with the eloquence that is so obvious and abundant in it. The story is full of grace, of good feeling, of pathos, of shrewd and witty observation, and of great

general power. Some of the characters are excellently drawn; as for instance, those of Conrad, Byrant, the weak unresisting Alice, and the heroic Bianca; and there is perhaps no book in our language in which the rights and merits of women are more successfully or more delightfully set forth.—*Examiner*, March 25.

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*The Night Side of Nature.* By Catherine Crow. 2 Vols.

London: Newby.

WE have given our readers a strange title—but the work to which we introduce them they will find contains much that is passing strange. We have been accustomed to reject with scorn whatever borders on the marvellous, to look upon a belief in it as an indication either of weakness or ignorance. It may be, however, this is a sign that we are not quite so philosophical as we flatter ourselves we are. Because in the seventeenth century, as our authoress remarks, unbelief outran reason and discretion; the eighteenth century, by a natural re-action, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry, and there is a large class of persons, amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe, that much which they had been taught to reject as false, has been in reality ill-understood truth. This remark is to an extent certainly true.

Our authoress has collected together a most extraordinary number of apparitions, presentiments, warnings, trances, and dreams. The admirers of the wonderful and mysterious will here find as much as they, considering the matter-of-fact world we live in, can reasonably desire. Mrs. Crowe contends for the existence of a spiritual body, which in certain conditions of the corporeal frame, as in the case of sleep, disease, and mesmeric trance, does more or less develope itself, and enables the person acted on to become cognizant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses. Revelations by dreaming are the simplest class of phenomena. Amongst others the following cases are given:

“Mr. S—— was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr. S—— fixed his affections on Lady O——, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father's consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor: and, indeed, nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr. S—— dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father's throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son's favour. The impression made by the dream was so strong that Mr. S—— felt that he should have ~~more~~ repose. till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so

was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father's death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it."

"In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favour; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

"'Good heavens!' said he to the friend who accompanied him, 'who is that?'

"'That is Mr. —, of so and so.'

"'Then he will be Bishop of L——,' returned Mr. S——; 'for that is the man I saw occupying my father's throne.'

"'Impossible!' replied the other. 'He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have.'

"'You will see,' replied Mr. S——. 'I am certain he will.'

"They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr. — rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C—— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr. — had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L——. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family."

Presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals, of warnings against danger are next given. For example—

"A few years ago, Dr W——, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd coincidence, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr W—— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety."

Of course mesmerism has much to do with these matters. "Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs. C——, dreamt that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, 'Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!' 'Oh, so have I?' returned the

*The Night Side of Nature.*

mother: 'I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law.' 'My dream was about him, too,' added Miss C——. 'I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, 'My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind.'"

"As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C——hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night."

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr. W. W——, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman "had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the *rapport* had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern and his magnetiser at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr. W. W—— being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetiser, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. 'Whilst my mind was concentrated on you,' said he, 'I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it.'"

But we hasten to matters more wonderful. There are, it appears, persons who have the power of entrancing themselves; in which state their spirits are literally free as the air. "One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little; he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether lawful. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had

forgotten her, and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons, but that he was then in a coffee-house in London; and, would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, then he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

"I have no authority for this story," says Mrs. Crowe, "but that of Jung Stilling; and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulist states, that we are not entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility."

What the Scotch call *wraiths* are next described thus:—"Maria Goffe, of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children." By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no preceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. 'Yes,' replied the dying woman, 'but I was there in my sleep.' A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, declared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound.

Again: Mrs. K——, the sister of Provost B——, of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr. K——, in the parlour of the manse, when she suddenly said, 'Oh, there's my brother come; he has just passed the window!' and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. 'He is gone round to the back door,' said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there nor had the servants seen anything of him. Dr. K—— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea: her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connexions of the family, and also from an

eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr. K—— whether he believed in these appearances. ‘I cannot choose but believe,’ returned Dr. K——; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

“I have met with three instances,” says Mrs. Crowe, of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the figure brings the conviction.”

We give one more.

Some few years ago, a Mrs. H——, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and consequently Mrs. H—— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day’s leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably heard; but when Mr. H—— came home, and was informed of Nelly’s proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar, except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

“Unwilling, however, after giving her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs. H—— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the following morning.

“The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs. H—— proceeded to the cellar-stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried upstairs, and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, dripping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr. H—— being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly: and proper restoratives being supplied, Mrs. H—— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, ‘Oh, Nelly Hanlon!’ and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar-stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr. H—— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. ‘Nelly,’ said he, ‘will come home by-and-by, and laugh at you;’ whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

“The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was



ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening ; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known." Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar-door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction ? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory moreover of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

In the chapter devoted to what the Germans call *doppel-gangers*, (double-goers) or self-seers—we have the following :—Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and looking over its shoulder, he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage, 'Make ready thy house, for thou must die.' He returned to the company, and related what he had seen ; and in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day, at six o'clock in the evening."

We give one more.

"A Danish physician is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient's room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by the failure. The hearing of it however occasioned him such an unpleasant sensation, that he requested his patients never to tell him when it happened."

But want of space compels us to close our notice of this interesting work. We could have wished it had been more philosophically written, but perhaps our knowledge of the subject is hardly sufficient for that. We are presented with a mass of facts, more or less authentic. A time may come when the principles which they illustrate, and the conditions essential to their existence may be clearly understood ; at present, they appear to us as mysterious phenomena, and by the many they are viewed with scepticism and contempt. In this world of ours, however, there are questions we cannot answer, mysteries we cannot fathom. Amongst these, one of the greatest is, the connexion of soul and body. From this result the wonderful incidents with which the book abounds, and to which the term, "The Night Side of Nature," is not inappropriately applied.—*Metro-politan, March.*

*Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in Search of a Route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell. Longman and Co.*

WE have read this volume with mixed feelings of congratulation and disappointment; congratulation that in the teeth of almost overwhelming difficulties the enterprising commander of the Expedition which it records attained the latitude of  $21^{\circ} 30'$  south—disappointment because the want of judicious travelling arrangements seems to have been the principal reason which compelled the party to return homewards when, says the author, they “believed themselves on the high way to Carpentaria.”

In expeditions into the interior of Australia the great difficulty to be contended with is, as our readers know, want of water; and the narrative of Sir Thomas Mitchell presents but a new confirmation of this rule of difficulty. Throughout his pages there is the usual periodical suffering to man and beast from thirst—frequently amounting to actual torture; and consequently, days are consumed in searching for streams or muddy pools instead of pursuing the legitimate object of the journey. Under such circumstances, as we have often said, the beasts of burden most fitted for Australian travelling must be those combining capability or endurance with speed. The camel has been recommended as likely to prove of great value in such cases; and the trial is worth making, though there may be some difficulties in the way. The animals chosen for Sir Thomas Mitchell's expedition were bullocks; and these turned out to be very unsuitable for the work—and much less enduring than horses. Sir Thomas appears to have anticipated this—

“In making preparations for this expedition, the means of conveyance by land and water required the earliest consideration. These were strong bullock-drays and portable boats. Horses and light carts had been preferred by me; but the longer column of march, and necessity for a greater number of men, were considered objections; while many experienced persons suggested that the bullocks, though slow, were more enduring than horses. Eight drays were therefore ordered to be made of the best seasoned wood: four of these by the best maker in the colony, and four by the prisoners in Cockatoo Island. Two iron boats were made by Mr. Struth, each in two parts, on a plan of my own; and on the 17th of November, 1845, the whole party moved off from Paramatta on their way to the proposed camp at Buree.”

The exploring party consisted of Sir T. Mitchell, surveyor general, Mr. Kennedy, the assistant surveyor, Mr. Stephenson, surgeon and naturalist, 26 men, 8 drays drawn by 80 bullocks, 17 horses, and provisions for one year. The legislative council of Sydney granted 2000*l.* for the objects of the Expedition; and the party started from Buree, near Sydney, on the 15th of December, 1845. The plan was to proceed north, and lay down a route between Sydney and the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria; since, says the author, “it was not to be doubted that on the discovery of a good overland route between these places, a line of steam communication would be introduced from the Gulf of Carpentaria to meet the English line at Singapore.” The principal inducement, however, to endeavour to open a way to the head of this Gulf was the great probability that a river would be discovered flowing in a northerly direction, and falling into the Gulf—in which case a channel of communication might be at once formed.

Heat and drought were not long in inducing ophthalmia,—from which our author suffered severely. On the 27th of December the thermometer recorded a temperature of 129°; and on the 5th of February the earth, it is stated, was so parched as not only to preclude travelling, but almost to deprive the party of sight. At this period the Expedition was encamped on the Macquarie—which presented only a dry bed; but on the 13th an extraordinary change was observed. Mr. Stephenson had been sent to explore; and returned early—having met two of the mounted police.—

“To my most important question—what water was to be found lower down in the river—the reply was very satisfactory; namely, ‘Plenty, and a *flood coming down* from the Turon mountains.’ The two policemen said they had travelled twenty miles with it, on the day previous, and that it would still take some time to arrive near our camp. About noon, the drays arrived in good order, having been encamped where there was no water about six miles short of our camp,—the whole distance travelled, from Cannonba to the Macquarie, having been about nineteen miles. In the afternoon, two of the men taking a walk up the river reported on their return that the flood poured in upon them when in the river bed, so suddenly, that they narrowly escaped it. Still the bed of the Macquarie before our camp continued so dry and silent, that I could scarcely believe the flood coming to be real, and so near to us, who had been put to so many shifts for want of water. Towards evening, I stationed a man with a gun a little way up the river, with orders to fire on the flood’s appearance, that I might have time to run to the part of the channel nearest to our camp, and witness what I had so much wished to see, as well from curiosity as ~~per~~ urgent need. The shades of evening came, however, but no flood, and the man on the look-out returned to the camp. Some hours later, and after the moon had risen, a murmuring sound like that of a distant waterfall, mingled with occasional cracks as of breaking timber, drew our attention, and I hastened to the river bank. By very slow degrees the sound grew louder, and at length so audible as to draw various persons besides from the camp to the river-side. Still no flood appeared, although its approach was indicated by the occasional rending of trees with a loud noise. Such a phenomena in a most serene moonlight night was quite new to us all. At length, the rushing sound of waters and loud cracking of timber announced that the flood was in the next bend. It rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a point of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed of what thus again became a flowing river. By my party, situated as we were at that time beating about the country, and impeded in our journey solely by the almost total absence of water—suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat—I am convinced the scene never can be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the product of storms in the far off mountains, that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on our knees, for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject—an abundance of water sent to us in a desert—greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels. \* \* \* The river gradually filled up the channel nearly bank high, while the living cataract travelled onward, much slower than I had expected to see it,—so slowly, indeed, that more than an hour after its first arrival, the sweet music of the head of the flood was distinctly audible from my tent, as the murmur of waters, and the diapason crash of logs travelled slowly through the tortuous windings of the river bed. I was finally lulled to sleep by that melody of living waters, so grateful to my ear, and evidently so unwonted in the dry bed of the thirsty Macquarie.”

The striking character of such a scene must indeed have been unimaginably heightened by previous suffering of a kind recalling Tasso's magnificent description of the soldier perishing by a consuming drought before the walls of Jerusalem.

But want of water was not the only trial: the loss of bullocks, horses, and dogs, was of frequent occurrence—and\* tended greatly to delay the progress of the Expedition. Under such circumstances they continued to proceed northwards; and at length, after great privations, fell in with a river flowing through a lovely country. This was a charming discovery.—

"We made sure of water now for the rest of our journey; and that we might say of the river, '*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*' The hills overhanging it surpassed any I had ever seen in picturesque outline. Some resembled gothic cathedrals in ruins—others forts—other masses were perforated, and being mixed and contrasted with the flowing outlines of evergreen woods, and having a fine stream in the foreground, gave a charming appearance to the whole country. It was a discovery worthy of the toils of a pilgrimage. Those beautiful recesses of unpeopled earth could no longer remain unknown. The better to mark them out on my map, I gave to the valley the name of *Salvator Rosa*. The rocks stood out sharply and sublimely from the thick woods, just as John Martin's fertile imagination would dash them out in his beautiful sepia landscapes. I never saw anything in nature come so near these creations of genius and imagination. Where we encamped, the river was very deep, the banks steep and muddy, so that the use of a bucket was necessary in watering the cattle. Notwithstanding every precaution, one animal walked into the river, and could not be got out without great difficulty. The only fish we caught in this river were two enormous eels, beautifully spotted. Large shells of the *unio* genus lay abundantly on the banks, about the old fires of the natives."

Another river of small volume was found—which was named the Claude; but this, like the former, ran from south to north. Sir Thomas Mitchell consequently came to the conclusion that the presumed river of Carpentaria should be sought for more to the west. The Expedition accordingly, having attained the latitude of 21° 30' S., retraced their steps to about 25° of latitude; and our author, accompanied by a few picked men, struck off to the west, leaving the majority of the party encamped. On this course they proceeded from the 10th to the 15th of September, when a rocky ridge barred all farther view. On approaching, an opening was observed; but the evening was fast closing, and the small party were obliged to encamp for the night. "As soon as daylight appeared," says our author,—

"I hastened towards the gap, and ascended a naked rock on the west side of it. I there beheld downs and plains extending westward beyond the reach of vision, bounded on the S.W. by woods and low ranges, and on the N.E. by higher ranges; the whole of these open downs declining to the N.W.,—in which direction a line of trees marked the course of a river traceable to the remotest verge of the horizon. There I found then, at last, the realization of my long-cherished hopes—an interior river falling to the N.W. in the heart of an open country extending also in that direction. Ulloa's delight at the first view of the Pacific could not have surpassed mine on this occasion, nor could the fervour with which he was impressed at the moment have exceeded my sense of gratitude, for being allowed to make such a discovery. From that rock, the scene was so extensive as to leave no room for doubt as to the course of the river, which, thus and there revealed to me alone, seemed like a reward direct from Heaven for perseverance, and as a compensation for the many

sacrifices I had made, in order to solve the question as to the interior rivers of Tropical Australia."

This river was named, as our readers are aware, the Victoria.

"It seemed to me," says Sir T. Mitchell, "to deserve a great name, being of much importance as leading from temperate into tropical regions, where water was the essential requisite,—a river leading to India; the '*nacimiento de la especeria*,' or *region where spices grew*: the grand goal, in short, of explorers by sea and land, from Columbus downwards. This river seemed to me typical of God's providence, in conveying living waters into a dry parched land, and thus affording access to open and extensive pastoral regions, likely to be soon peopled by civilised inhabitants. It was with sentiments of devotion, zeal, and loyalty, that I therefore gave to this river the name of my gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria."

It was impossible at that period to trace further the course of this river:—but on the return of the Expedition, Mr. Kennedy, at the head of a small party, was sent from Sydney for the express purpose. Meantime, Sir T. Mitchell's expedition hastened homewards, and reached Sydney in December. It deserves notice that although the men composing it were, with only three exceptions, convicts, their behaviour under extremely trying circumstances was of the most gratifying kind.

The natural history researches recorded in this volume comprehend some features of interest. A new curious vegetable production is thus described—

"Trees of a very droll form chiefly drew my attention here. The trunk bulged out in the middle like a barrel, to nearly twice the diameter at the ground, or of that at the first springing of the branches above. These were small in proportion to their great girth, and the whole tree looked very odd. These trees were all so alike in general form, that I was convinced this was their character, and not a *lusus nature*. A still more remarkable specimen of this tree was found by Mr. Kennedy in the apex of a basaltic peak."

Sir Thomas Mitchell paid Sir Henry de la Beche the compliment of naming this bottle-tree after him. We must find room for one more extract, illustrative of the ichthyology of the region.—

"In a dry part of the bed of the river, I met with many instances of a singular habit of the eel-fish (*Jewfish*) *Plotosus Tandanus*. I had previously observed, elsewhere, in the aquatic weeds growing in extensive reaches, clear circular openings, showing white parts of the bottom, over which one or two fishes continually swam round in circles. I now found in the dry bed that such circles consisted of a raised edge of sand, and were filled with stones, some as large as a man's closed fist. Yuranigh told me that this was the nest of a pair of these fish, and that they carried the stones there, and made it. The general bed of the river where I saw these nests consisted wholly of deep firm sand; and that the fish had some way of carrying or moving stones to such spots seemed evident, but for what purpose I could not discover."

We have been surprised to find the meteorological observations in this volume appended to each day's journal, instead of being grouped and properly tabulated in the Appendix. As they stand, the observations are lost, totally failing to convey to the reader any clear idea of the meteorology of that part of Australia explored by Sir T. Mitchell. This is the more to be regretted, as we perceive temperatures recorded varying from several degrees below zero to 129° above it. Why, too, we would ask, does Sir Thomas talk of the barometer having fallen or risen so many *millimètres*?

An English expedition whose progress is recorded in the English language should be elucidated by English measures. These, however, are slight faults :—which we notice rather in the hope of preventing their repetition than in any spirit of hyper-criticism.—*Athenæum*, March 11.

*A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla; by Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. London: Smith, Elder & Co.*

A most beautifully printed and illustrated book. It is too late in our hands to recommend as a New Year's Gift, but it is a book to be recommended as a gift or a purchase at any time. It is one of those volumes that have all the elegance of an annual, with the intrinsic value of a book full of genius and delightful thoughts. The sight of a Sicilian Jar of Honey, in a window in Piccadilly, sets off the imagination of the author, and away he goes revelling in all the pastoral sweets of ancient times. Greeks, Sicilians, Arabians, Normans, English, all furnish their quota of honey to the Jar. It may be readily imagined what Leigh Hunt would make of such a field and subject. They are overflowing with delicious faucies, sunny sentiment, and genial humour. Story and Poetry, reminiscences of beautiful things and places seen, and imaginations of what no mortal has ever yet seen, are scattered like summer leaves and flowers through the volume. The story of King Robert is inimitable; but as it is somewhat too long for our pages, we present our readers with a wonderful landslip and a happy love story in one. They are supposed to take place at the time of the dreadful earthquake of 1783, which destroyed Messina and swept into the sea, *in one moment*, nearly three thousand persons on the opposite coast of Scylla, together with their Prince.

“LOVE STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.”

“Giuseppe, a young vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place; and his affection, to the great displeasure of the father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of a higher stock: but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling: and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties; but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.—‘Perhaps, Signor Antonio,’ said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, ‘you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all.’—‘Perhaps not,’ said the bee-master.—‘What!’ said the poor lad, losing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings-out of the door by Maria.—‘What! do you mean to say that I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself? that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?’—‘Oh, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe,’ said the old man, looking scornful—‘all cap in hand.’—‘Nay, nay,’ returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation; ‘I’ll wait till you do me the favour to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about

the French; and perhaps,' added he, blushing, 'you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do, and I won't attempt to see her till then.'—'Oh, we'll all come, of course,' said Antonio, impatiently, 'cat, dog, and all; and when we do,' added he, in a very significant tone, 'you may come again yourself.'—Giuseppe tried to laugh at this jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man, hastening to shut the door, angrily cried, 'Ay, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then.*' And so saying, he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen. The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his latter jest into a vow; exclaiming, with an oath, that Giuseppe should never have his daughter till he (the father), daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives, and all, with her dowry of almond-trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them. Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe, looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen. One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth endeavoured to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immovable. Towards Messina the sky looked so red, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting him, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash-colour, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His first impulse was a wish to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, to find himself again in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the aid in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his feet, he saw the opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible, deafening noise, and then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried for ever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away. When his senses returned, he found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines. But, on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather what did he *not* see there? And what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost down at the bottom of the glen, and in his own homestead? Antonio's cottage:—Antonio's cottage, with, the almond-trees, and the bee-hives, and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself; and the daughter (both senseless); all come, as if in the father's words, to beg him to accept them. Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the middle of Nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil. For it was so in the end, if not in the intendment. The old man, who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and religious transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond-trees, and the bee-hives had all come miraculously safe down the hill (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary landships), the flower gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed, his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate, for life, of the cottage of the enchanted couple."

—*Howitt's Journal.*

## ORIGINAL NOTICE.

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*Real Life in India :—London. Houston and Stoneman.*

WE were curious to know if this was a tolerably bearable account of "Real Life in India," seeing that it was from the pen of "an old resident," and not an exposition of manners and customs by some griff of a few weeks' standing.

The preface sets forth that

• "A book of narrower limits than any yet published, has been declared a *desideratum*, provided that within its modest dimensions, every thing shall be included, which it may be of importance to parties intending to visit India, or having young friends to send thither to be acquainted with. The following pages propose to answer the demand."

We were rather surprised to find "Real Life" commencing with a "brief history and description of India as also the government of India." This was attempting too much for a duodecimo of 170 pages; we shall therefore pass on to "the India services," "what appointments to get, and how to get them." The ghost of Sir Wm. Young flitted across our imagination, and visions of the artful Captain Charitie intruded themselves, but to be dispelled, by the following account of an "India-house election," which may furnish hints to future aspirants :

"The Directors are elected by the Proprietors of East India Stock, a considerable body of persons, whose votes are determined by the number of shares or bonds they individually possess. These persons are to be found in every class of life, from the peer and the general's or civilian's widow down to the slop-seller, the latter having, of course, an eye to the smiles and patronage of the successful Director on whom he may bestow his vote. Freedom and independence among these voters are about as applicable as the same phrase used in reference to the ten-pound householders who select the representatives of the nation. Here and there we meet with a conscientious proprietor; but in nine cases out of ten a successful election is the result of industrious canvassing, and the exertions and favour of the men already in power. The process by which a gentleman reaches his place among the "Honourable" conclave, whose official *locale* is Leadenhall-street, London, is almost uniform. We will suppose him to have served or resided in India, achieving a certain amount of distinction as a civilian, a soldier, a lawyer, a merchant, a sailor,—or indeed in any capacity,—or we shall suppose him never to have visited India at all. He may be a London banker or a *ci-devant* China supercargo. There is no condition exacted of the candidate, either as to his age or his previous position in life. Well; he has made up his mind to seek an East-India Directorship, for the sake of making his talents useful to his country, his friends, and himself. He procures a list of the proprietors—communicates with those among them who may happen to enjoy the honour of his acquaintance—seeks, through them, the friendship of others; and having thus prepared the soil, fertilizes it with good dinners and other pleasant bounties. He then, through the medium of letters inserted in the advertising columns of the public newspapers, announces his intention to the Proprietors of East India Stock,—apprises them of his remarkable qualifications for the trust he seeks—professes a scrupulous and



intense devotion to the interests of the Indian empire—promises to call upon them all and solicit their sweet voices *in propria personâ*, and winds up, declaring with desperate energy that he will proceed to the ballot at the very next vacancy,—a declaration he often finds it convenient to rescind. The day of election arrives. One or two competitors are in the field. The East India House—on that occasion a gentleman-like sort of hustings—is the scene of active contest all day long. The several committees move heaven and earth to bring the voters to the poll. The proxies are duly registered. At six p. m. the glasses close, and the scrutineers announce the triumphant candidate.

“And for what has this often costly battle been waged? Not, assuredly, for pecuniary profit; for the Director receives but 300*l.* a year while in office, and cannot sell his patronage without violating the laws of his country. But it is for the honour and dignity of the office, for the occupation it gives, and the opportunity it affords the incumbent of making powerful friends by providing for their children; of reciprocating delicate obligations; of paving the way to Parliament, or to some of the good things in the gift of Government, and various wealthy associations.”

We shall pass over the well known rules and regulations of Halesbury and Addiscombe, of Assistant Surgeons and Naval and Ecclesiastical appointments which follow in succession, and come to the chapter on “the Indian Army.” We have not as yet come to any “Real Life in India,” though we are half way through the book, which is chiefly taken up with instructions to parties at home, to whom it may be very useful, being correct in its statements, and generally a condensed copy of the regulations.

Next is the choice of “Routes to India,” this we think will be useful to parties proceeding home by *the overland route*; we shall therefore extract largely, premising that the instructions conveyed by the author are for an “outward voyage,” which the reader can easily adjust by reversing for his own “route homewards.”

#### *\*Additional Routes to India.*

WE have said that there are three ways of getting to India; but we took the precaution of adding, that the route by the Red Sea admitted of a variety of means of travelling through Europe. The space assigned to this volume does not admit of our enumerating all the paths open to the curious traveller, but we may suggest the following as the most easy of adoption, and as embracing the greatest number of interesting places:—

#### *Routes to India via the Continent of Europe and the Red Sea.*

I.	II.	III.
London.	London.	London.
Boulogne.	Ostend.	Rotterdam.
Paris.	Antwerp.	Amsterdam.
Troyes.	Brussels.	Hanover.
Mulhouse.	Liege.	Berlin.
Basle.	Aix-la-Chapelle.	Dresden.
Lucerne.	Cologne.	Prague.
Altorf.	The Rhine.	Ratisbon.
St. Gothard.	Strasbourg.	Linz.
Bellenzona.	Basle.	Vienna.
Lago Maggiore.	Lucerne.	Gratz.
Lugano.	Altorf.	Adelsburg.

I.	II.	III.
Como.	St. Gothard.	Padua.
Bologna (or Genoa).	Bellenzona.	Venice.†
Padua.	Lago Maggiore.	Trieste (down the
Venice.	Lugano.	Adriatic).
Rome.	Como.	Ancona.
Naples.	Milan.	Corfu.
Ancona.	Parma.	Patras.
Corfu.	Bologna.	Lepanto.
Patras.	Florence.	Corinth.
Lepanto.	Leghorn.	Egina.
Corinth.	Rome.	Athens.
Egina.	Naples.	Trieste.
Athens.	Sicily.	Syra.
Trieste.	Malta.	Alexandria.
Syra.*	Alexandria.	
Alexandria.		

Or the traveller may go straight through France *viâ* the Seine and Rhone to Marseilles, thence to Genoa; but (after leaving Paris) until he reaches the coast of Italy, he will find little to interest him.

We have seen a great variety of extracts from the note-books, account-books, journals, and memoranda of persons who have proceeded by the above routes (varying them, perhaps, by going a few miles to the right or left to visit some particular town), and the conclusion we come to is, that the expense to India overland, *any way and every way*, averages 150*l*.

The traveller should take sovereigns all the way. The bulk of his luggage must, of course, be sent to India *viâ* the Cape or the Red Sea, to await his arrival.

What amount of time may be consumed in any of the routes described above, must very much depend upon the traveller himself, setting aside the stoppages which hotel-keepers and postillions may contrive, or accident occasion. Pass-ports are of course necessary on the routes, the voyage by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, commonly called **THE OVERLAND ROUTE**, now becomes the object of their thoughts and attention.

*England to Aden, Bombay, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, (20th of every Month.)*

"The Company's steamers (vessels of about 1,500 tons and 450 horse-power,) start from Southampton on the 20th of every month, at two P. M.; and after calling at Gibraltar and Malta, and receiving at the latter place the mail of the 24th from England, brought from Marseilles to Malta by her Majesty's steamers, arrive at Alexandria in about sixteen days from Southampton.

"Passengers are conveyed through Egypt by the Transit Administration of his Highness the Pacha of Egypt.

"The mode of transit is as follows:—1st, Alexandria to Atfeh, a distance of forty-eight miles, by the Mahmoudieh canal, in large track boats, towed by a steam-tug, or by horses.

\* Hence, if he has time, the traveller may pay a flying visit to Constantinople returning to Syria.

† Hence the route to Rome may be adopted.

2d. From Atfeh, at the junction of the canal with the Nile, to Boulac (the port of Cairo), a distance of 120 miles, by the river Nile, in steamers.

“3d. Cairo to Suez, a distance of about seventy miles, across the desert: this part of the journey is performed in carriages.

“The entire journey from Alexandria to Suez is performed with ease in about sixty hours, including a night's rest at Cairo, and a sufficient time for refreshment and repose at the central station between Cairo and Suez.

“The following are extracts from the tariff of the Transit Administration:—

“Passengers are furnished with three meals per diem, during the time they are *en route*, free of charge, but their expenses at hotels must be defrayed by themselves, as also wines, beer, &c., during their entire transit.

“The portmanteaux, trunks, carpet-bags, &c., of the passengers, must bear the name and destination of the owners, such inscription to be legible and well secured.

“On the arrival of each steamer, the officer of the Administration will attend to receive the luggage of passengers.

“The Administration will not be responsible for any loss or damage of luggage, nor for unavoidable detention.

“The Administration will at all times endeavour to employ the easiest means of conveyance, such as donkey chairs, &c., for invalids and sick persons.”

“On arriving at Suez, passengers embark on board one of the Company's steamers for Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta (vessels of about 1,800 tons and 500 horse-power), which start from Suez about the 10th of every month, call first at Aden, where they coal, and transfer passengers and mails for Bombay to the Honourable East India Company's steamers: the steamer then proceeds to Ceylon, arriving there in about seventeen days, at Madras in about twenty-two days, and at Calcutta in about twenty-seven days from Suez, including all stoppages.

“Passengers for Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, leave the main line at Ceylon, and there embark in one of the Company's branch steamers (vessels of about 1,000 tons and 300 horse-power), and which arrive at Penang in about six days, at Singapore in about nine days, and at Hong Kong in about sixteen days from Ceylon, including all stoppages.

“The length of time, therefore, of the voyage to India and China by the Overland Route, is as follows:—

“England to Bombay . . . . .	35 days
Ceylon . . . . .	40
Madras . . . . .	45
Calcutta . . . . .	48
Penang . . . . .	46
Singapore . . . . .	49
Hong Kong . . . . .	56

#### *The Rates of Passage Money.*

“Passengers for Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, are booked through at the Company's office, including expenses of transit.

“Passengers for Bombay are booked only as far as they are conveyed by the Company's steamers, but the cost of the passage throughout will be found in the table below.

"The rates of passage money have been lately greatly reduced, and are—

From England to	Aden.	Ceylon.	Madras.	Calcutta.	Bombay.	Penang.	Singapore.	HongKong.
For a gentleman .....	£77	113	118	127	107	134	142	165
a lady .....	82	122	127	136	112	143	152	175
a gentleman and his wife, a whole cabin throughout ..	214	290	299	317		332	350	396
Children with their parents—								
5 years, and under 10 .....	50	65	70	80		70	75	85
2       "       5 .....	35	45	50	60		50	55	65
• Not exceeding 2 years.....	Free	Free	Free	Free		Free	Free	Free
Servants—								
European Female .....	37	46	52	62		52	57	67
"       Male .....	35	44	50	60		50	55	65
Native   Female .....	30	32	38	44		39	44	49
"       Male .....	26	28	34	40		35	40	45

"These rates will be proportionately increased according to the class of accommodation required.

"The above rates include transit through Egypt, stewards' fees, and table, wines, &c., for first-class passengers. Bedding, linen, and all requisite furniture, is provided in the steamers at the Company's expense, together with the attendance of experienced male and female servants.

"For large families an allowance will be made in the foregoing rates.

### *Baggage.*

"First-class passengers are allowed, in the Company's steamers only, on either side of the Isthmus, 3 cwt. of personal baggage free of freight, and children and servants 1½ cwt. each. And passengers will please to take note, that the Company cannot engage to take any excess of baggage over that quantity, unless shipped at Southampton three days before starting, and freight paid thereon.

"All baggage must be shipped on the day previous to sailing, except carpet-bags, or hat-boxes. All other baggage received on board on the day of sailing will be considered as extra baggage, and charged freight as such. No trunks, boxes, or portmanteaux, are allowed in the cabins of the Company's steamers.

"The charge for conveyance of extra baggage, should there be room in the vessel, will be 2*l.* per cwt. between Suez and India, and 1*l.* per cwt. between England and Alexandria.

"Passengers will have to pay the Egyptian Transit Company, in Egypt, 16*s.* per cwt. for conveyance of baggage through, should it exceed, for first-class passengers, 2 cwt., and children and servants 1 cwt. No package of baggage should exceed 80 lbs. weight, and the best dimensions are, length, 2ft. 3 in.; breadth, 1 ft. 2 in.; depth, 1 ft. 2 in.\*

"Every package of baggage should have the owner's name and place of destination distinctly painted upon it in white letters.

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\* The regulation trunks for the transit through Egypt, and for the cabins of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, are manufactured by Threshers and Glenny, Strand.

"Passengers taking parcels or articles of merchandize in their baggage, will incur the risk of seizure by the Customs authorities, and of detention for freight by the Company's agents.

*Passengers for Bombay.*

"As the Company do not book the whole way to Bombay, it is well that passengers should know that they will find no difficulty, or inconvenience in securing the passage on, after leaving the Company's ships. If they proceed by the 1st line (20th of every month), they have merely to pay on board the Honourable East India Company's steamers at Aden, for the passage from Aden to Bombay. If they proceed by the 2d line (3d of the month), they will have to pay for the transit through Egypt, on arriving at Alexandria; and on arriving at Suez, will have to pay on board the Honourable East India Company's steamers there for their passage from Suez to Bombay.

"The expenses of transit through Egypt as are under :—

TRANSIT ADMINISTRATION TARIFF.

*From Alexandria to Suez, and vice versa, in Vans across the Desert.*

A lady... ..	£12
A gentleman ... ..	12
A child above ten years ... ..	12
„ of five years, and under ten ... ..	8
„ of two „ five ... ..	6
„ under two years ... ..	free
A European female servant ... ..	10
A European man servant, or mechanic ... ..	8
A native female servant .. ..	8
A native man servant, on a dromedary or donkey ... ..	4

"The Honourable East India Company's rates of passage money are as under :—

*Suez to Bombay.*

For a gentleman... ..	£55	0	0
„ lady ... ..	60	0	0

*Aden to Bombay.*

For a gentleman... ..	£27	10	0
„ lady ... ..	30	0	0

"The addition of the rate from Aden to Bombay (should the passenger proceed by the 1st line, 20th of the month), to the rate charged by the Peninsular and Oriental Company from England to Aden, will give the whole expense of the passage from England to Bombay; and in the case of a passenger proceeding by the 2d line, (3d of the month), the addition of 40*l*. (the Company's rate to Alexandria) to the transit rate, and the Honourable East India Company's charge from Suez to Bombay, will also give the total amount of passage money. The Company's offices in England are, chief office, Leadenhall-street London; branch office, No. 57, High-street, Southampton.

"The Company do not hold themselves liable for any damage or loss of baggage, nor for delays arising from accident or from extraordinary or unavoidable circumstances, or from circumstances connected with the employment of the vessels in Her Majesty's mail service."

*Another Route.*

There is another method by which the voyage to Alexandria may be varied, under arrangements with the Peninsular and Oriental Company. That accom-

modating association, for the consideration of the ordinary passage money to Alexandria, will allow passengers to proceed by one of their weekly packets from Southampton to Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar; at which latter place the steamer on the Indian line will take them up and convey them to Alexandria. Thus a party leaving Southampton at 3 p.m. on a Thursday, reaches Oporto on the following Monday, excepting in the winter months, or during threatening weather, when the steamer enters Vigo Bay, where the mails are landed from the packet, and forwarded to Oporto.

The beauty of the bay of Vigo will command the admiration of the visitor, but there is nothing in the interior of the town to make it worth while to land here even for an hour. It is inferior to any of the other sea-port towns in Portugal.

Oporto, on the other hand, has many points of attraction. There are a couple of respectable hotels in the town, kept by Englishwomen, numerous fine buildings, churches, fountains, an opera-house, and a busy and picturesque population. The scenery in the neighbourhood is beautiful, affording many opportunities for pleasant rides, while the river Douro presents temptations to those who are fond of river travelling, rowing, or yachting. A week may be passed at Oporto pleasantly and profitably, and at the end of that period the next steamer arrives, and bears you to Lisbon. Here another week may most agreeably be passed; indeed, Lisbon will be worth a longer stay, if the visitor has the advantage of having letters of introduction to any of the mercantile houses, or can speak the language of the country. The next call of the steamer may be taken advantage of to convey you to Cadiz; thence to Seville, when all has been seen that Cadiz has to offer. From Seville, the weekly steamer will convey parties to Gibraltar, where the Alexandria steamer picks them up, and conveys them to Egypt.

The remaining 3rd of this little book is devoted to "Life at the Presidencies" and other matters which we shall notice. The following is an example of a griff's first troubles:

"Master want very good servant—very best khitmutghar? I am master's slave—I know every thing. Better you not trust other fellow. That Balloo one very rascal—him too muchee rogue—master's servant fine character got—"

"Go to —"

"Certainly, master;—what master's order must be do. Master come militry service, or civil service? Militry, must be general soon. Civil got, then soon make judge."

"Don't bother!"

"I think master must be governor's relation—got same face—only master more handsomer. See my character, Sahib?"

Or—

"Suppose you want money, sare; I can give plenty. Never mind for repay. All things I get for master—only want your honour's favour."

As we fear many an Ensign has not yet found out the art of living on his pay, we beg to quote the following scale of expenditure for his especial guidance, and will warrant a strict attention thereto, to be the surest mode of keeping him from *those* accomodating banks:—

"It is, however, fair to the Government to say, that every one in its service may, with well-regulated economy, *subsist* upon his pay; but the subordinate

grades cannot possibly do more. Take the lowest imaginable scale of gentlemanlike existence—

	Rupces.
Rent of a small house, or share of one ... ..	30 per mensem.
Ment, bread, vegetables, tea, coffee, butter, spices...	30 "
Servants, including a cook, khitmutghar, or boy, dhobee, bheestie (or water-carrier), and matey, or mussalchee, (sweeper, lamp-lighter, &c.) ...	20 "
Keep of a pony, and horsekeeper's wages ... ..	20 "
Wine, beer, and brandy ... ..	20 "
Clothes... ..	15 "
Sundries ... ..	20 "

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Rs. 155

This is assuredly the *minimum* expenditure : and this allows nothing for furnishing a house, nor for the purchase of a pony, or a palankeen, or a tent, all of which, we have already said, should be contrived for a young man by his relatives and friends before his departure for India."

The next pages are occupied with accounts of various modes of travelling, ending in a poetical effusion. We then come to "Life at an Out-station," with some sporting adventures, which we shall extract :—

"Much of the sociability of "the station," as every place beyond the Presidencies is called, depends upon the example of the acknowledged heads of society. If the chief civil officer, and the military commandant, are gay, cheerful and hospitable people, there is a continual round of pleasant visiting, constant dinner-parties, and social balls, amateur performances, and horse-races,—pastimes which, with the duties devolving on each individual, consume the hours agreeably enough. But in the absence of this frequency of pleasant intercourse—often the result of a paucity of residents—the sports of the field afford a never-failing remedy. In the south, the west, the north-west, and the east of India, there is much tiger and boar hunting, diversified by snipe, partridge, pea-fowl, jungle-cock, deer, coolin, bustard, wild fowl, hare, quail, and florican shooting. The bear, the buffalo, and the bison, the leopard, and occasionally (in the extreme north-west) the lion, will likewise afford excitement ; while in the north and north-east, there is abundance of deer-stalking and pheasant-shooting. The fox is not often seen in India, but the jackal (*geethur*) will afford many a good run for a pack of English foxhounds, of which a constant supply is taken out by the captains of free-traders.

"Of all the sports, however, for which India is celebrated, tiger and hog-hunting stand the highest in general estimation. There is risk and excitement in the former—emulation and excitement in the latter. Tiger-hunting is almost invariably undertaken with elephants ; in fact, it would be hazardous to engage in the sport in any other way. The height of the elephant, and his individual powers of resistance, not only secure the sportsman from the assault of the tiger, but furnish him with a powerful ally in the contest. The ordinary method of attacking the tiger is as follows :—

"Intelligence being obtained of his whereabouts, the sportsmen (or sportsman) mount an elephant, having duly furnished the howdah with rifles, ammunition, and a small supply of provender in the shape of biscuits, sandwiches, brandy and water, or bottled ale, and proceed at once to the haunt of the destined victim. If there be more than one elephant in the chase, a line is formed as the lair or covert of the tiger is approached, and the whole party advance, making loud noises, to arouse the game. At length the animal is sprung. Its first emotion is to scramble away, with its tail between its legs, or to hasten to

an elevated spot and take a survey of the hostile *cortège*. This affords the sportsman an opportunity of taking a shot at the tiger ; and it not unfrequently terminates his career at once. Should the ball, however, merely inflict a wound, the animal, enraged by pain, will rush forward and gallantly charge the elephant, sometimes making a spring at the howdah, and alighting upon the elephant's head. This proximity to the huntsman in the howdah is sufficiently appalling for the moment, but his presence of mind and sense of danger suggest immediate measures. The muzzle of the rifle is brought close to the tiger's head, and a single ball, penetrating the *os frontis*, rolls him over, a lifeless corse. He is then thrown over a pad, or spare elephant, or the loins of one of the hunting elephants, and borne home in triumph. The skin, properly cleaned and dressed, is made to answer the purposes of a mat or covering, or a hookah carpet, or it is sent to the friends of the huntsman, with a well-cleaned skull, in evidence of his prowess.

● Boar or hog-hunting is, as we have said, a matter of emulation. The rendezvous of the *souder*, or herd of hogs, being ascertained, long boots are drawn on, horses saddled, flannel jackets donned, spears grasped, hats or caps tied on, and away go the Nimrods, in pairs, to seek the grisly monster in his frank. The jungle or the sugar-cane is reached. Alarmed at the approach of the hunters, the hog takes to the open plain, and dashes across with marvellous speed. Sighting him, the huntsmen follow, and a race for *first spear* heightens the excitement of the chase. Sometimes *piggy* is overtaken : but more frequently he turns upon his pursuers and, with a hideous grunt, makes a desperate charge. This is the critical moment. The foremost huntsman pauses until he comes up, and drives the spear into his shoulder, piercing his heart ; or, declining to await his advent, *throws* the spear as the hog nears the horse, and, with a turn of the rein, evades contact with the tusks of the infuriated beast.

Should the first horseman fail, the second will give the *coup de grace* ; and to him, therefore, the honour and trophies (the tusks) are assigned. The flesh of the hog makes excellent chops and hams, and the skull is preserved, when cleaned, to decorate the tent or bungalow of the destroyer.\*

We have then a chapter devoted to "the ladies in India," which convinces us that the author was "an old resident," and not a book maker, who writes about females intended for the Indian market, and such like trash :

"In the olden time it was considered a reproach to a woman that she was going to India. Her *entérprise* was regarded as an indelicate attempt to force herself upon the hapless bachelors of the East, whose pretensions she was supposed to measure by the length of their respective purses and the chances of their early dissolution. Expatriation was, in fact, treated as a mere speculation, and India came to be regarded as a sort of fleshmarket, where the best price obtained the best commodity.

It is unnecessary at this date to inquire how far the "gorgeous East" was merely honoured with the visits of our countrywomen for the sake of its matrimonial advantages : let it suffice that the reproach of mercenary purposes does not lie at the door of those ladies who go to India at the present day. The great majority either proceed thither as the wives of officers and civilians who come to England to seek partners for life, or they go out, after receiving a fitting education, to join their parents, brothers, sisters, or other relations, and to take up their abode with them permanently.

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\* Driving the spear, as distinct from *throwing*, is called *jobbing*. The respective methods of delivering the weapon have formed the subject of frequent controversies among the Indian Nimrods.



It is only when the commencement of the cool season, and its round of gaieties, renders an addition to the wardrobe, and an alteration of its fading fashions necessary, that ladies have a reasonable excuse for hieing to the milliners, the jewellers, and similar ministrants to female costume.

It follows from this, that excepting in the matter of overlooking the accounts of the butler (*khansuma*), and counting and examining the linen as it comes from the *dhobee*, or washerman—duties which the lassitude engendered by the climate too frequently induces a lady to commit to an *ayah* (lady's maid), or *sircar* or *purvoo* (house clerk)—there is little to engage the attention in those departments of a *ménage* which engross so much attention in England. Happy, then, is the woman who has acquired a taste for reading, music, painting, or the employment of the needle. Blessed with refined tastes and industrious habits, and assisted by the conversation of intelligent friends, the morning and evening promenade, occasional *soirées*, and the companionship of her husband and family (if she is blessed with such things), the demon *ennui* may be conquered, and health effectually preserved. Without these resources the position of a European lady in India is not to be coveted. Yielding to the influences of climate, and the evil suggestions of domestics, who are ever about her person, she falls a victim to indolent habits and coarse indulgences—the sylph-like form and delicate features which distinguished the youth of her arrival, are rapidly exchanged for an exterior of which obesity and swarthinness are the prominent characteristics, and the bottle and the *hookah* become frequent and offensive companions.

We would recommend all ladies who are about to settle in India, and have it in their power to take a pianoforte with them to be careful that it is properly clamped and knit, with brass or other material, to prevent its starting. The alternate damp and heats of the climate cause an expansion of the wood, which utterly ruins an instrument, if the greatest care be not taken to preserve it in an equable temperature. Entire coverings of leather, lined with a thick flannel, or an envelope of quilting, are excellent preservatives; but they do not entirely supersede the necessity of clasps at the various joints and edges.

As instrument-repairers and tuners do not abound at every station in India, a lady will do well to learn the art of tuning her instrument, so as to be independent of such assistance.

All the necessary apparatus for painting, tambour, or Berlin work, should be taken from this country. Knitting-needles are better of silver than of steel, for the warmth of the hand has a tendency to rust the latter; but there is no occasion to procure them here; the goldsmiths (*sonars*) of India will make any implements that may be required if proper patterns be given them.

Ladies who are accustomed to equitation should provide themselves with saddles, bridles, and a riding-habit, before they proceed to India, for it is very probable that all these articles will be required in their new position, and they are procurable at much more reasonable prices here than in India."

The latter hints may be useful to ladies writing instructions to the destined *émigrée*.

Lastly we have a chapter on "health in India," with which we shall complete our extracts, having made the most of this useful little book; which should be recommended to all parties coming out to this country, desiring correct information on all Indian subjects—a book that was very much required :

### "Health in India."

YOUTH, confident in its strength and the excellence of the digestive organs, seldom troubles itself to inquire how far a change in the quality of its nutri-

ment is calculated to disturb the stomach and affect general health. Appetite and curiosity by turns rule the palate; and the first few weeks of a residence in the tropics is devoted to an indiscriminate consumption of spiced curries and luscious fruits. Men of mature age, on the other hand, pay immense deference to the epigastric regions. They not unreasonably conclude, that their tenure of life is less firm than that possessed by their juniors; and that it is, therefore, unwise to tamper with the organs on which prolonged existence materially depends. Hence we find such persons exceedingly minute in their inquiries into the virtues or vices of every article of diet new to their system, and even going the length of consulting a physician before venturing upon an esculent or a condiment, commended to their palate for the first time in their lives. Dyspepsia helps the imagination wonderfully. The hypochondriac is perpetually tortured with visions of the *anguis in herbâ*, and death in the pot. With such men a mango is sudden dissolution, and a mulligatawny quick poison. Beer saps the vitals, and brandy-paunee\* fires the blood.

Lamenting the folly of the first class, and compassionating the anxieties of the second, we will briefly state our own impressions as to the description of aliment best calculated to ensure health and longevity in India. The suggestions we may offer will not be the less acceptable, simply because they may in most instances accord with the wishes and inclinations of the reader.

To one and all, then, we say, without reservation, live precisely in India as you have been accustomed to do in England. Breakfast at eight or nine o'clock—take the same amount of tea or coffee—eat the same quantity of bread—consume the same number of eggs. If you require luncheon,—and the fatigue and lassitude induced by the climate justify your taking some,—a biscuit, a piece of cheese, and a glass of wine or pale ale, will suffice to sustain nature until dinner-time. It is very much the custom of domestic establishments and regimental messes in India to encourage heavy mid-day tiffins—meals composed of grills, curries, stews, chops and steaks, accompanied by copious draughts of Bass's or Hodgson's ale, brandy-paunee or wine, the whole concluding with a grand display of cigars and hookahs. Avoid such taxes upon the stomach; they involve a serious consumption of time, and utterly disqualify you for the enjoyment of dinner at the rational hour of seven. At dinner, eat of as many courses as you feel inclined, winding up with a cup of coffee. If you feel that you would be the more comfortable for a weak glass of brandy and water before going to bed—take our advice—take it. The water is necessary to quench the thirst, and a little brandy is requisite for the destruction of animalculæ.

Indian fruits are reputed injurious. The mango, the pine-apple, the guava, the plantain, the water-melon, the custard-apple, the leechec, and the rose-apple are, each in their turn, the victims of calumny; but, if the truth be told, they are as innocent of physical damage to the consumer as the strawberry, the pear, the apple, the cherry, &c. in England. The whole secret of their harmless use is comprised in one word—*moderation*. Excess of anything, anywhere, has always the same pernicious result.

Timid people have great faith in cigars and brandy and water, as preventives of disease. The inveterate smoker discovers in the wreathing curls which hover around his head an atmosphere through which malaria cannot penetrate; and, in the copious dose of brandy, the thirsty member of society pretends to find a corrective of imaginary cold or fanciful acidity. This is utter fudge—mere excuse for dangerous indulgence. It is unnecessary to add, that superfluity of gastronomic gratification disorders the purse, as well as the corporeal functions. The *bon vivant*, after a brief lapse of years, finds himself inextricably in debt, while the man of moderate habits has a balance at his banker's.

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\* Brandy and water.

The cause is obvious. The Government has nicely adjusted the pay and allowances to the necessities and comforts of its servants: it has not felt itself bound to provide for gluttony and inebriation.

As we are upon the subject of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that frequent exposure to the sun has a very pernicious effect upon the systems of most men. As the marches and parades of the troops are arranged to take place in the morning before the sun has become insufferable, or in the evening when he is sinking, and the civilians are at liberty to travel and perform their out-of-door functions at any period of the twenty-four hours they may choose to select, the exposure which results in bilious attacks, brain fevers, diseased livers, cholera morbus, and *coups-de-soleil*, is generally a voluntary absurdity.

Shooting, hunting, fishing, racing, cricket, and other out-of-door pastimes, are the grand sources of disease. The *sola topee*, or sun-hat—a broad-brimmed light covering, made of the pulp of a tree or of straw, covered with white calico, and perforated at the sides of the crown for the free currency of air,—is, undoubtedly, a sort of protection; but it cannot resist many hours of contact with the sun's rays, and, after all, only wards off one fertile source of human suffering. The malaria of the jungle, the sand-impregnated atmosphere of the plains, the foul vapours of the swamps and jheels, do their parts, and against their noxious influence there is absolutely no remedy. We are very far from saying that in a country where out-of-door entertainments are as rare as intellectual recreations within doors, men should altogether abstain from the sports of the field; but, we think it as well to warn them against resorting to them in all seasons and at all hours. The old hands who have escaped the consequences of exposure, only live to illustrate that every rule has its exceptions.

Avoid tampering with the medicine chest—above all, shrink from a contact with Morison's and Holloway's pills. Fifteen years ago, these patent nostrums were unknown in India. In an evil hour, charlatanrie, under the bewitching disguise of Hygeia, made its appearance in the East. The persevering advertisement did its work; and hundreds, who had been content with the occasional calomel pill and the matutinal aperient, became votaries of the vegetable specific. Since then, the decrement European life has increased one-half per cent.

*Verb sat.*

One word more—to old and young alike. It seems odd that warmth should be encouraged where torrid heat prevails; but experience has determined, that no greater protection can be cultivated than the absorbent waistcoat; no more certain purifier of the person obtained than a warm bath, or a daily copious ablution in warm water. Opinions may differ about the latter. The writer of these pages merely offers the suggestion, as the result of twenty years' personal experience. But of the value of *very thin* flannel next to the skin, there can be no possible question. Everybody who has worn the gauze waistcoats we constantly see advertised, admits that they are as conducive to health as to comfort. They absorb the copious perspiration, and prevent the wearer from taking cold; while, from their extreme thinness, they add no sensible weight to the clothing, and, consequently, are not felt oppressive.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

### *Ninfa; a Tale from the German.*—By *Louisa Keir Grant*.

MR. LANDOR has chosen to write long poems in the dead languages; Lord Mahon has committed a biography—as Mr. Beckford long ago threw off an oriental tale—in French. Unless report be wrong, we have among us a noble lady mathematician competent to register her calculations in Italian. An odd and not unamusing list might be made of books published in “foreign” tongues—even if we wisely forebore to enter upon the catalogue of those perpetrated in that strangely compounded jargon to which much acquaintance with French and German has insensibly led many of our thinkers and imaginative writers. In the former Miss Grant’s *Ninfa* must be included: the tale having been originally composed in German and published at Leipzig. What amount of favour it enjoyed among the public that delights in the novels of Countess Hahn Hahn, and the romances of Madame Von Paalzow we have no means of knowing. But “*Ninfa*” “re-written” for the English market (so Miss Grant’s preface informs us) seems to us to merit as kind a welcome as most translations from those redoubtable ladies. The authoress, however, is less adroit than they in the management of her story. She loiters, not to say languishes, too diffusely on its threshold. The Italian heroine, with her elegant, childish, silly mother,—the very picture of a *contessa* in one of Goldoni’s comedies—is too long kept back from the real scene of interest, the small German court into which she marries. Once there her story becomes full of life and colour—and her position, we fear, true to reality. The mixture of etiquette and coarseness in her husband’s family—the sentimentality, audacity and real kind heartedness, of *Ottile*, her *confidante*,—and the precious inanity of the prince, taking of all forms the worst, that of Osthetic enthusiasm, are described with the steadiness of one who is familiar with the humours and modes of life exhibited. The very vivacity of the picture in part destroys the pleasantness of the tales; yet unless German memoirs, dramas and correspondences are all false—not to speak of the more prejudiced and superficial experiences of foreign travellers and sojourners—we believe that ‘*Ninfa*’ may be accredited as a picture of manners.—*Athenæum*, March 1848.

### *The Peasant and his Landlord.*—By the Baroness Knörring. Translated by *Mary Howitt*.

‘THE Peasant and his Landlord is as touching and forcible a drama of common life as most that we have followed to their close. But the remark which we found it necessary to apply to the *Alsation Tales* by Weill, applies also to the invention here. This is not agreeable: a fact proved by the difficulty of telling the story in a small compass without its becoming repulsive. That a Peasant should be tricked into believing it necessary for him to marry a servant woman whom his landlord is anxious to get rid of—that he should discover too late the shameful and shameless way in which he has been used as a screen, and his honesty imposed upon—these and the steady purpose of vengeance, which arises in his mind, are occurrences known to be dismally frequent; and no where more so than in those simple states of society which the lovers of class-

distinctions are apt to represent as Arcadian—showing on the one side all pure paternal care, on the other child-like and trusting dependency. But the tissue woven on such a ground *cannot* be a lively one. The original profligacy must never for a moment be lost sight of; else the virtue of a high and tender hearted man like Gunnar, loses its preciousness, and we cease to feel the progressive torment and temptation which urge on the catastrophe. Let us however distinguish. This tale is not written to serve any questionable purpose by prurient description; it is only a picture of events, which are too painfully unpleasing for any beauty of individual character or attitude to redeem so far as our taste is concerned.

"The Peasant and his Landlord" is a novel rather of scenes and passions than of character. One figure, however, must be singled out as excellent. We mean Mother Ingrid, who approaches in her homely truth and simple pathos to some of the peasant-mothers of Scott's Novels. Elin, the heroine, is too delicate and high flown for reality. Lena, the shrew, and Olle, the mocking fiend, are touched with greater nature and vivacity,—but the position of both is hateful. The squire's sister, Ma'amsella Sara, is another of those active charitable, elderly women, whom the North seems to produce in such abundance; though in point of character she does not equal *ma chere mere*, nor excellent Miss Rönnquist, nor the Provost's Lady, of the Bremer Novels. To conclude, we should be glad to hear more of the Baroness Knörning,—trusting that the next novel of hers, which we take in hand, may be on some more cheerful argument.—*Ibid.*

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### *Arthur Frankland; or the Experience of a Tragic Poet.*

HERE is a book full of precious merriment for such as love to laugh at the sounds of the strolling buskin, and who forget that they are hearing "the clattering of ambitious misery on stilts." To us the "mopings and mowings" of would-be lady Macbeth's and King Richard's—the mixture of bombast with wistful hungry-misery have always brought as much painful thought as matter for derision. "Arthur Frankland" produces the same symptoms of heart ache. The tale is written by one who pleads the cause of neglected genius, so strangely after the fashion of *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender, that the sweetest tempered of critics could not better review "these experiences" than by quoting Theseus' dismissal of the memorable Athenæan tragedians:—

"Marry if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably discharged."—*Ibid.*

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### *The Emigrants of Ahadarra; a Tale of Irish Life. By William Carleton, Esq.*

IF we do not dwell upon the Emigrants of Ahadarra, our brevity must not be mistaken for disrespect. We are willing just now to leave the tale, because let the best Irish novelist do his utmost in serious combination, the result must be at once painful and hackneyed. Pomegranates and Olives will not spring from the sloe-bushes of controversy:—nor could even Monsieur Robert Houdin himself, the magician of the Palais Royal, who beats Cagliostro and the

"Poughkeepsie Seer" hollow in wonders conjure up a rose garden in the midst of an unreclaimed Milesian bag. Among an ill-educated and impoverished people social evils and inequalities must show a dismal constancy to a few set patterns. And without being old before our time, or fastidious beyond our privilege—we confess a disinclination to be entertained by stories which show the progress of decay, and the triumph of mean intrigue—or which awaken a too late compassion for the debased and brutalized by exhibiting those evidences of a better nature, which tyranny has trampled out, or neglect overgrown with all manner of evil weeds. It is true that in Mr. Carleton's last page, the emigration from Ahadarra is averted; but who does not feel the escape to be a novelist's miracle rather than the likely close of so much false dealing, misunderstanding and woe? The power which our author puts forth by no means mends the matter. For a gloomy winter such as this has been, his New Year's offering is not an enlivening book.—*Ibid.*

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*Mesmerism and its Opponents.*—By George Sandby, M. A., Vicar of Fliston, Suffolk. Part 1st, Longman.

THIS is one of the best vindications of mesmerism that we know. It embraces the whole question, and can only be rivalled by Colquhoun's *Isis Revelata*. But it has this advantage over the *Isis*, that it brings down the history of mesmerism to the present time, and discusses many new and interesting aspects of the question. The author has enriched his subject with historical comparisons taken from the history of witchcraft, inoculation and vaccination to show the various modes in which prejudice acts upon the mind; and he has enlivened it with a splendid critique of Mr. Hugh McNeile's charge of Satanic agency, by which he and some other curiosities of the pulpit have striven to keep the eyes of their hearers shut to the truth of some very simple and very innocent natural facts, which through some organic defect they cannot reconcile to the doctrinal fixtures in their own minds. Mr. Sandby being himself a clergyman of the Established Church, is a very suitable opponent of Mr. McNeile, and mesmerism may well be content to leave the matter in his hands. The book is a cheap and an excellent summary of the history of mesmerism down to the present time.—*Family Herald.*

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*The Triumph of Woman.*—By Charles Rowcroft. Parry and Co.

MR. ROWCROFT has proved himself one of our very best imaginative writers by his admirable "Tales of the Colonies," the most natural description of an emigrant's experience in Australian life that the language contains—and the present little Christmas book is a most acceptable memorial of the ingenious author. We cannot afford room to give an idea of the contents. Suffice it to say, that it combines the *utile* and the *dulce*, or the useful and agreeable, in charming variety, and is extremely complimentary to the tender sex in whose service the red book with gilt edges has come forth.—*Ibid.*

*Sketches of Protestantism in Italy, past and present, with an account of the Waldenses. By Robert Baird, D. D., New York. Published by Collins, Glasgow and London.*

THIS book contains, first, a history of the Reformation in Italy ; second a history of Religion in Italy,\* since the reformation, with an account of the present Protestant chapels therein (information not easily procured elsewhere), and in the third place, a history of the Waldenses to the present time, all comprised in one small octavo volume. Much valuable information is comprised within small compass ; but we think there is too much self-praise in it. We do not like the system that sects invariably pursue, of pointing out their own virtues and the vices of their opponents. Dr. Baird does what he can to make Italy appear immoral, but instead of demonstrating the immorality, he merely infers it, because Italy has not the pure truth as it is in Christ. We have been in Italy, and looked at its people at home, and we saw less vice and immorality there than we have seen in Glasgow and other gospel-illuminated places. Much scandal may be written of Italy, but there are no facts sufficiently strong to prove from the actions of the people that Scotland, or the United States has the truth and Italy not. Charity does not belong to either, and without charity faith is mere brass.—*Ibid.*

*Travels in Siberia: including Excursions Northwards, down the Obi, to the Polar Circle, and Southwards, to the Chinese Frontier. By Adolph Erman. Translated from the German, by William Desborough Cooley. Two vols. Longman and Co.*

THIS is a very interesting and important book of travels. Mr. Cooley, describing it as ‘ a philosophical survey of the coldest quarter of the earth,’ justly characterizes it as the counterpart and indispensable supplement to Humboldt’s account of the equinoctial regions of America. We do not remember a book in which we have found so much to satisfy the scientific reader, and at the same time please the reader for mere amusement. It has the lively and earnest character of the older travellers, with the knowledge and patience of the modern.

We can imagine the astonishment of many to find such pictures of human existence as these volumes contain, in scenes and beneath a climate where human existence would at first seem hardly possible. But still,

... even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Erman’s *Travels in Siberia* have a delightful moral, which cannot too often be repeated or too strongly dwelt upon. It is that natural disadvantages and rigour of climate avail nothing against human ingenuity and foresight. But that the fig leaf indicates a temperate climate, paradise might have been under the polar circle.

We shall return to this admirable book of travels, and indicate its contents in greater detail than we find possible at present. The translation is excellent, and entitles it to assume its place in the best English literature of its class. Mr. Cooley’s editorial judgment, too, is visible throughout ; and the volumes

appear to be part of the undertaking projected by this original and able geographer, and commenced some few months since with the title of *The World surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or, Recent Narration of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments*. The travel described by Erman originated in the desire to make magnetical observations in the interior of Siberia, and the Norwegian Government engaged to defray the attendant expenses. Professor Hansteen, the Norwegian philosopher, so justly famed for his researches into the theory of terrestrial magnetism, was Erman's companion in the expedition.—*Examiner*, April 1.

*Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany. Selected and Translated from the Memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense. By Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart. (Murray's Colonial Library) Murray.*

IN the excitement and interest so suddenly turned upon Germany, and the social and political change impending there, this little book becomes a timely contribution to our English libraries. It is a selection from Varnhagen von Ense's well known *Memorabilia*, made with great judgment, and translated with singular fidelity and spirit.

Von Ense led an active life in the first twenty years of the century, though he began it as a mere tutor, and subsided afterwards into a man of letters and student of languages. He was at Berlin when the battle of Jena was fought, served as an Austrian officer at Aspern and Wagram, was in Paris soon after the marriage of the Emperor, again fought with the allies in the campaign which closed before the gates of Paris in 1814, attended the Congress of Vienna as secretary to Prince Hardenberg, and was subsequently Prussian charge d'affaires at Carlsruhe. At a later period he was appointed minister in the United States, but declined to accept, and has since cultivated peaceful literature in Berlin.

The selection made by Sir Alexander Gordon comprises such of the leading subjects treated by Von Ense in his entertaining book of recollections, as were most likely to be pleasing and intelligible to the English reader. The German soldier and diplomatist describes excellently; and displays all the shrewdness which seems to have marked his own intercourse with the world, in his graphic delineations of men and things. There is scarcely a European of celebrity of his time who does not pass across the shades of his magic lanthorn, with a very lively effect of portraiture, and of character very nicely discriminated.

The most valuable of his sketches relate to the causes of Napoleon's downfall. We obtain from the book a striking and instructive picture of the hopes awakened by the first French Revolution, vividly contrasted with the subsequent change induced by the licence, oppression, and lust of conquest which grew out of that great event, and which at last concentrated the whole of Germany in bitter hostility to Napoleon. We may add, that we think Sir Alexander Gordon's translation most successful where the difficulty was greatest: in the descriptions of military movements. These are clear and graphic as in the original.



Our extracts from the personal sketches of diplomatists at Vienna will amuse the reader—

*“ Prince Metternich.*

“ At the head of the Congress, excluding of course the crowned heads from the diplomatic category, stood Prince Metternich. Every one recognised in him the future president of this august assembly, which, in fact, shortly elected him to that post. As Austria acted the part of host, and those who were invited were under her charge, the minister, in addition to the weight and influence belonging to his office, and which he had enjoyed both in Paris and London, and to his own personal character, now exercised all the rights of a host towards his guests. . . . The personal importance of Prince Metternich was proved by this circumstance. The Emperor Alexander, who of all sovereigns took most part personally in political negotiations, scarcely stood in a higher position than Prince Metternich, to whom all the other plenipotentiaries resigned the first place. The Emperor of Russia and the Austrian minister contended for some time in the same field for the prize. At first they were on admirable terms together; and had this continued they would have overcome all opposition in the Congress. But differences of opinion arose, which were followed by a complete rupture. Nevertheless they fully recognised each other's merits, and the most perfect confidence was subsequently restored between them.”

*“ Lord Castlereagh.*

“ Lord Castlereagh was without any personal charm; his views were narrow; his opinions appeared mainly to depend upon the impressions he received from others; and his actions were rather those of an agent than of a statesman. He talked a good deal without saying much: it was well known that he did not shine in Parliament as a speaker. His favourite expression, ‘features,’ was constantly on his lips, to Humboldt's great amusement, who never missed such little traits. The difficulties which he foresaw he should have to meet in Parliament on his return to England had great influence on his decision as to what he agreed to or what he opposed, and did infinite mischief in many cases.”

*“ The Duke of Wellington.*

“ The Duke of Wellington arrived in Vienna from London, as plenipotentiary in the room of Lord Castlereagh, who returned to England, bearing with him one result of the Congress—the abolition of negro slavery,—a subject in which his countrymen felt the liveliest interest. The celebrated warrior had far greater talents for diplomacy than his predecessor: he knew how to listen; and although he was not so loquacious, what he said was more to the point. If the duke was sent to impose upon the other powers by his reputation as a warrior, and to silence them by his authoritative tone, he certainly failed in this respect; but every one soon perceived that an able and well-informed negotiator had joined the Congress in the person of the Duke of Wellington.”  
—*Ibid*, March 25.

*Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains, Saxon Switzerland, &c. By H. C. Andersen. From the original Danish, with the Author's sanction, by Charles Beckwith. Bentley.*

WE must not pass over the Schoolmaster whom Herr Andersen encountered, and describes (as he does everything which has the remotest theatrical interest) *con amore*.—

“ He was a man of about sixty years of age; a little slender being, with a lively eyes, and a black velvet skull-cap on his head. He was the express image of Jean

Paul's *schulmeisterlein*, Wuz, from Auenthal. My schoolmaster was from a little Hanoverian town; and was going to visit an old friend in Goslar, with whom he would, like myself, ascend the mountains for the first time. He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and twines flowers around every stub; for whom the narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace, and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride he told me about his little town, which to him was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre, 'Yes,' said he, 'you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of its having been a stable before! The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by our old painter; and the music itself—yea, i'faith, it is really good, for such a small town!—two violins, a clarionet, and a great drum; they play very nicely! I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend to those hocus-pocuses and tra-la-las, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old sexton, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinasky between the acts; our women hum in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks; it is a real pleasure!'—'And how of the acting?' I asked.—'Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals; and at the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage.'—'It must indeed be a great pleasure.'—'A pleasure?' interrupted he, 'yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop scene representing the street is the finest: there we have our own town market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have is, the little iron chandelier: the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault—for I am not the man to praise every thing—another fault is, that many of our women when they act, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly giggle and nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure.'"

There are more of these pictures, and in them lies the charm of this new book. Its author, though he has many delicate and fanciful things to say, seems bewildered rather than enlightened by the cities which he entered; and had not (let us repeat), at the time of that particular journey, arrived at the precision of touch and mellowness as a landscape painter which he has since exhibited in such perfection.—*Athenæum*, March 11.

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## II.—BIOGRAPHY.

### *Sketch of Camille Desmoulins.*

[From La Martine's Girondists.]

CAMILLE Desmoulins, a young man of great talent, but weak reasoning powers, threw into his lucubrations for the press the feverish tumult of his thoughts.

The members of the constitutional party felt it their duty to attend the sittings of the Jacobins on the 22nd, in order to moderate its ardour. Barnave Sieyes and La Fayette also appeared there, and took the oath of fidelity to the nation.—Camille Desmoulins thus relates the results of this sitting :—

"Whilst the National Assembly was decreeing, decreeing, decreeing, the people were acting. I went to the Jacobins, and on the quay Voltaire I met La Fayette. Barnave's words had begun to turn the current of popular opinion, and some voices cried 'vive La Fayette.' He had reviewed the battalions on the quay. Convinced of the necessity of rallying round a chief, I yielded to the impulse which drew me towards the white horse. 'Monsieur de La Fayette,' said I to him in the midst of the crowd, 'for more than a year I have constantly spoken ill of you, this is the moment to convict me of falsehood. Prove that I am a calumniator, render me execrable, cover me with infamy and save the state. I spoke with the utmost warmth whilst he pressed my hand.' 'I have always recognised you as a good citizen,' returned he, 'you will see that you have been deceived; our common oath has been to live free, or to die—all goes well—there's but one feeling among the National Assembly—the common danger has united all parties.' 'But why,' I enquired, 'does your Assembly effect to speak of the carrying off (*enlèvement*) of the king in all its decrees, when the king himself writes that he escaped of his own free will? What business or what

.....' replied La Fayette, .....  
La Fayette repeated this several times, and shook me heartily by the hand. I left, reflecting that probably the vast field that the king's flight opened to his ambition, might bring him back to the party of the people. I arrived at the Jacobins striving to believe in the sincerity of his demonstrations, of his patriotism, and friendship; and to persuade myself of this, which, in spite of all my effort, escaped by a thousand recollections, and a thousand issues."

When Camille Desmoulins entered, Robespierre was in the tribune: the immense credit that this young orator's perseverance and incorruptibility had gained him with the people, made his hearers crowd around him. "I am not one of those," said he "who term this event a disaster; this day would be the most glorious of the Revolution, did you but know how to turn it to your advantage. The king has chosen to quit his post at the moment of our most deadly perils, both at home and abroad. The Assembly has lost its credit; all men's minds are excited by the approaching elections. The emigrés are at Coblenz. The emperor and the king of Sweden are at Brussels; our harvests are ripe to feed their troops; but three millions of men are under arms in France, and this league of Europe may easily be vanquished. I fear neither Leopold, nor the king of Sweden. That which alone terrifies me seems to reassure all others. It is the fact that since this morning all our enemies affect to use the same language as ourselves. All men are united, and in appearance wear the same aspect. It is impossible all can feel the same joy at the flight of a king who possessed a revenue of forty millions of francs, and

who distributed all the offices of state amongst his adherents, and our enemies ; there are traitors, then, among us ; there is a secret understanding between the fugitive king and these traitors who have remained at Paris. Read the king's manifesto, and the whole plot will be there unveiled. The king, the emperor, the king of Sweden, d'Artois, Condé, all the fugitives, all these brigands, are about to march against us ! A paternal manifesto will appear in which the king will talk of his love of peace, and even of liberty, while at the same time the traitors in the capital and the departments, will represent you on their parts as the leaders of the civil war. Thus the revolution will be stifled in the embraces of hypocritical despotism and intimidated moderation.

"Look already at the Assembly : in twenty decrees the king's flight is termed carrying off by force (*enlèvement*.) To whom does it intrust the safety of the people ? To a minister of foreign affairs, under the inspection of diplomatic committee. Who is the minister ? A traitor whom I have unceasingly denounced to you, the persecutor of the patriot soldiers, the upholder of the aristocrat officers. What is the committee ? A committee of traitors composed of all our enemies beneath the garb of patriots. And the minister for foreign affairs, who is he ? A traitor, a Montmorin, who but a short month ago declared a perfidious adoration of the constitution. And Delis-sart, who is he ? A traitor to whom Necker has bequeathed his mantle to cover his plots and conspiracies."

"Do you not see the coalition of these men with the king, and the king with the European league ! That will crush us ! In an instant you will see all the men of 1789, mayor, general, ministers, orators, enter this room. How can you escape Antony ?" continued he, alluding to La Fayette. "Antony commands the legions that are about to avenge Cæsar ; and Octavius, Cæsar's nephew, commands the legions of the republic.

"How can the republic hope to avoid destruction ? We are continually told of the necessity of uniting ourselves ; but when Antony encamped at the side of Lepidus, and all the foes to freedom were united to those who termed themselves its defenders, nought remained for Brutus and Cassius, save to die.

"It is to this point that this feigned unanimity, this perfidious reconciliation of patriots tends. Yes, this is the fate prepared for you. I know that by daring to unveil these conspiracies, I sharpen a thousand daggers against my own life. I know the fate that awaits me, but if, when almost unknown in the National Assembly, I, amongst the earliest apostles of liberty sacrificed my life to the cause of truth, of humanity, of my country ; to-day, when I have been so amply repaid for this sacrifice, by such marks of universal good-will, consideration and regard, I shall look at death as a mercy, if it prevents my witnessing such misfortunes. I have tried the Assembly, let them in their turn try me.

These words so artfully combined and calculated to fill every heart with suspicion, were hailed like the last speech of a martyr for liberty. All eyes were suffused with tears. "We will die with you," cried Camille Desmou-lins, extending his arms towards Robespierre, as though he would fain embrace him. His excitable and changeable spirit was borne away by the breath of each new enthusiastic impulse. He passed from the arms of La Fayette into those of Robespierre like a courtesan. Eight hundred persons rose *en masse* ; and by their attitudes, their gestures, their spontaneous and unanimous inspi-

rations, offered one of those most imposing tableaux, that prove how great is the effect of oratory, passion and circumstance over an assembled people. After they had all individually sworn to defend Robespierre's life, they were informed of the arrival of the ministers and members of the Assembly who had belonged to the club in '89, and who in this perilous state of their country, had come to fraternise with the Jacobins.

"Monsieur le President," cried Danton, "if the traitors venture to present themselves I undertake solemnly that my head shall fall on the scaffold, or to prove that their heads should roll at the feet of the nation they have betrayed." The Deputies entered: Danton recognising La Fayette amongst them, mounted the tribunal and addressing the General, said: "It is my turn to speak and I will speak, as though I were writing a history for the use of future ages. How do you dare, M. de La Fayette, to join the friends of the constitution; you who are a friend and partisan of the system of the two chambers invented by the priest Saécès, a system destructive of the constitution and liberty? Did you not yourself tell me that the project of M. Mounier was too execrable for any one to venture to reproduce it, but that it was possible to cause an equivalent to it to be accepted by the Assembly? I dare you to deny this fact, that damns you. How comes it that the king in his proclamation uses the same language as yourself? How have you dared to infringe an order of the day on the circulation of the pamphlets of the defenders of the people, whilst you grant the protection of your bayonets to cowardly writers, the destroyers of the people of the constitution? Why did you bring back prisoners, and as it were in triumph, the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who wished to destroy the last stronghold of tyranny at Vincennes? Why on the evening of this expedition to Vincennes, did you protect in the Tuilleries assassins armed with poignards to favour the king's escape? Explain to me by what chance on the 2d time the Tuilleries was guarded by the company of the grenadiers of the Rue de l'Oratoire, that you had punished on the 18th of April for having opposed the king's departure? Let us not deceive ourselves. The king's flight is only the result of a plot; there has been a secret understanding, and you M. de la Fayette, who lately staked your head for the king's safety, do you, by appearing in this Assembly, seek your own condemnation? The people must have vengeance; they are wearied of thus being alternately braved and deceived. If my voice is unheard here, if our weak indulgence for the enemies of our country continually endanger it, I appeal to posterity, and leave it to them to judge between us."

M. de la Fayette, thus attacked, made no reply to these strong appeals; he merely said that he had come to join the Assembly, because it was there that all good citizens should hasten in perilous times; and he then left the place. The Assembly having issued a decree the next day calling on the General to appear and justify himself, he wrote that he would do so at a future period; he however never did so. But the motions of Robespierre and Danton did not in the least injure his influence over the national guard. Danton on that day displayed the greatest audacity. M. de la Fayette had the proofs of the orator's venality in his possession—he had received from M. de Montmorin 100,000 francs. Danton knew that M. de la Fayette was well aware of this transaction; but he also knew that La Fayette could not accuse him without naming M. de Montmorin, and without also accusing himself of participation in

this shameful traffic, that supplied the funds of the civil list. This double secret kept them mutually in check, and obliged the orator and general to maintain a degree of reserve that lessened the fury of the contest. Lameth replied to Danton, and spoke in favour of concord. The violent resolutions proposed by Robespierre and Danton had no weight that day at the Jacobins' Club. The peril that threatened them taught the people wisdom, and their instinct forbade their dividing their force before that which was unknown.

Camille Desmoulins, the Aristophanes of the revolution, then borrowed the sonorous voice of the Abbe Fouchette, in order to make himself heard. Camille Desmoulins was the Voltaire of the streets; he struck on the chord of passion by his sarcasms. "Representatives," said he "the applauses of the people are its civil list: the inviolability of the king is a thing most infinitely just, for he ought by nature to be always in opposition to the general will and our interest. One does not voluntarily fall from so great a height. Let us take example from God, whose *commandments are never impossible*; let us not require from the *ci-dévant* sovereign an *impossible love* of the national sovereignty; is it not very natural that he should give his veto to the best decrees? But let the magistrates of the people—let the Directory of Paris—let the same men who four months since in the Champ-de-Mars fired upon the citizens, who were signing a petition against one decree inundate the country with a petition, which is evidently but the first page of a vast register of counter-revolution, a subscription to a civil war sent by them for signature to all the fanatics, all the idiots, all the slaves, all the robbers of the eighty-three départements, at the head of which are the exemplary names of the members of the Directory of Paris—fathers of their country! There is in this such a complication of ingratitude and fraud, prévarication and perverseness, philosophical hypocrisy and perfidious moderation, that on the instant we rally round the decrees and around yourselves. Continue faithful mandates, and if they obstinately persist in not permitting you to save the nation, well, then we will save it ourselves! For at last the power of the royal *veto* will have a term, and the taking of the Bastille is not prevented by a *veto*.

"For a long time we have been in possession of the civism of our Directory, when we saw it in an incendiary proclamation, not only again open the evangelical pulpits to the priests, but the seditious tribunes to conspirators in surplices! Their address is a manifesto calculated to degrade the constitutional powers—It is a collective petition—It is an incentive to civil war, and the overthrow of the constitution. Assuredly we are no admirers of the representative government, of which we think with J. J. Rousseau; and if we like certain articles but little, still less do we like civil war. So many grounds of accusation! The crime of these men is settled. Strike them! If the head sleeps, shall the arm act? Raise not that arm again; do not rouse the national club only to crush insects. A Varnier or De Lâtre! Did Cato and Cicero accuse Cethegus or Catiline? It is the leaders we should assail. Strike at the head."

This strain of irony and boldness, less applauded by the clapping of hands, than by shouts of laughter, delighted the tribunes. They voted the sending of the *procès verbal* of the meeting into every département. It was legislatively elevating a pamphlet to the dignity of a public act, and to distribute ready-made insult to the citizens that they might have a supply to vent against

public authority. The king trembled before the pamphleteer ; he felt from this first treatment of his baffled prerogative that the constitution would crumble in his hands each time that he dared to make use of it.

The next day the constitutional party in greater force at the meeting, recalled the sending of this pamphlet to the departments. Brissot was angry in his journal the *Patriote Français*. It was there, and at the Jacobins more than in the tribunes that he gave instructions to his party, and he allowed the idea of a republic to escape him. Brissot had not the properties of an orator : his dogged spirit, sectarian and arbitrary, was fitter for conspiracy than action : the ardour of his mind was excessive, but concentrated. He shed neither these lights nor those flames which kindle enthusiasm, that explosion of ideas. \* It was the lamp of the Gironde party ; it was neither its beacon nor its torch.

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*The Discourse de la Lanterne aux Parisiens, subsequently called the  
Revolutions de France et de Brabant, was the production of Camille  
Desmoulins.*

THIS young student, who became suddenly a political character on a chair in the garden of the Palais Royal, on the first outbreaks of the month of July 1789, preserved in his style, which was frequently very brilliant, something of his early character. It was the sarcastic genius of Voltaire descended from the saloon to the pavement. No man in himself ever personified the people better than did Camille Desmoulins. He was the mob with his turbulent and unexpected movements, his variableness, his unconnectedness, his rages interrupted with laughter, or suddenly sinking into sympathy and sorrow for the very victims he immolated. A man at the same time so ardent and so trifling, so trivial and so inspired, so indecisive between blood and tears, so ready to crush what he had just deified with enthusiasm, must have the more empire over a people in revolt, in proportion as he resembled them. His character was his nature. He not only aped the people, but he was the people himself. His newspapers cried in the public streets, and their sarcasm bandied from mouth to mouth, has not been swept away with the other impurities of the day. He remains and will remain, a Menippus, the satirist, stained with blood. It was the popular chorus which led the people to their most important movements, and which was frequently stifled by the whistling of the street lamp, or in the hatchet-stroke of the guillotine. Camille Desmoulins was the remorseless offspring of the Revolution—Marat was its fury, he had the clumsy tumblings of the brute in his thought, and its gnashing of teeth in his style. His journal (*L'Ami du Peuple*) the People's Friend, smelt of blood in every line.

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*Dr. Franklin before the Privy Council,*

JANUARY 29TH, 1774.

PERHAPS to the student of history there are few things which at first seem more strange than the apparent smallness of those causes which have led to great events. " 'Twas the kettle began it," is the declaration of the Cricket upon the Hearth : and how often the careful investigator, after long hours of toil,



closes the "official correspondence," or the "private memoir," with nothing better than the conviction, that "Twas the kettle began it" after all !

The glove dropped by Queen Anne and picked up by Mrs. Masham is the familiar instance quoted by Voltaire ; and perhaps few of those who counselled the imposition of a small duty upon the introduction of tea into our North American possessions, could have foreseen that it would have been the means of losing our greatest colonies for ever.

In all such cases, however, the "*antecedents*," as the French say of marriages, have had far more to do with subsequent events than the circumstances themselves. The change has been gradually prepared for, although the event has, perhaps, not been foreseen. The spark would have gone out in darkness but for the combustible materials upon which it fell.

The New Englanders were of all the American people the least likely to bear any attempt, real or supposed, against their liberties. The principles of the French Encyclopedists had found among the philosophers and students of America, many ardent admirers and friends, while the masses of the people looked back with lofty pride to their descent from the little band who sought upon the shores of a new world that religious freedom which was denied them in the old.

It was easy to foresee that a struggle once begun would be maintained with that indomitable perseverance which must ensure success, the more particularly as many private and personal feelings began to mingle in the breasts of the leaders with the main principles at stake.

Lord Campbell, in his "Life of the Lord Chancellor Loughborough," has given us some curious particulars respecting the trial of Benjamin Franklin before the Privy Council in 1774 ; and as upon the result of that investigation hung in a considerable degree the great question of the American war, we think that the following extract may be found not uninteresting to the readers of Sharpe's Magazine :—

"I now come to his (Lord Loughborough's) memorable contest with Benjamin Franklin—

" 'The babe that was unborn might rue  
The speaking of that day.' "

"It mainly conduced to the civil war which soon followed, and to the dismemberment of the empire, by exciting overweening arrogance on one side and rankling revenge on the other.

"Had Franklin been soothed instead of insulted, America might have been saved. As yet, though, eager for the redress of the wrongs of his transatlantic brethren, he professed, and I believe he felt, respect and kindness for the mother country, and a desire that all differences between them might be honourably reconciled.

"Being agent for the province of Massachusetts, and having got possession, by mysterious and probably unjustifiable means, of certain letters written by Mr. Hutchinson, the lieutenant-governor, and Mr. Oliver the chief justice of that province, to Mr. Whately, who had been private secretary to George Grenville, recommending the employment of a military force for the suppression of the discontents there,—he transmitted them to the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and being publicly read, they were considered evidence of a conspiracy to destroy the liberties of the colonies. A petition to the king was unanimously agreed to, praying for the recall of the lieutenant-governor and the chief justice. This petition was very imprudently referred to a committee of the privy council, that its allegations might be openly discussed. The executive government ought quietly to have disposed of it, either by refusing its prayer or by transferring the parties complained against to some other sphere, where their services would be more available for the public good : but it was

thought that a glorious opportunity had occurred of publicly inveighing against the colonists, and of heaping odium on their champion.

"As the day for the hearing approached, public expectation was raised to a higher pitch than it had been by any judicial proceeding in England since the trial of Sacheverell. The scene was the council-chamber at the Cockpit, Whitehall.

"Thirty-five privy councillors attended, with Earl Gower, the lord president, at their head. Accommodation was made near the bar for Burke, Priestley, Jeremy Bentham, and other distinguished strangers, and the adjoining rooms and passages were crowded with an innumerable multitude, who could only catch some distant murmurs of the vituperation, and inquire, from time to time, what was likely to be the result.

"We have from Jeremy Bentham a curious description of the apartment, and the appearance of him who was beheld of all beholders :—'The president's chair was with the back parallel to, and not far distant from the fire ; the chimney-piece projecting a foot or two, formed a recess on each side.

"Alone in the recess, on the left hand of the president, stood Benjamin Franklin, in such a position as not to be visible from the situation of the president, remaining the whole time like a rock, in the same posture, his head resting on his left hand, and in that attitude abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm.'

"Dunning and Lee stood at the bar<sup>as</sup> as counsel for the petitioners. Wedderburne (Lord Loughborough) as solicitor-general, alone attended for the crown, or, more properly speaking, as assessor to the privy council. 'His station was between the seats of two of the members on the side of the right hand of the lord president.'

"Dunning and Lee began, but their speeches are entirely lost ; they are said to have spoken feebly, being ashamed (as some insinuated) of the manner in which the letters had been obtained and made public.

"Wedderburne did not stand in need of the stimulus of a fierce attack, but came fully charged with venom which he had long been distilling. We have by no means a full report of his speech, but some of the most striking passages of it have been handed down to us. 'The present question,' he observed, 'is of no less magnitude than whether the crown shall ever be permitted to employ a faithful and steady servant in the administration of a colony ? His Majesty, in appointing Mr. Hutchinson, followed the wishes of his people ; no other man could have been named in whom so many favourable circumstances concurred to recommend him.

"A native of the country, whose ancestors were among its first settlers, a gentleman who had for many years presided in the law courts,—of tried integrity, of confessed abilities, and who has long devoted himself to the study of the history and constitution of the country he was to govern. Against him the petitioners do not attempt to allege one single act of misconduct during the four years he has ruled over them. So the chief justice, equally remarkable for his learning and his integrity, stands unaccused and unsuspected of any malversation in his office.

"Yet both are to be punished by a disgraceful removal. Let me examine the only ground which my learned friends have taken in support of the petition. Abstaining from any charge of the official misconduct, they have read to your lordships the assembly's address,—they have read the letters, and they have read the censures passed upon them. But having then contented themselves with praying the dismissal of these meritorious servants of the public, they frankly admit to your lordships that there is no cause to try—no charge—there are no accusers—there are no proofs—they simply say, "The lieutenant and the chief justice should be censured because they have lost the confidence of those who complain against them." This is so very extraordinary a proceeding that I know of no precedent except one, but that, I confess, according to the Roman poet's report, is a case in point :—

'Nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi  
Hunc hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimine ? Quisnam  
Delator ? Quibus indicibus ? Quo teste probavit ?  
Nil horum—verbosa et grandis epistola venit  
A capreis—bene habet : nil plus interrogo.'

"Having examined the letters, and contended that they were harmless, or at all events, that they were private, so that they could not possibly be made the foundation of a charge of public misconduct, he said :—

"On the part of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, however, I am instructed to assure your lordships that they feel no spark of resentment even against the individuals who have done them this injustice. They are convinced that the people, though misled, are innocent. If the conduct of a few ill designing men should provoke a just indignation, *they* would be the most forward, and I trust the most efficacious solicitors to avert its effects. They love the soil, the constitution, the people of New England : they look with reverence to this country and with affection to that. For the sake of the people they wish some faults corrected, anarchy abolished, and civil government re-established. But these salutary ends they wish to promote by the gentlest means. They wish no liberties to be abridged which a people can possibly use to its own advantage. A restraint from self-destruction is the only restraint they desire to be imposed upon New-England."

"Wedderburne then, as the *coup de grace* to his victim, whom he thought he had almost sufficiently tortured, proceeded to consider the manner in which the letters had been obtained and published.

"How they came into the possession of any one but the right owners," he said, "is still a mystery for Dr. Franklin to explain." He was not the rightful owner, and they could not have come into his hands by fair means ; nothing will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining them by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant purposes—unless he stole them from the persons who stole them. This argument is irrefragable. I hope, my lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind.

"Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred in times of the greatest party rage, not only in politics but in religion."

"The betrayer of it has forfeited all the respect of the good and of his own associates. Into what companies will the fabricator of this iniquity hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or with any semblance of the honest intrepidity of virtue ? Men will watch him with a jealous eye ; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritaires. Having hitherto aspired to fame by his writings, he will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called *a man of letters*—"*homo trium literarum*."\* But he not only took away these papers from one brother—he kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of another. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror.†

"Amidst these tragical events, of one person nearly murdered—of another answerable for the issue—of a worthy governor hurt in the dearest interests—the fate of America in suspense—here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare him only to Zanga in Dr. Young's "*Revenge*"—

"Know then 'twas I :  
I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—  
I hated, I despised—and I destroy."

\* *Fur*, a thief.

† This refers to a duel in Hyde Park between a Mr. John Temple of Boston, accused of having been instrumental in procuring and publishing the letters, and Mr. William Whately, a brother of the gentleman to whom they were addressed, and from whose effects they were supposed to be purloined. Thereupon Dr. Franklin wrote a letter to a newspaper, in which he said, "I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the prevention of future mischief) that I alone am the person who obtained and transmitted to Boston the letters in question. They were not of the nature of *private letters between friends*—they were written by public officers, in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures : they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be influenced by them. Their tendency was to incense the mother country against her colonies, and by the steps recommended to widen the breach—which they effected."

"I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody minded African, is not surpassed by the coolness of apathy of the wily New Englander?"

"The effect of this invective upon the hearers was greater than almost anything we read of in the history of English eloquence," says Jeremy Bentham; "without any prejudice in favour of the orator, I was not more astonished at the brilliancy of his lightning than astounded by the thunder that accompanied it."

"We can easily conceive the delight of the assembled privy councillors, who have been selected and summoned on this occasion from their known hatred of the discontented Americans, and their impatient desire to coerce them;—but without very strong testimony we could not give credit to the stories circulated of their demeanour, considering that they were sitting as judges, and that at least the *affectation* of impartiality might have been expected from them. 'Nevertheless,' says Dr. Priestley, 'at the sallies of his sarcastic wit all the members of the council (the president himself, Lord Gower, not excepted,) frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity except Lord North, who coming late took his stand behind a chair opposite me.' Some accounts represent that they actually cheered him as if they had been listening to a spirited party speech in parliament."

"Lord Shelburn, in a letter to Lord Chatham, writes, 'The indecency of their behaviour exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election;' and Charles Fox, in the debate of the war in 1803, warning the house not to be led away by the delusive eloquence of Pitt, reminded them 'how all men tossed up their hats and clapped their hands in boundless delight, at Mr. Wedderburne's speech against Dr. Franklin, without reckoning the cost it was to entail upon them.'"

"The committee of the privy council instantly voted, 'That the petition was false, groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purposes of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent in the province.'"

"The king in council confirmed the report, and Dr. Franklin was dismissed from the office of deputy postmaster-general in America. He himself had sat during the whole of the proceedings before the privy council, although all eyes were directed upon him, in the position in which Jeremy Bentham has described him, without moving a muscle. He pretended to despise the vituperation as 'the idle air one hears but heeds not,' saying, 'it was a matter of indifference to him that a venal lawyer was hired and encouraged to abuse the petitioners and their agent in the grossest terms scurrility could invent; and that a man so mercenary, if well fed, would have been equally loud in his praise, or in the praise of the devil.' But the speech which Franklin thus pretended to despise had rankled in his heart. What secret vow he made he never revealed, but years afterwards, on the termination of the war by which the independence of America was established, being then ambassador of the United States at Paris, he signed the articles of peace in the identical dress which he had worn when inveighed against by Wedderburne."

"He had stood," says Dr. Priestley, 'conspicuously erect during the harangue, and kept his countenance as immovable as if his features had been made of wood. But the suit of "Manchester velvet," which he then wore was again put on at the treaty of Paris. These clothes had never been worn since or afterwards. I once intimated to Dr. Franklin the suspicion which his wearing these clothes on that occasion had excited in my mind, when he smiled, without telling me whether it was well or ill founded.'"

"Wedderburne must be severely condemned for thus pandering to the low passions of his countrymen instead of honestly trying to enlighten them. So objectionable was this proceeding, and in which he played the principal part, that Adolphus, the almost indiscriminate apologist of all the measures of George the Third's reign, is driven to confess that 'the character of the inquiry, and the dignity of the tribunal to whose investigation it was submitted, were not duly considered.'"

Ministers, taught by experience, ought to have known the degradation which they must inevitably incur when they elevated an individual into the rank of a personal opponent. Dr. Franklin, who had recently completed his 67th year, who was known and honoured in the most eminent philosophical

and literary societies of Europe, sat with his grey unadorned locks a hearer of one of the severest invectives that ever proceeded from the tongue of man ; and an observer of a boisterous and obstreperous merriment and exultation, which added nothing to the dignity of his judges. He had sufficient self-command to suppress all display of feeling ; but the transactions of the day sunk deeply into his mind, and produced an inextinguishable rancour against this country, which coloured all the acts of his subsequent life, and occasioned extensive and ever memorable consequences. All the present exultation was unbounded. A day of repentance and humiliation was to succeed it. We shall not follow Lord Campbell through the subsequent details. The animus with which Lord Loughborough continued to treat the Americans was sketched by Burke at a later date. "The learned gentleman's speech," he said, (alluding to his expressions in the House,) "demands blood—the sword must convince the Americans and clear up their clouded apprehensions ! The learned gentleman's logical resources surely desert him if he is obliged to call such a coarse argument as an army to his assistance, not that I mean to cast any personal reflection upon him—I always respect and sometimes dread his talents."—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

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### III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

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#### *A New South African Rhinoceros.*

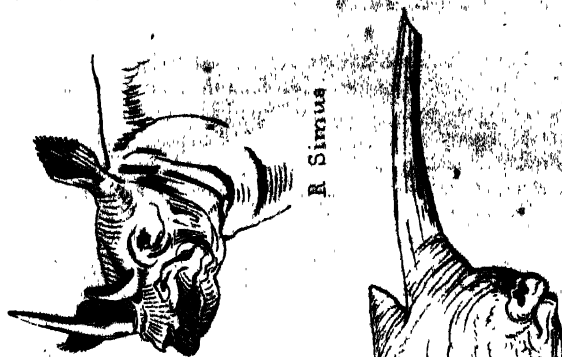
(With Illustration.)

THE one-horned species of Rhinoceros, inhabiting the continent of India, and Sumatra, is the most generally known. Subsequently Mr. Bell discovered a two-horned species of the Rhinoceros Sumatranus, and Mr. Burchell discovered two species having a double horn in Africa, the Rhinoceros Africanus and Rhinoceros Simus. A new species has been lately seen by Mr. Oswell, in South Africa, having two horns, the lower horn resembling a Unicorn's, but slightly bent downwards, it has been figured and described in the pages of the "*Madras Journal of Literature and Science*," a work which we have favourably noticed in another page, and perceiving that there are no names from this side of India among its subscribers, we think it will at least do no harm to that publication to help to diffuse more widely this valuable addition to Natural History, and at the same time to take the opportunity of comparing it with other known species.

Mr. Oswell says of it, "It was on the banks of the Makolive, an important tributary of the Limpopo, that the travellers first met with the singular animal of which we have given the accompanying figure, the fidelity of which is attested by Mr. Oswell." He describes it as resembling generally the white Rhinoceros, Rhinoceros Simus, "except in the formation of the horn, which is longer, much straighter and curved, though but slightly, in exactly the contrary direction : the two specimens of the horn which we brought from the interior, are abraded at the points, on the lower sides, probably from coming in contact with the ground, whilst the animal is feeding. When running at speed also, or when alarmed, it



R. Africanus



R. Simus





carries the head very low, as do likewise the other species, and the horn then standing nearly straight out from the nose with a trifling curve downwards, may occasionally strike or rub against the inequalities of the ground."

"From the circumstance of the *Quebaba* being found in the neighbourhood, and from its general resemblance to the white Rhinoceros, we at first supposed the peculiarity of the horn to be merely a malformation; but the fact of five having been seen, two of which were shot,—of the *Bechuana*, who inhabit the country in which the specimens were obtained, knowing the animal well under a distinct name, and describing it as frequently to be met with, though by no means so common as the other kinds—together with the circumstance of its being unknown to the south of the Tropic, though the common white Rhinoceros is there found in abundance,—caused us to change our opinion, and to consider it as certainly a distinct species." The name *Quebaba* is that by which the *Bechuana* distinguish it from the common white species, which they designate *Chakwur*, the *Mahuhu* of the *Matabili*. Concurring in opinion with Mr. Oswell, that the above facts render the existence of the *Quebaba* as a distinct species, as highly probable, we have named it, provisionally after its discoverer, Rhinoceros Oswelli."—*Madras Journal, Literary and Science*.

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The two-horned African Rhinoceros.

RH. AFRICANUS. CUVIER.

To the plate given by the Madras Journal we have added two small sketches (from Jardine's Naturalist's Library) of the Rhinoceros Africanus and Rhinoceros Simus. Of the former Mr. Burchell gives the following interesting particulars:

"Mr. Burchell was fortunate in being able to shoot no less than nine of these huge animals." Speaking of the second which came under his observation, he says, "The first view of this beast, suggested the idea of an enormous hog, to which, besides its general form, it bears some outward resemblance in the shape of its skull, and the smallness of its eyes, and the proportionate size of its ears; but in its shapeless clumsy legs and feet, it more resembles the Hippopotamus and Elephant. Its length, over the forehead, and along the back, from the extremity of the nose to the insertion of the tail, was 11 feet 2 inches, of English measure; but in a direct line, not more than 9 feet 3 inches. The tail which at the extremity was compressed or flattened vertically, measured twenty inches, and the circumference of the largest part of the body, eight feet four inches." There was no hair except on the edges of the ears, and on the extremity of the tail. The skin, though thick and strong, did not flatten the balls which did not strike some bone."

"The Rhinoceros of Africa does not seem to be looked upon with the same terror by the natives or Hottentots, as the animal of India. He possesses the same keen and nice smell, and delicate sense of hearing, and can only be approached against wind, and they do sometimes become furious and attack their pursuers; but the cool disposition of the native hunters, and their great agility protects them. They allow the animal to rush



impetuously on, and when near, by shifting nimbly aside avoid the charge, and have time in their turn to attack him, and to reload their muskets. They are often killed with a single ball, and one individual thinks it no hazard to act alone against them. In South Africa they are much esteemed as food, which Burchell agrees in considering excellent, much resembling beef. The tongue is considered the most delicate part. When an animal of this description is killed, the neighbours all flock round it, and encamp by its side, until they have consumed it entirely, being scarcely so provident as to dry any part of the flesh for after use. The bushmen are insatiable. They broil, eat and talk, and no sooner have they finished one slice, than they turn to the carcass, and cut another. According to Bruce, the Rhinoceros is also used as food in North Africa, and much esteemed by the Shangalla. The sole of the foot is here reckoned the part most fitting for the epicure. Of the skin, shields are sometimes made, as in India, which are said to be capable of turning a musket ball; but the most useful and common application of it is for the Cape whips, *Shamboks*; and the skin is always immediately cut up into strips for this purpose."

### *The Flat Nosed Rhinoceros.*

#### RHINOCEROS SIMUS. BURCHELL.

THE second African species is so named from its flattened nose and mouth, by which distinction it is known as well as by its greater size.

"In my travels in the interior of Southern Africa," says Mr. Burchell, "I met with this animal for the first time near the 26° of latitude, inhabiting the immense plains, where they are wild during the greatest part of the year. They frequent the fountain every day, not only for drink, but also for the purpose of rolling in the mud, which by adhering to a skin entirely free from hairs, serves to protect them from the scorching heat of the climate. The size is nearly double that of the specimen named *Rhinoceros Bicornis* (*Africanus*.) The negroes inform me that it eats nothing but grass, while the other species feeds on branches of trees and shrubs,—a peculiarity which may be inferred from the structure of the mouth. The head of one of the ten we had the good fortune to shoot, when separated from the first vertibræ, was of such enormous weight, that four men could only raise it from the ground, and eight were required to put it into the carriage. The flesh of the two species is equally good to eat, and they have each a double horn.

The following comparative measures, taken from adult individuals, killed by ourselves in these countries, will afford a proof of the difference of size:—

From the tips to the insertion of the tail of the *Rhinoceros*

<i>Bicornis</i> ,.....	111 inches of	<i>Rhs. Simus</i> ,	134
Length of the tail,.....	20	"	25
Circumference of body.....	100	"	140
From the extremity of tips to the ear	27½	"	43

### *A Curious Fact in Natural History.*

A few days ago four Bantams, of a scarce sort, belonging to Wm. Herbert, Esq., of Kempsey, had been feasting on some Indian Corn Meal, intended for other purposes, when on the following day, they were noticed to be labouring under impending suffocation and a total inability to take food, with their crops prodigiously distended. The day after two died ; on the third day a third died ; and the fourth bird being left on the eve of death it was suggested by the lady of the above gentleman that the crop might be opened and its contents removed. The idea no sooner struck Mrs. Herbert than she with a fine pair of scissors, made an incision an inch and a half in length (not in the centre of the crop, which doubtless would have more prominently endangered the life of the bird, but on one side), and removed a large plateful of swollen meal ; after which she carefully washed the interior of the crop, then brought the edges of the wound together, and applied sutures of white silk, as dexterously as a Liston could have done. In a few hours the bird was itself again, and is now as well as ever. This case is highly interesting to the physiologist, who will remember that the crop or craw, is the first stomach, although possessing a low degree of organization. We cannot help remarking the clever thought of Mrs. Herbert, and the Esculapian skill evinced in its adoption.—*Magazine of Science, for March.*

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## IV.—THE ARTS.

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### *“ The Roman Villa discovered in London.”*

THE remains consist chiefly of part of an apartment (or it may have been a passage-way,) paved with common red tesserae, each about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch square, and a hypocaust which is semicircular on one side, and projects, as a bow, before the outer wall of the first-named apartment : this outer wall is 3 feet thick, built of tile-like bricks of a course of Kentish rag stone, and the mortar contains pounded brick, now understood to be an unfailling sign of Roman work. The commonness of the pavement (compared with the fine specimens of Roman pavements discovered as well in London as in various parts of the country) would seem to shew that this apartment was appropriated to common purposes.

The heating chamber—the hypocaust\* (not hypocaust, or *bath*, as it is erroneously expressed)—is exceedingly interesting, and becomes more so when carefully examined, as it is found to agree to half an inch in all the dimensions with those given by Vitruvius, in his instructions for forming the *hypocaustum*.

The hypocaust, as all our readers doubtless know, was a hollow floor, so to speak, communicating with a furnace by a flue, so as to receive the heated air when wood was burnt in the furnace, and thus warm equally the apartment above. A sound bottom having been formed, little brick pillars, 8 inches square, Vitruvius says, were raised, about 2 feet from centre to centre, and about 2 feet high. On the top of these piers large bricks, stretching from one to the other, were placed, to cover in the whole, and upon these a layer of

pounded tile and chalk, covered with a fine cement, or a mosaic pavement, formed the floor.

The hypocaust in Thames-street agrees with this in every respect. The piers are  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches square, 2 feet from centre to centre—leaving a space between each, therefore, of from 15 to 16 inches square,—and 2 feet high. The bottom of the hypocaust is formed of concrete, and the covering tiles carry a layer of the same material to form the floor of the apartment above. Similar constructions, both abroad and at home, have been found to agree in this manner with the foregoing description; but when we put a rule to the parts of the hypocaust in question, opened to view after the lapse of so many centuries, and found the dimensions agree, the confirmation came more strongly home, and interested us much. Again, Vitruvius says that the bricks forming the little piers were not put together with mortar, because of the effect heat would have on it, but with clay; and when we carefully lifted off one of our Thames-street tiles, we found, with great satisfaction, this had been the case there also.

We should mention that the flue, which opens into the hypocaust by two branches, divided by a triangular mass of brickwork, and four piers similar to those already described, extends eastward under the adjoining premises, and has been probed to an extent of 14 feet.

It is most likely that, the room above this hypocaust was a bath, but we think not necessarily so: there are passages in ancient writers which shew that the Romans used a similar arrangement to heat ordinary apartments. Pipes opening into the hypocaust were inserted in the walls, and conducted the warm air to various parts of the structure: some pipes of this description were found at the building in question, but we are not aware in what position.

The apartment first described exhibits a feature which, although we think not part of the Roman construction, has led to much discussion. This is the remains of what appears to be a well, about 2 feet clear diameter, formed of neatly wrought blocks of chalk on an elm curb, and coming down from nearly the present level of Thames-street to within a few inches of the tessellated pavement. It would seem that those who constructed the well could not have known of the existence of the pavement, or they would have sunk the former a little deeper, to get a sound bottom for their curb.\* There are difficulties in the way of opening the ground eastwards, but we trust these will be overcome to a certain extent, and that further investigations will be made.—*The Builder*, Feb. 12.

### *The practice of Artists of the Middle Ages.*

•FOUNDED ON THEOPHILUS.†

IN reconsidering the writings of the early fathers of the church, or of the more humble professors of the Christian religion, who, priests themselves, worked in silence and in prayer for the advancement of the true faith, which had

\* The discovery of wells lined with chalk is not unusual in the City: one was found in 1844, in Maiden-lane, now Gresham-street. At the meeting of the Freemasons of the Church, Mr. Papineau suggested that the well being formed to receive the water which percolated from the Thames, chalk might have been used in the shape of a lining to the well for the purpose of purifying it.

† Read at a meeting of the Freemasons of the Church, by Mr. R. Hendrie, Jun.

not only survived the war with paganism, but had issued triumphantly from the conflict, one eminent fact is to be observed: the alliance of religion with science and the arts was confirmed, and these were fostered to an extent before unattainable; for the floodgates which had hitherto confined knowledge within a mystic boundary had been opened, and while admiring the arts of antiquity in all their splendour, industrious civilization was enabled to profit by the lessons which an increased and increasing knowledge were enabling them to receive.

In order to appreciate the arts of antiquity in all their beauty or magnificence, therefore, objects which have been inspired by religious faith must be consulted: the transformations of Brahmah, the hero-worship of Egypt, or the metamorphoses of Jupiter and Polytheism, have certainly exerted an influence upon art, in proportion to the state of advancement of the nations among which these different faiths prevailed, and have favoured, rather than repressed, the search for the useful and the good. Among the Hebrews, who borrowed from the Egyptians and Phœnicians, the practice of those arts which appeared the most useful to them, the refinement of Egyptian taste was introduced into the temple, and the ornaments of the high priest demanded the aid of the artificers of Tyre and Sidon. Although Moses is little communicative upon the arts of his period, he yet makes honourable mention of artists and artizans.—(Exod. xxi. and xxv.)

Goldsmiths, sculptors, smiths, all artizans in general, were free-men, as among the Egyptians, not slaves, as among the Romans. Christianity, which has for its foundation the love and welfare of the human race, had no sooner become secure, than its efforts were directed to the teaching of the great mass of mankind; and from the third century, the light of universal toleration arose, which dispersed the clouds in the systems of Pythagoras and Aristotle. Jamblicus and Proclus, with Porphyry, initiated into the mysteries of the Neo-Platonician school, and opposed to the dogmatic spirit of the first theologians of the church, plunged into the mysteries of Egypt for weapons of attack, and it is certain that at an early period of the Christian era, we find the traces of an apparently new science, calculated materially to influence the future history of the arts and sciences, viz.—the “sacred science” (*ἐπιόρημα ἱερὰ*) of the Neo-Platonicians.

The book from which this sacred art was taught was called “Chema” (*χημα*)\*—from this the word “Chemia,” in the fourth or fifth century arose, and Julius Firmicus, in the fifth century, uses the phrase “*scientia alchemiæ*,” in a work “On the Influence of the Stars upon the Fate of Man.” From this period the study of chemistry was openly followed.

The Christian theologians of this early period, who were seeking the means of confuting their antagonists at all points, drew largely even from the writings of the Greek philosophers; profane history was laid under contribution, and the great characters of the old pagan philosophy were summoned to aid in the overthrow of the opponents of Christianity. These philosophers of Greece became celebrated in the early-iconography of the church, as those “*who had spoken of the incarnation of our Lord.*”

Apollonius was represented as an old man, bearded, reciting the following words:—“I announce, in a trinity, one God reigning over all things. His

\* Some authors have supposed from “Cham,” who gave his name to ancient Egypt.

incorruptible word shall be conceived in the bosom of a young virgin. Like unto a bow, which darts forth fire, it shall rapidly traverse space ; it shall seize the entire living universe, and shall offer it as a present to its father."

Solon, the Athenian, an old man, is made to say :—" When he shall overrun this changeable earth, he shall set up his throne without fail. The ceaseless aim of Divinity is to destroy incurable passions. He shall be an object of hatred to an incredulous people. He shall be suspended upon a mountain, and shall suffer all these things voluntarily and with sweetness."

Thucydides, as an old man :—" God is an evident light, glory\*to him ; from his intelligence all things proceed, and reform themselves into a single unity. There is no other God, nor angel, nor mind, nor wisdom, nor substance ; but he is the only God, the creator of all existing things ; the true Word, fecundity itself, which, descending upon a fertile nature, has produced water from chaos."

Plutarch, as a bearded sage, recites :—" Nothing can be imagined beyond him who surpasses all things : it is from him and none other that the Word proceeds."

Plato represented as an imposing old man, says :—" The old is new and the new old. The Father is in the Son and the Son in the Father, the unity is divided into three, and the trinity is reunited in unity."

Aristotle proclaims :—" The generation of God is unwearied by its nature, for the word itself receives its essence from him."

Philo-Philologus says :—" Behold him who has walked over the immensity of the heavens, which surpasses infinite flame and imperishable fire. All tremble in his presence ; the heavens, the earth, the sea, the abyss, hell and its demons. Without father himself, he is his own father."

● Sophocles, as a bald-headed old man, recites :—" There exists an eternal God, simple in his nature, who has created the heavens and the earth."

Thoulis, king of Egypt :—" The Father is the Son, the Son is father, incarnate, an all-powerful God."

The holy Balaam, as an old man veiled, says :—" A star of Jacob shall arise ; a man of Israel shall arise, who shall crush the chiefs of Moab."

The wise sibyl :—" An eternal God shall come from heaven, who shall judge all flesh and all the universe. Of a virgin, spouse without stain, shall come the only Son of God." (*Ερμηνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς*).—*Greek MS. from Mount Athos.*

These sages (writes M. Didron), Plato, Socrates, and the rest, gave nearly these responses which the Guide for Painters (the MS. from Mount Athos, of the twelfth century) has here prescribed. The Greeks were gratified by representing their great men thus rendering homage and witness to Christianity. One of the most remarkable examples of this class of proofs is painted in the monastery of Ivirôn, at Mount Athos. The exterior porch of the small church of the Virgin (*Παναγία Πορταΐτίσσα*—bearing-virgin) is covered with great figures, representing Plutarch, Thucydides, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Chilo, and Solon, each carrying a banderole, in which the Christian belief is inscribed. Thucydides bears the title of "the PHILOSOPHER" (*ὁ φιλόσοφος*) ; Sophocles, of "SAGE" (*ὁ σοφός*) ; Solon, of "Athenian," (*ὁ Αθηναίος*) ; Chilo, of "Learned" (*ὁ φιλόλογος*) : the rest have not epithets attached. The inscriptions borne by these figures differ from those given by the Guide ; but

neither of these appear derived from the works of the sages and philosophers, but are rather drawn from the *tendency* of their conduct or their writings.

The artist, George Syrlin, has perpetuated this custom, and sculptured upon the stalls in the Cathedral of Ulm (A. D. 1469 to 1474), Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Pythagoras. Germany was early impressed with these Byzantine tastes and customs, which she had thus preserved.\*

If the Latin church neglected this branch of iconography, borrowed from the profane history, the Sibyls those pagan prophetesses who predict the birth, the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, are there found, side by side, with the Jewish prophets, as were the philosophers of the Greeks. The Sibyl of Persia, of Libya, of the Red Sea, of Cumæ, of Samos, of the Euxine, of Europe, of the Tibur, the Sibyl Agrippa, of Delphos, of the Hellespont, and of Phrygia, figure not only in representation, but in the processions of the Roman church. At Seville, the twelve Sibyls form part of the pageant upon Good Friday; each carries the emblem characteristic of her prediction.

The Greek church gave likewise an equal place of importance to the characters, as well as the events, of the Old Testament, as to those of the gospel, which the Latins yielded in favour of Christianity and the saints.

The marvels of the ancient law, in which were represented the orders of the heavenly powers, as classed by Denys, the Areopagite, and the fall of Lucifer, comprised the history of the personages of the Old Testament, from the creation of Adam to the death of Holophernes. The Greeks also gave a place to the figures of the holy patriarchs from Adam to Jacob; to the twelve sons of Jacob; to the prophets and the judges; to the holy women, from Eve, through Sarah and Rebecca, to the righteous Anna, the mother of the Virgin: they represent particular prophecies, and conclude with the delineation of the "Tree of Jesse."

The Alexandrian school of Alchemists, the Neo-Platonician philosophers, principally sought three things—the philosopher's stone, or material riches; the universal panacea, which would afford long life; and the soul of the universe, or happiness from the commerce with good, or subjection of bad, spirits; but their theories are clothed in such mystic language, that it is always difficult, generally impossible, to unravel them. Ammonius, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus,—Egyptian philosophers,—Proclus of Constantinople, studied the Alexandrian philosophy, and carried their theurgic systems to Athens. Athens and Alexandria became the great arena of the last efforts of paganism against the establishment of Christianity. Zozimus the Panopolitan, of the fourth century, the describer of the distilling apparatus, Marie the Jewess, Synesius, Olympiodorus of Alexandria, Marcus Græcus, the inventor of gunpowder and other combustible and explosive compounds, Cleopatra, Stephanus, and a crowd of alchemists of this period, have passed hitherto scarcely noticed by the historians of science. From the fifth to the eighth centuries the priesthood appear to have collected the wisdom of the past, and to have contributed to the progress of the sciences and of letters; and from the time when St. Isidore, bishop of Seville, at the commencement of the seventh century, condensed the knowledge of his predecessors in his "*Origines*," an encyclopedia of science, in twenty

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\* An interesting search might be made for proofs of a similar practice in England which was, at an early period influenced by Byzantine art.

books, ecclesiastics have, from time to time, embodied the results of their studies or other labours, occupied as they still were in propagating the faith and converting the infidels by exhortation or example.

Schools were established by Charlemagne on the Continent, in forming which, he sought the aid of Alcuin, the celebrated English monk who, we are told, instructed him not only in history, but in rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, and in "astronomy," to the study of which he particularly directed himself. This learned Englishman had been sent to Italy by the Archbishop of York : and there met Charles, who, having by his beneficence drawn him to France, there placed him with Peter of Pisa, at the head of the schools in France, of which the first was established in the palace of the emperor.

The arts, which had been brought by the Romans into Britain, appear to have been sustained through the vicissitudes which followed the withdrawal of Maximus from our shores. "The most destructive of the northern conquerors, the Anglo-Saxons, did not long continue to despise the pleasing arts, particularly that of painting, which was practised by them with considerable success." (*Henry's History of England*). If Charlemagne possessed the ruder and sterling qualities of his age to a remarkable extent, he yet was unquestionably indebted to the Anglo-Saxons for the enlightened views which led him to instruct the barbarous nations of his extended empire. The arts had been encouraged at York : the renown of the painted chamber in which Edward the Confessor afterwards died ; the remains of the Saxon chased and enameled work, which was esteemed upon the Continent as early as the seventh century ; the illuminated manuscripts of the seventh to the ninth centuries, which still exist, prove that the arts, as introduced by the Romans, were never wholly lost amongst us.

Another cause was in action at the close of the eighth, and during the two following centuries, which, although perhaps of secondary importance, as contributing to the progress of science by means of discovery, yet was operating to spread the atmosphere of letters and the arts, by means of laborious compilation and commentation.

The plain, intelligible language in which Geber and many of the Arab chemists began to clothe their thoughts, indisputably advanced the cause of the arts and sciences ; we cannot withhold from these the praise of having gathered the seed which had remained upon the withering tree of ancient knowledge, and of winnowing from it the husk of that mystic symbolism designed by Egypt for the purpose of monopolising the sciences. They did even more,—they planted the seed ; the young plant was nurtured by them, which, under the hands of the fostering monks of a few succeeding centuries, grew into a sturdy tree, the boughs of which sheltered the tradition and experience of the past.

From the tenth to the fourteenth century little progress was made ; the arts were busily pursued, for religion was not solely occupied in preparing men for the future, but was introducing experience into the sanctuaries, and predisposing men for the general scientific movement of a later period, destined to present, under a new aspect of society, one of the phases through which human intelligence proceeds, in its development under eternal laws.

From the eighth and ninth centuries we are fortunate in possessing several manuscripts which have long lain dormant, treating upon the arts, and which

form valuable evidence of the condition of the arts during the period to which they belong.

The earliest of these appears to be that existing at Lucca ; it is of the eighth century, and of Byzantine origin, probably of the period of the persecution of the Greek artists under Leo the Issurian, A. D. 726 ; it contains the necessary directions for dyeing skins, making coloured glass, the preparation of oil colours, and varnishes for painting, and a description of various substances used in the arts.—(*Muratori Antiq. Ital. Medii Ævi.*, v. 2. p. 269.)

The next author who has written upon the processes of art is the artist-monk Eraclius, who probably wrote about the middle of the ninth century.

That Eraclius wrote later than the seventh century, his quotation from St. Isidore, who died A. D. 636, proves.

After a long period of depression, a new impulse had been given to the arts and sciences at an early period of the eleventh century.

“ Emulation was first directed to the sciences and literature, which, at that period, the services of the church and political quarrels rendered the most necessary, towards theology, jurisprudence, geometry, logic, rhetoric, music or psalmody, architecture, and painting. Dunstan, Aldred, and Lanfranc in England, Robert in France, Hildebrand at Rome, had been encouraging the arts, raising and decorating churches which the reverence for relics caused to be ornamented by sumptuous shrines and costly gates of bronze or silver. In England, France, and Italy, a great number of manuscripts, ornamented with miniatures and otherwise illuminated, were executed. The ornaments for the altars, desks of gilt bronze, and objects which ornamented the choirs, much favoured the arts of casting metals, modelling, enameling, niello, damascene work, and often produced works of surpassing execution.

It is to this period, the early half of the eleventh century, that the treatise of Theophilus upon the ‘Divers Arts’ is to be ascribed.

While Greece was the painter of the continent, Tuscany the enameller, Arabia the worker in metals, Italy the jeweller, France the worker in glass, Spain the chemist, Germany anxious in acquiring knowledge and dexterity in all ; when all these artists were adorning the church of St. Mark at Venice, and were elsewhere occupied in writing or painting,—the terms were synonymous,—the sacred histories in the churches, so that the illiterate might read the examples set before them, the ‘Treatise upon Divers Arts’ came forth.”\*

The treatise of Theophilus is divided into three books. The first is devoted to painting as practised by the Greeks, upon walls, panels, skins, canvasses, and books, with either a tempera or oil medium ; of the composition of a varnish of sandarach and linseed oil : the colours used by Theophilus are,—orpiment, ceruse, massicot cinnabar or vermilion, vegetable reds and blues, mineral blue (the lazurstein of the Germans), minium or red lead, carbonaceous blacks, greens from acetates of copper, terra-verde, and vegetable greens, and sinoper or red earths ; of the preparation and laying on of gold, of transparent oil painting, called “Aureola” by the Greeks, of the preparation of colours and of ink.

\* Treatise of Theophilus, translated by R. Hendrie, Esq., London, 1847. John Murray.—p. xv.



The second book of Theophilus comprises the nature of "working in glass," and the "costly variety of window work" for which France was renowned. Of sapphire-glass, which was probably coloured with the "sapphire" of the Greeks,—our "lapis lazuli,"—as well as by cobalt; of red glass coloured with iron or copper; of green glass; of the formation and decoration of vases of glass or earthenware with colours or with gold; of Greek glass with a golden ground which ornaments mosaic work, and of a flux for glass.

The third book has evidently been treated by Theophilus with more care and attachment than the others; the eloquent preface, the labour expended in description, and the great volume of the work upon metals attest this. The chapters upon the production of electra or enamels, which art has been supposed of later invention, will be read with interest. Theophilus tells us in his introductory preface that he shall proceed to describe, amongst other things, whatever Tuscany knows of in enamels, or in variety of mosaic or niello. The Tuscans borrowed this art from the Egyptians, the fragment of the case of a mummy, in the Egyptian collection at Turin, of which the ornaments are in a beautiful glass-mosaic, warrant this conclusion.

The Harleian MS. contains much that the other known MSS. of Theophilus want, the description of the organ is rendered complete, the manufacture of bells and cymbals described, of variety of ironwork, of *brasses* "*interrasilis opus*,"—which is of the nature of our English monumental brasses; of Damascus work in steel. A description of the Italian work promised in the introductory chapter, and never yet fulfilled, follows in this work: the arts of sculpturing, gilding and staining ivory, of gems, pearls, and electra or enamels.—*Ibid.*

## V.—THE ESSAYIST.

### *Greeks and Romans; what have they done for Civilisation?*

IN our last week's leading article, we showed in a general way, what the Jew and the Gentile had done, and what their respective missions were. But the Gentiles consist of many parts, and therefore require a more minute analysis. The Jews, being the representatives of unity, were necessarily a small people. A large people was not only not necessary to represent unity, but in a rude and imperfect state of society, would have been altogether unfit for such a purpose. Diversity being the mission of the Gentiles to develop, the wide world of course belongs to them until the times of universal unity.

In the old world, the only two great Gentile nations who have left an impress upon society, by means of recorded literature, are the Greeks and Romans. These unite with the Hebrews to constitute the tri-une power, into whose hands was committed the work of civilisation before the Christian epoch, and for many years after it. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, are, therefore, the three fountains of literature. The oldest books in the world are in Hebrew, the next oldest in Greek, and the next oldest in Latin. These three languages were posted on the cross at the crucifixion, and they represent the reigning powers of the old world of civilisation. Each, however, has a distinct and characteristic mission. They are not all adapted for the same work. The Hebrew is a sublime poetical language, specially adapted for lofty ideas, and not at all suited for the common-place transactions of life. The Greek is a philosophical

language, admirably adapted for metaphysical subtleties, and superior to every other language—modern German, perhaps, excepted—as a vehicle for conducting philosophical investigation. This, then, was the mission of the Greeks. They were commissioned to develop the resources of the human mind in the cultivation of philosophy, and the elegant arts to which it naturally gives birth ; a commission which could not be given to the Hebrews without depriving them of their own special mission, as well as of their very peculiar language. The Latin is much less philosophical than the Greek, insomuch that it was for a long time doubted whether it was capable of presenting philosophical ideas in an intelligible form. Before the time of Cicero, those Romans who studied philosophy were obliged at the same time to study the Greek language, as modern *fashionables* study French in order to acquire the *bon ton* of fashionable life. Cicero, however, made a great and successful effort to accustom the Romans to treat of philosophical subjects in their own language, and after his time the practice became more and more general ; but still the Greek was, and is to this day, the sacred fountain of scientific and philosophical expression. If a man of genius invent a new machine, he borrows its name from the Greek ; if he discover a new chemical substance, none but a Greek name will suffice for it. Even a perfumer, when he makes up a hair dye or tooth powder, must consult a Greek scholar or a Greek Lexicon for an appropriate title. Almost all scientific names are Greek. They seem to be intruders and foreigners if they come from another language. Thus astronomy, astrology, geography, geology, hydrostatics, pneumatics, phrenology, physiology—besides names of scientific instruments, as chronometer, hydrometer, goniometer, &c., are all Greek words ; for Greek is sanctified and set apart for science, even as Samuel the prophet was sanctified or set apart for the priesthood ; or as Samson the strong man was from his birth devoted to be a Nazarite for life.

Greece therefore still lives, and her mission goes on receiving greater and greater development as the stream of time progresses. Nor is it in science or philosophy, properly so called, that her genius distinguishes itself—but in all the elegant arts. Greece had a mission for art which has never yet been excelled. And that mission is held by men of taste to be as inviolable as is the mission of the Hebrews in theology. To defy the genius of Greece in art is regarded as a species of profanity. The fanatical sects of Christendom have often attempted it, and great efforts have been made to supersede the old Grecian styles of architecture by styles of modern invention. Even Regent Street, in London, is a specimen of such attempts. But they have all been miserable failures. The modern styles will not satisfy. They are like new religious sects that have no foundation in antiquity. They are speedily condemned, and the public taste of mankind, which perhaps tolerates or admires them at first, very speedily perceives that the condemnation is just. The only architecture that can rival the Greek is the Gothic, but that was adopted for another and a higher purpose. It was consecrated to a new religion different from that of Greece, and requiring a special and characteristic style of its own. We know little of Grecian painting, although it is reported that several specimens of first-rate works of art in that department have lately been discovered—but Grecian sculpture cannot be surpassed. A modern artist seems quite content if he can only successfully follow in the footsteps of his Grecian masters. Poetry—epic, lyric, and dramatic—was cradled in Greece ; and it is very doubtful whether our own legitimate drama, with its hideous vulgarisms, so admirably adapted for catching the ears of the groundling, be not a melancholy falling away from the sublime, the dignified, the divine productions of the early Greek tragedians. At any rate, no man of pure taste can ever affirm that our drama is clothed in so dignified and majestic a garb as that of Greece.

One can scarcely write even a short article on the mission of Greece without alluding to Aristotle and Alexander the Great. Aristotle is the father of logical science, the greatest literary conqueror perhaps who ever lived—as his works reigned with an almost despotic authority over successive generations of civilised men for several centuries during the middle ages, and they are now beginning to recover the reputation which they lost at the Baconian revolution in science and literature. Alexander the Great was his pupil; one of the greatest conquerors who ever lived, perhaps the greatest. He organised the Greek or the Eastern Empire in a few years, and left it undisputed as a legitimate conquest to his generals, who divided it amongst them. These were Greeks, and they founded new Greek dynasties in Syria, Egypt, and other countries which were formerly out of the pale of Greek society. This conquest was supremely useful in spreading the knowledge of the Greek language, so that at the time of Christ it was spoken everywhere in the East even as the French is now spoken in the West—indeed it was much more generally spoken. The Roman eastern governors used it as the diplomatic language; and it would no doubt have been generally spoken in Judæa as in the countries around, if the Jews, following the exclusive relationship for which they have always been remarkable, had not interdicted the use of it, and cursed every one who taught it to his children.

Greece, therefore, may be said to have conquered and organised one half of the great Roman world; and though Rome afterwards took possession of the conquest, it could not keep it, for the Empire divided once more into the Greek and Roman, and the Greek church still preserves its separate existence.

Rome is the great mother of the Western world. She had in many respects harder work to do than Greece, and therefore she required a stronger arm. Rome had to civilise, not only barbarous, but savage nations; nations that made no pretensions whatever to civilisation—amongst whom even the arts of writing and reading were unknown—the great Celtic tribes. Out of these tribes, or the countries which they inhabited, she has formed modern civilised nations, and the nations which Rome has civilised are the most enlightened and powerful nations in the world; they have taken the decided and undisputed lead in the march of civilisation. The reason of this may be perceived at once in the character of her mission. Rome has decidedly a constructive mission—a legislative mission, a mission for organising society both in a political and ecclesiastical capacity. She has laid the foundation of civil and ecclesiastical law for European nations. She has constructed roads; divided nations into provinces and provinces into parishes; and imposed her language upon legal forms and proceedings, as Greece has imposed her language upon science and art. All the law courts even to this day speak Latin, and the people themselves have been obliged to learn the meaning of Latin terms and phrases which the law still retains as a memorial of its origin. Thus for instance—a *habeas corpus*—a *mittimus*—a *mandamus*—a *præmunire*, are all Latin law terms, and even one of our English courts takes the Latin name of *Nisi Prius*. These simple facts reveal the mission of Rome. They tell us in symbolical terms where her great strength lies. Had her strength not been in law, her language would not have prevailed in law. Had her strength been in science, her language would have prevailed in science. But in science did not prevail. Greece has divided the Empire with Rome in language as it formerly did in conquest, and to this very day the division and distinction still prevail as they did at first.

The mission of Greece, therefore, is evidently more refined and intellectual than that of Rome. It is literary, artistic, philosophical, and scientific. The mission of Rome is political, civil, and ecclesiastical; relating to everything connected with the construction of society, for the purpose of subordination and social government.

From these facts briefly stated, we see at once the propriety of preserving these three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, in a special manner. The other ancient languages of the world are lost to the moderns, because the mission of the nations which employed them was not one which impressed itself deeply upon society. Ancient Egyptian is lost entirely, like Egyptian civilisation. We have a few relics of Egyptian art, but they are merely ludicrous curiosities purely childish as specimens of ingenuity, with the exception of those enormous masses of stone and lime, which required rather power and tyranny than skill or science to construct them. All that has been worth preserving came originally from Palestine, Greece, and Rome, the tri-une source of that civilisation which has now so thoroughly established itself in the world, that there can be little doubt of its universal dissemination in the course of ages.

It is remarkable, however, that the three languages of those nations are now dead languages; that there is no nation geographically located that speaks one or the other of them. But they are all spoken throughout the world by individuals and small sections of the community. Greek seems to be best preserved geographically, but it has lost its purity by this geographical preservation, for Modern Greek is as different from ancient Greek as the language of Chaucer from that of Addison. Latin and Hebrew, which are not geographically preserved at least in purity. They are all dead, therefore, in some respects dead to modern times, incapable of adding to their vocabulary, like a living language spoken by a nation. Their old vocabulary is a fixture; and any attempt to enlarge it with modern words would be accounted a species of presumption, and ridiculed accordingly. The languages are dead; like the world to which they belong; will they ever revive? is an interesting question. Could they be revived? Could the Jews speak Hebrew if they were restored to their own land? Would the language be capable of expressing the new ideas, and new subjects of thought, new forms of commerce and social intercourse peculiar to the modern world? We suspect not. Nay, we are compelled from analogy, or the history of other languages, to believe that if the Jews were restored to their own land from all quarters of the globe, they would form a new language as different from the old Hebrew as Dutch is from German. They even lost the pure Hebrew by going into captivity to Babylon for seventy years, and they never recovered it. They spoke a sort of Chaldee or Aramaic afterwards! and the Hebrew scriptures were actually unintelligible to the common people, long before the city and temple were destroyed; for the doctors of the law were obliged to compose the Targums, or Chaldee paraphrases, in order to make the Scriptures intelligible to the multitude who attended the synagogues. How much greater would be the confusion now attending the return of a people, not from one country only, but from all countries! They would make such a jumble of words and ideas, that without an absolute miracle to assist them, they would constitute the most Babylonian people on the face of the earth. Instead of returning from Babylon it would be returning to it, and completing the tower by setting up the pinnacle.

It would be equally impossible to revive Latin. No two nations speak it alike. An Englishman's Latin is understood nowhere out of England. An idea of the diversity of pronunciation may be given by the various modes of pronouncing the word Cicero. We call it Sisero; the Italians call it Chichero (soft ch); the Spaniards call it Thithero; and the Germans call it Tsitsero. Now imagine a similar diversity pervading all the words of a language, and only these four nations beginning to use it promiscuously; then, of course, a blending of all the modes would necessarily take place, and a new language would be formed totally different from the old Latin, and taking several centuries at least for its complete formation. It is a natural impossibility to revive any language by such artificial means, for languages are plants of slow growth,

and have innumerable struggles to make and obstacles to encounter in their early years, which struggles, and which obstacles are only suited for rude and ignorant times, and not for times of enlightenment, when language is already formed, cultivated, purified, and brought to perfection.

For these reasons we think we may safely conclude that neither Hebrew, Latin, nor Greek will be nationally revived, but merely preserved; and that they will be more purely preserved without the national revival than with it. Old civilisation is now translated, like old languages, into modern ones. Hebrew was early translated into Greek, Greek was translated into Latin, and Latin into the living tongues that now prevail. This translation is a beautiful type of the translation of thought and ideas. As we showed last week, the religion of paganism was translated into Christian saint worship, and the religion of Judaism was translated into the Gentile worship of the divine humanity. Civilisation goes through a process of translation perfectly identical with that of languages, which authorises us to conclude that languages themselves are merely types of thought, prefiguring, by their death and their revival in other forms, the death and revival of ideas, habits, customs, doctrines, and worship in all ages and in all countries.—*Family Herald*.

### *Present confusion of all Popish Nations.*

THE Church that prides itself on its unity is now the theatre of political disunity and confusion over all the world. In countries, too, where the Protestant doctrine is entirely unknown—where Protestants are even regarded as pagans and heretics of the most rebellious and contentious spirit, and viewed afar off as demons of discord, infidelity, and profanity—and where the Roman priesthood has reigned, unrivalled for more than a thousand years—even in such countries the flames of discord are now raging as fiercely as in Ireland herself. The misery of Ireland has been laid by the Romanists to the charge of England; and the accusation has received ample credit throughout all Catholic Christendom. But what is the cause of the present turmoil of Romandom in countries where Englishmen are not even permitted to erect a church of their own, for fear of inoculating the orthodox spirit of the population? Has the spirit of England smuggled itself into those nations? And are they Anglican notions of liberty in Church and State that are doing all the mischief, if mischief it be? It matters not what answer you give; the fact still remains—that Roman Catholic nations are in arrears; and the people in those countries, feeling the torture of the chains, are longing to be free.

Austria is the present representative of the old Roman empire. The Emperor of Austria takes his title from Rome; and, by virtue of that title he has long reigned in Italy, and forbidden the progress of liberal ideas of any description. He has even tyrannised over the pope himself, and kept him in check by his Swiss troops. The pope is now beginning to be restive. "Jeshurun waxeth fat, and kicketh." The pope has turned rebel, and shown an example even to the Radicals themselves, who praise and adore him as *Pio Nono*, but hiss and laugh at him as "Holy Father," the canoniser of saints, and the consecrator of images and relics. Politics are up, and theology is down, even in the pope's own capital; and if there are no sects there, as amongst us, it is merely because the population are too materialised to think of such subjects as engross the attention of our English sectarians. Sicily is in rebellion, Naples on the eve of revolution. Spain is always revolving, like a cat running after its tail without being able to catch it; and Portugal, her sister, keeps her company, and performs the same ridiculous and useless process of circumbulation. Ireland is in such another state as her Catholic compeers; and it is remarkable that in all these countries physical force is the only remedy for social grievances which seems to be intelligible to the mass of the people. They are, therefore, behind the other

nations of Europe in intellectual advancement, trusting solely to their swords and guns, like barbarous nations, for social redemption. France holds a middle position between the Catholic and Protestant nations, and therefore partakers of the character of each. But there is so much of the old, middle age barbarism in France, that the military spirit prevails amongst the people, and the nation trusts to that chiefly for its contemplated revolutions. Two of these have already been affected by physical force; and a third is evidently anticipated by the people, and feared by the authorities.\* The Protestant nations are all quiet, well organised, and industrious. They experience great trials, no doubt, and have their share of the troubles of the times; but political order reigns throughout them all.

There is more in this than meets the eye. There must be a principle of political unity in Protestantism which is not to be found in Catholicism. There is a principle of progress and development in it, which is not to be found out of it. It suffers men to think, to write, and to print: to speak freely in public and in private; and it fears nothing from the people enjoying such privileges. In proportion as the Protestant nations have adopted this idea of liberty are they at peace. France cannot attain to it. It forbids public meetings; it forbids public dinners; it interferes with newspapers, seizes them, and imprisons the editors; and yet it is never at peace, but always in fear of a popular outbreak. We do none of these things now, and we have no fear. We once followed this tyrannical system, in the times of the old Tories: and then the outbreaks were numerous, and physical revolution was very generally apprehended. But since the liberty of the press was established in England, and men were permitted to write and print what the public would buy, there is more order and propriety in the public government of the nation, and more tranquillity amongst the people, than there ever was before; for they now look to moral and intellectual remedies, and have abandoned the idea of a physical revolution entirely, as a resource only suitable for semi-barbarous or Roman Catholic nations.

Amongst Catholic nations, the Bourbon family has played a very conspicuous part. It has resigned in France and been expelled. It now reigns in a younger branch of the old tree. It reigns in Spain, in Naples, and in Parma—lately in Lucca. And wherever it reigns it pursues the same invariable spirit of hostility to constitutional liberty. The name itself seems to be ominous. It is evidently derived from *Bourbe*, "slime, dirt, or mud." Something low and ignoble, and tending rather to repress and forbid improvement than to give it encouragement. Anything but advancement seems to please the soul of a Bourbon. For even when the younger branch of the family adopted the principles of the Revolution in France, he did it rather from necessity, or an ambitious desire of supplanting the elder branch, than from any well-grounded conviction of the superiority of a free to a stringent government. The stringency gradually increases with age and time. The original idea of the Revolution gradually gives way before the favourite idea of the Bourbon, or old middle-age race; and at last the tyrant presumes to show himself without disguise. In England, on the contrary, liberty progresses. There is more this year than there was last. There was more last year than the year preceding. It is a gradual uninterrupted stream of progression with ultra-Protestant nations, without any check arising from individual tyranny.

Notwithstanding all this however, there is a good and evil aspect of both parties. Movement or progress does not go the direct road to happiness. It

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\* This was published three days before the late Revolution.—*Ed. P. M.*

† This excellent writer might have completed his parallel between Popish and Protestant kingdoms and their degrees of freedom by including Religious freedom. How can nations thrive and improve to whom the Bible is a sealed book.—*Ed. P. M.*

leads into many a quagmire. Liberty is a labyrinth to which a clue has not yet been found. There is immense confusion of mind in it, and this seems to distinguish it chiefly from the Catholic no-movement or stationary idea. We have physical order and union, but great sectarian disunion; and the Roman Catholic nations, who have none of the sectarian, have the physical disunion. It seems that a nation, in order to play an active and conspicuous part in the history of the world, must have one or other of these two evils. It is merely a choice-of evils. Both evils together might perhaps be too much to bear, though we have ourselves born the two in our great Puritan wars for a little while. The rule, however, now seems to be order and peace amongst the sectarianised nations, and disorder or absolutism amongst the popish nations.

Absolutism is so natural to popery, that the conduct of the present pope seems not unlike a species of infatuation. No doubt the old gentleman has his own good reasons for his conduct; and in the simplicity of his heart he perhaps believes that some extraordinary miraculous interference will take place to preserve him from downfall, and the Church of the Rock from damage—and with such a conviction a man may do very singular things not well warranted by the ordinary standards of human judgment. But it so happens that this movement of the pope is not a church movement at all, but merely a police or political movement, which is working into the hands of the greatest enemies which the Church has, even greater enemies than the Protestants themselves, who preferred the cause of the pope to that of the French Revolutionary Demagogues. It is generally reported that the pope is somewhat alarmed at his own boldness; and he has drawn in his horns considerably since he commenced his political reform. He has just committed the common Catholic blunder of suppressing the journals that displease him, and putting a censorship on the press. He is afraid of liberty, and this at least is proof undeniable that he cannot at present depend upon his people. If liberty do prevail in Rome, if the Romans obtain a parliament like the French, and journals to speak freely like those of England, the days of regnant Catholicism in Rome are ended. Such religion as is now professed in the world cannot stand before the mundane attractions of politics, commerce, and amusement. The monk's voice cannot and will not be listened to amid the excitement of passions that feed upon the vanities of this world; and if his holiness still continue to occupy the chief seat, it must be as a mere passive spectator of the tide of life which is passing before him, and which he has no power whatever to control or direct. In this case he must either become a puppet sovereign, or he must cast off the priest's attire and clothe himself in that of the soldier or the civilian.

This downward tendency of Popery into politics is a very observable fact. The times of religious enthusiasm are not yet over, but the enthusiasm is wonderfully modified and reduced. The Church is left for the State. The Church is an institution that cannot be touched. A popular attempt to reform it only profanes it, and not even the pope himself is strong enough to attempt it. A reforming pope, therefore, becomes a politician of necessity; and in doing so he lowers the tone of his own profession, and consequently that of his subjects. There have been several political reform popes. Sextus the Fifth was one, and a most powerful and useful one he was. The patriarchate of St. Peter was infested with robbers before he mounted the throne, and he took the most efficient means that were practicable at the time to get rid of them. He became unmercifully cruel, and executions became so common in his reign, that he sometimes even sat at his meals and looked at them from the window with as little concern as he would have looked at the execution of a cat. This, however, was an absolute reform; he gave the people no power, he held it all in his own hands. The reform pope of our own time is, we believe, the first who has ever dared to

establish a popular power in the heart of the eternal city ; and this is giving away power from the church to the people—it is disinheriting St. Peter himself of his patrimony—robbing Peter to pacify Paul.

When a pope comes down into politics, intrigues with sovereigns, and plays at guns and swords, his fate must be determined by martial law, as it prevails amongst civil powers. He is no longer a pope, but a king. Viewed in this light, the Romans have little reason to congratulate themselves on the success of popery, and we believe the people in Rome even laugh at the idea of it. Popery is evidently coming down. So soon as it leaves its ecclesiastical pedestal it has nothing to stand upon. And politics have such a tendency to irritate the passions and alienate the affections of opposing parties, that it is contrary to reason to suppose that a people who are at war with the pope can have much respect for him or his religion. Such a religion cannot prevail. The head of it is not master of his own house. How can he represent the principle of unity and such division ? And what sort of logic must it be which looks up to him as the solar centre of ecclesiastical truth ? If he be the centre, why does he follow the pernicious example of Protestants ? He is merely imitating the English, who have preceded him two or three hundred years. If he be right we must be more right, for we are farther in advance on the same road, and there is nothing that is useful for the government of a nation that we have not in greater perfection than he himself, whilst we at the same time enjoy privileges indispensable for social progress to which he and his people have not yet attained.

We hear much in private of the progress of popery ; but it is a mere delusion. Is not the pope sending over a whole posse of bishops, and parcelling out England amongst them ? He is ; and we let him do it as we suffer a child to beat us with its whip, whilst we would not suffer a man to do so. We are no longer afraid of Popery. It is not positively progressing anywhere. A few whining sentimentalists of Oxford have lately gone over to it—some hundred or hundred and fifty altogether, and much talk and clatter has been made about it because they were rich and many of them distinguished. But of the people there are none who are not more than balanced by frequent conversions from Romanism to Protestantism. It is a natural impossibility that such a dead system can revive. And it is not very likely that any miracle will be performed to restore a church so full of corruption, so divided in heart and life, and so incapacitated for manifesting any moral or intellectual superiority in those who profess it. Roman are all inferior to Protestant nations. They have better chances of success—the finest countries, the finest climates, and the richest soils in the world ; and yet with all these advantages, they are the most barbarous nations in Christendom. Look at all the South American States—all popish, and all so barbarous that it is as dangerous to travel in them as in Africa itself ; whilst North America enjoys the most complete repose, and is governed by a principle of uninterrupted and almost irreversible order. The very best of every thing has been given to the Catholics. Spain is a paradise. Italy a garden. France a vineyard.\* Ireland a holy land, without snakes and vipers. Yet such is the spirit of Romanism that it requires all these advantages to enable it to hold up its head and barely keep itself in existence. What would have become of it had it been sent to the cold and inhospitable regions of the north, instead of the luxuriant climates of the south ? Ask Poland, where the majority of the people are Roman Catholics, and whose mode of conducting their own affairs was so irregular and disorderly that at last they lost their independence entirely, and became subject to a superior people.

But neither of the two powers of despotism and liberty has found the truth. Orderly as Protestant nations are, in so far as civil government is concerned, there is a deplorable chaos of opinion amongst their population. There is a



rapid movement going on amongst them, but they cannot tell whither they are going. They are moving rapidly in the dark somewhere, like a train that has gone off the line; but what their destiny is to be, or likely to be, they cannot imagine. Who can see the end of those bewildering sectarian contentions that prevail amongst us? who can find the clue to lead us out of them? who can play the part of St. George and slay the many-headed hydra which now overrides us, and renders all methodic attempts at social amelioration abortive by means of the spirit of jealous rivalry, contradiction, and oppression. Our confusion is of a higher and more sublime description than that of Catholic countries, because we are a more advanced and more enlightened people, but it is not less real and less bewildering. Indeed it is more so. It is more intricate because of the greater amount of ravelled material which requires to be unravelled, and because of the pure, logical, and moral power which is indispensable for putting us to right. The sword may tranquillise a Roman Catholic people like Spain or Portugal, but our confusion is above and beyond the power of the sword to remedy. The whip may silence a kennel of dogs and restore them to order, but it takes something more refined and more penetrating to effect the restoration of unity amongst men when once it has been destroyed. Other nations are not yet beyond fighting. We are. We have nothing to gain by physical force. The idea is rejected by the whole population. To this position we have attained by the cultivation of liberty, and it must be by following our example that the rest of the world advance in the career of civilisation. So long as the sword is threatened or brandished by governors or governed, they are barbarians both, for the sword will never settle any question, either political or religious. It is only for Pagans.—*Ibid.*

## VI.—SCIENCE.

### *Abstract Report of the 17th Meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science.*

[Abridged for the Picnic Magazine]

We continue our Abstract from the last No.

#### SECTION C.—GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

*President*—Very Revd. Dr. Buckland. \*

*Vice Presidents*—Sir R. J. Murchison; Mr. C. Lyell; Sir H. T. De la Beche; Very Revd. Dr. Conybeare; Prof. Sedgwick.

*Secretaries*—Prof. Ansted, Oldham, M. A. C. Ramsay, and J. Ruskin.

*"On Ancient Sea Margins."* By MR. R. CHAMBERS.—The existence of marine detritus containing recent shells at various heights above the present level of the sea has long been known—even up to 1,200 or 1,500 feet. Sometimes in the form of sea beaches or terraces; sometimes by wearing the coast into hollows and caverns, and at others by filling up hollows with sand and shingle, or forming rude platforms at the bases of cliffs. In shores of moderate inclination these effects are most conspicuous; whilst on bold coasts no accumulation remains. The valleys of rivers also afford memorials of the former presence of the sea; many of them were once estuaries, and still exhibit terrace banks and platforms of detritus brought down from distant mountains. The nature of the deposit marking the margin of the

ancient sea varies with situation and circumstances, being arenaceous, or gravelly, clayey, or alluvial. The phenomena cannot be accounted for by supposing a number of distinct and local disturbances; but imply an equable elevation of the land (or subsidence of the Sea) simultaneously over large areas; and he points to the plains of South America, described by Mr. Darwin in proof of the occurrence of such uniform elevations. An animated conversation on this subject took place.

*"On the Freshwater Eocene Beds of the Hordle Cliff, Hants."* By the MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS.—The cliffs exhibit two beds of white sand, in each of which remains of the *Palæotherium* have been found. They both dip to the East, and are seen for a distance of about 60 yards; the lower bed consists of sand mixed with marl, the other is 15 feet higher, and only from 6 to 12 inches in thickness. For some distance the sand of the upper bed is peculiarly fine and pure: it contains shells of *Planorbis* and *Limneus*, fish scales and fruit of the *Chara*; the bed then increases in thickness and contains indurated masses of sand and shells (*Potamides*) incrusting the remains of *Palæotherium*, and other extinct Pachyderms, fishes, tortoises, and crocodiles. In this position were found the upper jaw, skull, and a few other bones of the *Puloplotherium* (Owen) a new species of extinct Pachyderm; and within 3 feet of it was the cranium, &c., of a large crocodile. The collocation of these remains and the condition of the mammalian bones suggest the idea that the crocodile had preyed on the quadruped. At the same spot was found the jaw of the offspring of the crocodile, so small as to warrant the supposition that it was entombed when barely ushered into the world. Besides these in a portion of the stratum, only six feet wide and 10 inches thick, were obtained the nearly entire shell of a freshwater tortoise (*Triouyx*) and scales of a fish allied to the bony pike (*Lepidosteus*). At the distance of 20 or 30 feet, the upper jaw and head of a smaller crocodile were disinterred, in perfect preservation. From the nature of the matrix these fossils are extremely brittle, and are sometimes taken out in numerous fragments,—but so sharp and perfect as to be capable of complete readjustment.—Eight years since Lady Hastings discovered a corresponding stratum between Cowes and Colwell Bay; containing scales and teeth of the crocodile, &c. &c., Prof. Owen proposed to name the Hordle species *Crocodylus Hastingsii*.

*"On some remarkable movements of the Glaciers under the side of Orteles Berg."* By SIR T. D. ACLAND.—He found that in the years 1815 that the kings or Gampen Glacier had advanced, in two years, a distance of two English miles along the Sulden valley. From 1817 to 1823, the Glacier had occupied the valley, but between 1823 and 1825 it melted away until it occupied only its original extent. In April 1845, it again advanced, and in September 1846 had travelled a distance of 2,000 yards. It had swept the entire soil off the valley by its advance; and though sufficiently level, formerly to allow of walking over it easily; now it had risen up and split into mosses and pinnacles, the cracking of the ice producing reports audible at great distances. PROF. J. FORBES pointed out that the real amount of motion in a glacier would not be ascertained by

noticing the point at which it terminated, since the melting of the ice might waste the glacier nearly as fast as it advanced. A glacier on the south side of Mont Blanc, which advanced in 1818 until it reached a steep barrier against which it rose till it reached a height of 300 feet above the valley. A very few degrees of fall in the temperature of the season produces an enormous extension of some glaciers. This depends chiefly on the quantity of snow which falls in the higher Alps, and by its partial melting supplies the glacier; it is the snow water also which penetrating the capillary fissures of the ice (when not rendered very hard and solid by intense frost) becomes the chief instrument or moving power, upon which the advance of the glacier depends. A coating of snow promotes the movement of the glacier indirectly, by keeping its temperature not far below the freezing point.

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*"On the Fossil Plants of the Carbonaceous Strata near Sydney, Australia."* By PROF. SEDGWICK.—The cliffs on this coast exhibit series of strata similar to the Devonian rocks of England. They dip from N. to S. towards Sydney, where in the central and newest portion of the section, beds of coal and numerous fossil plants have been found; the carbonaceous beds are not separated from those below by want of conformity or any great change of mineral character. A large series of the fossil plants has been submitted to the Cambridge Museum, by the Revd. W. B. Clarke. It appears that out of 15 species, ten are new and five have been already described; with the exception of one species, all are peculiar to Australia, this one is *Glossopteris Browniana*, of the Indian coal fields.

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*"On Count Keyserling's Geology of the N. E. extremity of Russia in Europe."* By SIR R. J. MURCHISON.—The chief geological interest attached to this work, is the determination of an axis of palæozoic rocks constituting the Timan ridge, which branching off from near the Ural Mountains in lat. N. 62°, tends in a N. N. W. direction on the left bank of the Petchora to the bay of Tcheskaya, and is prolonged into the promontory of Kamir-Nos in lat. 68° 45'.

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*"On a system of colouring Geological Maps."* By J. W. SALTER.—Hitherto no strict rule had been adhered to; the English and Continental Geologists do not adopt one universal system, which is so desirable. The same color should always be employed for the same group of rocks, various shades of that common color being sufficient to distinguish, and at the same time combine, all the sub-divisions of that group. Again the colors used to designate systems of strata should follow in some constant order. The chromatic scale naturally suggested itself—he therefore proposed to represent the Silurian strata by *violet*; Carboniferous, by *blue*; Triassic, *green*; Oolitic, *yellow*; *Cretaceous*, *orange*; Tertiary, *red*. It was necessary to use a more intense red, with the addition of various markings for the granitic rocks.

*"Report on the Theory of Earthquake Movements."* By W. HOPKINS, Esq.—For the first part of this report, "on the nature and origin of subter-

rauean Forces," See Section A, in our last number "on the Theories of Elevation and Earthquakes."

This second report contains a theoretical investigation into the nature of the mechanical effects which would result from the action of such forces.

The author proposed to consider the subterranean force as having the nature of an explosion, producing vibrations over a much wider space, than that to which the original force was applied. The vibrations were compared to those produced by striking the end of a solid bar—which are of two kinds. The first set are similar, but infinitely less in extent to vibrations in air. They are produced by compression, and proceed in the direction of the axis of the bar. The second kind are perpendicular to the axis of the bar—like the vibrations of a musical chord. In this case the particles of the bar change their form, and the elastic force depends upon their tendency to resume their original shape. The velocity with which vibrations are propagated in the direction of the axis, is much greater than when their direction is transverse; and as both usually co-exist, they will after a time separate and become distinct—both the velocity and the length of the waves of vibration being different. If the original impulse on Earthquake shocks is communicated at some distance below the surface, the vibrations produced may be compared with the disturbance produced in water by blowing up a wreck. A wave will be produced by the alternate compression and dilatation of the particles, which will diverge in spheres, equally in all directions with a constant velocity. In the Earth, however, as in the solid bar, there will be two spherical waves proceeding outwards with unequal velocities. The apparent motion of these waves, when they reach the surface, will be different from their real amount of motion below, depending upon the distance of the place of observation from a point immediately over the focus or origin of the force. Assuming the interior of the Earth to be homogeneous, and the vibrations produced by Earthquakes to be of the kind described, it becomes a leading point to ascertain, by observation, the position of the focus from which the vibrations originated. On this subject nothing at present is known. Mr. Hopkins stated, that if self-registering instruments of sufficient delicacy were placed at two stations in a country subject to Earthquakes, the direction of the vibrations would show immediately the point on the surface from which they originated.

The depth beneath the surface might also be calculated, from the difference between the apparent movement of the wave on the surface, and its real movement in the interior, as given by theory; or it might be ascertained by comparing the relative apparent motion of two waves, proceeding with unequal velocities, if means were obtained for recognizing the two kinds of waves, by instruments indicating the nature of the vibrations. SIR H. DE LA BECHE observed, that if the focus of the Earthquake were near the surface, the problem would become one of great complexity, on account of the many breaks of the strata, and their difference of composition; but if the focus were several hundred miles below the surface, these inequalities would be of no consequence. MR. MALLER enumerated the different kinds of waves which do, or may take place, with every Earthquake. When the focal point is inland, there will be the shock wave, either single or double; the sound-wave in the Earth; and the sound-wave in the air, if

the original impulse is accompanied with fracture; if the superficial vibration is sufficient, there will also be the sea-waves. When the focal point is under the sea, as in all great Earthquakes, there will be the shock-wave, the sound-wave under the sea, the sound-wave in the air, the great sea-wave, and a smaller termed the "forced sea-wave;" if, however, there is no fracture, there will be no sound-waves. It had been ascertained that magnetometers were also "seisometers" of a very delicate kind, those at Dublin having indicated from 10 to 20 shocks last year.

(To be continued.)

### Meeting of Societies.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 28.—The second by Mr. Augustus Peterman,—the subject the Fall of the Jordan as compared with certain British rivers. Hitherto but little has been known of the actual state of the Jordan; for although it may have been crossed at various points, yet so dangerous has travelling upon its banks proved, in consequence of the attacks of the Arabs, that it may almost (until recently descended by Lieut. Molyneux) have been regarded, below Beisân, as a *flumen incognitum*. When, however, the relative levels of the Lake Tiberias and of the Dead Sea were ascertained, and the distance between the two considered, the Jordan being the communicating medium, and that in a distance not much exceeding 80 miles the fall of that river averaged 16·4 feet per mile, it was regarded by some, and amongst them by Prof. Robinson, that should the Jordan be devoid of cataracts, rapids, or falls—and none such had been met with by travellers who had crossed it in various places—either there must be some error in the measurements of the levels of Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, or there existed a remarkable phenomenon well deserving the attention of geographers. It was therefore the object of the author of this paper to demonstrate that a fall of 16·4 feet per mile might occur without rapid, cataract, or fall, and yet no phenomenon exist.—One circumstance noticed by the author may be dwelt on for an instant:—in examining the results of De Bertou, Rusegger, and Von Wildenbruch, the depression of both the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias increases in chronological order, and De Bertou's observations in 1838 give a greater depression than his first in 1837.—The fall of a river influences in part the velocity or force of its current, but not to such an extent that the rate of fall could be taken as a scale for the rate of velocity. The Rhine, Danube, and Elbe are very rapid rivers, yet they only exhibit a fall of one or two and very seldom three feet per mile; while the "gentle Tweed," with an average fall of nearly eight feet, from the affluence of Biggar water to the sea, is freely navigated by small boats—a fall of only two feet in the Danube presenting the greatest obstacles to navigation. The geological structure of the country through which a river runs may be regarded as the chief cause of sudden descents. The Severn and the Shannon are much alike in magnitude; the average descent of the former is 26·6 inches per mile, of the latter only 9 inches; and yet the Severn pursues its course without any rapids or falls, whilst the Shannon forms those magnificent falls of Doonas, equalling the most celebrated in Europe. The author, by a number of tables of the size and descent of various British rivers, and by deep and laborious hydrographical research, demonstrated that even should the descent of the Jordan be, as stated by Prof. Robinson, 16·4 feet per mile, without either fall or cataract, yet there is nothing extraordinary in such circumstance, nor any great geographical problem to be solved; whereas on the other hand the actual amount of descent per mile is greatly diminished in consequence of the Jordan being not a straight but a very tortuous river,—and therefore its

length from the Lake Tiberias to the Dead Sea much greater than has been generally supposed.—*Athenæum*.

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**ASTRONOMICAL.**—*Feb. 11.*—This was the anniversary meeting, and the annual Report was read. It was very long, and embraced a great many subjects : in fact, the reports of this society become longer and longer from year to year. The principal point of interest relating to the proceedings of the Society was the award of a testimonial to twelve astronomers, in lieu of the usual medal to one. The Council set forth that, owing to the very large number of claims which had arisen or become ripe for consideration in the course of the last year (including several which were postponed by the great event of last year), it had been thought advisable to celebrate a very remarkable time as well as the men who had made it so, by awarding an unusual testimonial. Twelve astronomers having been proposed for the ordinary medal, each of whom would have had a certainty of obtaining it had he stood alone, it was determined to include the twelve in the award. They are,—Mr. Adams, for his inverse application of the theory of perturbations,—Mr. Airy, for his voluntary reduction of the ancient lunar observations made at Greenwich,—Mr. Argelander, for his catalogues of stars,—Mr. Bishop, for his foundation and maintenance of an observatory which has enlarged the solar system,—Col. Everest, for his completion of the meridian arc measured in India,—Mr. Hansen, for his additions to our knowledge of the lunar theory,—Mr. Hencke, for his discovery of two planets,—Sir John Herschel, for his astronomical labours in the southern hemisphere,—Mr. Hind, for discovery of two planets,—Mr. Le-verrier, for his inverse application of the theory of perturbations,—Sir John Lubbock, for his researches in the theory of planetary perturbations, and Mr. Weiss, for his zeal in the reduction of the observations of stars. The testimonial is to consist of an inscription printed on vellum, of which the following is a copy :—"In recognition of the great advances recently made in astronomy, and in gratitude to those who made them, the Royal Astronomical Society has awarded this public testimonial to certain distinguished astronomers, among whom is [name], whose [brief recital of services] place him among those who have greatly contributed to the progress of human knowledge, and who is hereby most respectfully requested to accept and preserve this acknowledgment of his talent, energy and success."—*Ibid*.

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**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—*Feb. 22.*—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was by Mr. A. Mitchell, of Belfast, 'On submarine Foundations : particularly the Screw-pile and Moorings.' Considering that the entire subject of the various sorts of piling, of solid stone foundations, of cofferdams, of masses of concrete, and the numerous modes adopted by ingenious men for overcoming local difficulties, would occupy too much time, and scarcely possess novelty, the author restricted himself almost entirely to the description of the works executed with the screw-pile, as that had been chiefly employed for supporting structures on loose sand or mud banks wholly or partially covered by the sea, where it had previously been considered very hazardous, if not impracticable, to erect any permanent edifice ; and in his narrative he avoided all comparison with other modes of proceeding, even when they had the same object. The origin of the screw-pile was the screw-mooring, which was designed for the purpose of obtaining for an especial object a greater holding power than was possessed by either the ordinary pile or any of the usual mooring anchors or blocks of however large dimensions. It was proved by experiment that if a screw with a broad spiral flange were fixed upon a spindle

and forcibly propelled by rotary motion to a certain depth into the ground, an enormous force would be required to extract it by direct tension, and the power employed must be sufficient to drag up a mass of the form of the frustrum of a cone reversed—the base being at the surface of the ground, and the section of the apex being equal to the diameter of the screw. The extent of the resisting mass must of course depend upon the natural tenacity of the soil. Even in this reasoning it must be evident that a vertical force was calculated upon ; but as, practically, that seldom or never occurred, the angle of tension and the curve of the buoy-cable again gave the moorings greater power. This was found to be correct in practice. It occurred to Mr. Mitchell that the same means of resistance to downward pressure might be used, and he proposed to apply it for the foundations of light-houses, beacons, and other structures which for maritime purposes it might be desirable to place upon sand and mud banks—where hitherto it had been considered impracticable to place any permanent edifices. In 1838 a plan for a structure of this nature for a lighthouse on the Maplin Sand, at the mouth of the Thames, was laid before the Corporation of the Trinity House, supported by the opinion of Mr. Walker, their engineer. The nine iron piles 5 inches diameter, with screws 4 feet diameter, were accordingly driven 22 feet deep into the mud, and, with proper precaution, they were allowed to stand for two years before any edifice was placed upon them. The lighthouse was subsequently constructed, and had stood perfectly until the present time. Pending this probation, it was determined to erect a lighthouse to point out the entrance to the harbour of Fleetwood-on-Wyre ; and under the advice of Capt. Denham, R.N., the screw-piles were adopted. The spot fixed on was the point of a bank of loose sand about two miles from the shore. Seven iron piles with screws of 3 feet diameter were forced about 16 feet into the bank, and upon them timber supports 48 feet in vertical height were fixed, to carry the house and lantern. This structure was completed in six months, and was successful—never having required any repairs to the present time. A similar lighthouse was erected near Belfast ; and since then several others, with a great number of beacons, have been fixed in situations heretofore deemed impracticable. A project was started by the Earl of Courtown, in the year 1847, for adding to the length of the pier at the Harbour of Courtown, on the coast of Wexford, which had proved an entire failure from the channel between the solid pier being continually choked up with sand. Iron piles with screws of 2 feet diameter, to be driven from 11 feet to 15 feet into the sand and blue clay, were decided to be used in order to form an open jetty, through which the sand could be washed by the current—and the platform could be used for loading and discharging the shipping. The surf was so heavy on the coast, that the usual barges or floating rafts could not be used for putting the piles down ;—so, a plan was designed by Messrs. Mitchell for projecting a stage forward from the solid part, rigging a large grooved wheel upon the top of the pile, passing an endless rope band around it and round a pulley fixed 150 feet back, and then by a number of men hauling upon the band a rotatory motion was communicated, which screwed it down fast. By these means one bay of the pier, 17 feet long, was finished daily, even in rough weather. The entire length of the jetty was 260 feet, its breadth 18 feet, with a cross-head of 54 feet long, with landing stages at each end and two lines of railway throughout. The cost of this extension was 4,150*l.*, or about 47*l.* 10*s.*

per current lineal yard ; a small sum compared to the cost of stone piers :—but even that was more than the expense would be now, as the system of work is better understood,—*Ibid.*

*Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science. Animal Physiology—  
Zoology. By W. B. Carpenter, M. D. Orr and Co.*

WE have before noticed this series of works, the writing of which has been committed to the comprehensive genius of Dr. Carpenter. It is not, however, to be supposed that any man at the present day is competent to the task of instructing the public on the whole range of the natural sciences. Dr. Carpenter has devoted great energy and rare talents to the study of Physiology,—and possesses an extraordinary amount of information on the subject, with the greatest facility of conveying it to others in plain and comprehensive language ; but this by no means qualifies him for the cyclopædical duties which he has undertaken in this series. We have pointed out what we thought objectionable in some of the previous volumes of this work : and there is now left to us the much more pleasing task of commendation.

A volume on Zoology accompanies the one on Animal Physiology. In the latter work there is a general introduction to the study of zoology ; and the animals described arranged according to a scientific classification. For clearness of arrangement, perspicuity of style, and readable matter, we know of no complete work on zoology which we could recommend so fully as this by Dr. Carpenter. Most of our popular works on animals are confined to the higher species—whilst the scientific are too technical for popular reading. In this work, the whole animal kingdom, including both the vertebrate and invertebrate classes, comes in for a share of attention. As a specimen of the manner in which it is written, we select the following :—

“The tribe of *Arvicolæ* or *Voles* includes many species which are commonly termed Rats and Mice, but which are distinguished by a peculiarity in the teeth, that indicate an affinity with the Beaver. To this group belongs the Short-tailed Field-mouse, which is remarkable for its extraordinary voracity, and for the rapidity of its multiplication. It burrows through the ground, destroying the roots of plants and trees which come in its way ; and it also devours their bark. In this manner it has done great injury to young plantations, especially in the Forest of Dean, and in the New Forest Hampshire ; and in the years 1813 and 1814 its ravages were so great, as to create considerable alarm, lest the whole of the young trees in these extensive woods should be destroyed by them. Various plans were suggested for their destruction ; but none proved so successful as the digging of holes about 18 or 20 inches in depth, and much wider at the bottom than at the top, so that the mice which should fall in might not easily get out again. It was calculated that, in the Forest of Dean, not fewer than 100,000 mice were taken by means of these holes, in the course of a few months ; as many as 30,000 having been counted out from them ; and a much larger number having been probably destroyed by stoats, weasels, kites, hawks, owls, and other predacious quadrupeds and birds, which resorted to these holes to secure an easy and abundant prey. An equal number was destroyed in the New Forest ; and the evil has not since returned, to anything like the same extent. The Field Voles, like Rats, will kill and eat their own kind, when pressed by famine, or kept in confinement. The so-called Water Rat is also in reality a Vole. It burrows in the banks of streams, forming its retreat at some distance from the water ; and in this it lays up a store of vegetable substances, on which alone it feeds. It dives and swims with great facility, instantly seeking the water when alarmed, and plunging



at once to the bottom; it is obliged, however, to return to the surface for respiration, at intervals of about a minute. The *Lemmings* of Siberia and Northern Russia also belong to this group; they burrow and ordinarily feed on grass, rein-deer, lichen, &c; but they sometimes multiply to such a degree as to be forced to migrate, in order to obtain food. These migrations are performed by immense numbers at once; they move straight onwards, destroying everything in their way, until they arrive at the ocean, where most of them are drowned.—A curious animal, which closely connects this group with the beaver, is that known in Canada as the Muskquash, or Musk-Rat, on account of the musky odour it produces. It is about the size of a rabbit; its fur is of a reddish-gray; its feet are partly webbed, and its tailed somewhat flattened. In summer it burrows in the banks of streams and swamps; and in winter it builds mud huts on their margins, and sometimes even on the ice itself. The entrance to these huts is under water, for the purpose of procuring food, which consists entirely of aquatic vegetables; and by very severe frost these animals are consequently destroyed, through want of food and air. It is said that, when the ice closes their holes, they attack and devour one another. Their fur, like that of the beavers, is peculiarly adapted for *felting*; and from four to five hundred thousand skins are annually imported into England, for the manufacture of hats."

Dr. Carpenter does not confine himself to animals living at present upon the surface of the earth. Some of the most interesting portions of his 'Zoology' consist of descriptions of extinct animals. Here is his account of the *mylodon*—an animal closely allied to the gigantic *megatherium*.—

"We next proceed to a family entirely consisting of huge fossil animals, which have entirely passed from the surface of the earth, and which have been named *Graivigrada* from their massive character. Of one of these, the *Mylodon* (of which there is a magnificent skeleton in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London), an elaborate account has recently been published by Professor Owen; in which the other animals of the same group are also noticed. All of them appear, from the structure of their teeth, to have been adapted to the same kind of food with the comparatively pigmy *Sloths* of the present day, but instead of possessing limbs adapted for climbing trees, which could not have borne their enormous weight, their feet were constructed for digging; and the evidence adduced by Professor Owen from the structure of their skeletons, together with the beautiful chain of reasoning which he connects with this, leave no room for doubt, that they obtain their food by digging around the bases of the trees, and uprooting their trunks. 'Conceive a *Sloth* of the size and bulk of the *Rhinoceros* or *Hippopotamus*, but with bones infinitely more massive, muscles infinitely more voluminous and powerful, with a thick tail acting as a support, and forming with the hind limbs a firm tripod, while the animal thus raised upright, and exerting its enormous strength, sways the tree to and fro, and lays it at last prostrate;—and the reader will have a good idea of what this mighty devastator (the *Mylodon*) of the primitive forests of South America must have been.' It is an interesting circumstance, that the skull of the specimen described by Professor Owen had at some time been fractured and had healed,—the animal living long afterwards; and it is evident that these animals must have been unusually liable, from their habits, to blows from heavy falling bodies. It appears to be for the sake of meeting these accidents, that the outer and inner layers of the bones of the skull are separated from each other by large air-cells; so that the fracture of the outer table might occur without injury to the brain. The same structure exists in the *Sloths*; and is evidently a provision against injury from the severe falls to which these animals must be occasionally liable, from the giving way of the branches to which they cling."

We have seldom read a work more adapted to attain the objects of their publication than these: and we are glad to meet Dr. Carpenter in a sphere in which his talents and tastes pre-eminently qualify him to excel. Both works are illustrated with numerous wood engravings; and they are now republishing at a price which will put them within the reach of all.—*Ibid.*

*On the late Failure at Euston Square.*

As architectural failures are not unfrequent in this country, we think it should be beneficial to many engaged in building to learn the cause of the failure of a two-storied building in Euston Square, London. From the evidence given at the inquest by many of the first engineers and builders of the day, it will be a consolation to those who have been unfortunate enough to meet with similar failures, that these occasionally happen to the best engineers: and without any blame, further, perhaps, than over-zeal in proceeding with the work too quickly, and before the mortar has time to indurate or set firmly; after which if the composition of the mortar is good, and it has been made fresh and fresh as required, the masonry will be one solid block, the mortar becoming as hard as a stone or brick, indeed harder, as can be ascertained by any one who has to pull down an old solid piece of masonry, when it will be found that the bricks will break in two sooner than the mortar will give way at the joint: however let us proceed without further remarks to the Evidence at the Inquest, for which we are indebted to the "*Builder*" for February:—

"Mr. Hardwick, assisted by his son, on whom the superintendence of the works had chiefly devolved, was examined at great length, and described the construction of the northern inclosure of the new vestibule which fell, by means of the working plan and sections. This description we will endeavour briefly to convey to our readers, even at the risk of repetition, as it unquestionably entails matter for consideration. The wall was carried on four pairs of columns, one column immediately behind another, not side by side, standing on pedestals. Springing from the top of the columns, which were tied together by iron tension-bars, were flat arches, with a tier of York landings and brickwork to form the entablature, and on these, over the *inner* line of columns only, rose the inclosing wall, 2 feet 8 inches thick, to a height, as nearly as we could ascertain, including the entablature, of 24 feet, with a series of openings in it for windows. The back columns, it will be seen, thus took only a small portion of the weight. The columns were formed of bricks *on edge* in cement, 2 feet 2½ inches in diameter at bottom (not 2 feet 4 inches, as before stated), 1 foot 10½ inches in diameter at top, and 20 feet high. The pedestals, 4 feet 6 inches high, something wider on the face than the lowest diameter of the column, and 6 feet 8 inches in depth (or thickness), were built in mortar. Below these pedestals were brick piers, with two tiers of arches to connect them, carried up from a solid bed of concrete through the ground-floor and basement beneath the vestibule, a height of perhaps 30 feet. These piers had ten courses of footings in five sets off, and were 5 feet 2 inches wide and 7 feet 4 inches in depth (or thickness). Thus, to recapitulate, there were, first, the piers and arches in basement story: the piers continued up, and arches in the ground-floor; the pedestals and columns above these piers (commencing at the intended level of the floor of the vestibule); their entablature and the wall above,—a height in the whole, from the top of concrete, of, say 80 feet. The mischief is confined to the part above the line of intended floor of vestibule: the pedestals for the most part stand, but are splintered off from the top; all above fell. Having premised thus much, we give some minutes of Mr. Hardwick's further evidence:—

"Messrs. Cubitt were the contractors for the works, from my designs. The work which fell down was a portion of the additional work, and not included in the original contract. The materials were specified to be of the very best—the best bricks, the best stone lime, the best Thames sand. The foundation of the works had not been examined since the accident. It had not been ascertained that any of the concrete had been displaced. The substratum of the brickwork was as sound now as when first erected. It was an enormous foundation for such a building. He was satisfied that the fall was not occasioned by any thing which occurred with regard to the concrete or to the substratum of work. He had never any reason to complain either of the work or of the materials, nor did he know that his clerk of the works had ever done so. My first impression was, that in consequence of our having gone on with the

works as fast as it was possible the works could go on, the cement of the columns had not sufficiently set, though when we proceeded with the works we believed it had. The work was entirely green work, and liable from a little pressure to accident. It was a bad time of the year. The columns were constructed in November, when the weather was wet and damp. If the work had taken place in spring, no accident in all probability would have occurred. No complaint was made that the works were carried up too fast. One justification for expediting the work was the general inconvenience the public experienced from the want of additional accommodation. It was necessary cement should be used immediately after it was prepared. By being left long its adhesiveness was destroyed, and it became crumbly. A column of 2 ft. 2½ in. in diameter admitted of solid brickwork. There ought not to be any interstices, but if there were they would be filled up with cement. The columns were begun to be built with the bricks lying flat, but soon after the plan was changed, and the bricks were laid on their edges. Roman cement was used. There was no specified proportion between cement and sand. When the cement was good, the union produced between it and brick was as firm as stone. The substance became a perfectly indurated mass. No specification was made as to the mode of laying the bricks, whether flat or on edge. To the architect the difference was of little moment, because the principle of constructing a column was, that it ought to be one solid mass of material formed of brick and cement. If the cement was not good and the combination well formed between it and the bricks, the column would not be safer by the bricks being laid flat instead of on the edge. The danger would be the same. In using the bricks on the edge there was less cutting of the brickwork than in using the bricks flat. He could not at the moment remember any building constructed in a similar manner, but brick columns were very common. He had built a great many brick columns, but he had never had his attention particularly drawn to the subject, he always having trusted to the judgment of the workmen.

By a Juryman.—The columns were entirely crushed by the weight of the brickwork above falling. The general work was to be partly mortar and partly cement, but the columns were to be all cement. He had inspected them, and found them all cement and brick, but the cement was not in some portions of them sufficiently set. In saying this he did not mean that there was danger from pressure, but that it was likely the work might receive a lateral injury from the scaffolding, or some such thing. For example, since he had made his report upon the subject, it had been felt that the work might have been affected in some degree by the removal of the scaffolding. The scaffolding was carried to a very great height above the wall. In the course of the construction the ledgers of the scaffolding were placed close against the columns. The least movement of that scaffolding would have the effect of bending the column to which the ledger was attached. If the work had been done in the month of May or of April it would have set in a few days, but in this part of the year it would not set for several weeks. Men were employed during the morning of the accident in making some alteration in the scaffolding at the top; it was quite possible, therefore, that a movement might have taken place. The cement not being set, the slightest lateral thrust upon the columns would occasion the accident. How much greater must have been the effect of removing the whole of the scaffolding! The height of the scaffolding was so great, that it afforded a lever of enormous power when the movement took place at the very top, and this might account for the occurrence of an accident.

Mr. W. Cubitt, when examined, confirmed the statement that no time had been stipulated for the performance of that part of the work which fell: he knew of no deviation from the specification: he had never doubted the goodness of the design. As to the cause of the accident, he felt ashamed to say he could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion: he did not think the scaffolding had any thing whatever to do with it. Believed that the columns eventually would have carried all the weight; and that, if the period of the year had been more favourable, the work might have been done safely in half the time which they had occupied in doing it. When examined as to the necessity of using cement fresh for such work as the columns, Mr. Cubitt said,—It is of great importance that the cement should be used at a proper period, but what that depends much upon the nature of the cement: in 20 casks, had from one manufactory, several of them will differ from the others. Sometimes the cement requires time before it is used, otherwise it sets so rapidly as to prevent its closing up the bricks properly. Cement, when it is very fresh and new, hardens instantly, but it does not

take the character of stone for a very considerable time ; and that which is used fresh is less likely to do so than cement which has been kept a little time. By the touch is the best mode of judging of it, and not the eye. His workmen were picked men, and understood the nature of their work. The best Thames sand was used, and the men had no inducement to hurry the work."

" Mr. Hosking questioned this and other witnesses very closely as to the scaffolding ; and it appeared that the ledgers went across the building, and were secured into the side walls, and that the scaffolding had no bearing on the work that fell, excepting the putlogs, in the usual way. Below, short scaffold poles were used as thorough putlogs, and were tied to the ledgers alongside each column, both inside and outside (touching the columns), so as to stiffen them. There were braces to prevent vibration : there was no weight on the scaffold at the time of the fall."

" For our own part, we are bound to say, that columns of the diameter and height here used, constructed with either bricks flat or bricks on edge, should not be hastily depended on. The bricks are necessarily so much cut about, as to afford little solid bed, and less bond. Every thing, in such a case, depends on the cement ; and if this be bad, or not allowed to indurate sufficiently, a trifling force is sufficient to produce an accident. Calculations of what such columns will bear, without knowing exactly their internal condition, is idle."

" Mr. Christopher Bavin, the architect's clerk of the works, said the work had been executed in the best manner, and that he had never had occasion to find fault. It was he who suggested that the column should be built with the bricks on edge, because it occurred to him that the material would be more compact. The bricks were damaged by the workmen in laying them flat. There would also be less cement required. The men approved of it. He did not think that the inequality of the pressure, resulting from the upper wall being over one column only, was in any degree dangerous ; he estimated that the back columns took one-third the weight, and the front columns two-thirds. He was disposed to attribute the accident to the vibration produced by the scaffolding, but could not say how, nor did he know of any defect in the scaffold."

Mr. Tite, architect, was examined on the part of Mr. Hardwick, and said he had looked at the drawings with great care ; had heard all the evidence, and had formed an opinion as to the cause of the accident. He thought, from the brickwork having been carried up in wet weather, somewhat rapidly (in better weather he would not have hesitated to do it in half the time), that the brickwork in mortar was insufficiently set. The brickwork in cement would of course be better, and he did not think that the columns broke. He believed that the pedestals gave way first. " The evidence on the face of the pedestal," said Mr. Tite, " induces me to think so. It is cut off angle-ways, as if the column had slipped off it. I think the cause was this—the masons were raising the scaffolding to an extreme height above the wall. There were four men on the highest point,\* and I think that the sway which their weight gave to so long a lever as 90 feet, had a tendency to pull over the upper wall, and throw an excess of weight on to the inner column, besides altering its position, which threw a pressure on the pedestal that the unsettled work would not bear. Men on a scaffold are not conscious of the danger of their proceedings. I have been on a scaffold, and when I have myself been alarmed none of the men have evinced any apprehension. By the slipping of the column, the York landings, which were above them, would naturally fall off the northern side of the wall, or outward (?), where they were actually found. In Tredgold's " Treatise on Cylinders," which I now hand up, will be found a plate illustrating the effect of altering the live of pressure in columns. In the architecture I see nothing which could have led to the accident ; taking the best English and French authorities for the basis of my calculation, I have no doubt that the columns would have carried eight times the weight which was put upon them."

In reply to a question by the coroner, Mr. Tite continued—I should not blame any body for this accident. I think it is without blame. I rather refer the accident to the bad system of scaffolding adopted in England. In France they use framed timbers for scaffolding ; we use a different kind for brickwork, but the framed scaffold

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\* It was afterwards shewn that there was only one man on the scaffolding ; three had come down.

for stonework. Ours unquestionably is much easier, and, as proof that accidents are not frequent (because of the skilfulness of the men), I may say that I have been twenty-five years in practice, and have never had an accident from a scaffold. With regard to the mode of laying bricks flat, or on the edge, in the building of columns, I always hesitate to interfere with the habits of English workmen, but I think that the change of placing the brick on the edge is advantageous, and I certainly should direct it to be adopted in future. I have no doubt that column for column it would carry more than if the bricks were laid flat. My own conviction is, that if this had been March instead of November you would never have had any inquiry of this nature.

Mr. Tite asked permission to say, in confirmation of his opinion previously offered, that experiments had been tried on two piers, one built with bricks, flat, in cement, and the other with bricks on edge, in cement,—and that while the former was crushed by 30 tons, the latter required 35 tons. The less bricks were cut, the better they were, since they are harder outside than in. Moreover, bricks are burnt on edge. In proof of the strength of bricks, he referred to a chimney at Warrington 440 ft. high.

Mr. John Braithwaite, civil engineer, was then examined, and stated he had paid much personal attention to brickwork during thirty-five years' practice. He thought the cause of the fall was the time and the weather. Did not think the columns first failed, but the pedestals. The whole was carried up in equilibrium till the attic wall was commenced, and then, being loaded unequally, the pedestal had yielded—had thrown extra weight on front column, and this broke up, induration not having taken place. Scaffolding had not had much to do with the failure. Cement must have time and quiet. If two walls were erected, and one left quiet while the other was proceeded with, the former would be found perfectly indurated, while the latter at same moment would be green through vibration. The work had been hurried, for which the public were to blame. The public pressed on the directors, the directors pressed the architect, and the architect the builder. In proof of the danger of haste, he instanced a bridge built by himself over the Blackwater river, consisting of three arches, of 45 ft. span each. It was much hurried in dry weather, and he, feeling afraid, kept in the centres for six months. It was opened and admired, but three days after, it fell and killed two men. When he examined it, he did not find a single brick to which mortar adhered. He thought there was no undue weight on the column, and the pedestal was sufficient if it had been indurated. Mr. Braithwaite further stated that he had had the pleasure of working with Mr. Cuttitt for many years, and as far as his work was concerned, had never heard of its failure before; the care he took, and the supervision he uniformly exercised, both by himself and his subordinates, were most remarkable; and he could mention works constructed by him, in far greater haste than the structure in question, which had stood without the slightest failure.

Professor Hosking gave his opinion in writing, and at length; the following is the report, which being a valuable paper, and emanating from such an authority, we shall not attempt to abridge.

"It appears from the evidence, that the fallen structure consisted of eight circular and slightly diminishing shafts, disposed as columns, in two parallel rows, with an architrave extending in breadth over both rows of columns, and in length over all the columns and the spaces between them, and between the columns and the side walls of the hall, of which the fallen structure formed the upper compartments of the north end; and a superstructure consisting of the upper portions of an entablature, a wall, or rather a series of piers and spaces arched over, and terminating as a continued wall: such upper parts of the entablature, and the wall above it, having been placed immediately over one of the two rows of columns below; that is to say, over the southern row, whilst York stone landings bridged over the space between the several pairs of columns, of which the two parallel rows consisted, so as to make the columns of the northern row take part with those of the southern row in bearing the weight of the upper parts of the entablature and of the attic wall. It appears further, that the fallen structure stood upon a massive basement wall, which remains wholly undisturbed, except as to four pedestals which were raised upon it, and upon which the several pairs of columns of the fallen structure respectively stood, one before another upon the solid pedestals, transversely of the basement wall

below, and which pedestals are more or less broken up and deranged, as to their upper courses over all, and throughout a great part of their height where they received the inner or southern row of columns. The basement wall is of brickwork in mortar, about 60 feet in length, or from side wall to side wall of the hall, of which it forms the north end, and in the lower compartment, 28 feet in height from the top of the footings to the level at which the insulated pedestals begin, and 7 feet, or thereabouts, in thickness, and the pedestals are also of brickwork in mortar, each about 3 feet 6 inches in length, from east to west, or in the direction of the length of the wall under them, of the full width or thickness of the wall immediately under them—that is to say, about 7 feet, and about 5 feet in height from the top of the basement wall to the level at which they received the columns.

The columns are stated to have been built of bricks in cement, and to have been each 2 feet 2½ inches in diameter at the base, diminished in right lines about their vertical axes to 1 foot 10½ inches at the top, and 20 feet high, standing 1 foot 4 inches apart upon the tops of the pedestals—that is to say, transversely of the basement wall, and 9 feet 4 inches apart, pair from pair, in the direction of the length of the basement wall, and of the superimposed entablature and attic wall, and the mode of structure of the columns was by disposing bricks edgewise in courses, and laid in every course radiating from the centre, the bricks being mostly cut to a wedge shape to adapt them to this mode of arrangement, and to bring the outer end of the bricks so laid nearer together than they could be brought if not so cut,—the heart of the cylinder being filled in with bricks cut to fill the void which the radiating bricks would necessarily fail to fill, as the diameter of the cylinder exceeded in every course twice the length of a brick. Over the heads of the columns, and upon the bridging stones which bound the several pairs together, springing blocks were formed of brickwork in cement, with skew-backs cut for the abutment of arches, which were turned in four half-bricks, and extended from pair to pair of the columns as an architrave, such arches being formed, also, of bricks in cement, and each arch spanning 10 feet, and rising about a foot, upon a core laid on stout wrought-iron bars, shackled together over the heads of the columns, and extending to the side walls of the hall, to tie in the arches throughout the whole extent of their range, and, in their turn, hung up to the arches, whereby the arches should carry the weight of the core, which rested upon their own ties, and compensate in some degree for the absence of any direct weight upon the backs of the arches above. The arches and the core they suspended thus formed the architrave of the entablature, and, extending transversely over both the rows of columns and over the space between them, a massive iron-tied brick-built beam connected the columned compartment with the side walls of the hall, and promised a rigid and durable structure capable of carrying any weight that could be placed upon it.

The upper part of the entablature was of brickwork and stone combined, as a means of projecting a cornice or preparation for a cornice on the side towards the hall, and above this preparation the attic wall was built of brickwork, in mortar 2 feet 8 inches thick, and 18 feet high, the wall being somewhat lightened by openings for windows over the void spaces between the columns lengthwise, or in the direction of the transverse section of the hall, but extending, like the beam of the entablature below, from side wall to side wall, and uniting itself with the side walls so as to yield support to as well as to derive assistance from them.

It further appears that the massive basement wall, which remains undisturbed, was founded and built within the months of August and September last, and that the pedestals upon them were built between the 21st and 30th of October following; that the columns were built between the 10th and 22nd of November, and that after a rest of nearly three weeks, on the 11th December, the superimposed works were commenced, and followed on to the completion, or near completion, of the attic wall, when, on the 6th of January, the columns and every thing depending upon them fell to the ground; some portions of the ruins, and among them the bridging-stones which had lain over the several pairs of the columns, falling to the north of the basement wall, or from the side of the impending attic wall, and some portions on the north side, or upon the floor of the hall, of which the structure had formed the north end. The evidence sets forth, moreover,—and the appearance of the work that remains, and of the corresponding work at the south end of the hall, justifies the evidence—that the materials used in the works which fell were of excel-

lent quality, and that they had been executed by able and experienced workmen ; the only departure from the usual practice in the execution of such works being in the disposition of the bricks in the composition of the columns. It appears also that the scaffold, which had been used to assist in executing the works which fell, extended along both faces of the work, and was formed in stages as the advance of the work required, and extended in height as the works advanced by adding pole to pole, and by forming stage above stage for the convenience of the workmen ; the ends of the horizontal poles, or ledgers, which formed the bases of the several stages being tailed at each end into the side walls of the hall ; whilst poles were laid across transversely of the scaffold and of the work, and tailed, in like manner, into a wall north of the passage or gallery, of which the double rows of columns would have formed the south side, and lashed to the poles and ledgers, to prevent the scaffold from rocking from north to south ; and these cross-poles or transoms coming in contact, however, either directly or through a frame, with the shafts or columns as they passed from the inner or northern scaffold-poles to the wall north of the gallery, into which their ends were wedged. A still further height of scaffold being required to enable the masons to get up the materials of a cornice which was intended to cope the attic wall, labourers were engaged in raising it accordingly, whilst bricklayers and their labourers were still at work, laying some of the yet remaining courses of bricks to complete the attic wall ; but there is no evidence to show that any more than the usual effect produced by men moving about upon the stages of a scaffold at their work, and in the equally familiar progress of heightening a scaffold, was perceived by any of the people who were so employed upon and about the scaffold at the time of, or immediately preceding, the accident.

It appeared also that the fall took place suddenly and without warning, no previous rocking of the work or of the scaffold having been noticed by any of the people upon or about it, the columns and their superstructure having dropped down together upon, and on both sides of, the basement wall, and not falling out on one or the other side much beyond the scaffold poles ; those portions only of the scaffold which rested upon the falling structure, that is to say, the stages of which the putlogs, or cross-bearers, of the scaffold rested upon the wall, going down with it.

Having thus recited the circumstances as they appeared in evidence and from observation of what remains, and of the corresponding works in another part of the same building, I proceed to develop the causes which may have induced the failure of the work.

The power of brickwork to resist pressure depends upon the manner in which the bricks are laid as to their beds, and disposed with regard to one another, and to the direction in which the pressure is imposed upon them when combined in a structure. Bricks laid upon their broadest faces,—which faces are technically called their beds,—are less liable to be overturned and less liable to be forced into a yielding body below them than they are when laid upon their narrower sides, or edges ; and bricks laid on their beds, or flat, will cover and bridge over a joint, and throw the bearing upon the brick below more certainly and more effectually than if laid on their edges ; and in the arrangement of bricks on their beds, flat, and so as to cover, and break joint, course above course, consists what is termed bond ; and it is by means of bond that bricks can be piled upon bricks, and be extended both in length and in breadth, so as to form a compact mass capable of withstanding any pressure that will not crush the materials when applied at right angles to the beds of the bricks ; the setting material, or mortar, in the joints between the beds being in layers thin with relation to the bricks, in proportion to its greater yieldingness, and being of such consistence, or having attained such a degree of induration, as to be capable of withstanding pressure to the same extent as the bricks themselves. But if bricks are not so laid and so disposed in any structure that every brick in any course above is supported by bricks below on both sides of every joint, the brick is liable to be broken across, or to be pressed down into the softer setting material, and thereby to induce the failure of the work of which it forms a part ; and as bricks laid on their edges cannot bridge over a joint below as to break joint with the same effect that bricks laid on their beds can, bricks on edge do not bond with the effect necessary to give the full strength of which brickwork is capable. Brickwork is, therefore, in common practice, built with bricks laid flat, and not on edge.

In building round bodies, however, as columns, with bricks, the proper disposition of the bricks to bond truly cannot be maintained and consequently the strength of which brickwork is capable cannot be attained with bricks applied to produce such a form ; and as bricks employed for such a purpose must be cut, and so be applied in fragments, the result can only be a concretion of brick-material more or less skilfully packed, and depending in a greater or less degree, according to the bed given to the bricks, or fragments of bricks, upon the consistence of the setting material. But setting material, by whatever name known, must be plastic to be worked, and the power of a concretion of bricks and mortar or cement to resist pressure can hardly be greater than that of the setting material, which being plastic is in a yielding condition, although it may be capable of becoming indurated to a degree equal to that of the harder material which it is intended to combine.

Now, in the case in question, the basement-wall and the pedestals upon it are built of bricks set in mortar and bonded in the usual manner, and the weight of the superstructure came upon the pedestals and upon the walls at right angles to the beds of the bricks in the work ; that is to say, the work was in the strongest condition, and it received the pressure in the manner which exposed it in the least degree to derangement, so long as the pressure remained steady and direct. But the columns were round bodies, and the bricks used in building them were not laid flat or on their broad beds, but on edge on their narrow sides, and they were cut and packed to produce the required form, involving the use of many shattered fragments in every course, to fill the body with solid matter. This process necessarily called in to operation the adhesive properties of the setting material to combine the fragments, and the strength of the structure was, consequently, no greater than that which the cement, used as a setting material, had attained by induration. But it is admitted on all hands that cement, that is to say, cement of the kind used in the columns which fell, requires time to indurate fully, or to attain a degree of hardness in any degree approaching to that of good bricks, in which state alone it could hold together the bricks and fragments of bricks, which the absence of bond required it to hold together with any thing like the effect of bonded brickwork.

There are, moreover, circumstances in the composition of the structure which make it necessary to inquire, whether the unequal pressure of the upper part of the entablature and of the attic wall over the columns, may not have induced compression of the setting material in the joints of the work in any part ? The weight of the superstructure fell somewhat unduly upon the inner or southern row of the columns ; and if the joints of the work in the columns had been compressible, the superstructure would have taken a leaning southward, which, if it had taken place, must have been observed, as the men were still at work upon it. Roman cement—the cement in question—sets, however, in a very short time ; and all the cement in the columns must have taken a set very long before the attic-wall was raised, and having once set, it is no longer plastic, and therefore not compressible but by crushing, which wholly destroys it ; and if the cement be crushed, the work depending upon it necessarily fails. Nor can it be supposed that the mortar in the pedestals yielded unequally, if it yielded at all ; for although the weight came upon it more by the southern than by the northern row of columns, the difference could not have been so great as to act unequally upon the mortar in the pedestals ; if, indeed, the superstructure had been heavy at all in proportion to the power of supporting weight, which the pedestals possessed, seeing that they were built of brickwork in its strongest form,—that is to say, with the bricks on their beds, and truly bonded.

And it is also necessary to inquire whether, having regard to the weight of the superstructure, and to the assumed power of resisting pressure of the substructure, and particularly of the columns, the columns could have given way under the dead weight put upon them ? This does not appear probable, having regard to the good quality of the materials used, and to the undoubted skill and tact of the workmen employed, and to the time that had elapsed from the completion of the columns to the fall of the structure, for although complete induration of the cement could not have taken place, the ordinary practice of building would have justified the proceeding with the work. It is, therefore, my confident belief that if the cement had been fully indurated, the columns would have carried safely all the weight which they were required to carry, and, under all contingencies to which they could have been



exposed ; nor is it likely that the columns, as they were, would break up under a merely dead weight such as that of entablature and attic wall, but as they certainly did break, it seems very certain that the movement of the scaffold, induced by the exertions of the men who were engaged in increasing the height of its already lofty poles, together with that derived from the men who were at work upon its stages, gave the impulse which induced the fall."

February 2, 1848.

### *Mr. Jowett's Patent Water Telegraph.*

THE Electric Telegraph—that marvel of modern science—that instantaneous transmitter of tidings to the remotest corners of the kingdom—that insidious annihilator of time and space—the one object, if we may so write, of all men's talk, as well as of their wonder and competition, has already effected much in the diffusion of knowledge, in the promotion of civilization, and in the furtherance of commercial designs and pursuits throughout the greater portion of the world. But the process by which these mighty benefits and accommodations are carried on is expensive in construction, and at the same time, somewhat uneconomical in practice. Within these few past days, however, we have had the gratification of examining an instrument bearing the appellation of "The Water Telegraph," invented and patented by Mr. Jowett ; the adaptation and *modus operandi* of which is perfectly unexpensive and simple, thus offering a strong contrast, in the most essential particulars, to the costliness and intricacy of the elder invention.

Previously to drawing the attention of our readers to the various details exhibited in the accompanying illustrations of Mr. Jowett's Telegraph, we shall offer a concise description of the general nature and application of the apparatus. This consists of a small cylinder and piston at each station, on the rod of which is a small indicator, pointing to a vertical column of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, figures, or signs, which may be found effective ; these cylinders are connected by a small pipe laid from station to station ; and, when filled with water, one piston must be at its lowest point in the cylinder, the alphabet on the dial plate being inverted, commencing with **A** at the bottom, and in the other the piston must be at the highest point—the alphabet descending. On this arrangement being complete, the slightest movement of the piston at either station gives a corresponding reversed movement at the other, and will point to the same character on the dial plate. The first motion gives warning by sounding a bell ; one, two, three, or more strokes, indicating the station required. Another arrangement is also made under the patent : a circular dial plate is used, on which are two alphabets, at the lower one of which the **A** is placed under the **Z** of the other, and traverses the contrary way, ending with **Z** under **A**. The outer circle of this dial is of the same width, to allow of figures and a multiplicity of contracted sentences, applicable to the subject of railways, and other purposes, as may be determined on, and by which, and the alphabets, a most intelligible conversation may be sustained. On the piston-rod is a toothed rack working into a wheel, on the axis of which is the index, and the teeth are so arranged, that one complete revolution of the indicator is made. A pinion takes into the inflex wheel, on which is a cam, or detent, which on the first motion raises and lets fall a hammer, striking a bell, to give notice that a communication has to be made. It is well

FIG 1

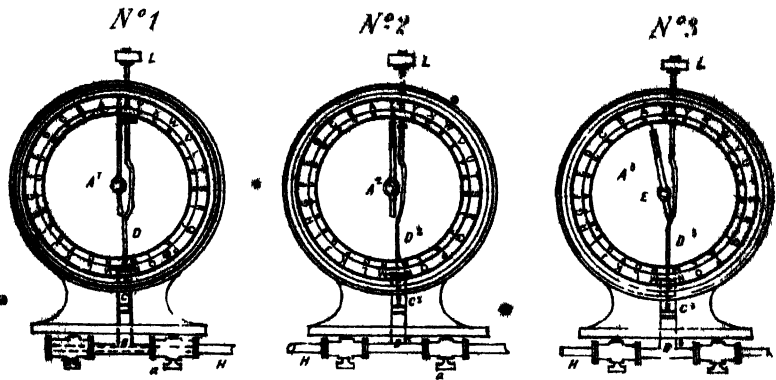


FIG 2

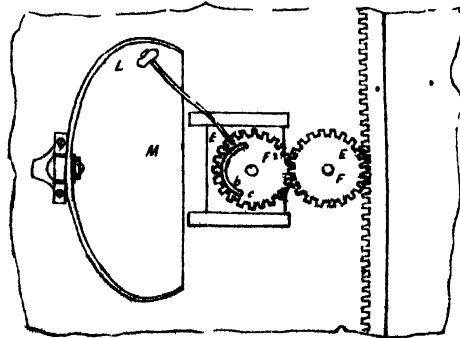
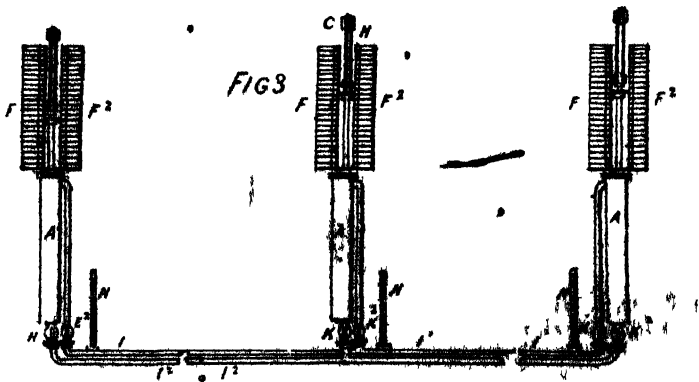


FIG 3



JOWETTS PATENT WATER TELEGRAPH

Fig: 4.

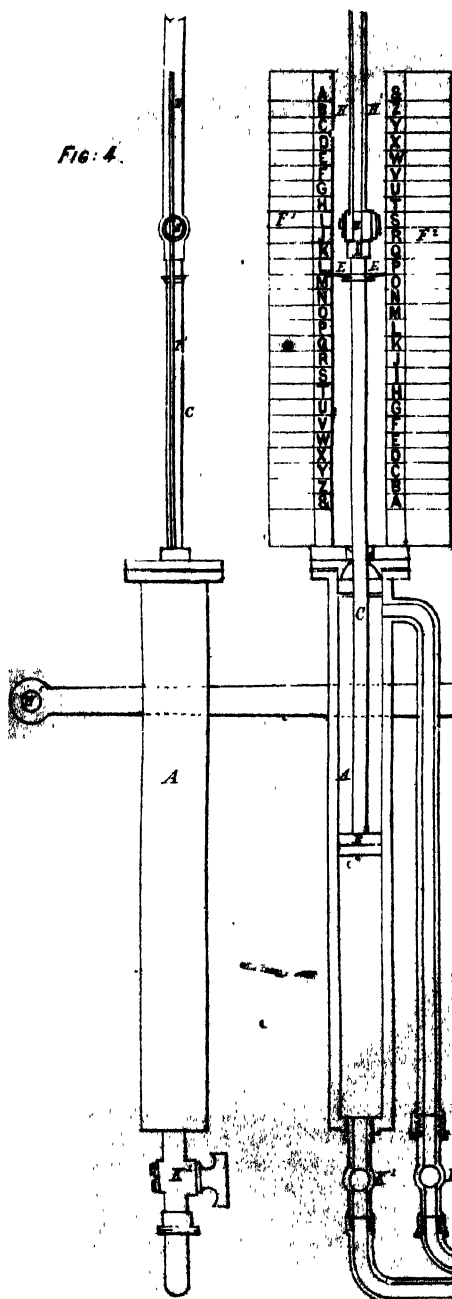


Fig: 6.

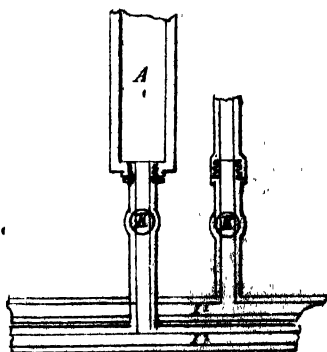
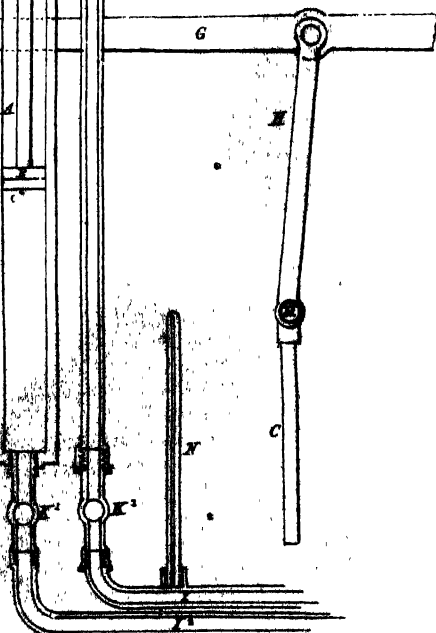


Fig: 5.



known that water is an inelastic fluid, and unaffected in expansion at moderate temperatures ; it is therefore capable in the above telegraph of giving the most delicate results ; certainly at moderate distances.

In figs. 1 and 2 of our engravings, page 193, an exemplification is given of the application of this telegraph, in the communication of intelligence between any two or three different stations, from which the manner of applying it to any number of stations may be, of course, deduced with facility.

No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, are the three stations;  $A^1$ ,  $A^2$ , and  $A^3$ , are three dial plates, upon each of which are marked in two concentric circles, two sets of the various letters of the alphabet, or of any other agreed upon system of signs or symbols, but in an inverse order ; that is to say, for example, if the letters A to Z in the larger circle read from right to left, then the same letters in the smaller circle must read from left to right, or *vice versa*.  $B^1$ ,  $B^2$ , and  $B^3$ , are small metal cylinders placed at the back of the plates,  $A^1$ ,  $A^2$ , and  $A^3$ , within which there are accurately fitted the pistons,  $C^1$ ,  $C^2$ , and  $C^3$ , the rods of which  $D^1$ ,  $D^2$ , and  $D^3$ , have each at top a fine toothed rack cut upon one side, which gears into a small pinion, E, fixed to the spindle, F, to which an index-hand, G, is affixed ; L, L, L, are balance weights. H is a pipe which connects the three cylinders,  $B^1$ ,  $B^2$ , and  $B^3$ , together, and may be carried in any direction required, as horizontal, oblique, or vertical, or under, or over, or around any obstructing object. This pipe is to be filled with water or any other suitable fluid. The first of the cylinders,  $B^1$ , is filled with the fluid employed, until its piston,  $C^1$ , when resting upon the surface of the fluid, stands at the greatest limit of its range in an upward direction. The other cylinders,  $B^2$ ,  $B^3$ , are only filled till the fluid presses upon their respective pistons, when at the lowest limit of their range. The mode of operation is as follows : Supposing that it is wished to convey intelligence from the station No. 1 to the station No. 3, the communicator of the message at No. 1 first calls the attention of the attendants upon the two other instruments by depressing the piston,  $C^1$ , which pressing upon the surface of the fluid contained in the pipe H, causes the fluid to rise immediately in the other two cylinders of the line, and consequently to produce corresponding movements of the pistons in the different cylinders, which movements again cause each a bell to ring, by means of the arrangements which are represented separately in fig. 2. A, is the back of the dial-plate ; F, the index-hand spindle ; and E the pinion, before described as being fixed upon that spindle.  $E^2$ , is a second pinion, the axis of which is fixed into a sliding piece, K, so that this pinion,  $E^2$ , may be allowed to slide forward until it comes into gear with the pinion, E, or be removed therefrom at pleasure.  $b b$  is a slot in the pinion,  $E^2$ , through which there is passed a stop-pin, c, which terminates in, and is fixed into the sliding piece, K, whereby the extent of the revolution of the pinions, E, and  $E^2$ , and the range of the movement of the piston, are determined.

For the sake of further illustrating the manner in which this part of the invention is performed, let it be supposed that there are twelve stations instead of three upon the line of telegraphic communication ; and further, that all the pistons, C, of the instruments, excepting that of the instrument placed at No. 1 station, are at the bottom of their respective cylinders ; and further, that the pinion, E and  $E^2$ , are put into gear with each other. If, then, the person in attendance at No. 1 station should now wish to communicate with No. 7,

he depresses the piston of this apparatus, which is the only one of the whole set which, as before stated, is at the top of its cylinder, and causes it to descend through 11 inches, which makes the pistons of all the other eleven to rise just 1 inch each, which distance is the exact limit allowed to them to move by the stop-pin, *c*. But the turning of the pinion,  $E^2$ , causes the hammer, *L*, which is attached to it, to come in contact with the bell, *M*, and thereby to give warning to the whole of the other eleven stations. Now, by again raising up the piston at No. 1 station to the top of its cylinder, another stroke is produced at all the other stations by the depression of the pistons and the reverse action of the hammer, *L*, upon the other side of the bell. A repetition of the same process is continued until seven strokes have been given, which indicates that station, No. 7, is to be communicated with. When a communication is desired to be transmitted from any of the other stations, excepting No. 1, then the attendant at that station first slides back the piece, *K*, which admits of his raising the cylinder piston to its highest point, which again causes the piston of No. 1 station to descend to the bottom of the cylinder and give warning there by the ringing of the bell (it being the only one in the whole set which is capable of being acted upon, as all the others are at the bottom of their respective cylinders). The attendant at No. 1 station now puts the pinions, *E* and  $E^2$  of his instrument into gear, upon which the instrument, at the station from which it is desired to transmit intelligence, will be in the same position as has just been described in reference to station No. 1, previous to commencing intercourse with the station No. 7. The attendants being thus apprised of each other's readiness, the communication of intelligence is proceeded with in the following manner: The pistons of all the other instruments, excepting those of the two stations, between which the communication is to be transmitted, are pressed down to their lowest position in their respective cylinders, and kept in that situation by means of a catch which is fixed to the back of the dial-plate. The person transmitting the intelligence now brings the index-hand successively to such of the letters, or signs, on the dial-plate before him as are requisite to express the message or intelligence desired to be transmitted, (this he accomplishes by means of a crank handle which is slipped upon the end of the spindle, *F*.) Whatever may be the letter, or sign, to which he thus brings the index-hand on the inner circle of his dial-plate, the index-hand of the recipient instrument will point to the same letter, or sign, upon the outer circle of letters, or signs, upon the dial-plate of that instrument. By referring to fig. 1, it will be seen that the index-hand of No. 1 is at *A*, upon the inner circle, and that of No. 3 at *A*, upon the inner circle. Should the communication be between any two contiguous stations, such as No. 2 and No. 3, then the stop-cocks, *a a*, may be used to shut off all communication with the other stations. The index-hand may be made after the manner of a telescope, so as to be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, and thus applied to either of the circles or the dial plates.

Fig. 3, page 193, represents an elevation of part of another line of telegraphic apparatus, which differs from that just described in having two lines of pipe instead of one, whereby the fluid contained in the one line of pipe is made to act above the pistons in the cylinders at the different stations; and the fluid which is contained in the other line is made to act below those pistons. The

index is also put in a line parallel with the piston rod of the different cylinders, which greatly simplifies the apparatus.

Fig. 4, page 201, is an elevation of a single apparatus, on the plan of that last mentioned, adapted to the end of a line of telegraphic communication.

A, is the cylinder ; B, the piston ; C, the piston rod ; D, a stuffing box to prevent the escape of water ; E, the index-hand ; F, F, index plates ; G, (fig 5, page 201), a lever handle, by which the attendant raises or presses down the piston to the desired spot ; this handle is joined at H to the piston rod, C, by two connecting links, H<sup>1</sup>H<sup>1</sup> ; and at H<sup>2</sup> it is joined to some fixed point as a fulcrum. I<sup>1</sup> I<sup>2</sup>, are the two water pipes, the one entering at the bottom of the cylinder, the other at the top. K<sup>1</sup>K<sup>2</sup>, are stop cocks.

Fig. 6, page 201, shows the way in which an apparatus at an intermediate station may be attached to the pipes I<sup>1</sup>I<sup>2</sup>.

The manner of calling the attention of the attendants on the different instruments in the first instance, may be accomplished by an adaptation of the machinery and bell, which have been already described as applied for this purpose to the telegraphic apparatus represented in figs. 1 and 2. The station attendants being apprised of the intention to communicate intelligence, must all (excepting the two between which the communication is to be maintained) shut the stop cocks, K<sup>1</sup>K<sup>2</sup>. Then every motion of the piston that is made by the communicator at the one station will be followed by a corresponding movement of the piston at the other or recipient station, so that whatever letter the index hand may be brought opposite to upon the right hand index of the one instrument, will be pointed to by the index hand upon the left hand index of the other instrument.

As it is necessary that the attendants at those stations which are not actually engaged in transmitting or receiving the intelligence should know when the communication which has been going on has been completed, so that they may not put their apparatus again in connection with the pipes, I<sup>1</sup> and I<sup>2</sup>, before, that is done, and so derange the proper action of the recipient instrument, there is fixed at the side of one of the pipes, I<sup>1</sup>, a small, upright glass tube N, which is open at its lower end to the tube upon which it is fixed, but closed at top. The water contained in the pipe I<sup>2</sup>, rises a short distance within the glass tube, N, at every movement, the water in the tubes, I<sup>1</sup>I<sup>2</sup>, which necessarily takes place in bringing the pistons to the various letters or signs upon the index, and thus produces a pulsation or rise of the surface of the water in the glass tube, occasioned by a slight compression of the air in the upper portion of it. When this ceases, then the attendants at the various stations know that they may open the communication between the water pipes, I<sup>1</sup>I<sup>2</sup>, and their respective apparatus, and so be in readiness for any renewed call upon their use.

Having now, and as we trust with sufficient amplitude, described the several details of this very important apparatus, we shall furnish our readers with an abstract of the advantages, as laid down by the patentee and promoters in the prospectus—viz. the economy in construction, only one-third of that by electricity ; no expense after its first construction, derangement being impossible ; no atmospheric changes can affect it, the tubes being underground ; neither height, depth, sinuosity, or distances, can incapacitate the perfection of its prin-

ciples ; and as to the latter, “ if a tube, filled with water, extended from London to York, a pressure exerted on the liquid at the London extremity, would be instantaneously transmitted to the extremity at York ”—a dogma cited from Dr. Lardner’s *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

Practice will, we have no doubt, satisfactorily establish the merits of this valuable instrument, for the invention of which the entire community must even be indebted to Mr. Jowett, all experiments prove that this Telegraph can be worked with facility, and great precision.—*Magazine of Science for March*.

### *Snow Mountains.*

THE air which surrounds this globe, and which so essentially ministers to the support of life, is also the medium of presenting to us many of the most beautiful phenomena in natural philosophy. Heat, light, sound, the variations of colour, the splendid changes in the forms and hues of the clouds—the gentle gales and genial warmths of one season, with the tempered alterations of another—all those strange and fantastic forms of ethereal beauty which the aurora borealis presents—the mirage, with its jagged rims—and the meteor, that flashes like an evanescent sun in the eyes of the wondering beholder—all these, and many other phenomena, could never be beheld on earth, if it were even otherwise possible for a sentient being to exist, without the atmosphere. The atmosphere may be termed the most comprehensive and active of all terrestrial agents. It is on its vibratory particles that the soft and gentle strains of music are conveyed to the ear. It is through its agency that vapours exhale from the moist earth, and it is the repository for them until they return again in mists, and dews, and showers of rain. It conveys the odours of the sweet-scented flowers and herbs to the olfactory organs, and it dissipates the stagnant vapours from the marshes and fens, where decaying vegetable substances lie breathing disease abroad. It fills the white sails of commerce, and wafts the produce of distant climes from one to another—supplying to one country the things which are foreign to its climate, and bearing from it to distant shores the products which are indigenous to it.

This vital element, the air, then, not only essentially contributes to support animal life and vegetation, but is also the medium of friendly intercourse among nations, as well as between the sidereal bodies and man’s vision. The atmosphere envelopes the earth to the mean height of about forty-five miles, and beyond this distance from the earth’s surface it is supposed that it does not extend. This supposition would reduce space to a vacuum, which some philosophers contend to be an impossibility in nature ; and a celebrated German philosopher, Euhler, therefore, propounded the theory that space is pervaded by a subtle ether, but of so rare a quality, that, although sufficient for the conduction of light and heat, it is nevertheless intangible, and consequently beyond the province of the experimentalist, remaining at the best but a very likely circumstance.

One of the most useful and distinguishing properties of air is its elasticity, that is, its compressibility, and its power of expanding to a mean density when pressure is removed, or of becoming very much rarified from the application of heat. In consequence of this property, air near the surface of the earth is specifically heavier than that of those strata which ascend ; there is more air contained in a cubic inch of space near the surface of the globe, than there is con-

tained in a cubic inch on the top of a hill ; and the thinness, or rarity of the fluid increases until, at the termination of the atmosphere, it becomes impoundable. This density of the lower air results from the pressure of its own superincumbent particles—the weight of all the air above, to the termination of the atmosphere, resting upon that which we breathe, and thus rendering it thicker than air perhaps some thousand feet above, which<sup>a</sup> has only to sustain a shorter and thinner column.

The constitution of the atmosphere materially effects climate ; indeed, more so than geographical position ; for if the air at the surface of the earth in the torrid zone were as rare as it is at certain elevations of the mountains in these warm regions, then the plains of India, which are clothed in luxuriant verdure, and the deserts of Africa, which are sterile and sandy, would be covered by perpetual snow. The air, although alike essentially destitute of heat and cold, is nevertheless the medium of conveying the particles of heat contained in the sun's rays to the surface of the earth, and of thus supplying that caloric so necessary for the production of vegetation and the sustentation of animals. The production and variation of heat are dependent upon three causes—upon, first, the length of time that the sun remains above the horizon ; upon the vertical or oblique position in which the rays strike the earth ; and also upon the thinness or density of the air through which the sun's rays are conveyed ; so that wherever the air is densest, there will be the greatest degree of heat—that is, the heat at the surface of the globe is greatest, gradually diminishing as we ascend into the atmosphere. But in the torrid zone it is greater than in the temperate or frigid zones, because the sun's rays fall vertically in the one and more or less obliquely in the two others ; and the sun sets only for a very short period at any time to the regions within twenty-three and a half degrees on either side of the equator, while it forsakes the frigid zone for months altogether, and beneficently grants to the temperate ones those beautiful alternations of light and darkness, day and night, in almost equal portions.

Situations on the surface of the earth, then, making allowance for geographical position, are always warmer than are those at a greater elevation. As we begin to leave the plains, and to climb into the mountain heights we find heat and vegetation gradually diminish together, until an altitude is reached where water no longer remains liquified, but assumes the form of ice, and where vapour becomes snow—where no vegetation is seen, and animal life could not be supported for any length of time. The line which marks where vegetation even of the most primitive kind ceases, and the eternal winter of the mountain regions begins, varies according to the geographical position of the mountains, and is called the *snow line*. The snow line in the torrid zone occurs at a much greater elevation, than in the temperate zones, and in the frigid it is very near the surface of the earth. This is referable to the manner in which the sun's rays fall. Between the tropics, the sun's rays fall vertically, or from a great angle, and therefore produce great heat. Towards the poles the angle diminishes, and so does the heat and also the elevation of the snow line, until, within ten degrees of the poles, there is perpetual snow, and so small is the heat-developing capacities of the sun's rays, that if the sun did not remain for several months above the horizon, his influence would never be felt in those hyperborean regions. In those countries near the equator the snow line is found about sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea



—that is, about three miles, or the height of Mont Blanc, the highest of all European mountains. In places situated nearly at equal distances from the equator and the poles, or in situations about forty-five degrees of latitude, the snow line is reached at nine thousand feet, or about a mile and three quarters. Under sixty degrees, it occurs at five thousand feet, or under a mile, above the level of the sea. At seventy degrees of latitude it only reaches an elevation of a thousand feet; and at eighty degrees, the snow line comes down to the surface of the earth; for in regions within ten degrees distant from the poles there is perpetual snow, although they are, at the surface, nearly level with the sea.

Between the snow line and the earth's surface is the space allowed for animal and vegetable existence, some animals finding a subsistence in the higher regions that would not fare so well in the valleys, which, on the other hand, support animals that would perish amongst the stunted herbage and lichens of the sterile hills. The goat can procure the means of supporting life where the sheep could not subsist, and the chamois, again, finds his mossy fare where the goat does not venture; while in the Himalaya mountains, an animal of the ox species, called the yak, procures at a very great elevation the means of living. Every mountain in the torrid zone that rises above the snow line possesses from its base upward all the gradations of the tropical and polar climates. Around its base cluster the palms and plantains of the torrid climes, together with the date, tamarind, and sugar-cane. Fruit trees, burdened with the luxuriant and luxurious productions of their kinds, from delicious groves; and the coffee and cotton plants put forth their lovely blossoms on the same level. Gradually as the traveller mounts upward, however, the scene changes, and, when at the height of about one mile and a half, he finds himself amongst the productions of the temperate zone. The mighty oak spreads its tough limbs over his head, and the elm, plane, and beech wave beside fields of corn; while apples, pears, and peaches are hanging on their parent-trees. Up higher still, and trees with deciduous leaves—that is leaves which fall off annually—give place to *conifera*, or those which bear cones, such as fir, pine, and larch, and only the hardy barley and potato are found to thrive; while fruit-bearing bushes like the gooseberry, and under-shrubs, like the raspberry, displace the apricot, and fruits of a similar kind. At last the confines of the temperate stratum are left, and the traveller enters that part of the mountain which is analogous to the less favored regions of the arctic circle. The stunted juniper and the low dark fir recede, and mosses and lichens, which might supply the reindeer with food, grow sparsely amongst the rocks and other spots of the sterile mountain-height. Sometimes a single flower, like some lone star upon a dark sky, will be found sparkling amongst the mossy productions of a primal state of vegetation, to prove that even here Heaven has scattered particles of the beautiful and to give us a reason why even a Laplander should love his native land. When the snow line is reached all vegetation is at an end. The white mountain-mass, sparkling in the refracted light, lies before the adventurous traveller, like a silent solitary tumulus, covered by a shroud of snow. Apparently destitute of every attribute of utility, it rears its giant head above a glowing world below, and stands a monument of the power and majesty of God.

Snow mountains are, however, more than monumental creations; they are but one of that interminable system of agencies by which an all-wise and bene-

ficient Creator sustains the economy of nature. It is from them that many rivers take their rise, and it is they which supply them with a constant stream of water with which to irrigate the countries through which they pass. It is from their breasts that the rapid torrents bear away the rich alluvium which they spread over countries at certain seasons, which countries would otherwise be barren. The Nile, which rises in the mountains of Abyssinia, and flows through Nubia and Egypt, falling into the Levant, is supplied chiefly by streams and torrents which descend from the snow mountains. During the season when the thermometer falls upon those mountains, and when the snow in consequence covers what may be termed the temperate stratum, the Nile is at its lowest. When the sun, however, returns to the summer solstice, then the snow mountains melt rapidly, bearing with them particles of soil. These swelling waters, laden with the fertilising alluvium, overflow the banks of the ancient river, when they reach lower Egypt; and thus is the kingdom of the Pharaohs annually reclaimed from the dominion of the sandy desolation that would otherwise possess it, and made still abundantly to produce grain, which, however, goes to enrich the pacha, while the poor slaves who sow and reap it, like the Israelites of old, are degraded, and debased, and poor, in the midst of plenty thus produced.

When we consider that the highest mountains in the world are Thibet in Asia, and the Andes in South America, and when we reflect, that the regions lying at the foot of those mighty excrescences upon the earth's surface are dried and parched by a constantly continued evaporation, we are led to view those lofty, barren hills of snow as wise and beneficent arrangements of an all-bountiful God, in order to preserve the fertility of mighty territories, which would otherwise become deserts. Those mountains which do not rise above the snow line do indeed supply the rivers which flow from them with a constant supply of water; but as their reservoirs, again, are only supplied by rains, they do not afford so abundant and equal currents as do the snow mountains. The loss of moisture caused by evaporation has to be supplied to the plains of the torrid zone by irrigation; and were there not a constant flow of melted snow from the lofty hills which ridge its surface, this could not be extensively accomplished, and both men and plants would be confined to the narrow compass of country which is fertilised by the streams of the less lofty ridges.

The solitudes of the snow mountains are seldom disturbed by man. Travelers will indeed now and again cross the snowy paths, which eager pedestrians have formed, as communications between proximate valleys, or which the chamois-hunters have explored, but the frequency with which accidents occur to Alpine journeyers, shows how dangerous are such attempts, and deters all but the adventurous from ascending into the domains of perpetual winter. Avalanches and snow-storms are of such frequent occurrence in the higher regions, that travellers are often overwhelmed and bewildered in their attempts to cross from valley to valley by the Alpine paths, and altogether the attempt is dangerous as it is toilsome. Neither the danger nor toil have, however, deterred scientific men from exploring these dreary and gloomy solitudes. They have crossed the icy chasm which yawn for hundreds of feet deep, and in the caves of which the waters roll and roar in their downward progress. They have plodded their toilsome way, with panting breath, over broad snow fields and have exposed themselves to all the painful sensations which men feel in

regions so elevated, and where the air is so rarified. These sensations are produced by the weight of atmospheric air being reduced from considerably less than its pressure at the earth's surface, which is about fifteen pounds upon the square inch, and the consequent expansions of the fluids contained in the human body ; and also by the air not being sufficiently dense to supply the lungs with a sufficiency to rapidly arterialise the blood. Scientific men have found it impossible to sustain anything like muscular exertion when at any height above the snow line. If they have attempted to make any incisions in the ice, they have invariably found that a few strokes of the hatchet brought the strongest workmen to the ground panting for lack of breath. A race of fifty yards has been found to make the runner gasp for breath, or has produced a pain in the lungs, and a general prostration of strength, which it required many hours of rest to remove. Conversation, which imposes some exertion, cannot be sustained without pain and fatigue in these altitudes, and the pulse throbs at a most rapid rate. Saussure, the celebrated French traveller and aéronaut, when on Mont Blanc, which he was amongst the first to top, experienced, with several of his party, exhaustion, headache, and giddiness ; their appetites forsook them, and they were tormented by a burning thirst, which water could only for a short time allay ; while at the same time they became quite indifferent to all the concerns of life. The sensations of Humboldt, the celebrated German traveller, when attempting to ascend the Chimborazo, or highest peak of the Andes, were of a novel and remarkable character—large drops of blood burst from under his nails and eyelids, causing him to desist from the dangerous ascent.

The greatest snow mountains, as we have already noticed, are found in the Himalayan range, which divides what is termed British India from the Chinese empire. For several hundreds of miles this ridge is composed of rocky mountain masses, of from 30 to 40 miles broad, and which are from 18,000 to 29,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from 6,000 to 14,000 feet above the snow line. Chimularee, the highest of the Himalayan range, is about five miles and a half above the level of the sea. Of course it is impossible that any human being could attain to within a very great distance of the summit. The depressions which break the sierra into pinnacles, seldom fall below 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, or 3,000 feet above the snow line, and these openings are the passes by which travellers cross from the plains of the Ganges to the table-lands of Thibet. These ghauts are only passable, however, during two or three months in the year ; and even then the cold is so intense, that horses, and other common beasts of burden cannot endure it, and delicate sheep, which are protected from the cold by their natural woolly covering, are converted into the bearers of those small exports of grain, which are conveyed from the plains to the mountain districts.

The Alps, and the Doffrefels of Norway, are the chief snow mountains of Europe. The former are very extensive, and, from their bold and rocky character, present some of the most stupendous and interesting appearances in nature. The snow Alps of the canton of Berne occupy an extent of country nearly six hundred miles square, and their uniform white appearance, and sterile character, are only partially broken up by two or three small, deep valleys, which are so depressed as to be free of snow for several months in the year. The scenery of the Alps is broken and varied, seeming like feudal castles

placed upon bold and prominent positions, or ruins crumbling beneath the touch of time. Abrupt pyramids jut up at one place, while steeples and tall chimneys appear to rear the heads at others. These almost perpendicular pinnacles of rock offer no lodgement to the snow, and therefore their black forms contrast with the whiteness of the snow plains at their bases ; and these extremes of colour and aspect, so nearly conjoined, form by the contrast the most attractive attribute of Alpin scenery. The snow plains of Norway are neither so undulatory nor diversified as those of the Alps. Folge Forden, which is the greatest in the Peninsula of Scandinavia, is about thirty miles in length, and varies from twenty to eight miles in breadth. This mountains-mass of rock rises abruptly to the height of 5,000 feet, and its top, which forms a sort of table-land, is covered with snow to the depth of about 36 feet. The superincumbent snow is very pure and white, being the fall of the last winter, while the strata below are hard, compact, and of a bluish colour. The surface of this plain is generally level and smooth, save where some large waves occur to destroy what to the eyes is a painful uniformity. The snow is not of the soft flakey kind, but appears as a conglomerate of small transparent grains of ice, resembling minute shot, which probably are formed into a mass of solid ice, at some depth below the surface. The Alpine snow fields are very different from those of Norway. The former enormous masses of snow, almost as dense as ice, rising abruptly like walls, or in the confused forms of old crumbling buildings ; and being of a bluish colour, and reflecting the rays which are refracted from the snow, they appear to be very beautiful.

The snow which falls at these great elevation is of the conglomerate kind already alluded to, and does not therefore readily cohere, as do the flakes ; upon which account it is believed that the nuclei of avalanches do not form of this *firm*, as it is termed by the Germans, but of the snow which occurs farther down the mountains ; so that avalanches are supposed to commence their headlong career towards the plains below the snow line. The quantity of snow that falls during one season is very small in these frigid heights ; and the thick, crusted masses which form the coverings of the snow hills, must therefore be the accumulations of many ages. It is easy to suppose that such is the case, because evaporation in so extremely rare an atmosphere must be very small, the air being unable to support aqueous vapour in any quantity, and at the same time being too cold to allow of its production.

It is a sublime truth and one worthy of universal acceptation, that even in the most apparently useless productions of nature, the intelligent eye will often behold some of the most splendid manifestations of God's inscrutable wisdom and gracious goodness. The snowy sterility which characterises these bold, bleak regions, where eternal winter presides, and which, viewed in one light, is the enemy to life and vegetation, is yet the means of preserving to the sunny plains of the torrid zone the fertility which would otherwise depart from them ; and thus the luxuriance and beauty of the trees, shrubs, and flowers of the glowing East, are dependent for their existence upon the lofty, rugged, cloud-enveloped snow mountains.—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.*

*Original Notices.*

No. 32, from January to June of the "*Madras Journal of Literature and Science*," which we have only now received, contains many very interesting papers.

One on the Antiquities of the Neilgherry Hills, by Captain Congreve, should be perused by all our rising Archæologists; but occupying as it does 70 pages of the Journal, and illustrated by many sketches, we cannot hope to give even an outline of it, and therefore recommend the Journal itself to the attention of our antiquarian readers; who will likewise be interested in another paper, the Kongu-Desa-Rajakul. In a Biographical Memoir of the late Mr. Griffith, the eminent botanist, we learn that the "*Madras Journal*" had ceased for nearly two years, a misfortune we trust may not happen again this century.

We are also sorry to find by a correspondent in the proceedings of this Society, that the *Journal* issued by the *Bombay Branch R. A. Society*, is in difficulties, and that it is much feared that it will have to be discontinued unless additional subscribers be obtainable in Madras and Bengal, this is to be much regretted as "it extended the field of Oriental Research." We therefore mention it prominently, as it is the duty of every brother Journalist to diffuse such notices, and give an opportunity to those who encourage Science, of a "taste for Oriental Research in all its branches," to come forward and support the *Bombay Journal*.

We may next notice a long account of the "*Gold Mines of Malabar*," from official papers: the result of the labours of Lieut. Nicholson, who made the Mineralogical report, bears us out in an opinion which has predominated in our minds for many years, that the Government is perfectly apathetic as respects the unexplored mineral productions of the Indian peninsula. The preliminary enquiry is only now instituted on this side of India, and we greatly fear with no ulterior motives which are worthy of a great and enlightened nation, or of the advanced state of science. Indeed we know that the Government is quite indifferent to the matter even when brought to its notice.

We cannot think without shame, that the youthful colony of Australia can boast of its *Burra Burra Mines*, yielding already an interest of 200 per cent.; and completely taking the lead of us in mining operations, and as it will no doubt do in the matter of Railways and all other improvements. Yet we have a country in no way inferior in the abundance and variety of its productions, but superior to many! Then why are her productions inferior to those of other nations? In consequence of native prejudice and apathy, and the miserable apologies for manufacturing instruments they employ. Is it not to be deplored that our rulers are still in ignorance of the resources of this country? resources which could enable them to relieve taxes that oppress the land-holder? But unfortunately, Government has, when it suits its purpose, a prejudice for Committees; thus an intelligent and scientific officer like Lieut. Nicholson is sent out to explore the mineral productions of a country, and his reports are delivered over to the mercy of a Committee! We should like to know if any of this Committee were better qualified than himself to judge of the subject upon which they were called to report, yet the local experience and practical

knowledge of a scientific officer was to be set aside by a report from them, can it be doubted that they had their *cue* when they wrote as follows, on the subject of the "Gold Mines of Malabar and the Neilgherries."

"With regard to sending to England for machinery to work the mines the Committee state that they consider they have clearly proved that the productiveness of the mines is by no means such as to warrant the outlay of a considerable sum with a very doubtful prospect of profit; but even did the precious ore exist in such quantities as to realize the golden dreams of the most enthusiastic speculator, the unhealthiness of the country in which the mines are situated would weigh as a powerful objection on the minds of the Committee against recommending the purchase of expensive machinery to work them."

On the same principle these gentlemen, had the occupation of Scind depended upon their judgment, would have proved good friends to the Amcers, and saved the lives of many valuable soldiers. In the case of Scind, however, there was this difference, Government took special care not to trust a Committee.

To strengthen the above argument against the purchase of expensive machinery, the Committee form a *£ s. d.* opinion by some curious data, thus interest for 20,000 Rs. for machinery is set down at 20 per cent. per annum, or Rs. 4,000; in this way they arrive at a profit of *not quite 1 per cent.* on the working of the mines! We cannot of course fathom this financial mystery; if they intended to include wear and tear of machinery they should have said so, but taking a common sense view of the case we should say, that they might get their money for the machinery at the usual Government rate of 5 per cent., reducing the debit side from 4,000 to 1,000 Rupees, and increasing the profit on the mines to *about 15½ per cent. even on their own data* for the other items! which may be, and probably are, capable of similar adjustment.

We think we may in justice say therefore that we cannot conceive how the Committee arrived at the opinion that the speculation would not be lucrative: and as to judging of the extent to which gold might be found and worked from any thing they may have learned from natives, (who were naturally opposed to the measure,) or from placing any reliance on the fact that "Where a coolie can be hired for a pagoda per month, and where a thirst for gain is a well known feeling of a large portion of the inhabitants, some person possessed of capital would have invested it in working them, not an instance however is known of a person employing coolies for this purpose. One or two monied men indeed are in the habit of advancing small sums to the workmen charging interest on the same, and buying up the gold at a certain price. But these men though they must be well aware of the actual quantity yielded have never entered upon the speculation themselves; and we can only ascribe this to a conviction on their part of its unprofitableness."

We can only say, that it is not correct to draw conclusions from such data, for setting aside native apathy and lack of enterprize, the Committee may on the same principle argue generally that no new mine should now be worked because it was not thought of by some enterprizing capitalist centuries ago! Likewise to judge of the present capabilities of the

mines by past productiveness, and by seeing a small quantity of gold dust washed out of alluvial deposit, is to say the least of it, a very doubtful way of arriving at the truth. We have suspicion that gold mines, like truth at the bottom of a well, lie hidden deep in the bowels of the earth !

Where gold is deposited in the bed of a river, it is natural to suppose veins of gold must exist in the mountain whence the river flows, and this can only be discovered by the search which Lieut. Nicholson suggests, though the Committee prefer blaming that officer *for not proving the existence of gold, before he even searches for it.* This is incredible, but hear their own words ;—they conclude by saying,

“ Nought now remains to be remarked on by the Committee, except Lieut. Nicholson’s statement of the existence of gold on the Neilgherries, and his SUGGESTION OF THE PROPRIETY OF CONTINUING THE SEARCH IN THAT DIRECTION.

“ It has been already surmised that the original deposits of the precious ore are to be found in the Koonda, Moorkoorty and Neilgherry ranges, and if they were discovered at a sufficiently great elevation, the argument founded on the unhealthiness of the country would not of course be applicable to them. But *no proof* has been adduced before the Committee of *their existence*, no veins have yet been traced in these mountain masses, and Lieut. Nicholson rests his assertions on the vague report of a native, communicated to him in a letter.”

“ The Committee on mature consideration of all points, and *guided* more particularly by the *conviction on their minds* of the usual unprofitableness of operations in gold mines, derived from a careful perusal of various works on the subject, *do not feel justified in recommending the adoption of Lieut. Nicholson’s suggestion.*”

“ On the receipt of this report, the Government under date 25th October 1833, *ordered the search for gold to be abandoned, a resolution that was approved* of by the Court of Directors with the following pithy addition, *that if the Government had directed these inquiries to be made before they authorised the commencement of any operations, a considerable expence would have been saved to them.*”

The emphasis is ours, but what more need we add on the subject after such a *pithy* epilogue to this farce of “ seeking for gold.”

The March No. of the “ *Journal of the Asiatic Society*” affords even a better treat to the Antiquary than usual, containing as it does Lieut. Maisey’s valuable report “ on the Antiquities at Kalinjar,” illustrated by no less than 18 well-executed plates, the first being a plan of the Fort and Hill of Kalinjar. This paper was “ entirely drawn up at Kalinjar itself,” its truthfulness and value are therefore unquestionable. But as one Antiquarian Journal must fully supply the wants of readers in this country, we shall not here attempt to extract from this paper.

Though not in itself scientific, yet as contained in a journal devoted to Science, and now under our notice, we next come to Captain Cunningham’s “ *Journal from Simla towards Lodak.*” This experienced traveller and orientalist, gives the dry details of his diurnal record in as agreeable a shape as possible ; but there must have been many adventures by “ flood and field,” not suited for the pages of the Society’s Journal, which we wish we could persuade one of the party to give to the world.

One of Captain Cunningham's objects is evidently to correct the errors and careless descriptions of former travellers over the same route. Thus Baron Hügel and Mr. Vigne are flatly contradicted, whilst Moorcroft appears to have made more correct statements, and arrived at more natural conclusions.

We will here beg leave to quote from the *Journal* his description of the Yunam Lake :

"The summit of the pass is almost level for about half a mile. Each of the prominent parts is crowned by a pile of stones covered with votive pieces of rag and horns which are dedicated to Gépan. From the pass the road descended along the side of the hill to the bed of the Yunam river, which rises to the south-east near the sources of the Chandra and the Bhāga. It then continued along the left bank of the Yunam for about 3 miles to the Yunam lake, a large sheet of water, 1000 yards long by 500 yards in breadth. It must have been formerly more than twice this size, and it is probably much larger even in the present day during July and August, when the snows are melted by the mid-day sun. When Moorcroft saw it, it was clear :—but we found it tinged with the pale ochrous clay, which is washed into it by a small stream on the left bank of the river immediately above the lake. The dry bed is an extensive sheet of small stones, below which the water may be distinctly heard trickling towards the lake. On the 28th of September, when I returned by the same road, I found that the lake had shrank to about three-fourths of its former size, its level having fallen 3 or 4 feet, leaving the eastern side quite dry. The water was much clearer than before, which was most probably owing to the greater coldness of the season which had arrested the melting of the snow, and stopped the supply of water which formerly washed down the pale ochrous clay into the lake. Moorcroft remarks of the lake that "not a weed deformed, nor a wave ruffled its pellucid and tranquil waters, there seemed to be no fish in it, nor was any bird, nor even a fly in its vicinity." The same solitude and utter desolation of the scenery around the lake was remarked by ourselves, and suggested the following lines ; which are descriptive of the place :

On Yunam's still and yellow lake

No living thing is seen :

Along its bleak and rocky shore

There is no smiling green.

The scathed hills rise on all sides

As bare as at their birth,

When by tremendous force upthrust

Fresh from the depths of earth.

No joyous bird on early wing

Beholds the morning break ;

But winter's stern and chilly eye

Frowns o'er the cheerless lake.

Eternal silence reigneth there

Upon his snow-girt throne ;

And the unsyllabled dull air

Sleeps echoless and lone.



The dreary stillness that pervades  
 Earth, air, and all around,  
 Appals the heart, and social man  
 Longs for some cheerful sound.

The traders with their laden sheep,  
 Who pass by Yunam's shore,  
 Leave not their foot-prints on its stones,  
 All desolate as before.

Yet to the simple shepherd's mind  
 The place does not seem lone,  
 For every hill and mountain pass  
 Hath spirits of its own.

But Gépan chiefly wins their love!  
 To him square piles they rear,  
 Upon each Pass with votive flags  
 And horns of the wild deer."

The following is an interesting description of the Kampás of Trebeck :  
*13th September.* "To Rúkchin, an encampment of Nomad Tartars, living in their black hair tents, each containing 4 or 5 people.

"These Nomads appear to be a happy race, who being satisfied with little have but few wants. They are called Kampás (the Champas) of Trebeck. The men usually wear woollen great coats, reaching below the knee. As they are never washed but often darned and patched, these great coats are mostly rather tattered looking garments of many colours. They wear leggings also, generally of thick coloured woollen, which is put round the leg like a bandage, and secured by a long garter, usually of black woollen rope, which is wound spirally round the leg from the ankle to the knee. Their short boots are made of goat-skin with the hair or wool turned outwards and well stuffed with wool, which while it makes them warm to the wearer gives rather a clumsy appearance to his feet.

"The cap is generally a piece of goat skin with the hair inward, or else a woollen one, edged with skin or coarse red silk. The women go bare-headed, but they wear lappets round the cheeks and over the forehead, from which a broad band well studded with large flat badly flawed turquoises and cornelians, passed over the head, gradually narrowing until it reaches the waist behind.

"The hair is dressed in numerous thin plaits, which hang behind and over the shoulders, forming a complete fringe, or rather a sort of well greased mane to the head and neck. They frequently wear long great coats and leggings like the men ; but I have seen them also dressed in 3 or 4 thick woollen petticoats, and a sheep-skin jacket with the wool turned inwards over the coat. The men also wear these sheep-skin jackets when they feel cold, and their tents are well supplied with them, as both sexes put them on when they go to rest.

"The men are generally from 5 feet to 5½ feet in height, and the women from 4½ feet to 5 feet, yet they are hardy and even strong. I have often seen the roof of my tent, which was wadded with cotton, carried throughout a whole march by one of these diminutive women ; although

the taller and finer looking men of Simla declared it to be too heavy for them to carry. These Nomads are generally of a deep brown complexion; the girls are however rather fairer, and some of them have colour in their cheeks. They all have the small eyes of the Tartar races, and to use the words of an old traveller, they are "a square, stout, strong people, having platter faces, and flat noses." Their ears are particularly large, and many of them wear ear-rings. Both men and women carry about with them all their property excepting some wooden pails for milk and a few large iron pans which they have for cooking their food. Knives and spoons, pipes and tobacco pouches, flint and steel, and a small cup, either of iron, brass, or wood, are carried by every one. These are usually crammed inside the great coat above the waist, where also may be found a long piece of woollen rope for fastening packages, and occasionally a single or double flageolet, either of wood or brass.

"Their cattle consists of herds of yaks, or grunting oxen, with the long bushy tails, and droves of sheep and goats. The hair of the yaks is cut every summer, and woven into the coarse cloth of which they make their tents. During the winter they live in the valley of the Indus; in the summer they move to any places where they can find grass, water and fuel. They exchange their wool with the traders for wheat, flour, tobacco, and any thing else that they may require."

He had a shot at a wild horse, which he thus describes—

"A few hundred feet below the pass, on a level plain, I saw a single Kiang, or wild horse; and by sending men to the right and left I was enabled to approach within 200 yards of the animal. The Kiang then moved off and I followed, and when he turned to look at me I stood still, and followed him again as he moved. After repeating this three different times I got within about 180 yards of him, and taking a steady aim, I struck him six inches behind the shoulder, the ball passed clean through him striking the ground beyond. The animal then scampered off for about 200 yards, reeled round, and fell over heavily to the ground. When I came up to him he was quite dead. The ball had passed through his heart, a lucky shot for a fowling piece at 180 yards. This animal, which is the *Equus Kiang* of Moorcroft, is very common about this part of the country."

Near the extremity of his journey he arrives at the Chumureri Lake, with which we conclude our extracts.

*Saturday, 19th September.*—"Marched  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles to a halting place on the bank of the Chumureri. Road for the first  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles very sandy as far as the lake. At 2 miles further passed the Korzo Gúnpa, or monastery inhabited by one Lama, who resides there throughout the year. He rears some barley and turnips on the bank of the Korzo rivulet close to the lake, at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea. The barley had just been cut when we arrived there. It was still quite green; but there was every appearance of snow, and the Lama was afraid of losing his crop altogether. The barley looked strong and healthy, but the turnips were small and hard. The Lama informed me that even in the depths of winter the snow does not lie above knee-deep near the monastery, a point which I am disposed to believe from what I myself beheld on the two following days; namely,

that although it snowed heavily for a whole day and night at the southern end of the lake, where the snow was a foot deep ; yet at the northern end near the monastery there was not even a trace of snow. This phenomenon would appear to be due to the following cause. The vast clouds, which are formed on the plains of India, are drifted northwards by the monsoon until arrested by the loftiest ranges of the Himmálaya. The last of these mighty chains towards Ladák is that in which the Parang Pass is situated ; there the clouds discharge their contents. Beyond this lies the dry and desert country of Ladák, where water is so scarce as not to afford sufficient moisture for the formation of any extensive clouds, which will account for the little snow that falls to the northward of these great ranges.

At mid-day I placed a mark in the water to ascertain if possible whether there was any rise and fall in the level of the lake, but up to 6 o'clock I did not observe any perceptible change. The water of the lake was sweet to my taste, but the people of the country although they call it sweet, prefer for their own drinking, that of the small snow streams which flow into the lake. Both of these facts would show that there must be an outlet to the lake.—If so it must be at its south-eastern end, as laid down by Trebeck, for I examined all the rest of the lake carefully ; and had I not on the following day been obliged to return in consequence of heavy snow, I should have examined the south-eastern quarter also to ascertain whether there was any visible outlet to the lake. Were there no outlet the water would be salt as in the other lakes ; and there would certainly be considerable rise in its level during the day from the melting of the snow and a corresponding fall at night. Dr. Gerrard however declares that “ whilst it is fed by considerable streams it has no efflux, and is kept at its level entirely by evaporation. I cannot agree with this opinion, for it appears to me that the greater the evaporation the more salt should be the water, which is not the case, as it tasted sweet to me, and Trebeck found it only brackish. The lake is 15 miles in length and from 2 to 3 miles in breadth. The water is beautifully limpid and of a deep blue colour. I saw but few wild geese upon the lake. The mountains on both sides were perfectly bare excepting near their summits, where there were some patches of snow ; they do not appear to rise more than 3,000 feet above the level of the lake.”

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## SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

THE name "Artesian" applied to the well of that denomination, is derived from "Artois," the French province in which this kind of well was first used.

*(From the Builder, for February.)*

The Caledonian Horticultural Society, proposed a glass-enclosed winter garden, at first to be 140 feet in length by 35 in breadth, and afterwards enlarged so as to admit of the cultivation of the most rare exotics as well as to form a brumal promenade. The project is likely, it is thought, to meet with every encouragement. The clay model of the Edinburgh statue of Wellington, by Steell, is finished, and the bronze castings are to be also done at Edinburgh—the whole to be ready by June, 1849.

The town-council of Perth having applied to Mr. Leslie, civil engineer, as to the preservation of the city from inundation, he has recommended the erection of a mound or embankment across the North Inch, and along the river side to the South Inch. The inhabitants, however, it is thought, will be averse to any scheme involving what they will probably regard as an injury to their public park or play-grounds.

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Mr. Rennie, the engineer, is about to commence a survey at Dover, preparatory to the construction of a pier to extend 1,000 feet into the sea, for the mails and passengers from Calais and other continental ports.

*Electro-Telegraph.*—An American projector proposes an electro-telegraph from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is already carried from the Atlantic to St. Louis in the valley of the Mississippi, whence the distance to the Pacific is 2,000 miles, and the estimate is that the line could be formed for 300,000 dollars.

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*Galvanised Iron.*—Mr. R. Hunt, in the course of a lecture on mining, recently delivered at the London Institution, said—"Considerable attention had been lately paid to the process of galvanising iron, a discovery which promises to be of the highest utility. Mr. Nadsmyth, of Patricroft, near Manchester, and Mr. Owen, two gentlemen connected with the Government committee on the subject of metals, had lately been trying experiments, the result of which would indicate that, by giving iron a coating of zinc, or by combining zinc with iron in its manufacture, it would be much improved, preserved from oxidising, and rendered less brittle; and that old plates of iron, such for instance as had been used for the bottoms of ships, with an admixture of zinc, still possessed its original qualities; and, in fact, iron, remelted from such plates, was found to be of better quality than at first. These experiments, had, indeed, excited great attention to the important question, whether iron would not be improved by a small portion of zinc. Tinned iron exposed to the atmosphere, very soon became oxidised,

but in iron protected by zinc, although exposed to all weathers, there was no change. Indeed, a piece made bright remained so after being placed in water for several months. The zincd iron, which was now used for roofing large buildings, as for instance the new Houses of Parliament, had the quality of becoming encrusted with a coat of oxide of zinc, which prevented any further destructive effects from exposure to the atmosphere."

*Asphalted Brickwork.*—Some parts of the citadel of Plymouth have been constructed of brickwork and Seyssel asphalt. The north embrasure of the old saluting battery, the first of the kind ever built, took 12 men four weeks to construct it, and was finished about three months since. The men worked under cover of tarpaulins, and had a furnace constantly lighted near them. Twelve tons scale weight of asphalt bricks and of liquid asphalt were consumed in its construction. Between the new work and the old, the asphalt was poured in boiling hot. The bricks seem to be all completely welded together as if cast into a mould, and the experiment in every respect is said to be successful.

*Preservation of Paintings.*—At a meeting of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, in the course of a conversation on the qualities of gutta percha, it was suggested that if valuable pictures were backed with a thin coating of gutta percha, it would enable them in a great measure, to resist the influence of the atmosphere, and render them all but imperishable.

*Sound Visible?*—Our contemporary, the *Literary Gazette*, speaks of a method recently discovered by which sound will be made visible, the effects of sound may of course be made visible, or even the action, which is its cause, but the statement, as put forth, would seem to be a contradiction in terms. *Mais, nous verrons*;—perhaps.

*Sewing Machine.*—A French firm have patented a machine, which will sew, stitch and make edgings with the same movement. It is said that it will entirely supersede hand sewing!

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(From the Artizan, for March.)

*To obtain the Outline of a Carving.* SIR,—I have had in view for a long time, a quick and perfect means of obtaining the outline or a copy of a piece of carving, or a cast, which may be of service to some of your numerous readers. A sheet of glass, of any convenient size, is framed like a slate, and placed over the object, or piece of work, and with a pen and thick Indian ink, I can easily trace out every line, which may be well seen through the glass: keeping my eye directly opposite the place I am tracing, so as to keep the pen right. This when dry, can be quickly traced, and all the lines may be rubbed off the glass, which is then fit for use again.

J. R.

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*Anthracite, as Fuel in Locomotive Engines.*—An endless fire-bar revolving on two rollers, similar to Jukes's patent in England, which has been introduced in America, to locomotive fire-boxes by Mr. W. G. Henniss, of Pottsville, for the consumption of Anthracite coal; and, it is said, the invention has met with complete success, and the decided approval of scientific men.

*Discovery of Lead in Limestone.*—We are informed that a valuable discovery of lead has been made in the mountain limestone, near Macquarie Harbour, in Van Dieman's Land.

(From the Magazine of Science, for March.)

*Mode of Administering Aperients to Children.*—Phosphate of Soda may be used conveniently as a condiment in soups in the place of common salt. Children may be unconsciously beguiled into the taking of the medicine in this way, and it will be found an excellent purgative.

*Astronomical Discovery.*—It is announced that the Astronomers of Pulkova have ascertained the existence of a third satellite to the planet Uranus. Herschell, the discoverer of this planet, thought to have perceived as many as six satellites revolving round the parent luminary; but astronomers had only succeeded in determining the orbit of two amongst them, and it may even be doubted whether a trace of the others had ever been discovered. The discovery of a satellite, which only occupies 94 hours in effecting its revolutions round Uranus, confirms a remarkable fact,—amongst the four planets nearest the sun, the earth is the only one that possesses a satellite, whilst the most remote planets all possess several.

*A Natural Bridge in Illinois.*—In Jackson county, Illinois, on the south side of Muddy River, near Murfreesborough,\* there is a natural bridge, which is something of a curiosity. It is thrown across the bed of the river from buttresses of nearly equal size, worn out of the solid rock by the water as smoothly as if cut by a chisel. The bridge is a solid block of limestone, 84 feet in the span of the arch from buttress to buttress, 22 feet above the bed of the stream, 15 feet wide, 7 feet thick in the middle, and about 12 feet thick at the ends resting on the two buttresses.

The appearance of the whole is that of a modern stone bridge, except that the north end is a little lower and narrower than the other, though the inclination is not more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in its length on the top. It is 120 feet long, and over it is a good road for horses.

*Fire-proof Clothing.*—The following communication on this subject has been addressed by a correspondent to the Editor of the *Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal*:—"Sir,—In the last Number of your journal, at page 44, it is stated that clothing is said to be rendered fire-proof by being steeped in alum water. I have heard the same observation made by some friends. It may be as well to state that I have steeped cotton and woollen

\* Sic. copy.

in a saturated solution of alum, and that they are *not* thereby rendered fire-proof ; on the contrary, they take fire readily."

*Foul Air in Wells.*—Lately a well being opened on the premises of a Surgeon of Sudbury, it was found to be so full of foul air that the workmen could not go down, a lighted candle being immediately extinguished when lowered. According to the *Gloucester Chronicle*, Mr. A. J. Green having slaked about half a peck of lime in a pail, and let it down while steaming, in less than ten minutes a candle burned brightly, and the workmen were enabled to descend and commence their work in less than a quarter of an hour from the time of lowering the lime.

*Last proposal for England's Defence.*—An ordnance railway, as near as possible to high water mark round the coast, with moveable batteries thereon capable of being impelled by steam to any point attacked by the enemy, of battering the invading ships, and destroying with grape shot the troops in their attempt to land ; is the last proposal for England's defence.

*Detection of Free Sulphuric Acid added to Wines.*—When a piece of paper, which has been touched with pure wine is dried at a gentle heat, the spotted portion is unaltered ; whereas paper which has been moistened with wine to which a very small portion of sulphuric acid has been added, reddens and becomes brittle and friable between the fingers when slightly rubbed, before the white paper becomes at all coloured.

Pure wine to which nothing has been added, leaves by spontaneous evaporation a violet blue spot ; whereas wine to which a very small quantity of sulphuric acid has been added (two to three thousandths) gives by drying a rose coloured spot.

On examining into the sensibility of this simple process, the authors found that they were able to detect by its means one thousandth  $\frac{1}{4}$  of sulphuric acid in red wine.

The paper most proper for the experiment is the common glazed paper, containing starch or fecula. This kind of paper is well known in commerce ; and it is easy to discover it by the blue colour which it assumes when moistened with an aqueous solution of iodine.

*The National Clock.*—It is proposed to construct a great clock in the tower of the new Houses of Parliament. It will be when completed the most powerful clock of the kind in the kingdom. According to the specifications, it is to strike the hour on a bell of from 8 to 10 tons weight, and, if practicable, chime the quarters on eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter. With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions surpass those of any other clock-face in Europe. Among the conditions for the construction of the clock drawn up by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, we find the frame is to be of cast-iron, wheels of hard bell-metal, and to be so arranged that any one may be taken out to be cleaned without disturbing the others. Accuracy of movement is to be insured by a dead-beat escapement, compensating pen-

dulum, and going fusee. The first blow of the hammer when striking the hour to be within a second of the true time. The four sets of hands with the motion wheels will, it is calculated, weigh twelve hundred weight; the head of the hammer two hundred pounds; and the pendulum bob three hundred weight. Two estimates have been sent for its construction, one for £1600, the other for £3373, but the maker does not yet appear to have been decided on.

(From the *Athenæum* for March.)

The *Sydney Morning Herald* of the date of Oct. 11, announces the return to that town of Dr. Leichardt, in good health and spirits. Undaunted by his late reverses, he has determined on making another attempt to cross the Swan River as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements. Dr. Leichardt has published in the paper in question "An Account of a Journey to the Westward of Darling Downs, undertaken with a view of examining the country between Sir Robert Mitchell's track and my own." It gives interesting details of the physical condition of that portion of the interior; the entire geographical features of which will ere long be systematically revealed by the persevering efforts of energetic travellers like these.

*Anastatic Printing.*—Since my former communication on this subject, I have tried various kinds of paper as a medium for the Lithographic Chalk; and find that those called *Metallic* paper (prepared for metallic pencils) make the nearest approach to the effect of lithography. Fine drawing paper smooth but not glossy, is the next best material. I have not tried Indian paper prepared as Mr. Templeton suggests; but Mr. Delamotte informs me that he has found Indian paper too tender a substance for transferring to zinc. For fine subjects it is essential that lithographic chalk be of a hard quality and cut to a fine point. The papyrographs thus produced, appear to the eye like lithographs, but when examined with a lens they exhibit a different effect, in consequence of the surface of the paper consisting of *horizontal* fibres while that of a lithographic stone is made up of small *conical points*. I think however that the latter structure might be given to paper by mixing some finely powdered mineral substance with the fibrous pulp. Calcareous substances however will effervesce with the acids used in transferring, and siliceous ones would be too rough and gritty; I would therefore recommend some hard aluminous matter, such as powdered slate, brickdust, &c. which, if mixed in due proportions with the paper, would probably enable us to produce all the effects of lithography without the use of stones. Having been asked as to the *cui bono* of this new process, I reply that its advantages are not artistic, but practical. It may be brought to equal perfection with lithography, but cannot exceed that art. But when we consider the extreme facility with which it is practised at times and places where weighty stones would be unattainable, the advantage of printing the actual sketches of an artist without exposing them to the ordeal of copying or reversing, and, lastly, the great rapidity of the transferring process, which is such that a plate



may be published within half an hour after the drawing is completed,—it will be admitted that the art of *papyrography* is not unworthy of cultivation—I enclose a proof of one of our last experiments, and remain, &c.

H. E. STRICKLAND.

*Gravitation of the Electric Fluid.*—Mr. Lake, of the Royal Laboratory, Portsmouth, has communicated to the ‘Lancet’ the results of a singular experiment, which appears to show that the electric agent is really fluid; and that when collected so as not to exert its powers of attraction and repulsion, it obeys the laws of gravitation like carbonic acid, and other gases. The electric fluid was received in a Leyden jar insulated on a glass plate. At the lower part of the jar was a crack in the side, in a star-like form, and from around this the metallic coating was removed. On charging the jar it was observed that the electric fluid soon began to flow out in a stream from the lower opening; and on continuing the working of the machine it flowed over the lip of the jar, descending in a faint luminous conical stream (visible only in the dark) until it reached the level of the outside coating, over which it became gradually diffused, forming as it were a frill or collar. When the jar was a little inclined on one side, there was a perceptible difference in the time of its escape over the higher and lower parts of the lip, from the latter of which it began to flow first. On discontinuing the working of the machine, the fluid first ceased to flow at the lip of the jar, and then at the lower aperture. On renewing the operation, it first appeared at the lower aperture and afterwards at the mouth. This very ingenious experiment appears to establish the fact, that the electric fluid is material, and is influenced, under certain circumstances, by the laws of gravitation. Mr. Lake proposes for it the name of pyrogen; but this is inconvenient, because it is already applied to certain chemical products.—*Medical Gazette*.

(From the *Mechanic's Magazine* for Jan. and Feb.)

*Franklin's Electric Feast.*—Franklin, in a letter to Collinson, says, “The hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, *it is proposed* to put an end to them for this season, somewhat humourously in a party of pleasure, on the banks of the Schuylkill. Spirits at the same time *are to be* fired with a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water: an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the *electric shock*, and roasted by the *electric jack*, before a fire kindled by the *electrified bottle*; when the healths of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France, and Germany *are to be* drunk in *electrified bumpers* under a discharge of guns from the electrical battery!

*Curious Electrical Phenomena.*—If a piece of paper be placed upon a smooth table, and then rubbed pretty smartly with Indian-rubber, the electricity which is developed is so powerful that two or three goose-quills may be made to adhere to the under side of the paper *after* it has been

raised above the table. By the same means I have charged a Leyden jar, and given a powerful shock, which extended to the shoulders. If two pieces of paper be used, one being placed over the other, and treated in the same manner, and drawn asunder in the dark, they will produce a striking effect. No electricity is manifested until the paper is separated from the table or from the substance with which it was in contact when rubbed. If done upon an insulated plate of metal, a spark of an eighth of an inch may be obtained after the removal of the paper; the only thing necessary is *perfect dryness*, but there is certainly something depending upon the equality of the paper. Silk may be used just in the same manner.—*Ibid.*

*To soften and mould Horn.*—Horn may be softened by a degree of heat not exceeding that of melted lead and afterwards moulded into any required shape. The horn handles of knives, razors, &c. are now commonly made by moulding. The softened horn is first placed into a mould or die, which is then enclosed in a nut-cracker sort of clamp, and the die, clamp and horn, immersed in boiling water for a few minutes after which the clamp is screwed as tight as possible by means of a screw attached to the end opposite the joint. In about 20 minutes the horn is taken out and finished. It is commonly dyed of various colours, and perhaps blanched, though we do not recollect to have seen any articles of white horn. Ivory is usually whitened by boiling it in pearl ashes and water, and perhaps horn may be so also.—*Ibid.*

*The method of covering Globes.*—Globes are covered with very thin paper on which the earth or firmament has been previously delineated; but the paper must be cut into numerous gores or pieces, to enable it to assume the spherical form without any puckering or unevenness. The number of pieces is usually 26, two of which, called pole papers, are circles embracing 30° around each pole: and 24 gores of a fish form, divided at the equator.—*Ibid.*

*The Origin of Meteoric Stones.*—Various theories have been broached with respect to meteoric stones. Some have thought that they are projected from volcanoes on earth with such force as to convey them through the air for a great distance, and others are of opinion that they are projected from volcanoes in the moon. With regard to the latter it has been said that if a body were projected at a rate equal to 6,000 miles in a second, that is three times faster than an ordinary cannon ball—it might be thrown beyond the bounds of the moon's attraction, and brought in two days, within the limits of the earth's attraction. This is however no evidence in support of the one theory more than the other. But there is no necessity to go either to the moon, or to the volcanoes of the earth for a feasible theory on this subject. When it is considered that in the whole of the metals a large quantity is carried off in various chemical forms, as in vapours, so attenuated almost as to set at defiance the closest experiments, and disseminated through the atmosphere, it certainly requires but little acquaintance with the wonders of chemical science, to imagine it possible, that in the upper regions of the air, some electrical or other influences

might bring them within the limits of cohesion, when their specific gravity would at once cause them to fall to the earth. R. Hunt.—*Ibid.*

### *Prevention of Rot and Damp.*

SIR,—The recommendations in the late number of "THE BUILDER," are very good as they go to the total removal of the cause: but the following plan succeeded with the smallest cost, by *insulating* the house from the wet below.

It was devised above twenty years ago, by a gentleman who possessed two houses in Stamford street, where the wet crept up the walls and destroyed every thing against them to a considerable height.

He provided a sufficient number of parallel slates to extend all round the two houses; they were longer than the thickness of the walls, and square-edged to fit close together: then below the floor, but higher than any water could ever reach, he passed a thick saw into the mortar and quite through the walls, and as this advanced he inserted the slates with cement all round the two houses and their parting walls; literally sawing the houses from their foundations, and inserting a layer of slates through which it is known, water or damp cannot pass.

This sufficiently cured the mischief, and the walls kept dry ever after.

In another case in a house at Paddington, where there was not sufficient means of drainage, the land springs frequently flooded the kitchen floors. My friend had a well dug under the wall between the two kitchens, and put a pump there, and removed the soft water pipe and cistern into the yard at the back of the house, purposely to render access to the pump the most convenient, consequently it was so much used as to keep the house and floors quite dry. He always found the surface in the well much lower than the kitchen floors, even in the worst weather.

I will mention a third plan used in a house where the stone floor was not flooded but always damp.

The stones were taken up, and the earth made level and covered with sand. Over this and close up to the walls two layers of strong brown paper dipped in tar were laid on so as to overlap and break joint; this was well covered with sand, and the stones relaid, and they kept dry.

*Builder, March.]*

C. VARLEY.

### *(From the Artizan for March)*

**Mechanical Railway Whistle.**—An experiment was made on the South-Eastern Railway last month, with a mechanical railway whistle, patented by Mr. Wells of Suffolk Place. The sound of this whistle is produced by the action of a crank upon a couple of what may be termed air-pumps, 10 inches diameter, the pistons having a 4-inch stroke. The apparatus weighs about 1 cwt., and is so constructed, that the handle by which the whistle is worked can be easily turned by the guard while he is screwing on the break. The whistle was, in this experiment, fixed to an open third class carriage, attached to the 6h. 30m. down Dover train. There was a strong head wind against the train, a circumstance calculated to test

the efficacy of the contrivance. With the train partially shielded from the wind, and proceeding at about 20 miles per hour, the whistle was heard by the engine-driver, but where a speed of about 40 or 45 miles an hour was attained, the whistle was found not to be sufficiently powerful. But the power of the whistle can be easily increased, without adding to the weight of the apparatus; and it is probable that the patentee will, by a little attention to the mechanism of his apparatus, make it a very useful invention.

*Novel invention.*—There is deposited in the Portsmouth Dockyard, a working model of a “peril indicator,” to denote the approach of ground to ships and steamers—the invention of Lieut. Westbook, R.N., of the *Stag* revenue cruiser, on the Ryde district. The apparatus is positively too simple to describe—it is fitted to the keel of the vessel, and consists of a projection therefrom of two bars 10 ft. below the keel of the vessel; immediately these bars, which are fitted forward as well as aft, touch ground, they spring up level with the keel, and ring a large bell in the engine-room, which is the signal for the engineer to instantly reverse the engines and send the ship astern. The invention has met with the approval of some of the members of the Admiralty, and every scientific, naval, or other person who has seen it. A trial would fully demonstrate its usefulness and applicability—its expense is too trivial to be an obstacle.

*Quarrying Machine.*—The newspapers have noticed a new stone drilling machine, and that it would shortly be tested upon some of the quarries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. We can now state the result of a trial made upon the quarry of Mr. R. Cail, near Gateshead. The machine was put in motion by four men, and worked for an hour and-a-half, when they attained a depth of 8 ft. of 4-in. gauge: the holes were then charged with 19 lbs. of powder, and the discharge produced the removal of 5400 cubic feet of rock. We understand that it is likely to be very greatly patronised by quarry owners, from the rapidity with which it does its work.

*Paddle-Wheel Propulsion on Steam-Boats.*—We have received a communication from Mr. Lupton, of Nelson-square, on the subject of the superiority of submerged propellers over paddle-wheels. The remarks and calculations are long and abstruse; we can, therefore, only call attention to the author's ideas on the subject. He contends, that notwithstanding all that has been done, and ascertained, capable of being effected, it appears, that in the use of paddle-wheels, the steam-power is employed very wastefully—equal, perhaps, to three-quarters of the whole power employed; while the maximum rate of travelling obtained is still slow—say 10 miles per hour—and which any paddle-wheel steam-boat might increase, by the adoption of these submerged propellers, of from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. diameter. The calculations are to prove these assumptions, from which he deduces, that the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. propeller would perform 20 miles per hour, with no lost power.

*New Aeronautic Ship.*—A letter from Rotterdam, dated the 7th ult. states that M. F. L. de Ruijter has invented an aeronautic, a consequence which is far preferable to that of M. Montomajor, of Madrid, as M. Ruijter's construction instead of requiring the power of the balloon, rises into the air from the impetus of its own working, with a weight of 200,000 Netherland pounds, with immense rapidity, and can be steered at will. M. de Ruijter will soon exhibit some experiments with a small model, 1 ell 57 inches in breadth, 83 ells 14 inches long.

*The Safety-Lamp.*—At a recent meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of Yorkshire, the Rev. W. Thorp read a paper, "On a New Safety-lamp, affording three times as much light as the Davy lamp, and quite as safe in the fire-damps of coal mines." The chief defect of the existing lamps was an insufficiency of light, which induced the workmen to withdraw the protecting wire-gauze, or substitute a naked candle. In order to obtain more light, the Rev. W. Thorp introduces, with considerable ingenuity, the argand, or rather the solar burner, characterized by the circular wick, and the air admitted through its centre from the bottom of the lamp, protected, of course, by gauzes of wire. Connected with this part of the lamp is an adjustment, placed outside of the cistern, by which the wick can, with the greatest ease, be raised or lowered. Over the light is applied a chimney of iron, based with a few inches of glass, with air admitted to supply the exterior of the flame from the inside of the lamp. This is so securely fixed, that it cannot be displaced or broken from the ordinary falls of minor casualties to which these lamps are liable to be exposed. Having obtained the great desideratum—a much higher illuminating power, or more than five times the quantity of light the Davy lamp affords, or that equal to two mould candles generally used by miners; the next object being to ensure perfect safety in every condition of the mine, there are inserted into the chimney four or five chambers of wire gauze, so that the flame of ignited gas has to traverse eight or ten meshes before it can possibly reach the exterior fire-damp; but as one mesh, as in the old lamp, is perfectly safe, unless exposed to a current, and as no lateral current of gas or air can be exerted upon the flame on account of the chimney, the lamp is perfectly safe. And it is found, by any artificial means, utterly impossible to pass flame through these chambers of gauze, so that it appears to be quite safe under every circumstance and condition of the mine. There are other advantages over the Davy lamp of no inconsiderable value:—1. It requires trimming only once a week. 2. The oil does not fall out if laid on one side. 3. It is much more easily cleaned. 4. The cheapest oil can be used in it. The price of the lamp will be only 3s. or 4s. more (perhaps less) than the Davy lamp; and the latter can, at a small expence (5s.), be converted into the new lamp. A cast metal instead of a brass cistern can be made, by which the new lamp can be sold for even a less price than the Davy lamp.

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*Improvements in Windlasses, Capstans, &c.*—Every invention and improvement connected with our maritime interests, is deserving of the consideration and support of all in any way connected with commercial affairs,

involving as they do so enormous an amount of capital invested in our merchant shipping interest, and in a great measure our national prosperity, possessing, as we do, the largest navy in the world. With these impressions, it was with much pleasure we lately inspected some working models of a windlass, and a capstan patented by Mr. Caldwell, and being now brought before the public by a company, under the title of "Caldwell's Patent National Self-Fleeting Windlass, Capstan, and Riding Bits Company." In the patent windlass, instead of a number of levers thrust into corresponding holes in the shaft, making a continuous succession of jerks, as in the old plan, a lever is fixed in front of a serrated wheel, on the axis of the windlass. On this lever is an arm with a catch, which, on raising the lever, takes into one of the serrated teeth on the shaft, and on pulling down the lever to its greatest extent, gives the windlass a quarter turn; there is a ratchet wheel and pall as usual. There are two sets of these levers, arms, and wheels—by which two sets of men, raising and lowering their levers, *alternately*, keep up a regular circular motion, and 60 fms of chain, weighing 10 or 11 cwt. can be got in, in 8 minutes by five men—and two men can give the heaviest ship a large or small quantity of cable as required at a moment's notice, at times when it would not be safe to veer the cable by the old windlass at all. The capstan and riding-bits are equally efficacious as the windlass, and in addition to their superiority, are some pounds less in cost than those of the old construction, while to the shareholders it is confidently estimated that a very large per centage will be returned.

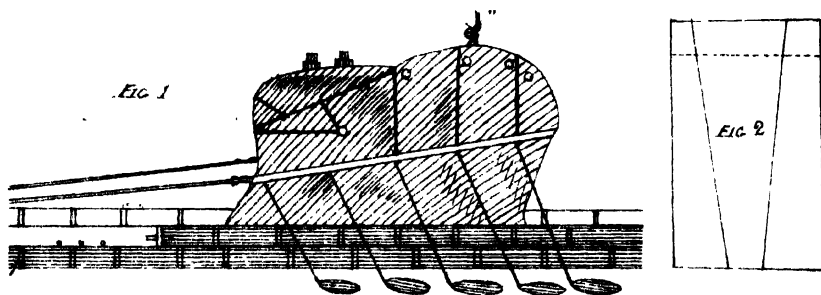
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*(From Dr. Carpenter's "Popular Cyclopædia" of Natural Science.)*

*Best directions of draught for carriages and means of reducing friction.*—The laws of friction have an important bearing on the construction of carriages; particularly as to the direction which the power of the horse should be applied. It is found by experiment that this power will produce a much greater effect, when it is made to pull the carriage somewhat upwards (or from the ground) as well as forwards, than when it pulls simply forwards; and the angle at which the power may be best applied is determined in the following simple manner. Let the carriage be placed on a road having just such an inclination, that whilst at rest it will remain at rest, and that when put in motion it will continue to descend uniformly; its downward tendency at this inclination therefore is exactly equal to the friction, and is counterbalanced by it. Now such an inclination is exactly that at which the power may be most advantageously applied when the carriage is moving on a horizontal surface; for the power will then have the tendency to lift the carriage from the ground to just such a degree as may diminish its friction as much as possible, without any of it being uselessly expended. Hence the rougher the road, and the more friction there may be in the axles of the wheels, the greater should be the inclination at which the draught is applied. In the railroad, in which the friction on the round is trifling in comparison with the pressure, the power is most advantageously applied horizontally, or in the line of the road.

Many contrivances may be adopted to reduce friction, where it opposes an undesirable resistance to motion; but the principle in all of them is the same,—that of substituting a rolling for a rubbing motion. It is in this that the superiority of the wheeled cart or carriage over the sledge consists. The friction of the latter upon ice or snow is not too great to be readily

overcome; but upon a common road it is enormously increased; whilst the interposition of very small wheels or rollers at once diminishes it. There are few persons who have not witnessed the assistance given by rollers laid under a beam of wood or a block of stone, in facilitating its movement along the ground. In America it is not uncommon to move whole houses by a contrivance of this kind. The earth is gradually dug away beneath the foundations, and the walls are supported on horizontal beams as the earth is withdrawn until the whole house rests upon a timber frame-work. This is then drawn up by capstans and pulleys over ways previously prepared; the friction being diminished by placing rollers or balls between the moving surfaces. The largest mass ever thus moved is probably the block of stone, on which stands the colossal statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. It is estimated to weigh 400,000 lbs; and its size may be judged of by the figure on its top in the accompanying diagram,



representing the mode in which the moving power was applied; this figure is that of a Drummer, who was placed there to regulate the movements of the men employed. The mass of stone was supported on each side upon two vast beams, which were grooved to receive the friction balls; on these one beam was made to move over the other with the least possible friction. By these means this enormous block was drawn to a distance of several miles, by the combined efforts of a large number of men.

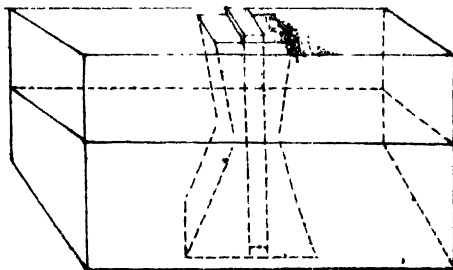
*The applications of the Wedge.*—The applications of the wedge in the various mechanical arts are extremely numerous. Not only are large strong wedges driven in by heavy hammers, employed for riving timber or for splitting stone, but all our cutting instruments with two inclined edges, such as knives, axes, sabres, &c., operate on the same principles. Wedges are often used again to raise immense weights through a small height, and they have the great advantage over all other mechanical powers of being applied extremely easily in such cases. Thus, when it is necessary to examine and repair the keel of a ship, she is floated into a dock, and the water at high water steadied by shores, as the tide ebbs she settles upon

fixed blocks placed to receive her keel. It is an object to cause her to be entirely suspended or supported upon these shores, in order to remove the blocks from under the keel; and this is accomplished by putting wedges under the lower ends of the former, and causing them to be all driven in at the same time. Though the ship may be thus raised by only an inch or two, she is completely lifted off the blocks, which may then be removed. Another plan is adopted in some dockyards, which is also an application of the principle of the wedge, though in a mode entirely contrary to this. The blocks on which the ship at first rests, are made in three pieces, the middle one of which has a wedge form with the sides sufficiently inclined towards each other to prevent its being held between the other two when a considerable weight is resting upon them. It may be prevented from springing out however by a pin which is passed transversely across the three in the position of the dotted line; and the block will then bear the same amount of pressure as if it were solid. Now, after has settled down and has been propped up on the shores, these blocks are easily removed, one after the other by simply drawing out the pin from each and striking the small end of the middle or wedge piece with a hammer, which will cause it to spring out. This method has the great advantage of not requiring a large number of men to be brought together for the purpose of lifting the ship off the blocks; for these being thus removed from under her, she is left supported on the shores, exactly in her previous position.

A successful application of wedges has been made, in restoring to the perpendicular a very tall chimney which had become considerably inclined in consequence of a defect in the foundation. In the oil-mill too, the wedge is the principal agent. The seeds from which the oil is to be extracted are placed, after having been reduced to the state of meal by another machine, in horse-hair bags, which are laid between upright planes of hard wood; between these planes are large wedges, which are driven down by the successive blows of heavy beams of wood; and the pressure thus produced is so great as to compress the matter within into a mass almost as dense as the wood itself. The pressure is removed by causing one of the beams to fall a few times on the small end of the wedge, placed in the contrary direction: There is a very simple and useful application of the wedge, the operation of which closely resembles the one just described, though its purpose is different. It is often desirable to fix large

timbers together with wooden, rather than with iron fastenings; especially in situations where the latter would be exposed to corrosion through dampness. With this view, a wedge-shaped mortice (ac, c'a, and bc, c'b') in each of the timbers; these mortices are of the same size at their smaller extremities, cc', which

*Fig 3.*





correspond when the timbers are laid together. Two pieces of hard wood are cut out, of such a form as to fit into the sides of this double wedged shaped hollow, leaving between them an interval, which is somewhat broader at the top than the bottom, and if a wedge with sides very slightly inclined be driven in between them, they will be pressed against the sides of the mortice, with a force so great, that no power can draw the timbers apart. This method is used in bolting together the timbers of the immense wooden bridges, which have been erected in America.—*Popular Cyclopædia Natural Science*.

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*Remarkable Experiment.*—A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of some importance in philosophy:—"Two hundred weight of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and the willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth or dust blown in it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes suitable to the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for five years, the tree was removed and found to weigh 169 pounds and about 3 ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in the weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only two ounces of its original weight; thus 169lbs of woody fibre, bark or roots, were certainly produced; but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid element at least. This statement may at first appear incredible, but, on slight reflection, its truth is proved, because the atmosphere contains carbonic acid, and is a compound, or 714 parts by weight of oxygen, and 338 parts weight of carbon.—*Magazine of Science and School of Arts*.

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*Solar Kitchen.*—Sir Jno. Herschel, by several experiments on thermometers variously exposed, shows the temperature acquired by the surface soil of the sandy regions, called the Cape Flats, to amount frequently to 140° or 150° Fahr. When however the heat communicated from the sun is confined and prevented from escape and so forced to accumulate, very high temperatures are attained. Thus, in a small mahogany box, blackened inside, covered with window glass, fitted to the size, but without putty, and simply exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays, an enclosed thermometer marked, on Nov. 23, 1837, 149°; on Nov. 24, 146°, 150°, 152°, &c. When sand was heaped round the box, to cut off the contact of cold air, the temperature rose, on Dec. 23, 1837, to 177°. And, when the same box with its enclosed thermometer, was established under an external frame of wood, well sanded up the sides and protected by a sheet of window-glass (in addition to that of the box within) the temperature attained, on Dec. 3, 1837, were at 1h. 33m (Appar T.), 207°; at 1h. 50m. 217°, 5; and at 2h. 44m., 218°; and that with a steady breeze sweeping over the spot of exposure.

Again, on Dec. 5, under a similar form of exposure, temperatures were observed at 6h. 19m., of 224°; at 6h. 29m. 230° at 1h. 15m. 239°; and

at 1h. 57m.  $248^{\circ}$ ; and at 2h. 57m.,  $240^{\circ}$ , 5. As these temperatures far surpass that of boiling water, some amusing experiments were made by exposing eggs, fruit, meat, &c. in the same manner, all of which, after a moderate length of exposure, were found perfectly cooked, the eggs being rendered hard and powdery to the centre; and on one occasion a very respectable stew of meat and vegetables was prepared, and eaten with no small relish by the entertained by-standers. "I doubt not," added Sir John Herschell, "that by multiplying the enclosing vessels, constructing them of copper blackened inside, insulating them from contact with each other by charcoal supports, surrounding the exterior one with cotton, and burying it so, surrounded in dry sand, a temperature approaching to ignition might readily be commanded without the use of lenses."—"*Results of Observations at the Cape.*"

*The Largest Cluster of Stars.*—Among the illustrations to Sir John Herschell's work is the noble globular cluster, Centaur, beyond all comparison the richest and largest object of the kind in the heavens. The stars are literally innumerable; and as their total light, when perceived by the naked eye, affects it hardly more than a star of the fifth or fifth to fourth magnitude, the minuteness of each may be imagined: it must, however, be recollected that as the total area over which the stars are diffused is very considerable, (not less than a quarter of a square degree,) the resultant impression on the sensorium is, doubtless, thereby much enfeebled; and that the same quantity of light concentrated on a single point of the retina, would very probably exceed a star of the third magnitude. On a consideration of all the sweeping descriptions, as from a great many occasional inspections of this superb object, Sir John Herschell inclines to attribute the appearance of two sizes of stars, of which mention is made, to little groups and knots of stars of the smaller size lying so nearly in the same visual line, as to run together by the aberrations of the eye and telescope and not to a real inequality. This explanation of an appearance often noticed in the descriptions of such clusters, is corroborated in this instance, by the distribution of these apparently larger stars in rings, or mesh-like patterns, chiefly about the centre, where the stars are most crowded.—*Ibid.*

*Drainage of Towns.*—If this Magazine should happen to meet the eye of any of the Calcutta Municipal Committee, it may be useful to them to know, that the February No. of the *Mechanic's Magazine*, contains long papers on Sewerage and Drainage by Prof. Cowie, of C. E.; Col. Putney; and on the ventilation and construction of Sewers by W. Dredge, C. E.—*Ed. P. M.*

#### *Further Notices of Chloroform.*

*Royal Institution.*—January 28th.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—PROFESSOR BRUNDE, "On the composition of Ether and Chloroform, and their physiological effects." Having given a succinct outline of the chemical history of ether, from the first notice of this substance in the dispensaries of the 16th century to the present time, Professor Brunde noticed the more recent discovery of the nature and composition of Chloroform by Dumas, Liebig and other continental philosophers. The formations of these

bodies were traced from their ultimate elements. It was shown how growing vegetables elaborate starch from the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, which they derive from the soil ; how starch can be made to pass into sugar, and how in the process of fermentation sugar is converted into alcohol, as was experimentally demonstrated, is split up (as it were) into ether and water, when brought into contact with oil of vitriol at a particular temperature. The derivation of chloroform from the same substance (alcohol) by means of chlorine, with the aid of basic oxide was explained. The curious relation of this liquid to the acid derived from ants (from which its name originates) as well as the modern hypothesis in regard to organic metalloids were briefly stated, and many experiments were made to demonstrate the physical and chemical properties of ether and chloroform. The remaining portion of Professor Brunde's discourse was devoted to an enquiry into the physiological effects of the vapours of these substances.

These effects were classified as being comprised in five definite and progressive stages :—1. In the first stage, which is transient, the patient is exhilarated, but conscious of what passes before him, able to direct the motion of his limbs, and sensitive to pain. 2. In the second stage, mental functions as well as voluntary movements are performed, but irregularly. The patient knows not where he is ; is generally, but not always ready to do what he is directed. This according to Dr. Snow, who has investigated the whole subject with great accuracy, is the stage of dreams. 3. It is in the third state that the mental functions and the voluntary movements become dormant, although external impressions may here produce involuntary action. Any pain inflicted in this stage might call forth a groan, but it would not be expressed by articulate words. 4. In the fourth stage no movement, except that occasioned by the heart and lungs, takes place. This stage is characterized by the snoring of the patient, which indicates him to be in a condition of absolute insensibility. 5. In the fifth stage, which has been witnessed only in the inferior animals, the breathing becomes laboured and irregular, involuntary and voluntary muscles are alike powerless, respiration and circulation successively cease, and death ensues. Having alluded to the psychological question whether (as for example in the second stage) it was possible that pain should be felt, but not remembered afterwards, Prof. Brandle concluded by remarking that this new application of chloroform exhibited organic chemistry from a point of view from which philosophers delighted to regard it,—that a proof was here afforded of the utility of every discovery ; while the hope was encouraged that human researches in this branch of science might, ere long, be rewarded by obtaining something which in its capability of benefiting mankind, might become in regard to chloroform, what chloroform was to ether.—*Artizan for March.*

### *Professor Simpson on Chloroform.*

“ It is perhaps not unworthy of remark,” writes Prof. Simpson, “ that when Soubeiran, Liebig and Dumas engaged a few years back in those enquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the

attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any practical purpose, or that it possessed any physiological, or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to shew that the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as it has been in many other instances." This substance has also been used medically but in minute doses, for the relief of asthma. Its inhalations, its crowning application, is due entirely to Prof. Simpson. At the risk of employing one or two chemical terms, we will shortly mention the manner in which this interesting fluid is formed. The stinging sensation produced by ants has been attributed to the presence of a peculiar acid in the liquid injected into the wound called "*formic acid*." Formyle is what is termed the hypothetical radical of the acid of ants. When formyle unites with chlorine gas it forms a chloride, of which there are several; and the highest of these is the perchloride of formyle or chloroform, the wonderful agent in question. In practice it is easily procured by distilling in a capacious retort chloride of lime, water, and pure alcohol together; the chloroform distills over, and after undergoing a few simple processes, is fit for use. In this experiment formyle is (hypothetically) produced artificially by the decomposition of the alcohol, but it is identical with that which is the theoretical radical of the acid of ants, or formic acid. It is hoped this succinct statement will be readily comprehended, but, believing as we do that this is the kind of knowledge, most valuable in a scientific communication, though the mastery of it may prove a little distasteful, we make no excuse for its introduction. As thus obtained it is, when pure, a heavy, colourless, and transparent liquid, possessing a very agreeable ethereal fruit-like odour, somewhat like that of apples, and a pleasant saccharine taste. It readily evaporates, boiling at  $141^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit's thermometer. It is next to uninflamable, and this is an advantage which the Professor appears to have overlooked, as there was always a great risk attending the employment of so highly combustible a liquid as ether in large quantities. A bottle upset and an accidental light falling upon the spilled fluid, would fill an apartment with a sea of fire. No such consequences would attach to a similar misfortune with chloroform. Such are the chemical and physical properties of this extraordinary fluid.

In reference to the subject of anæsthetic agents generally, Professor Simpson makes the following observation, which goes to demonstrate that while we may extensively employ the substance, yet we are ignorant of the manner in which its valued effects are produced—"It is now well ascertained that three chemical compound bodies possess, when inhaled into the lungs, the power of superinducing a state of anæsthesia, or insensibility to pain in surgical operations, namely, nitric oxide," (or "laughing gas") sulphuric ether, and perchloride of formyle. These agents are entirely different from each other in their chemical constitutions, and hence their elementary composition affords no apparent clue to the explanation of their anæsthetic properties."—*Sharp's London Magazine, Feb.*

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### *Chloroform in Child-birth.*

THE use of chloroform in surgical cases has been universally successful, if we except a few cases, in which vomiting and head-ache have subsequently occurred ; and which may in all likelihood, be referred to the use of impure chloroform, or its unskilful application. We see that the medical papers are full of testimonies as to its excellence. Prof. Simpson writing in the 'Lancet,' says—"Since the latter end of January I have employed etherisation, with few and rare exceptions, in every case of labour which has been under my care. And the results, as I already stated in the 'Lancet,' two weeks ago, have been indeed most happy and gratifying. I never had the pleasure of watching over a series of more perfect or more rapid recoveries ; nor have I once witnessed any disagreeable result to either mother or child. I do not remember a single person to have taken it, who has not afterward declared her sincere gratitude for its employment ; and her indubitable determination to have recourse again to similar means, under similar circumstances. Most have subsequently set out, like zealous missionaries, to persuade other friends to avail themselves of the same measure in their hour of suffering. And a number of my most esteemed medical brethren in Edinburgh, have adopted it with success and results equal to my own. At the same time I most sincerely believe that we are all of us called upon to employ it by every principle of true humanity, as well as by every principle of true religion. Medical men may oppose for a time the superinduction of an Osthesis (insensibility) in parturition, but they will oppose it in vain ; for certainly our patients themselves and their friends will force the use of it upon the profession." This is decisive language, and would only be employed by the Professor under the full conviction that a great blessing results from this discovery.—*Family Herald*.

### *Experiments on Animals with Chloroform, and for restoring suspended animation.*

DR. PLOUVIEZ, of Lille, has made experiments on Animals with Chloroform. A small dog weighing about eight pounds, was made to inhale a drachm and a half of Chloroform. From the expiration of 10 to 15 seconds the animal was in a state of insensibility. The breathing was soon difficult, and in a short time the animal was dead. The time that elapsed between the exhibition of the dose (about the twentieth part of an ounce) and death was a minute and a half. On dissection there was nothing to indicate the cause of death. Dr. Plouviez, in order to ascertain what course should be taken in the event of such an accident occurring to a human patient, made several experiments with various animals that were ceasing to breath after the use of Chloroform. He introduced air into the lungs in the same way as is done with persons who have been suffocated with the fumes of charcoal, by stimulating the act of respiration and from time to time slightly compressing the chest. By adopting this means all the animals speedily resumed their former state. In some cases he even waited until the breathing had entirely ceased and the animals were apparently dead. In various periods of time, from 30 seconds to 4 minutes, he was able to restore them to life.—*Ibid*.

### *Chloroform in Manufactures.*

THE powerful solvent capabilities of Chloroform are now by experiment fully established. Caoutchouc, resin, copal, and gum-lac, bromine, iodine, the essential salts, &c., yield to its solvent power. This property may, it is believed, prove extensively of advantage in many of the fine and useful arts.—*Pharmaceutical Times*.

### *A Rival to Chloroform.*

A NEW agent for producing insensibility to pain has lately, it is asserted, been discovered in Norway, and tried with much success in Christiana. The *Morgenblad* states, that it consists of sulphate of carbon, which may be obtained in abundance from charcoal with very little trouble and at a small cost. It is employed in the same way as chloroform, the place of which it will probably soon take. The discovery was made by M. Herald Thanlow, an apothecary in Christiana.—*Athem. March*.

### *Chloroform v. Mesmerism.*

WE regret to be obliged to record that occasionally, though rarely, deaths have occurred both at home and in this country, from the inhalation of this useful and alleviative agent, but all sensible people must consider such occurrences as in the natural course of sublunary events. It can never for a moment be supposed that this agent can act harmlessly on every constitution, and it remains now to discover by practice what constitutions will not bear this treatment. But to those who we see are inclined to take advantage of these accidentally fatal events to cry down Chloroform in order to set up Mesmerism, we should say that they were acting injudiciously; both agents are very useful to the faculty, and to their suffering patients; but it should be remembered, that whilst Chloroform is instantaneous almost in its effect, that, Mesmerism frequently requires days of manipulation; and in the mean time the patient may die of mortification; whilst by administering Chloroform the chances of his recovery are infinitely greater than are the chances of his sinking under the operation as usually practised. And it should likewise be remembered, that if Chloroform occasionally proves fatal, that Mesmerism at least as frequently fails to take effect at all, especially on European constitutions, and though in itself probably a safer agent, yet as regards the patient, we have shown above, that it may be indirectly the cause of death, by failing, or delaying to take effect. Among the above notices will be found one, in which it is shewn how suspended animation may be restored.—*Ed. P. M.*

### *Chloroform.*

A MODIFICATION of M. Soubeiran's process of preparing chloroform has been proposed by MM. Huraut and Larocque, rendering the production of chloroform more expeditious and, less costly:—Let 35 litres of water be placed in a still in a water-bath and raised to a temperature of 36° to 40°; then in it dilute five kilogrammes of quick lime, previously slaked, and ten kilogrammes

of the chloride of lime of commerce. Then put in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  litre of alcohol of  $85^{\circ}$  ; and when well mixed, lute and raise the temperature as quickly as possible, to the boiling point of water. In a few minutes the head of the still becomes heated, and when the heat has reached the extremity of the neck reduce the fire ; soon distillation goes on rapidly, and continues of itself till the end of the operation. Separate the chloroform by the ordinary methods ; only instead of distilling as recommended by M. Soubeiran, the liquors, which float on the chloroform, preserve them for a subsequent operation, which commence immediately. Introduce anew into the still, without removing anything therefrom, 10 litres of water ; raise again to  $36^{\circ}$  or  $40^{\circ}$ , and then add three to four kilogrammes of the lime and ten kilogrammes of the chloride, mix carefully, then pour in the chloroformic liquor of the preceding operation, with the addition of one litre only of alcohol, and proceed as before ; with a still sufficiently large, a third, and even a fourth may be conducted, employing the same doses of substances and working as above.

In four operations MM. Huraut and Larocque generally obtain, with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  litres, or 3.825 k. of alcohol at  $85^{\circ}$  degrees, from the first distillation, 550 grammes of chloroform ; from the second, 640 ; from the third 700 ; from the fourth 730 : in all, 2.620 grammes of chloroform.

Calculating the quantity of the material used and the weight of the product obtained by the above process the cost of the chloroform is not above 14 francs the kilogramme. MM. Huraut and Larocque find that the more rapidly the operation is conducted the greater is the quantity of the chloroform produced ; and to this end they heat the water before putting in the lime and the chloride. By using the water-bath, too, and the lime, the boiling over which in M. Soubeiran's process is so considerable, is scarcely sensible. The chloroform of their process does not contain chloride when well worked ; they say also that the spirit of wood, if it give a little more product than alcohol, is less advantageous, because of its higher price, and because of the disagreeable odour it gives to the chloroform.—*Literary Gazette, February 12.*

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## VII.—TALES.

*The Heirs Expectant.* BY MARY HOWITT.

## CHAPTER I.

"A VERY extraordinary dream was that of mine!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst of Harbury, to her daughter, who sat at her little work-table, preparing her green tulle gown for an evening party.

Mrs. Ashenhurst sat in her usual large chair; the Book of Common Prayer, and the last year's Court Calendar—the only books she ever read—lying before her; her finger instinctively was between the gilt-edged pages of the book of honour, but it remained unopened, and she repeated that hers had been an extraordinary dream.

"But you know, mamma," returned her daughter, "we were talking of my uncle only last night."

"And did I not dream of him the night before?" was the lady's interrogatory reply.

"You did, mamma."

"It is seven-and-twenty years, my love, since your uncle left England. I did not think at that time to have been so completely forgotten."

"Perhaps he is not living," suggested the young lady.

"A man of his consequence could not die even in India without its being known at home. His property must be immense by this time," mused Mrs. Ashenhurst: "fourteen years ago I read in the Bath Journal that he was reckoned about the most fortunate man in India. In person your uncle was very much like our relation Lord Montjoy,—you remember him, love,—tall, and handsomely made; to be sure, he was one of the finest men I ever saw!"

"He must be very much altered now," remarked Miss Ashenhurst; "if he were to return, you would hardly know him."

"My love," said her mother, "do look how you are sewing that tucker in!—give the lace its full depth: that is not lace to put out of sight!"

The young lady drew out her thread, and did as her mother desired her.

"I protest," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, "that it was very unhandsome of Mrs. Parkinson to invite us only yesterday for her party this evening, when I know every body else was asked a week ago. We should not have been invited at all if she could have made up her number without us; I am only wanted for a fourth at a pool. I do not think I shall go after all; you can say, my love, that I was but indifferent. Mrs. Parkinson will understand what it means. If we had five hundred a-year we should be as much thought of as Mrs. Willoughby and her daughters. No, no, I shall not go, Jane."

"If your dream comes true," replied Jane, "you will be even more thought of than Mrs. Willoughby."

"I shall not wish you to wear any ornaments to-night, my love," continued the mother; "those Miss Parkinsons are so overdone with rings, and necklaces, and ear-rings; it is far more ladylike to wear no ornament than to overdo it as they do."

A few moments' pause ensued, in which Jane was thinking of her gown and Mrs. Ashenhurst of her dream; at length she inquired—

"Did you see that travelling carriage, my dear?"

"Yes," said Jane; "I was walking in the garden as it passed. It was a very handsome carriage; the gentleman was travelling post, and had four servants."

"The gentleman! then there was but one gentleman in it? Lord! how foolish I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"I could not help thinking," said Jane, smiling at her own childishness, "what plenty of room there would have been for you and me, mamma; and of



what a charming tour we would make somewhere or other if we were rich enough to command such a carriage."

"Do you know, my love," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, recalled to her own circumstances by her daughter's vision of greatness, "that Betty wants her wages raised. It will not suit me to keep her at advanced wages."

"She is an excellent servant, and always looks so clean and respectable," replied Jane; "I shall be very sorry to part with her."

"But, my love, Betty is unreasonable—such an easy, comfortable place as she has; and I have already advanced her wages half-a-guinea! and every half-a-guinea, you know, my love, is of importance to us."

At that very moment, as if to verify the saying, "Talk of a person and they'll appear," Betty came hastily into the room, exclaiming—

"Oh, ma'am! here's a poor soldier who has been knocked down by a gentleman's coach and run over for certain! Thomas Thackaray has brought him in," added she with a simper, "and I am afeard he's badly hurt!"

Mrs. Ashenhurst rose hastily, so did her daughter, and followed Betty into the kitchen. There they found our friend Daniel Neale, wearing his old regimentals—for this was his very first pilgrimage as a beggar,—and though not above forty years of age, looking much older, not only from the wear and tear of hard service, but from his natural conformation both of countenance and figure. The pain he was enduring was indicated rather by the compressed lips and contracted brow than by any verbal expression; and, altogether, his appearance was that of a man of iron nerves, though of somewhat slight person, who would desire to excite admiration by patient endurance rather than compassion by lamentation and complaint. By his side stood the aforesaid Thomas Thackaray, and Betty twisted the corner of her apron between her fingers while she looked on from a distance. When Daniel saw the ladies, he attempted to rise; but Mrs. Ashenhurst insisted on his remaining seated, and inquired concerning the accident.

"It was partly my own fault," said the beggar: "I saw the Colonel in the carriage—General that now is,—and I wanted to make myself known,—more fool me, for any good he could have done me, if he had hurled me a lack of rupees from the coach window!—but I got somehow knocked down by the horses, and I think my ribs are broken!"

"Poor man!" said Miss Ashenhurst, and her mother inquired if the gentleman was aware of the accident.

"Oh yes, my lady;" he returned, "and bade me follow him to Wood Leighton, near where he has bought a grand place: but sorrow take me if I do!—I never knew good come of his gifts!"

"And you have served abroad?" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, not regarding the discontents of the beggar.

"Yes, madam—many a long year too, and hard service into the bargain,—and yet I've got no pension for all that—Ugh!" groaned the beggar, between the pain of his bruises and the sense of his ill-rewarded service: "I served under this colonel—General Dubois, as he is now."

"Dubois!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashenhurst: "Good Heavens: do you say General Dubois passed through the town this morning?"

"In a carriage and four?" asked Jane.

"Yes, my lady," said Daniel, seeing, with that intuitive acuteness so characteristic of the inborn mendicant, that his auditors took a strange interest in his narrative—"the General himself—and mighty well he looks!"

"And where may General Dubois be travelling?" inquired Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"To Wood Leighton, ma'am, or near it: he has a grand seat there."

"My good friend," said the joyful and astonished Mrs. Ashenhurst, "this General Dubois is my own brother—I am the only near relative he has living. I am very much your debtor for this incident. Betty, bring out the cold meat."

Daniel looked well nigh as pleased as Mrs. Ashenhurst herself, but declared he could not eat.

Thomas Thackaray was then despatched for Mr. Bolus, the surgeon—Betty was ordered to throw a blanket over the large kitchen chair, and even the fair hands of the lady herself disdained not to arrange the cushions which were to receive the mendicant. This done, the ladies returned to their sitting room, impatient to give further outlet to their joyful surprise.

"And that really was my uncle!" cried Jane.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the mother, throwing herself into her chair; "and the General was in the town all night!—how could he forget that I lived here?"

"But are you sure it is my uncle?" hinted Jane: "may there not be two Generals Dubois?"

"Oh, no—certainly not; I am sure it is my brother—why should I have been dreaming of him else? I have not been able to get him out of my head these two days. I assure you, love, when Mr. Watkins was announced yesterday, I was in such a flutter I could hardly receive him, for I took it in my head that it was my brother; and when Betty demurred about Mr. Parkinson's name, I was going to say, Dubois, so strongly was I possessed with the idea of him. But, however, I will go and ask a few questions further." Accordingly she went out.

Jane remained in a delightful flutter of imagination and hope. She tried to recall the face she had seen in the carriage, it was that of an elderly person who reclined back the very picture of luxurious ease—it could be no other than this long-lost uncle, and already she felt as if certain of accomplishing the visioned tour in such a carriage. We need not go through all her ecstatic anticipations, nor detail the dream of delight in which she was lost, when her mother returned to interrupt, but not to dissolve the charm.

"There is no doubt in the world," said the sanguine Mrs. Ashenhurst, "not the shadow of a doubt;—this man went out with General Dubois, who, he says, was a cadet under the auspices of Lord Montjoy—that was the old Lord Montjoy—and his person he exactly describes, even to that peculiar suavity of manner for which he was remarkable when a boy. There is no doubt, my love—no doubt in the world as to his identity; you will be the heiress of General Dubois—and amazingly rich he must be!"

"I wonder he never wrote to us on his arrival in England," remarked Jane.

"My dear, he may suppose us dead—I must write immediately to him. This poor man's accident was an special interference of providence in our behalf."

"Poor man!" said Jane; "what must we do for him?"

"My love, I will see that a comfortable home is provided for him, and settle a little annuity on him into the bargain; he can open a park-gate or so; General Dubois' establishment will furnish us ample means of providing for him."

Mr. Bolus the surgeon arriving, put an end to this Alnaschar vision, and Mrs. Ashenhurst consigned her protégé into his hands. He was pronounced much bruised, and to have one or two ribs broken, as he had supposed: accordingly he was given into the careful hands of Thomas Thackaray, to whose cottage he was to be removed, and where Mr. Bolus had especial charge to attend him. Mrs. Ashenhurst promised to raise the wages of Betty, and then sat down, a happy and self-important woman, to write to this new-found brother. In about an hour her letter was completed, and she read as follows to her daughter:—

"Harbury, May 21, 17—

MY DEAR GENERAL,—For two days and nights you have never been out of my mind, so strong are the natural ties of consanguinity. I find you passed through the

town this morning, and my daughter got a sight of you. I, too, saw your carriage, but though my mind was strongly influenced by a presentiment of your presence, how little could I believe that it contained so near and dear a relative ! Thank God ! you are well,—I need not tell you how much I am rejoiced in your happy return. Seven-and-twenty years, my dear brother, have dissolved many precious ties ; but for my part, those few that remain are more sacred—more beloved than ever.

"We have known several afflictions since I wrote last, and considerable diminution of income ; but, I am thankful to say, have been able to make a genteel and handsome appearance notwithstanding. By the death of good Mrs. Charterhouse I lost thirty pounds a year, but I have managed to keep two maids ever since then : for, with a daughter now growing up, as mine is, you will acknowledge that it is of vital importance not to sink in the eyes of the world. My daughter is called Jane, as I mentioned many years since : but perhaps the letter was lost, with many others which I wrote, as I received no answers. God knows what a grief this has been to me !—but, blessed be his name, my fears were unfounded—you have returned to Old England once more—and long may you live to make up for the years you spent out of your native land !

"But, as I was going to tell you, my daughter bears your favourite name of Jane. She is just now turned eighteen ; is, I flatter myself, passably handsome, and is very much admired, not only for her good looks but for her accomplishments. She sends her dutiful love to you, and is quite set up to have had the first sight of you.

"Our cousin-german Marsden did not behave well to me ; but, poor man ! his affairs were found to be sadly embarrassed after his death.

"I have learned the place of your abode, and in fact of your happy return, through an old soldier who met you this morning, and speaks in the handsomest manner of you."

"Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you soon ; and believe me, my dear brother,

"Your very affectionate,

"KATHERINE ASHENHURST."

The letter was pronounced unexceptionable ; it was therefore folded, directed, and sealed,—sealed with the properly quartered escutcheon-seal of the Dubois ; a seal Mrs. Ashenhurst scrupulously used, the Ashenhurst family having no distinctive cognizance, and the lady holding an unarmorial seal in as much contempt as she had now come to consider a family which could not reckon up seven descents at least. How and why she married Captain Ashenhurst was a matter only solvable by remembering that young ladies of seventeen, when in love, do things which sober women of seven-and-forty would think of very questionable propriety.

The letter was, as we have said, sealed, and being then delivered into the trusty hands of the wages-advanced Betty, with especial orders for her to be careful and hear it drop into the letter-box, Mrs. Ashenhurst altered her mind with regard to the Parkinsons and the evening visit, saying to her daughter—

"Fetch down my violet-coloured tabby—it wants a little repair at the cuffs ; and you shall wear your pink mode—it is a remarkably pretty dress, and there is no reason why we should not look as well as our neighbours."

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. ASHENHURST was anxious to know whether anybody at Mr. Parkinson's had seen the general's equipage ; accordingly she inquired, whilst engaged at whist with Mr. Parkinson, Miss Farnel, and old Mrs. Burgoyne, if any of them had seen such a carriage, adding, "You might see it change horses at the Queen's Head, Miss Farnel."

"To be sure I did," replied the spinster ; "a handsome coach, maroon and black, with four horses, and four servants, in a livery of white and scarlet—very splendid equipage!"

"Was it my Lord Montjoy?" asked Mr. Parkinson, meaning to be sarcastic on Mrs. Ashenhurst's well-known love of nobility, and the often-told story of his lordship's visit.

"No, sir," returned the triumphant lady; "a nearer relation than his lordship,—my own brother—General Dubois."

"Zounds!" shouted the ill-natured Mr. Parkinson, "I would not give a button for such grand relations if they would not call on me!"

"My brother did not know of my living in Harbury," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, who was too charitable with all the world to be offended even with Mr. Parkinson.

"General Dubois?" asked Mrs. Burgoyne, looking up over her spectacles; "what, he that signalised himself so greatly in the taking of Matapan and Furnapore?"

"The same," replied Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"An immensely rich man," continued the good old lady, taking off her spectacles. "I have a nephew in Madras, a cousin of Brian's, who sends me the *Madras Herald*, and there I saw an account of the taking of Furnapore; and it was said that, because of the great spoil, the General might be called the Nabob of Furnapore. Then, afterwards, I saw a sketch of his military life, and I assure you it spoke with the greatest honour of him: I would not venture to say how rich he was supposed to be."

"Egad!" chuckled Mr. Parkinson, "I should like to be your heir, Mrs. Ashenhurst. Pretty picking there will be for Miss Jane! I tell you what, Mrs. Burgoyne, your nephew there should strike while the iron is hot—first come first served, you know," said he, winking towards the part of the room where Jane was listening with a faint blush to the half-whispered words of Brian Livingstone, the nephew of Mrs. Burgoyne: "'gad! she'll be worth having if she's to come in for the old fellow's rupees!" Then, turning half round on his chair, he shouted to his wife,—“Eh, Mrs. P. have you heard of Mrs. Ashenhurst's luck? Her brother's come home from the Indies as rich as a Jew—the great English Nabob of Burnapoor, or some devil of a poor; rich would be nearer the mark!” added he, laughing at his own attempted wit.

Mrs. Parkinson and everybody gathered round the whist-table, and Mrs. Ashenhurst told all she had to tell.

"Ah, then, after all," said Mr. Parkinson, when she had done, "you did not see him! I thought he had slept at your house; I'll lay you ten to one he'll turn out no brother after all! Not seen him indeed! I thought he had been at your house—why my Lord Montjoy was better than this!"

Whether the people who listened to this oration wished it might prove Mrs. Ashenhurst's brother, or whether, like Mr. Parkinson, they wished their townswoman to be disappointed, has not come down to us: certain it is, poor Mrs. Ashenhurst had not the satisfaction she had expected in making known her anticipated good fortune; and more earnestly than ever did she hope it would prove to be her brother, were it only to mortify Mr. Parkinson. Jane, too, had never been so critically commented upon before. Some pronounced her proud, some conceited, some thought her a trifle too tall, and others declared she stooped. Nobody but good Mrs. Burgoyne and her nephew said what really was the truth—that she was a very lovely, extremely well-made and well-dressed young lady: and, what was better, remarkable for good sense and good feeling; "and assuredly," concluded the aunt, "such a one as must delight her nabob uncle, and be an ornament to his splendid mansion in —shire, if it turned out, as she hoped it would, that this stranger was the true General Dubois."

This last wish, the necessity of our true history compels us to confess, was more than Brian Livingstone expected to see accomplished; nor, since the truth must be told, was it what he so ardently desired. Brian was deeply in love,

and withal felt himself in a dilemma—his passion was undeclared, and how could he now make it known without some compromise of appearances? Mrs. Ashenhurst, he felt sure, would suspect his motives, and, high-spirited woman as she was, would reject him instantly. In the generosity of his love, therefore, he vowed with himself to offer hand and heart when the certainty of disappointment reached them—for he truly believed disappointment would come—flattering himself that he had so much influence with the daughter as to compensate for the loss of a visionary greatness.

So reasoned Brian through half the wakeful night, and towards morning fell asleep on the comfortable pillow of good intentions. In the morning, however, he altered his plan, and at all risks determined to make known his passion that very day. When Mrs. Burgoyne's breakfast was over, Brian took his customary walk into the fields, partly to tranquillize his mind, and partly to indulge an unrestrained meditation upon his hopes before he risked the future fortune of his life upon the decision of a yes or no. While Brian was thus feeding his passion in the gladness and beauty of that May morning, Jane and her mother were sitting as we first found them at the commencement of our history.

"Well, my love, I think we may expect a letter in about ten days," observed Mrs. Ashenhurst. "And by the way, my dear, your pink mode looks extremely well; and I would have you give that chintz to Mary, and take your green taffety into common wear. It is not, my love, as if we had no expectations.—But, bless me! there's a knock!—I wish you had your other gown on: go, my love, this minute, and change your dress."

Jane vanished at her mother's bidding; and Mrs. Ashenhurst assumed the calm, composed air natural to her; took up the Red Book for the year 17—, and sat with its open pages before her, as if she were deep in the study of them, when Betty announced Mr. Parkinson.

Mr. Parkinson was all smiles and courtesy, and without any demur or difficulty introduced his business. He did not know, he said, till that very morning, that Miss Jane had played the dickens with his son Tom's heart. Tom, he declared, was a good fellow—a steady good fellow, and had carried off three gold medals from — college; and that, for his part, he had no manner of objection to his marrying Miss Ashenhurst, nor could he see that there was any. Tom had a good fortune—two hundred a year now in his own hands, left him by his godmother, besides his profession, which might fairly be reckoned as five or six hundred more, say nothing of what he would have at his father's death.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment and indignation of Mrs. Ashenhurst, and her three first words convinced her visitor of the hopelessness of his mission. Still Mr. Parkinson was not to be utterly quelled by even Mrs. Ashenhurst's scorn. "Tom," he said, "was fittest to plead his own cause—pleading was what he was used to, while he himself was a plain-spoken man;" and Jane at that moment entering, all unconscious of what was going forward, in the full grace of the green taffety and lace tucker, which never before had been assumed as an everyday dress, the discomfited man bluntly appealed to her "whether she did not think his son Tom would make her a good husband?"

Had Jane been convicted of treason she could not have looked more thunderstruck than by this address; but she was spared an answer by her mother rising and assuring Mr. Parkinson with severe dignity that she insisted upon the subject being dismissed, as any connexion with Mr. Thomas Parkinson was out of the question for her daughter. Chagrined and mortified as the unfortunate man was, he wished both Jane and her mother a very good morning, intending to show them that they were below his anger; but he went out wishing with an oath that they might be ten times over deceived and disappointed in this General Dubois; and to make their mortification the greater, he vowed to inform everybody of their extravagant expectations and abominable pride.

After Mrs. Ashenhurst had somewhat exhausted the subject of Mr. Parkinson and his impertinence, she dismissed Jane to request from Mrs. Burgoyne a sight of those Madras papers she had spoken of the evening before; and, by that law of contraries which so perplexes human affairs, scarcely had Jane been gone five minutes one way, when Mrs. Burgoyne, leaning on the arm of her nephew, arrived by the other. The good lady had brought the papers in quest of which her friend had sent; and Mrs. Ashenhurst for the first five minutes gratified her self-love and her family pride by glancing over the papers, and seeing column after column of the same subject, in which the words, "the gallant general," "this spirited commander," "this excellent officer," together with others as significant—"immense spoil," "jewels to the amount of fifty thousand sterling, besides elephants, arms, and the enemy's state carriage and tents, to the value of many thousands more"—met her eye sufficiently often even to satisfy her ambition. For the moment she asked nothing more, and felt infinitely grateful to her friends; what could she do less than make them her confidants in the affair of Mr. Parkinson? Accordingly it was related "in the strictest confidence," every word falling on the ear of Brian Livingstone like molten lead. "And I can assure you", said Mrs. Ashenhurst, "if an earl were to make proposals for my daughter under existing circumstances, I should suspect his motives, and would dismiss him accordingly."

"Here, then," thought Brian, "is an end of my hopes. These are the natural interpretations and constructions which would be put upon my addresses." It was well for him that neither lady demanded his voice in the question. He heard every word as distinctly as if it had been thundered into his brain; but for his life he could not have spoken a word. He walked to the window, almost unconscious that he had left his seat, and began deliberately to pull to pieces Jane's superb hydrangea; from which he was only roused by the voice of Jane, who at that moment entered, having returned from her fruitless errand, and who laughing merrily begged him to remember that he had given her that plant, and that she would not have it destroyed for the world. These few words would have made Brian happy beyond expression, but for what he had heard before; and as if his evil fortune was leagued against him at every moment when, spite of all these disadvantages, he might have improved the occasion with Jane, she was gone, and Mrs. Burgoyne was informing her of the object of her mission.

"My nephew," said she, "would not rest till he had found the papers; and I am sure nobody rejoices more in your prospects than we do." Brian joined them, but he said nothing.

Mrs. Ashenhurst then went through the history of her dreams and prepossessions; and lastly of the adventure of Daniel Neale; and everything was told that bore in the remotest degree on this interesting subject; wishes were exchanged and probabilities weighed; still the conversation lay between the elder people; for Brian's silence, as if it had been contagious, had communicated itself to Jane.

Day after day went on, and by this time the news of Mrs. Ashenhurst and her expectations was in every body's mouth, variously related and commented upon; and the mistress of the post-office kept a strict look-out after all letters directed for Mrs. Ashenhurst; but six days passed on, and no letter had yet arrived in the least degree worthy of suspicion.

All this time Brian Livingstone had absented himself from the house, waiting in torturing anxiety the result of their expectations. He walked, he read, or seemed to read; he sat at his writing for hours together; and good Mrs. Burgoyne wondered what hard problem, or what difficult book in Latin or Greek it was that puzzled him so, praying him a dozen times in the day to have mercy on his poor brains. And let it not be supposed that Jane Ashenhurst took no

heed of his absence or melancholy; yet she did not fall into Mrs. Burgoyne's error of the Greek and Latin—she shrewdly guessed that herself had more to do with it than either languages or mathematics, and she wished he had half the boldness of Mr. Parkinson.

Ten days' absence had made Brian Livingstone a stranger, and then he called to take leave. His only and beloved sister was dangerously ill, and he was summoned instantly to her home. He parted from his friends with the warmest and most affectionate wishes for their good fortune; yet perhaps it is questionable if he meant what Mrs. Ashenhurst understood by them; something too his eyes said beyond this, which Jane's heart readily interpreted, and which indescribably relieved the pain of parting. Brian was gone, but she was unusually cheerful, it was a great delight to practise over the new song which he had given her, words of his own composing, to a favourite air which they had many a time played together; fortunately it was also a favourite with Mrs. Ashenhurst, and Jane sang it three times that one evening,

Daniel Neale also left Harbury that night. He was a restless being, and, like the thistle-down, always kept moving onwards; and weak as he still was, and extraordinary as was the care taken of him, he soon became tired of the monotony of an invalid's life, and announced his intention of proceeding on his journey. Mr. Bolus demurred, Mrs. Ashenhurst declared she never would consent; but Daniel was not to be overruled, and accordingly a place was taken for him in a stage-wagon which went within a few miles of Wood Leighton, Daniel assuring his patroness that he would not fail of being the very first person to welcome her thither. The beggar's pockets were filled with money, and he made his adieus, a happy and grateful man, with ten thousand blessings on his lips.

### CHAPTER III.

A FEW mornings after the departure of Brian Livingstone, a letter arrived with the Wood Leighton post-mark. What might be its contents? Mrs. Ashenhurst scarcely breathed while she broke the seal and glanced over it. Jane stood with her hands clasped, and her eyes rivetted on her mother's countenance to read the tenor of the letter in its expression. Mrs. Ashenhurst gathered up its meaning in a moment, uttered a scream of joy, and then burst into a passion of tears. Jane was alarmed, and strove to compose her mother's agitation; but she put her daughter aside, exclaiming—"Read it! read it!"

Jane took up the letter, which had dropped to the ground, and read the following short but satisfactory epistle:—

*"At Denborough Park, June 6, 17—*

"DEAR SISTER,—Your letter gave me infinite pleasure. I rejoice to hear that you and your daughter are alive and well, and in a condition to come to me.

"Never mind old troubles and losses; I have enough for us all. I have a place here which people tell me is vastly beautiful; I shall be glad of your opinion of it. The sooner you can come the better; your taste used to be good, and it may be serviceable to me.

"I am glad to hear that my niece is handsome—beauty is always a good thing for a woman; and if she be as handsome as you were at her age, she will do.

"If I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall send a carriage for you this day week.

"I shall give a banquet here in the course of the autumn. I am yours, &c.

"FRANCIS DUBOIS.

"P. S.—I send you a bill, which you can convert into wearing apparel. I should wish you both to appear in what is handsome."

"Oh, what a generous, kind-hearted, dear uncle this is!" exclaimed Jane; "and here is a bill for two hundred pounds."

By this time Mrs. Ashenhurst was a little composed, and could look her good fortune in the face. "How lucky we are, my love," she exclaimed, "how wonderfully lucky! In a week—let me see—this was written on the sixth, and this is now the ninth; that will be on Wednesday."

"A carriage?" said Jane, again looking at the letter; "then he must keep more than one. Oh, I cannot believe all this good fortune is really meant for us. And do you not remember when you said you could not afford to lose seven shillings at whist with that tiresome Mrs. Parkinson, and now we have two hundred pounds to spend at once."

"Give me the paper and the ink, my love," said Mrs. Ashenhurst; "I must write to dear Mrs. Burgoyne."

"I wish Mr. Livingstone were here to know our good fortune;" and then while her mother commenced her note, she sang, in her blithe voice that was like the carol of a wood-lark

"And give to me my biggonets,  
My bishop-satin gown,  
For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
That Colin's come to town."

While Mrs. Ashenhurst was pouring out her full-hearted joy upon the most approved of note-paper, and in the most lady-like of Italian caligraphy, Jane went about the room in all the exuberance of youthful spirits. She watered her flowers, she fondled with her bird, and every now and then she glanced at the progress of the note, impatient for its ending, that she might once more be at liberty to talk; then she opened her instrument, and ran over its keys to the last air she had sung with Brian Livingstone, interrupting even the charmed thoughts of that dear friend with the wonder whether her uncle was fond of music. By this time she had the pleasure of seeing the note folded; she lighted the taper therefore to expedite its dismissal, never thinking, poor girl, that she thus hastened the worst possible tidings to Brian. The note was dismissed and delivered to Mrs. Burgoyne the moment she was concluding a letter to her nephew. "How fortunate," said the good old lady, "that my letter was not gone;" and she added this important information as a postscript.

Mrs. Ashenhurst, having unburdened herself of the greatest weight of her good fortune—the bearing it unknown to her neighbours—invited her daughter to consider with her how the money was to be laid out.

"For you see, my dear," said she, "that the General loves show, as he has good right to do, and will feel it a slight unless we appear very handsomely, and suitably to his magnificence."

"But," said Jane, after they had exhausted the subject of silks, satins, lace, gold and silver tissues, and India chintzes, "may we not give a few shillings to those poor old women in the almshouses? I long to make somebody as happy as I am myself."

"You are right, love; and before we go, we must invite our friends for one evening—tea and supper. Let me see: there are the Willoughbys and Mrs. Burgoyne—poor Mr. Livingstone, it is a pity he is not here—and Miss Farnel—and all our friends in short. A pretty vexation there will be for the Parkinsons; but I am very glad I have a good reason for not inviting them."

The notes of invitation were despatched; and then the two ladies went into the town, dressed in their ordinary garb; "For," said the elder, "it is much more correct to be under-dressed than over-dressed."

It was a day of triumph indeed; everywhere they were met by congratulations; even Mr. Parkinson, who popped upon them as they turned a corner,



veiled his chagrin to make professions of "the happiness the news gave him," and "his pleasure in their good fortune;" adding, "he hoped his son Tom might call to felicitate them on the news."

Mrs. Ashenhurst assumed her most dignified air, and assured him their time would be so entirely occupied that she feared they could not have that pleasure.

"A hollow-hearted sycophant!" said she, when he parted from them; "but for the desire to get your fortune to himself, nothing would have delighted him equal to our being disappointed."

The most beautiful gown-pieces which the best shops in Harbury contained, were purchased that morning; the shopkeeper even protested he had parted with the dresses ordered especially for the lady of Sir John Docket—nay, which had been made expressly for her—and thereby he should lose her custom: but, for all that, he did it with the greatest pleasure in the world—he would rather oblige Miss Ashenhurst than Lady Docket—these dresses would look so exquisite on Miss Ashenhurst's figure, &c. &c.

Miss Shapit, the most approved dressmaker in Harbury, and her two assistants, sat up two nights sewing their fingers to the bone to make up the purchases—"Sweet pretty dresses! beauteous dresses!" as she averred. "But then, to be sure, both Mrs. and Miss Ashenhurst had such delightful taste in dress: and these being made up by her own fingers, how could they help looking handsome!"

So said she, as she exhibited them to her best customers, who had been informed, if they would just drop in on the Tuesday morning, they might see them in her little sitting-room just before they were sent home.

"And, bless my life," said one lady, as tall as a giraffe, with ostrich feathers in her hat, "and who would have thought of all this good luck happening to Mrs. Ashenhurst?"

"She did not carry her head so high for nothing," returned another—a little round woman in a short black silk cloak.

"It is a mighty fortunate thing for her servants!" observed a third, who was folded in a large shawl, put on cloak-fashion, and held so tightly over the shoulder that there was not a fold from head to foot;—"a mighty fortunate thing it is for those poor servants of hers!—there was a close hand held in the house if all's true that's said out of the kitchen."

"Good gracious!" interrupted one young lady, "will this go round Miss Ashenhurst's waist?"

"Oh, what a train!" exclaimed a second, holding out the gown of purple Genoa velvet which was meant for the state robe of Mrs. Ashenhurst; and lined, as I live, with white satin!

"Bless me!" ejaculated the lady of the black mantle; "lined with white satin!"

"Do you know the price of this blue mode, Miss Shapit?" asked the one of the hat and feathers.

"Eight shillings a yard, ma'am."

"It's well for them that they can afford it," returned the querist.

"I hope it may all end well!" observed the lady of the large shawl.

"Oh, my goodness!" screamed one of the juniors; "there's a drop of tallow on this pearl-coloured tabbnet!"

"Nay, sure!" cried the alarmed Miss Shapit.

"I'm sure I wish it may all turn out well!" again repeated the lady, and left the room.

We also will leave the party in deep consultation, as to the best means of extracting a drop of tallow from a pearl-coloured tabbnet.

The leave-taking party at Mrs. Ashenhurst's went off extremely well. She and her daughter were too happy not to be pleased with all the world; yet Mrs. Ashenhurst herself had too much tact and worldly wisdom to obtrude her

delight on her guests : she looked so placidly happy, so unostentatiously fortunate, that even the ill-natured Mr. Parkinson, had he seen her, could have said no more, than he did say when he heard of it—that “she knew what she was about.”

It was now Tuesday morning. The dresses and the millinery had all come home, and had been approved by their owners, without the grease spot in the pearl-coloured tabinet being detected. It is true Miss Shapit contrived to keep it under the folds all the time ;—and they were moreover packed up ready to travel. Betty, too, who was now advanced into lady's woman, and wore her Sunday gown on work-a-days, was full of smiles, talk, and curtsies ; and only now and then overshadowed by the prospect of parting with Thomas Thackaray. Mrs. Ashenhurst had set her house in order, and the said Thomas Thackaray, and his mother—who, since the Ashenhurst's good fortune, had been introduced as general domestic assistant—were to be left in charge of the house during the absence of its mistress.

Scarcely was noon passed, when a carriage and four—and no longer post-horses, but noble well-fed creatures, than which none finer had ever been seen in Harbury—drove into the town. A happy—a proud woman was Mrs. Ashenhurst. Jane was wild with ecstasy : and she was the next morning to be driven off in that superb vehicle ! “Oh, that Brian Livingstone had but been here !” thought she, half in the joy of her good fortune, and half from a habit she had lately got of keeping Brian Livingstone for ever in her thoughts.

The news of a coach and four being come for Mrs. Ashenhurst, and having driven to the Queen's Head, soon circulated through Harbury ; and a crowd collected in the inn-yard to get a sight of it, to admire the horses, and to talk with the postillions.

Mrs. Burgoyne came up in the evening for a last leave-taking, and several others of their acquaintance also, now full of professions and congratulations ; whereas, only one month ago, Mrs. Ashenhurst was but in their eyes a widow, with a small income and a vast deal of family pride—a person to be noticed for the sake of her breeding and knowledge of the world, but from whom nothing was to be looked for in return. Now, however, the tables were turned ; and these time-serving friends professed themselves as having always esteemed and loved her, and that they—every one of them—should be inconsolable for her loss.

Mrs. Burgoyne brought no intelligence of her nephew : he had never written, and she could not tell what to think of it. She was, however, invited to correspond by letter with her old friends, “that we may know,” said Mrs. Ashenhurst, “the news of Harbury—”

“And how you go on, dear Mrs. Burgoyne,” added Jane ; and how poor Miss Livingstone is, and how she likes Harbury, when she comes to see you this autumn.”

Mrs. Burgoyne made her adieus the very latest of all the guests : and the mother and daughter were left with less sorrow for the parting than with joyful anticipations for the morrow.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE morrow rose as brightly beautiful as any day could rise for the accomplishment of earthly felicity.

By half-past nine the carriage with its four noble horses stood at the door of Mrs. Ashenhurst's, awaiting her pleasure ; the lower order of townspeople gathered in an eager crowd, full of admiration of the four black horses, not one hair different the one from the other—the richly plated harness—the handsomely emblazoned panels of the carriage, as bright and unsullied as a mirror—and

of the mute, immovable postillions, who, booted and spurred, in tight smart jackets and caps, and with whip in hand, awaited the word to be off. It was indeed a sight of unimagined grandeur; and this was to whirl away to a new home, which report represented as an El-Dorado palace, their umquihle Mrs. Ashenhurst and her fair daughter, who, but a few short weeks ago, had walked among them not too great to be approached by the meanest! Had the fiery chariot and the fiery horses of the prophet stood before them, they could not have excited more wonderful admiration. "Well, there's no saying what may happen to any of us!" was the winding up of some of the street wisdom; and then the spectators were called upon to witness—first, the strapping on of divers mails, and the affixing of travelling trunks; then the entrée of Mrs. Ashenhurst and her lovely daughter into the superb vehicle, with the most sedulous attention of the demure, but handsome serving-men, as if the business of their lives was to care for these ladies; then the mounting of these two liveried attendants each to his place; and lastly, the consigning of Betty herself from the vigorous adieus of Thomas Thackeray, to the gallant assiduities of the taller of the serving-men.

Thomas Thackeray withdrew a few paces—Betty looked down from her elevation on her squire—the postillions put spurs to their horses—and the magnificent equipage swept out of the gate with a swirl on to the turnpike road, leaving behind it a blank, and drawing after it a hundred admiring eyes.

A happy pair were the mother and daughter, and very comely withal. Mrs. Ashenhurst had studied that their dress should not disgrace their mission—such as should reach the happy medium between plainness and magnificence. Her daughter wore a new chintz sack and petticoat, with an apple-blossom-coloured silk cloak, and a white chip hat, trimmed with pale green gauze: she herself was habited in what had been her best visiting suit for the last two years—her violet-coloured tabby—and over her shoulders a black mode cloak, trimmed, like her daughter's, with rich black lace, and a hat to match. Jane was in raptures with the luxurious ease of the carriage, and the stateliness of its appointments; she leaned back into the corner, and felt as if all human prosperity and bliss were centered in those few square feet of travelling space. She took off her hat, and sat, with her rich curling locks, bright and fair as pale gold, confined only by a ribbon, falling on her shoulders, a very Hebe in appearance. Her mother looked at her with delight, and believed their reception would be propitious, were it only for the sake of her daughter's beauty.

The road was all new to Jane; and with a heart attuned to happiness as hers was, any landscape would have appeared pleasant; but this, with its cheerful villages—its abounding meadows filled with flocks and herds—its woods, yet in the varied and clear green of early summer—its mansions—its waters, seen by glimpses as they passed the head of some valley, or looked down into its sylvan quiet from higher ground—its occasional ruins, shrouded in trees, or standing bleak and bare upon a hill-top, a mark to the country round—and all this seen under the bright but not burning sky of early June—could not fail to realise dreams of Arcadia and Fairyland;—dreams which her warm imagination had fashioned rather as pastime than as anything to be realised upon the earth.

Little was said either by mother or daughter for the first stage of the journey. A great—inconceivable happiness, in which mingled the tender memory of Brian Livingstone, enveloped Jane's existence. When should they meet again? what would that meeting tend to? would he follow her to her new abode?—surely he would! And oh, the happiness of introducing two such men as her uncle and Brian Livingstone to each other—Brian so handsome, so gentlemanly, so accomplished a scholar; her uncle so kind, so fatherly, so munificent! When did youth ever look through the sunshine of hope and love, and find anything but joy? Happy Jane! her heart danced in the transcen-

dently glorious vision it created; and never thinking that shadow *might* darken its beauty, in the satiety, as it were, of heart-pleasure, she turned to external things. All again was bright—all was delicious—every thing was flattering to her self-love; and, as if awakening from a dream, she exclaimed—"How glorious this morning is! how beautiful this landscape!"

At D—they stayed a couple of hours to refresh the horses before they proceeded the remaining stage. And here Jane could not but remark the amazing difference with which people were received, travelling in an ordinary way—in a post-chaise, perhaps, as she had been used to—or with an equipage and attendants, such as they had now. The bustle which their arrival occasioned throughout the place—the overstrained civilities of the landlord, and of the fine-spoken, curtsying landlady, who seemed as if they would absolutely carry them into their house in their arms—the running to and fro of the servants—the alertness of men and maids—the general solicitude to make them comfortable—the fear lest all, when all was done, was not to their liking—amused her even to laughter.

"What would these people say," she observed to her mother, "if they knew that even within a month it was a debated matter whether we could afford to raise Betty's wages?"

After they had refreshed themselves, they walked into the town, attended by their footman. Mrs. Ashenhurst was not a woman to be inconvenienced by, or to feel her state a burden; on the contrary, all this was extremely grateful to her feelings—she seemed only now in her proper sphere. Jane bore her elevation with much less equanimity, and continually provoked her mother by her inaptitude.

"Who would think," said she, "that I have made a pudding within the last ten days, and see me followed by this smart footman!"

Denborough Park lay five miles on the other side of Wood Leighton. Half-a-mile before they reached town, they crossed the river by its old stone bridge; and here they were greeted by the "God bless you, my lady! and a happy welcome to you, Miss Jane!" of their old acquaintance Daniel Neale, who was standing within one of the angular piers of the bridge.

Mrs. Ashenhurst threw him a gold coin; Jane smiled and nodded to him; and the beggar sent a hundred thousand welcomes and blessings after them.

As they approached Denborough Park, the sun was setting, and the rich crimson light of a summer evening lay over the landscape. The travellers were both silent, both occupied by similar but new sensations; that mysterious awe which will gather about the human spirit when a new and untried existence, even though it promises happiness, lies before them. Neither of them would have confessed to a sentiment of doubt or depression, but each felt that vague, undefinable impression, that will at times creep over us spite of ourselves, whispering of the uncertainty of all earthly things, even at the very moment that delivers them to our grasp. The feeling was one Jane could not endure; she turned to her mother with a burst of admiration for a clump of trees which were kindled into golden light by the setting sun, and her mother was glad to be rid of her own reverie. Neither said a word to the other of the shadow that had passed over her mind, but simultaneously gave themselves up to the beauty of the old park scenery.

And it *was* scenery that deserved unmixed attention: green slopes lying in light contrasted with shadowy hollows; clumps of trees, or some majestic oak of five centuries' growth which held up aloft, above its green leafiness, a splintered and whitened crown of decaying branches, or yet more grotesquely seemed bowed with the weight of its years, decaying in trunk and branch even while it yet garlanded a few outspreading arms with fresh verdure: here and there, too, lay herds of deer, the image of sylvan repose, or rushed past them, startled from

their rest, with a twinkling of horns, and a rush like the passing of a gale. Occasionally, too, they caught glimpses of still lake-like waters lying low and in shadow, bordered round with reeds, or by the green smooth turf which was reflected as in a mirror. Herons were soaring away to their night trees; there was now and then heard the deep, soothing coo of the woodpigeon; and, advancing down a slope towards the house, under broad, spreading beech-trees, they perceived a troop of peacocks, arching their gorgeous necks and extending their long trains on the turf. It was made up of images of grandeur—noble antiquity and present prosperity and ease: no wonder that our sanguine travellers soon forgot that doubt and disappointment have any part in human affairs.

Presently the house came into sight: but this, and their reception there, are too important to fill the end of a chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

DENBOROUGH HALL, or Park, as it was more generally called, was a magnificent pile of buildings standing in the centre of the park, which sloped down to it on three sides from its extreme boundaries of many miles in extent; the hall occupying, as it were, the hollow of an immense irregular basin with one broken side; this fourth, or broken side, opening to the southwest a far-seen stretch of country, infinitely diversified and beautiful; on each hand the wooded slopes of the park gradually sinking into the plain beyond. One of these lake-like waters we have mentioned lay in the mid foreground; trees, standing singly or in groups, all disposed with the most exquisite taste, diversified the landscape, which terminated in twenty miles of distance, embracing hamlet spires and towers, woods, waters, and a distant outline of hills, seen clearly against the yet warm sunset sky.

The principal front commanded this view. The house itself stood nobly among its lawns, gardens, and groves, like a pleasure-palace in the gardens of Armida. Its architecture was in unison with its situation, belonging to no one distinct style, but uniting all that was grand and beautiful in each; each separate front presenting styles and ornaments incongruous perhaps in detail, but forming a general effect at once imposing and characteristic.

The approach to it lay through shrubberies of full-grown flowering trees and evergreens, with here and there an oasis of lawn and garden. They passed glades of velvet turf which seemed made for fairy revellers; they saw fountains in green and shadowy places shining out like the fair Una in her shady wood; and everywhere the odour of flowers and trees, and the loud song of thousand birds, which the smooth gliding on of the carriage over a gravel road as level as a marble pavement could not deaden, greeted them as they went along.

A sweep of the road round a promontory of tree-like flowering shrubs brought them at once to the front of the house; and the carriage drew up to a lofty, pillared and temple-like portico, at which already stood two servants to receive them. Thence they were conducted to a handsome chamber, in a room adjoining to which refreshments of all kinds awaited them, while servants, full of quiet assiduity, attended on them.

In reply to the inquiry of Mrs. Ashenhurst after the General, they were informed that it was not his wish that they should be interrupted either in refreshing themselves or performing their toilet by seeing him, but that he awaited their pleasure as soon after as was agreeable to themselves.

June's imagination had pictured rooms as lofty and as large as these; but their details of furniture, accommodation for ease and luxury, the abundance and splendour of the repast, and the profound reverence of the attendants, went

beyond what she had visioned of these things,—they excited her almost to emotion. Mrs. Ashenhurst took all that came quietly; she loved state as dearly as the nabob himself, and nothing presented itself to her in the guise of sumptuousness or ceremonial to which she could not accommodate herself. She was charmed with everything she saw, but made uncomfortable by nothing; the very obsequiousness of the silken attendants was received with as much indifference as if she had been used to it all the days of her life. Betty's wonder and agitation were extreme; the poor young woman looked frightened to death, and was, to use her own expression, "all in such a fluster, she could not stick a pin."

Mrs. Ashenhurst, who felt so well the proprieties of her position, neither put on a state-robe, nor anything that might appear beyond the ordinary dress of a gentlewoman. She was simply habited in rich green silk, with a point-lace cap, handkerchief, and ruffles. Of her daughter's appearance she was more studious. Her beautiful hair was left to its own way, and fell with a child-like simplicity in heavy curls on her smooth, fair shoulders; her dress was the pink mode we have heard of before, the effect of which her mother knew to be perfect; on her neck she wore pearls, and pearl bracelets on her round fair arms, which her mother was well aware might be displayed with advantage. Thus habited, Betty informed the servant who remained in waiting, that the ladies were ready to be announced.

They were conducted through a long gallery covered with Indian mat, and filled with a variety of Indian spoil—the spoil of war and of the chase, to the saloon: the very room on which the nabob had lavished his utmost care, and to which nothing of luxurious gorgeousness could have been added—it was redolent of silk and gold. They trod on carpets that yielded to the foot like down; the odour as of a celestial land opened upon them from the plants and flowers of an unimagined splendour, which filled vases of rich oriental China; and here and there, in golden cages, or perched on the branches of the flowering shrubs, gaily-coloured Indian birds were seen, some already nestled to sleep in their gorgeous featheriness, others seeming to court admiration by the display of crest and wing. These things, and much beside, were rather perceived than observed; for midway in the room, which was of great size, they were received by the lord of the mansion himself, a man tall and stately, and deeply bronzed by Indian suns, but overflowing with courtesy, and with that low, bland voice of which Mrs. Ashenhurst had spoken many and many a time. He received them at first with a profound bow; and then, taking his sister's hand in both his, he saluted her on the cheek, and bade her welcome. Jane passed through the same ceremonial, and then both ladies were conducted, one in each hand, to the couch from which he had just risen. Jane sank into its elastic softness with an involuntary sense of the delight of anything so luxurious.

Seven-and-twenty years of ordinary life could not pass over any human countenance and leave it scathless: but sorrows and anxieties in the case of Mrs. Ashenhurst; foreign travel, some years of hard service, and more of the laying together of treasure, in that of her brother, had produced their necessary effects, nothing abated. The brother and sister met even more changed than they had anticipated; and for the first ten minutes a listener might have been amused to observe the evident care both parties took not to speak an unpalatable truth.

"My dear General," said the wary Mrs. Ashenhurst, "I rejoice to see your good looks; your complexion is altered, but certainly improved; you look younger than Lord Montjoy at the same age."

The courtly man smiled graciously at the flattering assurance, and declared to the lady that time had used her tenderly, and that "he missed no charm from the fair face of his sister."

It was tacitly understood between them that each should conceal whatever truth on this subject might be unflattering. While these things were being said, and inquiries as to their journey made and replied to, Jane more narrowly observed her uncle. In appearance he might be sixty years of age, perhaps five years older. His countenance bore traces of care and toil, with those strong lines that indicate resolute if not obstinate character; a deep-set penetrating eye, whose expression did not always seem in accordance with the smooth smile and the remarkably bland voice: still Jane saw nothing to dislike; on the contrary, she saw a man bent to please and to make them pleased with themselves; a luxurious and extremely polite person, whom she was very happy to consider as her uncle, nay, if such should be his pleasure, as her adopted father. What lay below the surface it would have required a much more practised and acute judge of human nature than Jane Ashenhurst to have detected.

His dress, she observed, was in perfect keeping with everything about him, rich and showy; the costume of a private gentleman, in which ornament, however, and the use of the precious metals, were as lavishly used as could be, even beyond, what seemed to her, good taste. He was powdered, and wore a bright mulberry-coloured velvet coat lined with primrose serge, with gold buttons the size of half-crowns; his cravat was of the most transparently delicate point lace, and fell over his waistcoat of gold and silver embroidered silk, fastened likewise with bullion; he wore black satin breeches with gold knee-buckles, and the buckles of his shoes were of the same metal; his stockings, of black silk, were carefully drawn over his shapely leg, which he evidently displayed with great self-satisfaction; his hands, which were thin and yellow, and displayed age even more than his face, were enveloped in ruffles of the same material as his cravat, and his fingers were loaded with jewelled rings. Never had so elaborately dressed a man met the eyes of his young kinswoman before, and she could not help thinking that the ornaments of his person alone far exceeded her mother's yearly income, which had been husbanded with such extraordinary care: she no longer wondered at the bill for the two hundred pounds. Scarcely had she arrived at this last conclusion, when her uncle addressed her.

"He hoped his niece had half the pleasure in visiting him, that he had in welcoming her under his roof."

Jane expressed her unqualified delight.

"We must see," said he, "what we can do to make your time pass pleasantly. Of my neighbours, as yet, I know but little. A young lady, however, will attract where an old bachelor has little chance of pleasing."

Jane protested against any attraction being superior to that of her uncle.

"We will not contest the point, my dear young lady; and nothing will give me greater pleasure than yielding the palm to you."

And so passed compliments between them, all seeming mutually pleased. At length Mrs. Ashenhurst remarked, unable longer to suppress an uneasy sentiment which obtruded itself, that she had expected to find him furnishing his house, whilst, on the contrary, he appeared to have been established there some time. "How long might it be?"

"Eighteen months," was the answer.

"Eighteen months!" reiterated his sister, quite thrown off her guard; "how long then had he been in England?"

"Three years," replied the General in his usual tone of courtesy, as if he were unconscious or totally regardless of the pain this avowal occasioned.

"My dear General!" exclaimed the lady: "and, but for the merest chance in the world, you might have been three years longer, and I should never have known of it!"

The impassive General felt neither reproof nor offence. A silence of a few moments succeeded, in which Mrs. Ashenhurst, however mortified she might feel by the truth thus obtruded on her knowledge, resolved to keep careful hold on the General, now that she had the opportunity ; and Jane's gratitude and affection for her uncle struggled with the unpleasant belief that he would never have sought them out—that he had no affection for them. But these thoughts were in some measure dissipated by the courtesies of the General ; he renewed the conversation with the utmost ease and cheerfulness ; told of the new instrument he had ordered for his niece, of the fashionable music he had procured for her, of his own love of music, of the wonderfully fine voice his sister was remarkable for, declaring he did not doubt but her daughter's was equally fine ; spoke of the jewels he had already selected for them, and then called upon his niece to admire his flowers and his birds. Jane could not resist such devotion ; she went the round of the apartment at his side, listening to the names, the qualities, and the histories of his various Indian treasures. An elegant supper, in which their host pledged them in wine of Shiraz, closed this eventful day : they then retired to the apartments they had before occupied, and were led by the enraptured Betty through a suite of rooms which she informed them had been fitted up, as she was told for their especial use ; and indeed, unless the nabob had had some other female inmates in view, this must have been the case, for they were evidently designed for ladies' use.

A doubt, spite of herself, remained in the mind of Mrs. Ashenhurst as to the sincerity of her brother ; but, for the world, she would not have confessed as much to any living creature, not even to her daughter. It was an unpleasant thing to have doubts darkening prospects as bright as these : still, she had sufficient reliance on her own management to believe herself secure in her present position. Jane, like her mother, was jealous of confessing the unpleasant effect of the General's avowal ; but she determined, if possible, to forget what she had heard, or to disbelieve his having been three years in England.

## CHAPTER VI.

MRS. ASHENHURST and her daughter, spite of the afore-mentioned annoyance woke to a golden life. The splendours and riches of their habitation were exhaustless. All that is read of in books, or fancied in day-dreams, seemed gathered together in this palace of splendour. There was silence profound and deep, a dreamy absence of sound to propitiate repose, and there were instruments of music to awaken sweet sounds upon. There was in some apartments a twilight at noon, a soft slumberous atmosphere of odour as if for the indulgence of a voluptuous idleness ; others were light and airy, filled with birds and flowers, with windows wreathed with trellised plants, thrown open and commanding a landscape which combined grandeur and cheerfulness. Books there were for the studious, if the studious ever came there, and such light and pleasant literature as the age then furnished to suit a lady's reading ; pictures there were on the walls, and beautiful rare statues filled each appropriate niche, or stood on marble pedestals, looking down on the spectator with their calm, unimpassioned countenances, or casting over the stateliness of those rooms the shadow of some old but immortal agony or woe. Without, lay gardens and groves, all trim and finely kept as if by fairy hands, for no gardener or labourer was ever seen in them, their work being done in the early morning ; beyond these lay the park, with its sunny slopes, its shadowy glens, its waters, its old woods and its sylvan creatures. Besides these, carriages, horses, servants, were ever at their command, to convey or attend them when and where they chose.



Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter might truly be said to enjoy a golden life. As for the nabob, those who saw him might have believed that they it was for whom he had especially made this earthly paradise, so great not only seemed his contentment in their presence, but his unwearying devotion to them.

So passed on week after week; and so easily does the human mind accustom itself to circumstances, however strange and out of its common track they may at first appear, that not only Mrs. Ashenhurst, but Jane herself, began to feel as perfectly at home, as much accustomed to the grandeur of Denborough Park, as if it had been their residence for years rather than weeks.

But clouds will rise to obscure the brightness of a summer's day, and even this golden life had its annoyances; and the first that presented itself, after the memory of the first evening was got over, was owing to a letter from Mrs. Burgoyne. Till then, Jane would have said it was impossible that a letter from her could afford other than unmingled pleasure, seeing it did not announce the death of Miss Livingstone; but so it was. After all good Mrs. Burgoyne's regrets for the loss of her friends and her wishes for their happiness had been gone through; after she had told all the news of Harbury, how one Miss Parkinson had got a lover worth seven hundred a year, and another had lost hers worth a thousand; the good old lady went on to say, "and this in perfect confidence, for she had very likely no business to mention it, but that now his sister was recovering, poor Brian had time to think of himself, and that she believed he was very unhappy that he had allowed dear Miss Ashenhurst to leave Harbury without declaring his love for her, but that it was what Mrs. Ashenhurst had said about Tom Parkinson which had prevented his doing so; and now she was afraid he would not come forward, because their prospects were so changed, for," added she, "what has Brian in prospect beyond the rectory that has been promised him, and that, though in itself not to be despised, is nothing to entitle him to ask the hand of General Dubois' heiress." To all this was added, in a postscript, that she believed she was wrong to have said all this, "for that, now Augusta was better, she believed Brian would pay his respects to his old friends at Denborough Park soon after he was ordained, which would be in a week or two."

The feelings of the mother and daughter were very different on reading this letter. A few weeks ago they would have thought precisely the same—that Brian Livingstone of all men was the most welcome of suitors; Jane's feelings were unchanged, but her mother talked of her altered circumstances, wondered at Mrs. Burgoyne not knowing better than to persuade her nephew to such a step, for she had no doubt it was her doing; that, to be sure, Mr. Livingstone was a gentleman, but what pretension could he have to think of her daughter? who certainly might match with the heir of a dukedom?—besides all this, it was not her place to dispose of her daughter; she considered General Dubois in the place of a father, nor did she think it likely he would give his consent to anything of the kind.

Had Jane heard her mother plotting against church and state, she could not have been more amazed than when, one after another, these reasons were advanced against Brian Livingstone; all selfish, cold-hearted reasons, worthy as she thought of Mr. Parkinson himself. Poor Mrs. Burgoyne, too, that had written such a genuine, confidential letter, so full of old feelings and old friendliness, which but to read was like hearing the dear old lady talk, was she too to be censured? Jane sighed deeply as she said what she felt truly—"that if their greatness here must alienate them thus from their old friends must thus change their old feelings and their old opinions, she would much rather have remained in their small house at Harbury with only two servants, and no better acquaintance than poor Mrs. Burgoyne!"

Day after day went on, and Jane lived in the happy belief that Brian would visit them, and then she was sure all would be well: in the mean time, Mrs. Ashenhurst had replied to the letter according to her new philosophy.

As may well be imagined, the new inmates at Denborough Park created no little sensation among the neighbouring gentry; their first appearance in public was by the General's side in his grand pew at church. No sooner was the service over than everybody was engaged on the same topic. "Who were they? What could their being at Denborough Park mean? Had anybody heard of such arrivals being looked for? Was the General married?" that was perhaps the question most anxiously asked. The truth soon got abroad; and then Miss Ashenhurst was declared to be a sweet, pretty creature, so beautifully dressed, and her mother was so much of the gentlewoman! "Would Miss Ashenhurst be the General's heir?" was a very important question.

There was, it must be acknowledged, bitter disappointment in many a lady's soul to find that the General had any female relatives, and particularly such as these; they feared now he never would marry, and it was a thousand pities—just the man as he was to make a woman happy, and with such a fortune and such a beautiful place! The General had been their neighbour for eighteen months, had visited everybody, had been intimate with everybody, yet no one had ever heard him speak of these his near female relations! Never had the wisdom of the ladies of that division of the county been so much at fault before. It was not extraordinary that neither Jane Ashenhurst nor her mother, notwithstanding their good looks and handsome dresses, found but little favour in the eyes of the ladies. The gentlemen saw things very differently. They called Jane Ashenhurst a divine creature, and declared she would make Denborough Park all it should be. What an amazing fortune she would be! And they were credibly informed that she and her mother were the sole relatives the nabob had; she would have the best fortune in five counties! Well might they call her the finest girl that ever was seen; with such a complexion! just what a lady's complexion should be. Then her figure! Jane Ashenhurst was voted perfect, and her mother the very next approach to it!

Among the most ardent admirers of the young lady and her fortune was Sir Harbottle Grimstone, and thence rose another of Jane's annoyances; but of this renowned knight we must be allowed to speak a few words.

When General Dubois became a resident at Denborough Park, he heard, wherever he went, and from every one who came near him, of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, nobody but Sir Harbottle Grimstone! "Did he know Sir Harbottle Grimstone?" "No!" "Oh! but he must know him; he was the man!" "Had not Sir Harbottle Grimstone called?" "No." "When he had the pleasure of knowing Sir Harbottle Grimstone, he would see what the county of S—could boast of!" Was there a man who rode well? It was Sir Harbottle Grimstone! Who gave good dinners? Again it was Sir Harbottle Grimstone! He who sang the best song, he who the ladies vowed was the most delectable partner in the dance, was no other than Sir Harbottle Grimstone! Whose equipage was the most splendid, whose hounds and horses the best bred, whose house the best furnished? Again and again he heard of Sir Harbottle Grimstone!

A man who had been used to an omnipotent rule, and who demanded it wherever he might be, as General Dubois did, was only to be piqued into curiosity, not excited by encomiums such as these of his extraordinary neighbour, who, unlike the rest of the gentry within a dozen miles of the nabob's new residence, seemed slow of making his acquaintance.

At last he met this paragon of a country gentleman at the dinner-table of a mutual friend; he met him, and instantly disliked him.

Sir Harbottle was the antipodes of General Dubois: in age he might be thirty; and, having but lately come into possession of his hereditary estate,

was full of the arrogance and assumption of unaccustomed possession. He was a thoughtless, swaggering, talking man, in the full intoxication of animal spirits and property, who had no conception of living but to enjoy himself, or of enjoyment, but in feasting, drinking, and galloping over hedges and five-barred gates. He was what his squirrel associates called a good fellow, the ladies a great rake, and the old gentlemen a sower of wild oats, born for the destruction of woods and the growth of mortgages, unless marriage tamed him—and Sir Harbottle, they were free to confess, had only to choose and take. This was in fact not saying too much, for, spite of his coarse manners, vulgar tastes, and rather questionable character, by dint of a handsome manly person, a dashing off-hand address, and that unaccountable inconsistency which makes women too often admire what all the world blames, Sir Harbottle was their *magnus Apollo*. Such was the estimation he held in public opinion when the nabob came to reside at Denborough Park; thenceforward things began to change. The amazing wealth which the new-comer was reputed to possess, and the unaccustomed splendour in which he burst forth among them, made an instant diversion in his favour; besides this, while every one supposed the primary object with a man of his caste and character would be to choose associates of the highest class, the very fact of his adapting himself to all his new acquaintance involved the highest possible compliment to each one's self-love. Sumptuous and dignified as he was, he could become a pleasant, smiling, chatting, social being, and wherever he went made himself very affably at ease. All this in fact was but a part of his scheme to acquire power and influence; and though in the eyes of some of his neighbours, plain country squires and justices of the peace, he was thought over-polished and effeminate, even to them he was perfectly polite, unostentatious of his superior knowledge and riches, and would seem even to be a willing listener to the details of hunts, the business of quarter-sessions and the pedigree of horses. He was on good terms with all; he had forbearance for them all, except for this much-vaunted Sir Harbottle Grimstone.

Sir Harbottle returned the General's aversion; he was over-shadowed by his greatness; and ever since his introduction among them, his influence with the ladies had begun to decrease. At first he was asked, "Have you seen General Dubois?" "No." "The finest, the most perfectly well-bred man in the world! you must see General Dubois!" "Oh! Sir Harbottle! have you seen the General's new carriage; his superb black horses? Have you heard of the saloon at Denborough Park? Why, they say the General's diamonds are only inferior to those of the crown!" "Oh! Sir Harbottle!" exclaimed another fair lady, "you must pay your respects to the General, and bring me a report of him: I am dying to see him!" Such were the exclamations and remarks which beset the falling greatness of Sir Harbottle. "And what the devil care I for this yellow nabob!" and "Plague take the old fellow!" were ejaculations he repeated twenty times to himself.

They met with some curiosity on both sides, and some latent ill-will: they parted with mutual dislike. "A vulgar, low-lived fellow, with less brains than his horse, and less breeding than his dogs!" was the nabob's summing-up of his character. "A purse-proud, effeminate, sneaking old coxcomb, that leads these thick-headed squires by the nose with his lies about tiger-hunting and Heaven knows what, and yet without pluck enough to ride at an English fox-hunt!" were the words of Sir Harbottle, as he spurred his horse homeward in great ill-humour. They met again, and Sir Harbottle ventured a rough joke upon him; the General returned a caustic retort, which turned the laugh on him, and stung him to the quick. Every subsequent meeting showed him the vast superiority of this new-comer in all matters of intellect and general information, things which neither he nor the ladies had ever dreamed of before. Presently too, "which was the unkindest cut of all," "the old-bachelor beau," as he called

him in contempt, was reigning triumphant in the ladies' admiration, the fascinations of Sir Harbottle were in the wane; his jokes were no longer applauded, while the gallant speeches of the General made every woman happy, and his bon-mots were declared to be the only good things that ever were heard.

Such was the state of things when Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter became inmates of Denborough Park; and powerful indeed must have been the impression which Jane made, when even the stout heart, or pride, of Sir Harbottle Grimstone gave way before it. "The yellow old nabob," "the conceited old coxcomb," were suddenly changed in his imagination into "a rich old fellow," "a rather witty old boy; what need he care for him? Denborough Park was quite another place now!" "He would go and make sure of the young lady, that he would, by Jove!" So reasoned and so vowed Sir Harbottle many a day as he sat over his bottle, and many a night as he went to his bed; and accordingly he got up one Monday morning resolute for the achievement—the facing the General, and, more than that, the seeking his acquaintance in his own house; but Sir Harbottle was a bold man, and whatever lover had dared to do he would dare. Accordingly, one burning morning towards the end of July, he presented himself in his riding garb, booted and spurred, in a green coat and buckskins, mounted on his best blood mare, at Denborough Park.

Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter were sitting in the shaded coolness of the saloon, when they were startled by the blustering loudness of a strong voice, and a heavy step advancing up the stairs, together with the sound of a riding-whip, which, as a sort of accompaniment, was struck upon the balustrades.

"No, hang me, General, if it was want of respect that kept me from Denborough Park. I never am happier than in your company, egad I never am!"

The low voice of the General made an inaudible reply.

"By Jove, I thought you'd make this place as complete as you could, General; and now you've brought two such women as can't be matched in the county: ay, ay, you know how to draw about you the treasures of the universe! Upon my soul, General, you are the cunningest of philosophers; old Epicurus was a fool to you, I'll be hanged if he was not!"

This elegant asseveration brought them sufficiently near to make the General's reply audible.

"I am extremely happy to receive commendation from so distinguished a judge in matters of taste."

"Well, you're a fine fellow, General," was the answer, "and you must let me see the ladies."

"Certainly; the ladies would be in despair not to receive a visit from you; but I must pray you not to be perfectly irresistible, I cannot go picking and choosing as you can, Sir Harbottle!" and with that he bowed him into the saloon.

"I have the honour," said he, "to introduce Sir Harbottle Grimstone; you will oblige me by receiving him with particular attention!"

Both Sir Harbottle and the ladies were for the moment perplexed: but the effrontery of the one, and the ready politeness of the others, came to their help. The nabob threw himself on his couch, enjoying to the utmost this awkward ceremonial, without vouchsafing one word to help forward the conversation. Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter recollected all the ridiculous things that had been said of Sir Harbottle, the contempt and aversion with which the General had always spoken of him; yet so uncertain did they feel as to the meaning of this introduction, that they could do no other than exert themselves to entertain their guest, supposing all would be explained when he was gone. Sir Harbottle cursed the General by all his gods; and yet so charming did Jane look, so desirable the possession of that immense wealth which was but shadowed

forth by the sumptuousness of all about him, that he felt every moment deeper and deeper in love, and was almost ready to offer hand and heart even then, but thought it might be too precipitate.

When every available topic had been talked threadbare, and even Mrs. Ashenhurst was in despair what to say next, the baronet rose to depart, and with him rose the nabob, overwhelming him with sinister politeness meant to be even more annoying than direct sarcasm. But Sir Harbottle was not to be provoked; he returned smile for smile, bow for bow, and even his enemy was not sure whether he had not gone off victor.

Mrs. Ashenhurst, with all her manœuvring, could not fathom the General's intentions respecting Sir Harbottle Grimstone further than that it was his pleasure he should be well received, and that she and her daughter should be always at home to him.

"Well, it is his way," said the facile Mrs. Ashenhurst, "and we must humour him."

Jane protested in no qualified terms against being compelled to anything so disagreeable.

"Remember, my love," was her mother's reply, "as I have said before, and as I have always found 'things never are entirely smooth in this world, we cannot have things altogether our own way: and I am sure, with all the blessings we enjoy, we must be content to take up with some disagreeables!'"

*(To be continued in our next.)*

### *Gregory's Gong.*

Toll the Tenth.

Nothing particular occurred to vary Gregory's voyage up the Ganges after leaving Rajmal, with the exception of an occasional crashing full of a high sand-bank avalanche, threatening the boat and all in it with a watery grave, and creating an earthquake-swell far and near on the river; or the sublime solemnity of a tornado, suddenly transforming the blaze of day into blackest night, splendidly illuminated with incessant lightning and serenaded by an awful union of roaring wind and bellowing thunder. At the end of three months he reached Cawnpore. He had been much interested at intervals in passing the classic Benares, with all its temples, mosques, and terraces, rising like another Venice from the reflecting flood, and lifting its flower-planted roofs, unpolluted with smoke, in fair relief into the pure blue skies; while priestly Brahmins, half immersed in the deified river, were performing in mystic mood and profound veneration their imposing ablutions; and elegant Hindoo maidens, ascending and descending the river-washed terraces, were bearing away with unrivalled grace their brazen pitchers of water, balanced picturesquely on their heads. He had been still more delighted with Chunar, whose 'rock sublime' (so much resembling that of Edinburgh Castle, with its fortified crest) stands with its base planted in the noble river. And, lastly, he had beheld with admiration the lofty embattlements of Allahabad, whose site has been so happily chosen at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges, where, in those days, the deluded Hindoo devotee sought through a watery grave the Elysium of Meru. But all these, and other objects that interest the inland voyager, have been amply and ably described by other travellers. At the British military station of Cawnpore, Gregory discharged his boat and provided himself with a tent, a couple of camels, and a pony, and with the addition to his servile train of a tent-pitcher, camel-driver, groom, and grass-cutter, he began to move with his caravan towards

Sorajpore, then the frontier station, where his regiment was stationed. He had to travel three hundred miles, at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles a-day. The Indian summer was fast setting in as Gregory proceeded, well armed, through the then robber-infested Doab. Day after day he journeyed on, from two or three o'clock till sunrise, over vast and populous plains belonging to England, without ever seeing a single Briton to remind the inhabitants who their rulers were. Gregory ruminated much on the awe inspired by the conquerors, which should thus alone be sufficient to keep in subjection such myriads of inimical foreign subjects; more especially as the race of men inhabiting these northern provinces was so very different from the enervated and diminutive Hindoos of Bengal proper. He now met tall and well-proportioned natives, with martial bearings, wearing gracefully their sword and shield, or, mounted on Mahratta steeds, riding gallantly past, balancing proudly their fearful length of spear. These generally saluted Gregory with a dignified salaam that had everything martial but nothing obsequious in it. His tent was always pitched, for the sake of alleviating shade, in the unfenced mango groves. Will the gentle reader pardon us for dwelling for a few minutes on the remembrance of the scene? The white tent glimmers from the centre of the regularly planted dark-green vistas; the perfectly level clean forest floor, chequered with the tropic sunbeams streaming brightly through the verdant canopy; the beautifully striped elegant little squirrels, playing sometimes in the shade and sometimes in the light, in all directions; the balmy perfume of the rich mango blossom; the deep tropic hush, broken only by 'the ring-doves' plaint; the marble-looking well, under the outermost tree at the angle of the grove by the road-side, where the kneeling camels are patiently waiting the drawing of the water; the fairy-like elegance of the inside of the Indian tent; the solitary European, pacing to and fro under one of the verdant vistas, awaiting the salaam that signals him to breakfast. Such was the unvaried but not unpleasant resting-scene of the traveller through upper India; and so alike was the place of encampment from day to day, and so alike the scenery along his road, that the traveller might almost have supposed that he had journeyed in a circle, and returned to the spot from which he had started in the morning.

The untraveller reader will naturally suppose, that if so happened that European travellers, coming from opposite directions, encamped in the same grove, it must have been a joyful occurrence in an Indian pilgrimage; alas, in those days at least, the tent might be pitched in the same grove, and the travellers, because unacquainted with each other, would pass their sojourn for the day without the exchange of a single syllable. This was more especially the case if one of the arrivals happened to be a purse-proud civilian, and the other a military gentleman, who, in the former's eye, was regarded as the very scum of the earth; but such is the change now-a-days, that we see these pompous judges and collectors begging for a cadetship for their sons at the door of the India House in Leadenhall Street. This was not, however, always the case. One morning as Gregory entered the encamping grove from the east, he saw beyond his own little tent a suit of field-officer's pavilions also pitched; and soon after he had dismounted from his pony a superbly caparisoned elephant arrived at the western border of the grove, and a fine-looking, weather-beaten, and war-worn, tall erect, military gentleman, in a native dress of rich keing-kob and Mogul cap, alighted from the dazzling howda, and, surrounded by spearmen in splendid uniforms, proceeded towards his magnificent marquee. To Gregory the procession down the avenue of his high-ranked countryman had something very imposing, and his own little tent and pony seemed to dwindle into insignificance before such a display, whilst more elephants, camels, and Arabian steeds were pouring in to augment the spectacle. Gregory kept pacing to and fro under the trees in the neighbourhood of his own tent. The

general—for such he was—on reaching his, dismissed his attendants, but instead of entering his tent he walked forward to where Gregory was, and with all the ease and natural grace of a perfect gentleman of the old school, with a kindly smile, held out his hand, and taking Gregory's in his pressed it warmly, and said, 'I am delighted, my young friend, to see you, and to think I shall have such agreeable company during my stay here; breakfast will be ready in the course of half an hour, when I hope you will honour me by making my tent your home for the day, when we shall be better acquainted;' he again pressed Gregory's hand and retired to his tent. It was well he had turned away, for, in spite of himself, Gregory, as he walked towards his own, could hardly refrain from tears at being thus so kindly recognised, in his long and lonely journey, by so warm-hearted and polite a general-officer.

When Gregory entered the general's marquee, it appeared as if a fairy dream had conjured up such splendour in an Indian forest. The table was covered with massive silver urns and covered dishes; the walls of the tent represented arbours, temples, rivers, and cascades; a crowd of richly apparelled servants waited around, as if their master had twenty orders to be obeyed at once. The general again welcomed Gregory warmly, and seemed to attach no importance to the state with which he was surrounded. 'Come away, my young friend; I hope your morning ride has given you an appetite for breakfast.' The general now, with becoming reverence, spread abroad his hands over the breakfast table, and devoutly asked a blessing on the bounties of providence. This simple, and in those days unusual, acknowledgment to heaven from a British officer, in such a place and amid a crowd of heathen attendants, had to Gregory a most delightful influence, and was not unrequited even by the natives, who, however they may differ in creed and religious rites, always respect a demonstration of piety, however offered; and the want of such in Britons, in their first conquests in India, induced the natives to believe that master was of 'dog's religion,' that is, no religion at all; and this sentiment certainly did not tend to increase their respect for their conquerors. 'My fellows,' said the general, as they took their seats, 'are famous for omelets, let me send you some to mix up with your rice instead of fish, of which we can expect none at such a distance from the rivers and nullas, with their beds now as dry as an old chillum.\*' The couple now set to in good earnest, and it would be difficult to say whether the old or young stomach did most justice to the general's good things. Breakfast over, the general asked Gregory if he smoked; Gregory replied in the negative. 'Well, suppose you try, and, if you don't like it, it will be no great loss, for perhaps we would all be better without tobacco.' A couple of splendid hookahs, breathing balmy perfumes, were now brought in. 'And now, my lads,' said mine host, 'be away with the breakfast things with all haste, the tent is getting hot enough without either it or you. The cloth being removed, and the hookahs fairly lighted, the general and his guest were left alone to the murmurs of their pipes. The veteran officer, now throwing himself back in his chair, and tilting up his legs upon the table, and inviting Gregory to do the same, asked him respecting his journey, the regiment he was going to join, how he had kept his health, &c. Gregory's unassuming manner and graphic descriptions, especially the nurse's story, quite delighted the kind-hearted old gentleman. 'And now,' said the general, 'before you begin your own military career, what say you to hearing mine? though I have neither any title to be celebrated as a second *'arma virumque,'* or adventures to relate that would vie with an *Odyssey.*' Gregory said he would consider the narration as a great favour. 'Oh, not at all! we old fellows like to hear ourselves speak;' so, calling the hookah-burdars,\* he ordered fresh

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\* 'Hookah-burdars'—pipe-men. 'Chillums'—tobacco.

chillums, and when they were fairly lighted he began, marking the sentences with a rattling gurgle instead of a full stop, and using gentler whiffs for commas and semicolons :

'When I sailed as a cadet from England, I was proud to think that I was a younger son of a British peer. I don't now value the distinction that puff of my hookah ; if I am proud at all, it is in having risen after a long, and I hope I may say faithful, service to the rank of a general ; but what I value still more is, my having stored my mind with knowledge, and I hope some wisdom, to render the evening of my life neither tiresome to my friends nor myself. My relations wished to send me out as a civilian ; but as that appointment required me to be designated writer, I scouted it with high disdain ; and it is well I did so, for my nobility would have made me be received among the mushroom magnates of India with such deference as would have confirmed me for life an aristocratical puppy ; whereas, when I joined my regiment, I found no regard was paid to previous rank, and my first allusion to it at the mess-table was received with a hearty laugh. 'It is a sad fall,' said the dry old Colonel Crusty, 'from your high spear' \* (the illiterate colonel meant sphere) to the lowest rank among the commissioned officers in the Bengal Buffs ; but take my advice, Ensign Manorfield, and think no more about the rank you have left behind, but keep your mind fixed on the rank before, and by your good conduct be prepared to adorn it, should you be spared from bullets, bile, and Phœbus. I took the old boy's advice, and never mentioned again my father as the Earl of Manorfield at the mess-table ; and though perhaps I ought not to say it, I grew a great favourite with the officers of the regiment. I devoted my leisure hours to the study of military tactics, fortification, and surveying ; the Persian and Hindoostani languages ; and, as a recreation, botany and mineralogy. In the course of a few years I was appointed adjutant of the regiment. Though my father had agreed to my adopting the sword instead of the pen, nothing could prevail on him to permit me to carry with me my fair cousin, Augusta Ashley, to whom I considered myself engaged almost from our childhood. He insisted that I should serve in India until entitled to a furlough, when my rank and pay would then make it more suitable for me to enter into the marriage state ; and as this verdict was confirmed by Augusta's father, we had nothing left but to vow eternal love, and to wait with patience till, like a second Jacob, I performed my stipulated years' service ; a very mistaken though worldly-wise arrangement. Our parting was marked with all the extravagancies best described in romances. It was a sincere youthful passion at the time : with me, removed from all opportunities of seeing other Augustas, my passion only strengthened to enthusiasm in exile. Augusta lived in an atmosphere less favourable for confirming the vow she had made, and many were the titled and wealthy admirers that attended as satellites in her orbit when she entered fashionable society ; but I am wandering from my story. You are, I dare say, well acquainted with all our campaigns against Hyder Ali and his son Tip-poo. It does not become me to speak of my own exploits, or the share I bore in most of them ; suffice it to say, that I was appointed a brigade-major during the war, and lastly, before its conclusion, I had the misfortune of being taken prisoner and accommodated with a dungeon-cell in Hyder's metropolis. My home rank there, however, came into play, for Hyder happening to hear that I was the son of an English Omra, partly perhaps from a native's estimation of nobility, and partly that his leniency to me might prove advantageous to himself in any extremity, especially as it was rumoured erroneously that my

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\* In singing the 'British Grenadiers' the worthy old colonel always gave the reading as follows :

'And all the gods celestial were leaning on their spears.'



father was expected in India as governor-general, he ordered me to be removed from the prison, and, taking my word of honour not to break my parole, I was committed to the care of Mahomed Deen, a prince of the house of Hyder, who appropriated to me a garden-house attached to his palace; a most delightful exchange from the dreary dungeon. I was not only thus relieved myself, but I was, strange as it may appear, a great relief to a brother officer, the only sharer of my dismal durance, and to whom I had the misfortune of being rather closely linked by a coupling chain. One would have imagined that, in circumstance like these, when two Europeans had the misfortune to be made inseparable companions in a prison-cell, however different their natural dispositions might be in liberty, such bondage would have made them more than brothers in sympathy and accommodating kindness. Whatever my behaviour was, I can only say that such was not the case with my companion in irons. Hector M'Slaughter, a fiery Highlander, was a fighting man in the true sense of the word; he lived for fighting, and his sole delight was in fighting, and he would have been more in character chained to one of Hyder's hunting leopards than to a Christian man; he was alone in his element in the battle-field. Oh, had you seen how his at other times heavy sleepy eyes kindled into eagle brightness there, you would not have known him to be the same man! All other fields, whether of agriculture or literature, had no charm for him. In 'the piping time of peace' he had no resources within himself to beguile the time, beyond a tiger-hunt or a jackal-chase; and now, being deprived of all his Bellonian delights, he ragged like the untameable hyena, and vented all his bad humour on his less pugnacious companion; and, like a beast of prey, he was most to be dreaded in the night season, though in a different way. Sleep was the only enjoyment left him, for then dreams restored him to his favourite occupation of 'cutting foreign throats;' and if, in turning myself, I was so unfortunate as to awake him amid his imaginary slaughter, there were no bounds of his rage and vexation. Well might his honest mother say, when she was told that her son was taken prisoner and chained to a brother officer in Hyder's dungeon, 'I pity the poor man that is chained to my Hector, for he'll lead a terrible life of it.' But to return from the dungeon to the elegant garden-house of Mahomed Deen; to me it was a change like that which Milton describes in reascending from the Stygian shores to our cheerful universe, saying, 'Hail, holy light!' Happily for me my host or keeper was one of those natives athirst after European lore and science, and, finding that I was pretty well versed in both, he spent some hours every day in the garden-house discussing those topics, until he became so attached to me that he dreaded the termination of a war that might deprive him of my society. Mahomed Deen was not only anxious to obtain the sweets of western lore for himself, but was most desirous that his sons, and what was more unusual, though not without exceptions, his only daughter, should embrace the opportunity of my instructions; and convinced, as he said he felt, that, as a British nobleman and officer, I would take no dishonourable advantage of my situation, a class, consisting of the sons and their sister, attended every day in the garden-house, and received lessons in English, French, geography, history, &c. Nothing could surpass the aptness of my interesting pupils for learning. Conveying instruction to the natives of India is indeed 'its own reward,' for along with the facility with which they acquire it, is the acuteness with which they subject to investigation every new problem in philosophy or science that is brought before them, and their animated discussions thereon. Had not my heart been entirely Augusta Ashley's and the confidence intrusted in me by the Omra not forbidden even the most honourable intentions towards his young, noble, and beautiful daughter, I might have run no small risk of being captivated with the charms both of her person and mind, while her highly polished manners threw a captivating grace over all. I have often been at a loss to know

how it is that a perfectly well-bred Asiatic should appear to such advantage beside an equally accomplished European; but I believe it arises from the former being well bred for good breeding's sake, and the latter from the desire of effect, which must ever destroy the natural ease and unstudied tact of pleasing, which is the crowning charm of appearance and address in the higher ranks of life. The Asiatic, too, has greatly the advantage of an unchangeable as well as graceful national costume, which so much tends to increase their personal attractions, while the Englishman's dress, composed of the most unbecoming items from every wardrobe on the Continent of Europe, banishes all grace of person, at least from the gentlemen, and not a little from the ladies, and gives the wearers, especially the former, the appearance of high life in caricature. But I am wandering again. Greatly delighted was the father in seeing his children rising so much beyond the usual acquirements of the natives of their own rank, and especially at finding his daughter becoming, instead of a mere unintellectual beauty, fit only for the harem of some Moslem grandee, a delightful companion for his own inquiring mind.

'Mahomed Deen was anxious to make my captivity as cheerful as possible, and, through a native friend at Madras, he supplied me amply with English, French, and Latin books, globes, astronomical instruments, &c.; and what was more delightful, that friend, by presenting testimonials from me as to the favour which I enjoyed through Mahomed Deen, to the British authorities there, he was permitted to receive and forward all my home letters as they arrived. Augusta's communications continued to breathe the tenderest affection and wishes for my welfare and safety; but, during my stay at Seringapatam, I observed with grief, that whilst my situation required deeper avowals of devoted attachment, her letters became more and more formal and cold, till they ceased altogether, when a letter from my father announced that Augusta had played me false, and was on the eve of being married to the Duke of Dashbury. This intelligence under any circumstances, but especially in captivity, was a cruel blow. I suspended my class, and resigned myself to solitude and sorrow. My kind guardian and his children were scarce less distressed than myself, though ignorant of the cause. They entreated and obtained permission to pay me a short visit every evening; and selfish indeed must have been my sorrow if it had prevented me feeling sensible of such unaffected sympathy. At the end of the saddest month in my existence, Mahomed Deen came one evening by himself, and, after taking my hand kindly in his own, said, 'I have no right to inquire into the cause of your sorrow, but it would give me sincere pleasure if I could in any way be the means of relieving it.' The suffering mind is generally open to sympathy, and there is often in the afflicted a desire to communicate its sorrows. Mahomed Deen had proved himself a sincere friend—the only friend I had now left, I therefore unfolded to him the cause of my grief. 'Alas!' said he, 'however human nature may differ from climate, creed, or cultivation, all acknowledge the power of all-conquering love; all exult in a successful issue of the tender passion, and all sink under the blight of a lover's inconstancy. What is the theme of all our most impassioned poetry, from your Horace in the west to our more fervent and exclusively amorous lyrist Hafiz in the east, but its transcendent delight or its exquisite misery! Alas! my friend, I have no other consolation to offer than that stale and unsatisfying one 'time,' and no hope to suggest save that a brighter and better lady, and more worthy of your love, may be yours; but, my friend, permit me at least to advise, for the alleviation of your grief. The lady has proved herself so unworthy of you, that she does not deserve to be honoured by your regret; turn from her to better meditations; turn to your books, your pencil, and pen; and, if not too much to ask, resume, your class for your affectionate pupils, and forget that this Augusta ever loved, or ever left you.

‘I felt both the salutary power of Mahomed’s logic, and the solace of his friendly sympathy; I accordingly agreed to resume the instructions of his family on the following day. My pupils, who had been made acquainted with the cause of my despondency, at our meeting manifested by their manners how much they felt for my sufferings; but there was something in the princess’s expression of tender sadness that went quite to my soul—something that seemed to say, would it were in my power to soothe his sorrow. Pity is akin to love; and perhaps her heart whispered, would that I were worthy to supply the place of his unfaithful English lady. The heart of man is never more ready to yield to the power of the softer passion than when it comes in the shape of sympathy, in one for whose beauty and estimable qualities we had before the highest admiration and esteem. I soon felt that, being now absolved from my vow to Augusta, the fascination and sympathy of the princess called upon my guardian-honour to take the first opportunity of being alone with Mahomed Deen, to disclose my mind to him. When, therefore, we next sat together on the terrace of my garden-house, at the evening hour, amidst the sweets of the surrounding orange-trees, mingled with jessamine, and other tropic perfumes, I said, ‘You relied on my honour that I would never take advantage of my situation for any dishonourable intentions; but this is not sufficient; I consider myself bound to something more than this. Therefore, though the vow that bound me to Augusta is no longer binding, considering the trust you have reposed in me, our difference of creeds, and our nations at war, I will not permit feelings and admiration, though the most honourable, to interfere with what I owe to your kindness and hospitality; for this purpose, and for my own peace, I must cease to be the tutor of the princess.’ Mahomed Deen took my hand in his, and said, ‘You are a true nobleman. I see and feel the full force of your delicate and honourable disclosure. You have been the means of making my daughter a very different being from the other daughters of the land; but what will that avail her cultivated mind? She will be asked in marriage by some Moslem chief, who neither looks for nor wants charms in a wife beyond the charms of person, and to whom all intellectual acquirement would only be a source of suspicion and dislike. How wretched a prospect for the princess! It is true, our creeds, as our climates, are different, and for the present our nations are at war; but you are an honourable, as well as a brave and learned man; and with these, I would rather see the princess united to you than with a countryman such as I have described. I know not how the princess is affected, but on my part you will meet no obstacles in your endeavours to win her affections, and, what is more, I sincerely wish you success in the same.’ So saying, he left me for the evening. The flowery path that leads through the paradise of passion to the temple of Hymen—but I am not going to descant for the hundred-thousandth time on what has been done so pathetically in novels and romances, though never were circumstances, the parties, and the scene, more suited for romantic description. Suffice it to say, that on the night of our marriage, the garden in the centre of which my Chinese-looking residence stood, displayed a scene that would have done credit to Aladdin’s lamp; for variegated lustres hung like enchanted fruit from every tree illuminating the whole garden with excessive blaze, and bringing into bright relief the sparkling fountains, that threw high radiant columns, and descended again in a shower of diamonds into the marble reservoirs, while from the parapet-walls of the enclosure, and the terraced-roof of Mahomed’s palace, one incessant discharge of sky-rockets and other fireworks, crossing each other in resplendent arches, added greatly to the effect of the whole.

‘About a month after my union with the princess, the tidings arrived that peace had taken place between Tippoo and the British, and an order came for Mahomed Deen, who commanded at Seringapatam, to release all the prisoners.

'Come,' said the Omra to me, 'let us go together, and you shall have the pleasure of announcing the welcome news to your old companion in bondage. We proceeded accordingly to the dungeon-cell. M'Slaughter's prison-door was thrown open, and I exclaimed, 'Hurrah! my friend, peace is proclaimed, and you are at liberty.' 'What's the use of liberty,' growled M'Slaughter, 'when there's no one to fight with?' 'Never fear,' said I, 'you will get your belly-full of that before we are done with India.' M'Slaughter's irons being unloosed, he now advanced as fast as his long-cramped and crippled legs would admit. On seeing my father-in-law on the outside of the door of the prison, his countenance kindled into fearful ferociousness, and he thus addressed him—'Give my salaam to your savage sovereign, and say, that I hope to live to repay him with compound interest for all his kindness to me whilst his guest at this place; or, in other words, that I hope to have the honour and great felicity of cracking his black cocoa-nut skull. So tell him that and no mistake.' 'I have no doubt,' said Mahomed Deen, 'that should you ever have the honour of coming into single combat with the prince of Mysore, you will find an antagonist that will put to the proof both your bravery and skill.' The rest of the officers were now released in succession, and most affecting and interesting were the meetings, congratulations, and recognitions that took place, though the latter were often difficult, through the mass of beards, from the long absence of razors. I invited them all to partake of refreshments at my garden-residence, where I introduced them to the princess, and received their congratulations on my good fortune. 'Yes,' said I, 'the campaign has not been lost to me, since I carry away the brightest jewel of Tippoo's capital.' A party of friends, consisting of countrymen just released from dungeons and met around the social board, amid verdant parterres in light and liberty, was one of the most joyous sights that humanity could witness or even conceive. On the following day, palanquins were provided to convey the officers to the nearest post of the British army; while Mahomed, after the tenderest and most affectionate farewell and wishes, sent me and his daughter forth, with a retinue of elephants and palanquins, escorted by a party of Mysore cavalry.

'Nothing in my career is worth mentioning till the year 1799, when, through the decisive measures of Lord Wellesley, in the course of a few months our army was for the second time at the gates of Seringapatam. When the storm was ordered, I asked and readily obtained permission, that, in the event of it being in my power, I should offer quarter to my father-in-law, and protect his residence and family from plunder or molestation. As soon, therefore, as we had driven the defenders from the walls, taking a party of soldiers with me, I fought my way in the direction of the Omra's palace. Arrived at the door of the garden, we forced it open. I entered the place, dear to me from fond associations. How altered it was from the days of peace and beauty! Bombs and shells had burst among the fountains and marble basins. One had exploded on the garden-house, which lay a heap of ruins, and among them the females of the Omra's family had now sought concealment, on seeing the palace, which opened into the street, on the eve of being stormed by the conquering assailants. Fancy their shouts of astonishment and delight when they saw me at the head of the band which had just forced its way into the garden. 'Manorfield Sahib!' 'Bismillah!' 'Manorfield Sahib Bahadur!'—'Where is the Omra?' I exclaimed.—'In the street, defending the approach to the palace,' was the reply. I rushed through the deserted halls, and, issuing from the front portal, saw below me Mahomed Deen and his sons, wounded and bleeding, with a few followers, gallantly disputing, step by step, the ascent to his palace, closely charged by a large body of sepoys, determined to die on the threshold of his own dwelling-place. In a moment he felt himself surrounded by a body of the enemy in his rear, and heard a well-known voice exclaiming, as I rushed

betwixt him and the assailants, 'These are my prisoners; turn your arms elsewhere.' This was instantly obeyed. I turned round, and amidst the roar of conflict between our contending nations, we embraced each other. 'To you,' said the Omra, 'I feel no reluctance in resigning my sword. You can testify that it blazed untarnished to the last.'—'Never,' said I, 'will I deprive you of a weapon you have wielded so nobly; and there is no occasion: for, hark! our trumpets sound truce.' After embracing his sons, we ascended the terrace together. The joyful tidings had reached the ears of the trembling females, and they were now rushing into the palace, from the garden, as we entered the hall. The meeting I shall leave to your own fancy to picture; and now that our chillums (as well as your patience, I am sure) are exhausted, we will part till the evening, when I shall again hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner.'

Gregory gratefully thanked the general for his narration.

The evening was spent together in animated and discursive conversation,

'Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,  
Whilst in their age they differ, join in heart.  
Thus stands an aged elm with ivy bound—  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.'

In the course of the conversation, the general said, 'I am now on my way to meet the princess, who has been on a visit to her relations at Seringapatam. I can truly say that I have every succeeding year more cause to rejoice in my union. On sincere conviction, she has embraced the Christian faith; and I hope, some day, to have the pleasure of introducing you to her acquaintance. In compliment to her, when not with my troops, I wear the Eastern costume, being besides, I confess, partial to it, as well as to some of the amenities of Eastern manners, at the same time abiding decidedly by English principles.'

At a late hour, the companions of a day parted, with expressions of affectionate regard and regret, to proceed at an early hour on their respective journeys. Before that, however, Gregory was restored, in dreams, to fairy palaces and dazzling festivities. The scene next appeared overcast, and he seemed to hear the roar of cannon and the shouts of conflicting hosts; awoke by the sounds, he found it was only the contest between angry drivers and their enraged camels demurring to the operation of loading, the knocking away of innumerable tent-stakes, and the more hollow grumbling of the General's elephants.

(To be continued.)

## VIII.—POETRY.

MAUDE ALLINGHAME ;

A LEGEND OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The following legend is founded on a story current in the part of Herts where the scene is laid ; the house was actually burnt down about three years ago, having just been rendered habitable.]

## PART THE FIRST.

THERE is weeping and wailing in Allingham Hall,  
 From many an eye does the tear-drop fall ;  
 Swollen with sorrow is many a lip,  
 Many a nose is red at the tip ;  
 All the shutters are shut very tight,  
 To keep out the wind and to keep out the light ;  
     While a couple of mutes,  
     With very black suits,  
     And extremely long faces,  
     Have taken their places  
 With an air of professional *esprit de corps*,  
 One on each side of the great hall door.  
 On the gravel beyond, in a wonderful state  
 Of black velvet and feathers, a grand hearse and eight  
 Magnificent horses the orders await  
     Of a spruce undertaker,  
     Who's come from Long Acre,  
 To furnish a coffin, and do the polite  
 To the corpse of Sir Reginald Allingham, Knight.

The lamented deceased whose funeral arrangement  
 I've just been describing, resembled that strange gent  
 Who ventured to falsely imprison a great man,  
 Viz. the Ottoman captor of noble Lord Bateman ;  
 For we're told in that ballad, which makes our eyes water,  
 That this terrible Turk had got one only daughter ;  
 And although our good knight had twice seen twins arrive, a  
 Young lady named Maude was the only survivor.

    So there being no entail  
     On some horrid heir-male  
 And no far-away cousin or distant relation  
 To lay claim to the lands and commence litigation,  
 'Tis well known through the county, by each one and all,  
 That fair Maude is the heiress of Allingham Hall.

Yes, she was very fair to view ;  
 Mark well that forehead's ivory hue,

That speaking eye, whose glance of pride  
 The silken lashes scarce can hide,  
 E'en where, as now, its wonted fire  
 Is paled with weeping o'er her sire ;  
 Those scornful lips which part to show  
 The pearl-like teeth in even row,  
 That dimpled chin, so round and fair,  
 The clusters of her raven hair,  
 Whose glossy curls their shadow throw  
 O'er her smooth brow and neck of snow ;  
 The faultless hand, the ankle small,  
 The figure more than woman tall,  
 And yet so graceful, sculptor's art  
 Such symmetry could ne'er impart.  
 Observe her well, and then confess  
 The power of female loveliness,  
 And say, " Except a touch of vice  
     One may descry  
     About the eye  
 Rousing a Caudle-ish recollection,  
 Which might perchance upon reflection  
 Turn out a serious objection,  
 That gal would make '*almost a heavenly splice.*' " \*

From far and wide  
     On every side  
 Thither did many a suitor ride,  
 Who, thinking as we do, determined to call  
 And propose for the heiress of Allingham Hall.  
 Knights who'd gathered great fame in  
 Stabbing, cutting, and maiming  
 The French and their families  
 At Blenheim and Ramilies,  
 In promiscuous manslaughter  
 T'other side of the water,  
 Very eagerly sought her ;  
 Yet though presents they brought her,  
 And fain would have taught her,  
 To fancy they loved her, not one of them caught her.  
 Maude received them all civilly, asked them to dine,  
 Gave them capital venison and excellent wine,  
 But declared, when they popp'd, that she'd really no notion  
 They'd had serious intentions—she owned their devotion  
 Was excessively flattering—quite touching—in fact  
 She was grieved at the part duty forced her to act :  
 Still her recent bereavement—her excellent father—  
 (Here she took out her handkerchief) yes, she had rather—

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\* *Vide* Sam Slick, the Clock maker.

Rather not (here she sobbed) say a thing so unpleasant,  
But she'd made up her mind not to marry at present.  
Might she venture to hope that she still should retain  
Their friendship !—to lose that would cause her *such* pain.

Would they like to take supper !—she feared etiquette,

A thing not to be set

At defiance, by one in her sad situation,  
Having no “Maiden Aunt,” or old moral relation

Of orthodox station,  
Whose high reputation,  
And prim notoriety,  
Should inspire society

With a very deep sense of the strictest propriety ;  
Such a relative wanting, she feared, so she said,  
Etiquette must prevent her from offering a bed ;  
But the night was so fine—just the thing for a ride—  
Must they go ! Well, good bye,—and here once more she sighed ;  
Then a last parting smile on the suitor she threw,  
And thus, having “let him down easy,” withdrew,  
While the lover rode home with an indistinct notion  
That somehow he'd not taken much by his motion.

Young Lord Dandelion,  
An illustrious scion,

A green sprig of nobility,  
Whose excessive gentility

I fain would describe if I had but ability,—  
This amiable lordling, being much in the state  
I've described, *i. e.* going home at night rather late,  
Having got his *congé*  
(As a Frenchman would say)

From the heiress, with whom he'd been anxious to mate,  
Is jogging along in a low state of mind,  
When a horseman comes rapidly up from behind,  
And a voice in his ear  
Shouts in tones round and clear,

“Ho, there ! stand and deliver ! your money or life !”  
While some murderous weapon, a pistol or knife,  
Held close to his head,

As these words are being said,  
Glitters cold in the moonlight and fills him with dread.

Now I think you will own,  
That when riding alone

On the back of a horse, be it black, white, or roan,  
Or chestnut, or bay,  
Or pie-bald, or grey,

Or dun-brown, (though a notion my memory crosses  
That 'tis asses are usually done brown, not horses,)



When on horseback, I say, in the dead of the night,  
 Nearly dark, if not quite,  
 In despite of the light  
 Of the moon shining bright-  
 ish—yes, not more than-ish, for the planet's cold rays I  
 've been told on this night were unusually hazy—  
 With no one in sight,  
 To the left or the right,  
 Save a well-mounted highwayman fully intent  
 On obtaining your money, as Dan did his rent,  
 By bullying,—an odd sort of annual peasantry  
 That “Repaler” played off on the finest of peasantry ;  
 In so awkward a fix I should certainly say,  
 By far the best way  
 Is to take matters easy and quietly pay ;  
 The alternative being that the robber may treat us  
 To a couple of bullets by way of quietus ;  
 Thus applying our brains, if perchance we have got any,  
 In this summary mode to the study of botany,  
 By besprinkling the leaves, and the grass, and the flowers,  
 With the source of our best intellectual powers,  
 And, regardless of habeas corpus, creating  
 A feast for the worms, which are greedily waiting  
 Till such time as any gent  
 Quits this frail tenement,  
 And adopting a shroud as his sole outer garment,  
 Becomes food for worms, slugs, and all such-like varmint.

My Lord Dandelion,  
 That illustrious scion,  
 Not possessing the pluck of the bold Smith O'Brien,  
 (Once displayed at St. Stephen's, when having a lick  
 At that pet of the fancy, the famous Bath Brick,)  
 Neither feeling inclined,  
 Nor having a mind  
 To be shot by a highwayman, merely said, “Eh !  
 Aw—extremely unpleasant—aw—take it, sir, pray ;”  
 And without further parley his money resigned.

Away !—away !  
 With a joyous neigh,  
 Bounds the highwayman's steed, like a colt at play ;  
 And a merry laugh rings loud and clear,  
 On the terrified drum of his trembling ear,  
 While the following words doth his lordship hear :—  
 “Unlucky, my lord ; unlucky I know,  
 For the money to go  
 And the heiress say, ‘No’,  
 On the self-same day, is a terrible blow.

When next you visit her, good, my lord,  
Give the highwayman's love to fair Mistress  
Maude !”

Away !—away !  
On his gallant grey  
My Lord Dandelion,  
That unfortunate scion,  
Gallops as best he may ;  
And as he rides he mutters low,  
“ Insolent fellar, how did *he* know ?”

In the stable department of Allingham Hall  
There's the devil to pay,  
As a body may say,  
And no assets forthcoming to answer the call ;  
For the head groom, Roger,  
A knowing old codger,  
In a thundering rage,  
Which nought can assuage,  
Most excessively cross is  
With the whole stud of horses,  
While loudly he swears  
At the fillies and mares ;  
He bullies the helpers and kicks all the boys,  
Upsets innocent pails with superfluous noise ;  
Very loudly doth fret and incessantly fume,  
And behaves, in a word,  
In a way most absurd,  
More befitting a madman, by far, than a groom,  
"Till at length he finds vent  
For his deep discontent  
In the following soliloquy :—“ I'm blest if this is  
To be stood any longer ; I'll go and tell Missis ;  
If she don't know some dodge as 'ill stop this here rig,  
Vy then, dash my vig,  
This here wery morning  
I jest gives her warning,  
If I don't I'm a Dutchman, or summut as worse is.”  
Then, after a short obligato of curses,  
Just to let off the steam, Roger dons his best clothes  
And seeks his young mistress his griefs to disclose.

“ Please your Ladyship's Honor,  
I've come here upon a  
Partiklar rum business going on in the stable,  
Vich, avake as I an I ain't no how been able  
To get at the truth on :—the last thing each night  
I goes round all the 'orses to see as they're right,—

And they always *is* right too, as far as I sec,  
 Cool and quiet and clean, just as 'orses should be,—  
 'Then, furst thing ev'ry morning agen I goes round,  
 'To see as the cattle is all safe and sound.  
 'Twas nigh three weeks ago, or perhaps rather more,  
 Ven vun morning, 'as usual, I unlocks the door,—  
 (Tho' I ought to ha' mentioned I always does lock it,  
 And buttons the key in my right breeches pocket,)—  
 I opens the door, Marm, and there was brown Bess,  
 Your ladyship's mare, in a horribul mess ;  
 Reg'lar kivered all over with sweat, foam, and lather,  
 Laying down in her stall—sich a sight for a father !  
 While a saddle and bridle as hung there quite clean  
 Over night, was all mud and not fit to be seen ;  
 And, to dock a long tale, since that day thrice a-week,  
 Or four times, perhaps, more or less, so to speak,  
     I've diskivered that thare  
     Identical mare,  
 Or else the black Barb, vich, perhaps you'll remember,  
 Vas brought here from over the seas last September,  
 In the state I describes, as if fairies or witches  
 Had rode 'm all night over hedges and ditches ;  
 If this here's to go on, (and I'm sure I don't know  
 How to stop it,) I tells you at vunce, I must go ;  
     Yes, although I've lived here  
     A good twenty-five year,  
 I am sorry to say, (for I knows what your loss is,)  
 You must get some vun else to look arter your 'orses."

Roger's wonderfui tale  
 Seemed of little avail,  
 For Maude neither fainted, nor screamed, nor turned pale,  
 But she signed with hēr finger to bid him draw near ;  
     And cried, " Roger, come here,  
     I've a word for your ear ;"  
 Then she whispered so low  
 That I really don't know  
 What it was that she said, but it seemed *apropos*  
     And germane to the matter ;  
 For though Roger stared at her,  
 With mouth wide asunder,  
 Extended by wonder,  
 Ere she'd ended his rage appeared wholly brought under,  
 Insomuch that the groom,  
 When he quitted the room,  
 Louted low, and exclaimed, with a grin of delight,  
 " Your Ladyship's Honour's a gentleman quite !"   
 'Tis reported, that night at the sign of " The Goat,"  
     Roger the groom changed a £20 note.

“MOURIR FROM LA PATRIE.”

Par la vois du conon d'alarme  
Le France apelle les enfants,  
Allons, dit le soldat, aux armes !  
C'est ma mère je la defends.  
Mourir pour la patrie ! Mourir pour la patrie !  
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

2ME COUPLET.

Nous amis qui loin des batailles  
Les succombons dans l'obscurité  
Vonons see moins nos funéraires  
A la France à la liberté.  
Mourir pour la patrie ! Mourir pour la patrie !  
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie,  
C'est le sort le plus beau le plus digne d'envie.

TRANSLATION.

By the cannon's voice appealing,  
Our country sounds the alarm,  
“Tis a mother's call !” says the soldier ;  
“ Arise, brothers ! arm, let us arm !”  
For our country to fall is a privilege high—  
The noblest of deaths is for freedom to die !

2ND VERSE.

Even we in obscurity pining,  
Afar from the field of their fame,  
To France and to liberty offer  
Our hope, and our life, and our name.  
For our country to fall is a privilege high—  
The noblest of deaths is for freedom to die !

*Illustrated News, 11th March.]*

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## IX.—DRAMA.

## THE SCHOOL FOR SCAMPS.

(A "STANDARD OLD COMEDY," IN FIVE ACTS.)

DEDICATED TO THE LEGITIMISTS.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

LORD BELMONT.	SIR FREDERICK MALISON.	LAWYER VENOM.
OLD GOPUS.	YOUNG GOPUS.	FRANK FRIENDLY.
HODGE COWSLIP.	JERRY COWSLIP (his son.)	
LADY BELMONT.	MATILDA BELMONT.	
MRS. GOPUS.	DORCAS COWSLIP.	

## ACT I.

SCENE. I.—*A Room in Lord Belmont's House.**Enter Lord Belmont.*

*Lord Belmont.* Why did I do it ? Why did I forge the deeds which made me the lord of all I see around me ? Why did I cause my sister's child to be kidnapped, and sent to sea ? Oh, Remorse ! Oh, Despair ! How the throbbing of a guilty brow shakes the coronet which gilds it. Ha ! who's there ? My evil Genius !

*Enter Lawyer Venom.*

*Lawyer Venom.* How is your Lordship ? Plotting mischief ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Nothing like it. I hate all the world ; don't you ? Here is the instrument for turning the Cowslips out of their cottage—it only wants your signature. [*Gives paper.*]

*Lord Belmont.* Alas ! Must I affix it ? (*Aside.*) Crime, crime, how thou forcest us on from one villany to another. [*He writes.*]

*Scene closes.*SCENE II.—*A Street in the Village.**Enter Old Gopus and Young Gopus.*

*Old Gopus.* Stick up, my boy ; stick up to Miss Belmont. You are the fellow for her. Gad ! When I was your age—

*Young Gopus.* Oh ! You old heathen ! Go along. But do you think she'd have me, Dad ?

*Old Gopus.* Think. Damme, I know it, She'd jump at you like a Cat-a-mountain. Phew !

*Young Gopus.* I'm in such spirits. (*Sings*) Fal de ral de ral de la.

[*Exeunt both, dancing and singing.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Lord Belmont's House.*

*Enter Lady Belmont and Miss Belmont.*

*Lady Belmont.* Pr'ythee, child talk no more. The blood of the Belmonts—

*Miss Belmont.* Can never be degraded by an alliance in which love consecrates the heart, and honour seals the hands.

*Lady Belmont.* Sir Frederick—

*Miss Belmont.* Again that odious name.

*Enter Sir Frederick unperceived, at back.*

*Sir Frederick (aside).* Ha ! Confusion !

*Lady Belmont.* While that Frank Friendly—

*Miss Belmont.* Frank Friendly ! Heavenly sound !

*Enter Frank Friendly unperceived, at back.*

*Frank (aside).* Ha ! Blessings on her !

*Lady Belmont.* I tell you you shall be the wife of—

*Friendly and Malison coming forward, and both speaking together—*

*Friendly and Malison.* Of me.

*The two Ladies faint in each other's arms, while the Rivals gaze furiously on each other over them.*

DROP FALLS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Old Cowslip's Cottage.*

*Old Cowslip. Jerry Cowslip. Dorcas.*

*Dorcas (weeping).* We be all undone.

*Jerry.* I zay doin Lawyer Venom. Dang'd an I doant break every boan in his ugly botly loike !

*Old Cowslip.* My son. My son. Learn patience from your aged sire.

[*Enter Lawyer Venom and Bailiffs.*]

*Venom.* Turn 'em out. Turn 'em out. I hate all the world. Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Jerry (kept back by Dorcas and Old Cowslip).* Leat me get at un, I say.

[*Enter Friendly.*]

*Friendly.* A distressed family ! Ha ! May the tree of benevolence be ever watered by the tears of gratitude. (*To the Bailiffs.*) Sharks, take your prey.

[*Flings down purse, and Exit.*]

*Old Cowslip.* May an old man's blessing—

[*Weeps.*]

*Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *Lord Belmont's House.*

*Enter Lord Belmont and Sir Frederick.*

*Lord Belmont.* Sir Frederick, she shall marry you. I pledge the word of a British nobleman.

[*Enter Venom.*]

*Venom.* I'll manage it. I shall make Miss Belmont believe that Friendly is in love with Dorcas, and that that was the reason for his late romantic generosity. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I hate all the world.

*Sir Frederick.* Excellent. Come along and concoct the plot.

*Exeunt Sir Frederick and Venom.*

*Lord Belmont (sinking on a chair).* Villain ! villain ! villain !

DROP FALLS.

### ACT III.

*Lord Belmont's Garden.—Enter Friendly and Miss Belmont, talking.*

*Friendly.* It was so. I know not my parents—I never did. My love for you is my only solace—my only comfort.

*Miss Belmont.* Be still, bursting heart ! Oh, Frank, do you really love me ?

*Friendly.* And can then Miss Belmont doubt the sincerity of my devotion ?

*Miss Belmont.* Never. For the heart which worships at the shrine is hallowed by the altar. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The Village.—Enter Jerry Cowslip.*

*Jerry.* Dang'd if I beant as glad as our red cow in a field of clover, loike. *[Enter Venom.]*

*Venom.* Know that Friendly, in the guise of benevolence, seeks to seduce your sister. Ha ! ha ! ha ! *[Exit Venom.]*

*Jerry.* Seducer ! Sister Dorcas ! It beant possible. But Lawyer Venom looked as if he meant it loike. I dunna know what to think. I'm like our donkey Jack between two bundles of hay.

*Enter Sir Frederick.*

*Sir Frederick.* Friendly wishes to seduce your sister. I am your friend. Take this pistol—*(gives pistol)*—he is in the next field. Adieu. Beware. *[Exit Sir Frederick.]*

*Jerry.* I'm all over woonder loike—seducer sister Dorcas—Noa, noa. There's summut here will prevent it.

*[Strikes his waistcoat and exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A field. Enter Friendly and Dorcas.*

*Friendly.* Nay—nay—open your heart to me as to a friend. You love Sir Frederick.

*Dorcas (sobbing).* Alas ! yes ! *[Enter Jerry at back.]*

*Jerry (aside).* In tears ! blood and 'ounds !

*Friendly.* Come—come—let me dry those eyes.

*Jerry (rushing forwards and presenting pistol).* Never ! The benefactor of the feather may yet be the seducer of the sister. *Group.*

DROP FALLS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Lord Belmont's House.*

*Enter Miss Belmont and Sir Frederick.*

*Miss Belmont.* My brain is bursting. It cannot be !

*Sir Frederick.* It is. [*Exit Sir Frederick.*]

*Miss Belmont.* Why did I love him—why do I love him ? But no, no—I must tear him from my heart for ever.

*Enter Friendly.*

*Friendly.* My dearest Matilda—

*Miss Belmont.* Villain—who would beguile one woman of her heart while he robbed another of her honour.

[*Exit Miss Belmont.*]

*Friendly* I'm petrified.

*Enter Jerry.*

*Jerry.* And you call yourself a foine gentleman loike ! What thof ye have gotten a good coat on your back—ye cannot stroike your heart and say its all roight here.

[*Strikes his waistcoat and exits.*]

*Friendly.* What means this ?

*Enter Young Gopus.*

*Young Gopus (aside).* Refused ! and by a woman I thought I was certain of ! (*Sees Friendly*). Ha ! there stands my successful rival. (*Aloud*). Sir, if you are not a coward follow me.

[*Exit Young Gopus.*]

*Friendly.* I'm goaded to madness—have after you.

[*Exit, following.*]

*Enter Old Gopus and Mrs. Gopus.*

*Old Gopus.* My son—my boy !

*Mrs. Gopus.* My boy—my son !

[*The reports of two pistols are heard.*]

*Mr. and Mrs. Gopus fall into each other's arms, and the Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Lord Belmont's Library.*

*Enter Lord Belmont and Venom.*

*Venom.* My Lord, it must be. Sir Frederick must marry Miss Belmont. I have my reasons for it. If you don't press the marriage I denounce you to-day, and will see you dragged to gaol to-morrow. Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exit Venom.*]

*Lord Belmont.* Earth open and swallow me !



*Enter Miss Belmont.*

*Miss Belmont.* Papa, papa, release me from the persecution of Sir Frederick.

*Lord Belmont.* My child I cannot. I have pledged my word. Tomorrow you will be Lady Malison.

[*Miss Belmont screams and faints. Lord Belmont rings the bell violently.*

*Enter servants and Lady Belmont, and form a group.*

DROP FALLS.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lord Belmont's House.*

*Enter Miss Belmont and Dorcas.*

*Miss Belmont.* You say so ?

*Dorcas.* Lady, yes, a thousand times, yes !

*Miss Belmont.* Oh, Friendly, how have I wronged thee ! Seek him Dorcas—bring him hither. (*Exit Dorcas.*) Alas ! when suspicion rankles in the heart, love, instead of a healing balm, becomes a subtle poison. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Frederick and Venom.*

*Sir Frederick.* An hour after Miss Belmont becomes Lady Malison the money shall be yours !

*Venom.* Agreed ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Enter Lord Belmont and Lady Belmont.*

*Lord Belmont.* Is all prepared ?

*Lady Belmont.* Where is the bride ?

*Miss Belmont (appearing at right).* Here.

*Venom.* And the bridegroom. I take it is—

*Friendly (appearing at left).* Here !

*All.* Ha !

*Lord Belmont.* What means this intrusion ?

*Sir Frederick.* Suffer me to chastise his insolence.

*Friendly.* Miserable trickster ! I know all. Your compact with Venom amongst the rest.

*Sir Frederick.* Ha ! betrayed !

*Venom.* This is trifling. Lord Belmont, I call upon you to cause this marriage to proceed—else—

*Lord Belmont.* I care not. I am weary of life ! My daughter shall not marry Sir Frederick.

*Venom.* Then your blood be on your own head. I accuse you of having murdered your sister's son.

*All.* Ha !

*Venom.* If he be not dead produce him. He will be known by a mole on his left elbow. I have myself had an affidavit taken of its existence.

*Lord Belmont.* Alas !

*Friendly.* Ha ! (*strips his sleeve*) a mole—see—see here !

[*Enter Old Cowslip, Jerry, and Dorcas.*

*Old Cowslip.* I know it—I feel it—I remember him well. Many a time have I dandled him on my knee—it is—it is the true Lord Belmont !

*Venom.* Confusion !

*Lord Belmont.* Thanks be to Heaven. Kneel, kneel my children, and receive my blessing.

[*Friendly and Miss Belmont kneel.*

*Venom.* And receive mine. May the Devil take you—I'm off.

[*Is going, when he is stopped by Old Gopus.*

*Old Gopus.* Mr. Venom, your banker has failed !

[*Enter Young Gopus.*

*Young Gopus.* Mr. Venom, your house and all your property is burnt.

[*Enter Mrs. Gopus.*

*Mrs. Gopus.* All—Mr. Venom—except your wife !

[*Venom staggers out.*

*Sir Frederick.* I feel I have turned virtuous all of a sudden. Dorcas Cowslip, will you marry me ?

[*They embrace.*

*Jerry.* Dang it—I'm a going clean mad wi joy loike—who'll marry I ?

[*Enter Abigail.*

*Abigail.* Me !

[*They embrace.*

*Lord Belmont.* Thus, my children and friends, we see how, on the one hand, virtue is rewarded, and how, on the other, vice is punished—how the watering pot of fertility nourishes the useful tree, and the hatchet of destruction clears away the noxious shrub.

CURTAIN FALLS.

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## X.—CHESS.

**NOTICE.** *The cupped Pawn.*—When there is a great disparity of force between the two opponents, one party placing a cap or ring on a pawn, undertakes to give check mate with that particular pawn, which is called the “Cupped Pawn” (*Pion Coiffé*.)

THE EDITOR of the *Chess columns* of the *Illustrated News* says, “Scarcely any thing is more improving to the young Chess-player than the study of ingenious Chess problems, especially such as most nearly resemble positions which occur in actual play, and which are in four or five moves.

*Original Chess problems* will now appear regularly in every No. of our Magazine, as well as some from the *Chess Chronicle* and the *Illustrated News*.—This department therefore may be considered tolerably complete, and a novelty for India, and we call on lovers of the game, to send us problems, games, and curious positions from actual play.

*Death of Mr. Donaldson.*—“We are deeply concerned,” says the *Chess Chronicle*, “at having to announce the death of another great Chess player, whose extraordinary skill in the conduct of the match of chess by correspondence with the London Chess Clubs, many years ago, has won for him deserved celebrity, expired in Edinburgh rather suddenly a few days since.”

“*Match by Correspondence between the London and Amsterdam Clubs.*—All preliminaries being now definitively settled, this contest for 50£ aside is to begin forthwith.”

“*Match of seven games between Captain Kennedy and Mr. Lowe.*—This interesting struggle has been brought to a close within the last few days—Captain Kennedy being declared the victor, but only by the odd game. The result is more creditable and gratifying to Captain Kennedy, from the circumstance of his having to fight up at the end against a serious disadvantage of being three games behind.”

*A Memoir of Deschappelles* from *La Palamède*, is given in the *Chess Chronicle*, of which we will now give a short notice—“He died 27th October 1827, after a lingering illness of 20 months, during which he was unable to quit his bed of suffering. He was born 7th March 1780, of a noble family; yet embraced with transport the principles of the French Revolution. He distinguished himself among the bravest of the brave, but fell covered with wounds in the first engagement with the Austrians.

Deschappelles did not meet with the advancement he merited, and the Consulate and the Empire not only were not lavish of their favours, but not even just with regard to him, he was forgotten though he shared in most of the triumphs of the grand army. It seemed his fate to be the victim of cowardly misconduct the most abhorrent to his noble heart; and the disgraceful capitulation of Baylen delivered him into the hands of England. He was transported on board the *Pantoons* at Cadiz, but there devised a plan of escape worthy of this sublime Chess player, that was called to console the world for the loss of Philidor; his genius opened him the gates of his country which he always loved with the same ardour, but he would no longer serve what he called the ambition of a liberticide; it was then he devoted himself to the peaceful cultivation of Chess.

From 1815 until 1820 Deschappelles played his finest games against the strongest players, giving them a pawn and two moves never less, sometimes more. He did not like to give a piece, but of moves he was by no means chary—his period was perhaps the most brilliant for Chess in France, and yet all it produced has been buried in oblivion, games were not then taken down, and what deserved to be engraved were not even chronicled. The theory was almost reduced to the Calabrois for the brilliant, and to Philidor for the solids school. The players who possessed any knowledge of these two masters passed for erudite *savans*, and were not encountered without respect and fear.

From the constellation of players came forth a successor to Deschappelles, for the space of two years this elaborate master trained the young La Bourdonnais, and deposed the crown on his brow, when he could no longer continue to give him the pawn and two moves. What noble pride in this abdication before the decline of age,—not to continue the contest with his pupil to expose himself one day to defeat on even terms, to hasten the dethronement of a successor, to prevent the chagrin of beholding the place wrested from him, which he preferred yielding voluntarily in all its glory.

Deschappelles was not what may be called learned in Chess; except some debuts of Philidor, and some stratagems of Greco, he owed all to himself. His strength was not borrowed but innate. Thus he dared not venture on every opening, and he found himself better on the *terrain* of the game at pawn and two moves, which he had played all his life, and with which he was thoroughly acquainted.

One proof of what we have here advanced, which might appear strange is, besides the opinion of La Bourdonnais, a long and animated contest between Deschappelles and Mr. Cochrane. This celebrated English player came to Paris in 1820-21 to measure his strength with Deschappelles and La Bourdonnais. The *partie* was organized in form of the *poule*. Deschappelles gave pawn and two moves to La Bourdonnais and Mr. Cochrane; these two played even. La Bourdonnais was the greatest winner, and Mr. Cochrane the greatest loser. M. Deschappelles' advantages over Mr. Cochrane were counter-balanced by his losses against La Bourdonnais. Mr. Cochrane, tired of playing at pawn and two moves with Deschappelles, proposed to play him even. Deschappelles did not consent to this arrangement, before intimating to Mr. Cochrane he would not perhaps gain a single game.

Cochrane admirable in the Gambits, perfectly at home in the *Giuoco Piano*, and possessing besides a vast and complete knowledge of all the best authors, who have written on the openings, won more than a third, and consequently recovered part of the money he had lost at pawn and two moves. Fifteen years afterwards M. Deschappelles still naively recounted to us, "For the first 20 moves I had always a bad game, and I only won games that were considered desperate." It was the explicit avowal of all that theoretic science has done for the openings. But to compensate this, what solidity, what precision in the longest calculations. None ever saw so far as Deschappelles into the middle of the game, and none was ever a better judge of position. He was as if absorbed in the composition of a plan, and if his adversary played the correct moves, it

was then his triumph was only the more secure by the depth and solidity of his conceptions, which he followed majestically without being turned aside by secondary incidents. To comprehend all the profundity of the decisive *coup*, it was necessary to go far back, and follow the links of the plan conceived in his brain, and which he only unfolded afterwards on the Chess board.—*Chess Player's Chronicle*, February.

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## CHESS.

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**Decisions.** There is no rule to compel you to apprise a queen of danger by saying "Check."

Whenever a player can advance one of his pawns to the 8th square, he may claim a queen or any other piece which he may prefer (excepting, of course, a king) whether such piece has been *lost in play or not*, and he may have *as many queens* or other pieces as he can thus obtain *on the board at once*; moreover it has been given that the moment a pawn is played to the 8th square, it *must be* changed for a queen or other piece.

The odds of K. Kt. and 1st move are nearly equivalent to the queen's rook.

A pawn in taking *en passant*, places himself on the square from whence he has taken the adverse pawn. Any pawn may be so taken, and at any part of the game, provided of course it has not been before moved.

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### Solutions to the Problems in our Last.

#### No. 212.

White.	Black.	White.	
1. Q to K 3	P to Q B 4 (best)	4. Q to K B 4 (ch)	K to Q 4
2. B takes B	R to K 3 (best)	5. P to K 4 (ch)	K takes R P
3. Q to Q 2d (ch)	K to K 5	6. Q to Q 6 (mate)	

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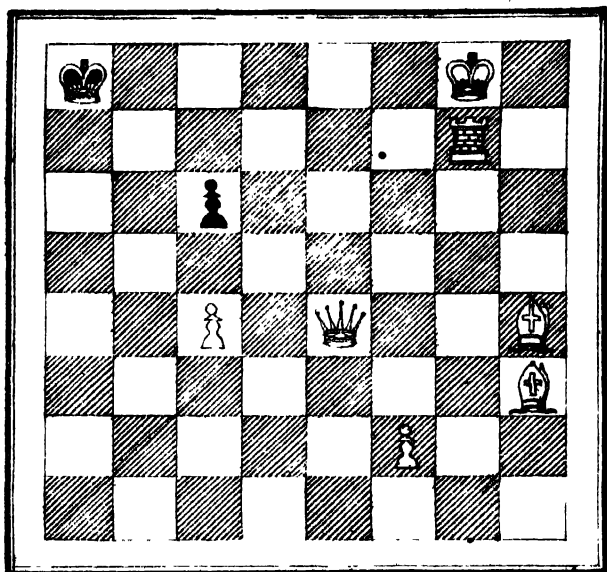
#### No. 1.

By Moonshee Waris Ali.

White.	Black.
1. Q to K R	K to Kt square
2. Q B to K Kt 3 (ch)	K to R square
3. K B P 1	Q B P 1
4. K B P 1 (dis, ch)	K to Kt
5. K B P 1 (do)	K to B
6. K B P 1 (do)	K to Q
7. Q B to K R 4 (do)	K to his own square.
8. K B P 1 (mate)	

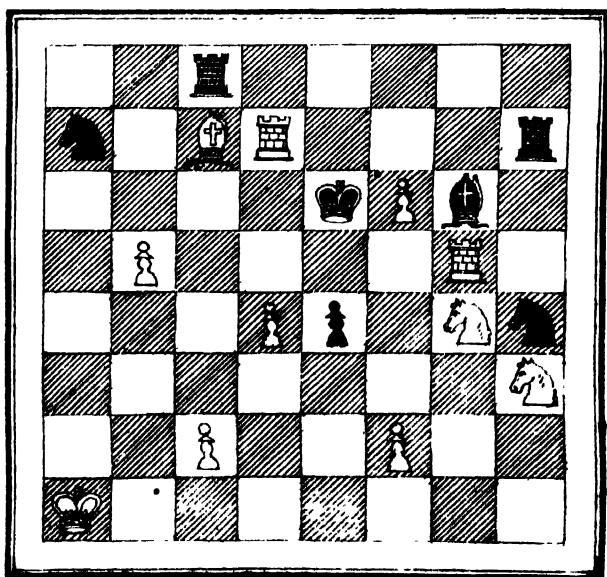
Solutions to No. 12 and 13 of Chess Chronicle have not arrived in time for this issue; but will be given in our next.

PROBLEM N<sup>o</sup> 1 BY MOONSHEE WARIS ALI.



*K R P to check mate in eight moves*

PROBLEM N<sup>o</sup> 217 FROM ILLUSTRATED NEWS BY S W W



*White playing first can mate in five moves.*



## GAMES.

*From the Chess Chronicle.*

BETWEEN CAPT. KENNEDY AND MR. E. WILLIAMS.

White (M. E. W.)	Black (Capt. K.)
1. P to K 4th	Q Kt to B 3d
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th
3. P to Q 5th	Q Kt to K 2d
4. K Kt to B 3d	Q Kt to K Kt 3d
5. Q B to K 3d	K B checks
6. P to Q B 3d	B to Q R 4th
7. K B to Q 3d	K B to Q Kt 3
8. Castles	K Kt to K 2d
9. Q to Q 2d	P to Q 3d
10. P to Q B 4th	Castles
11. Q Kt to B 3d	K B to Q R 4th (a)
12. K Kt to K square	P to K B 4th
13. P to K B 4th	K B P takes P
14. K B takes P	Q B to K B 4th
15. B takes B	K Kt takes B
16. K B P takes P	Kt takes B

White resigned (b)

(a) Black now pins the Q Kt, apprehensive that he may be effectively lodged at K 4th after the K B P has been played to B 4th and exchanged for White's Kgs. Pawn.

(b) Because he obviously dare not take the Kt on account of the adverse Bishop being played to Q Kt third, and has consequently lost a clear piece.

## GAME.

*Between Mr. Staunton and Lieut. Col. Nesbitt, the former giving the Pawn and 2 moves.*

(REMOVE WHITE'S K. B. P. FROM THE BOARD.)

Black L C N.	White Mr. S.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3d
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 4th
3. K B to Q 3d	P takes P
4. P to Q B 3d	B to Q Kt 5th (ch.)
5. P takes P	K Kt to K 2d
6. Q Kt to B 3d	Castles
7. K Kt to B 3d	P to Q 4th
8. Castles	P takes P
9. P takes P	Q B to K Kt 5th
10. Q B to K Kt 5th	



11. B takes Kt  
 12. B to K 2d  
 13. K Kt to K 5th  
 14. Q Kt takes B  
 15. P to K B 4th  
 16. P to K B 5th  
 17. Kt takes Kt  
 18. Q R to B  
 19. R takes R  
 20. P to Q Kt 3d

B takes B  
 Q Kt to B 3d (a)  
 B takes B  
 Q R to B square  
 P to K Kt 4th  
 B to K B 3d  
 R takes Kt  
 Q to her Kt 3d  
 P takes R

Owing to the lateness of the sitting, the game was not continued. There is no advantage on either side in position, but Black *still retains* the pawn originally given. (a) Black has not taken all the advantage which the opening affords him, but permitted his opponent to castle and develope his game with a freedom seldom permitted to the giver of the pawn and two moves.

### CHess ENIGMAS.

No. 284 *Illustrated News by Herr Kling.*

White.  
 K at his B 2  
 Q at her B 7  
 Kt at K 3  
 P at K 2 and  
 at K Kt 5

Black.  
 K at Q 5  
 P at K Kt 3

*White plays and mates in 3 moves.*

No. 282.—By C. E. R.

White.  
 K at his 2  
 R at K B 7  
 B at K B 8  
 P at Q B 4

Black.  
 K at K 5  
 P's at K 3 Q 5 and Q B 4

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

## XI. MISCELLANEA.

THE ode on the burial of Sir John Moore beginning "Not a drum was heard," is by the Revd. Charles Wolfe, a native of Dublin. It was originally in an Irish newspaper in 1817. It has been ascribed to various authors; Shelley considering it not unlike a first draught by Campbell. The friends of Wolfe have however established his right to the authorship beyond question. Sir Walter Scott declared it to be the most beautiful requiem ever sung to the memory of a hero.

### *Bonaparte's opinion of his two Wives.*

THEIR characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other, Josephine had grace, an irresistible seduction, an unreserved devotedness. Maria Louisa had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was a truly virtuous novice, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilet, and in her liberalities. Maria Louisa on the contrary economised what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold her in order to induce her to make her expenditure consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me, she loved me tenderly, no one ever had a preference to me in her heart. I uniformly held the first place, her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being whom I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still powerful in my mind.—*Montholon's St. Helena.*

### *England v. France.*

ENGLISH armies, for a hundred and twenty years, ravaged France; but England has not seen the fires of a French Camp since the battle of Hastings. English troops have twice taken the French capital; an English king was crowned at Paris; a French king rode captive through London; a French emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees, once from the Pyrenees to Calais; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general. All the great disasters and days of mourning to France since the battle of Hastings, Tenchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Crevont, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramilies, Malplagnet, Minden, Dettingen, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Victoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Waterloo, were gained by English Generals, and won for the most part by English soldiers. Even at Fontenay, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support from the Dutch and Austrians. No coalition against France has ever been successful in which England did not take a prominent part; none in the end has failed of gaining its objects in which she stood foremost in the fight. This fact is so apparent on the most superficial survey of history, that it is admitted by the ablest French historians, though they profess themselves unable to explain it.—*Alison's Life of the Duke of Marlborough.*

"The steed call'd Lightning (say the fates)  
Is owned in the United States.  
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse :  
'Twas harness'd by Professor Morse.—*Boston Chronotype.*

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*' Under the Rose.*

ABOUT the year 1526, Roses were first planted in England, consecrated as presents from the Pope, and placed over confessionals as the emblem of secrecy, hence the common phrase "under the rose."

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MADNESS is not, as it is by many supposed to be, hereditary. It sometimes is ; but so is blindness. These are the exceptions, not the rules.

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*On Love, Lovers and Flirts and Rakes.*

H. A. N. wants a description of the Scotch disposition, as she has a Scotch lover, who seems very cold and cautious, and looks as if he wanted to be quite sure before he popped the question. H. has hit off the Scotch character very well. It is said, to be slow, but sure, and let it be by deeds rather than by words. Keep him in fear (Read answer to Medicus.)

MEDICUS is unreasonable,—(Read the answer to "a Lover of Justice.") There should be always a little fear in love, it is quite indispensable to keep up the excitement. Love droops when fear dies. The good and the evil, that is the sunshine and shadow of life, must invariably go together like the two ends of a stick. Happiness lies in the reconciliation so that the evil shall serve the good and not the good the evil, for evil is the nigger, who is better adapted for servitude, than *masterhood*, fear is a stimulant to good manners, gallantry and generosity. From fear of losing ground or favour, we exert ourselves to our utmost. Without fear we become idle and indifferent, and this very want of fear it is which makes married love less warm than wooing love. To kill fear is to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

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*A Lover of Justice.*

HER complaint conveys a well merited rebuke to the wooing sex : "Do you not consider it exceedingly unfair, that a gentleman is permitted to pay a lady every attention, and then when he has rendered her conspicuous and an engagement is likely to be talked of, to excuse himself by saying the lady is a *flirt*, which is only an excuse for his own ungenerous conduct ? Is a lady to be thought a flirt because she does not sit with her mouth shut, and unless every word that she utters is three times thought of before it is uttered ? Mr. Editor, I have had some experience, for I mix in the best and highest circles of society, and, in my opinion, *the gentlemen*, and not the ladies, are *the flirts*." This is quite true—whatever ladies may be at heart, gentlemen are in word and deed greater flirts than the ladies, but both are very severe judges when under the influence of love, for love is the most selfish of all passions, and grudges even a kind word or a smile to any creature but itself. It has a thorn concealed in its bosom,—the original curse. Jealousy attends it like a shadow in sunshine, and the more brilliant the sunshine of love, the deeper the shadow of jealousy, that

it casts. It cannot be helped, it is the law of nature, the ladies ought to petition nature to repeal it.

Kate C. writes in defence of reformed rakes. She says her father is one, and she admires them, and, notwithstanding all advice to the contrary, she should prefer one. She thinks we are too severe in our judgment on the poor dear rake. Well, it is to be hoped that she may get one!—*Family Herald to its Correspondents.*

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### Dilemmas.

ONE of the most celebrated Dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A Rhetorician had instructed a youth in the art of pleading, on condition that he was to be remunerated, only in case his pupil should gain the first cause in which he was engaged. The youth immediately brought an action against his teacher, of which the object was to be freed from the obligation which he had contracted, and then endeavoured to perplex his instructor with this dilemma. "If I gain my suit," said he, "the authority of the court will absolve me from paying you: If I lose, I am exonerated by our contract." The Rhetorician answered by a similar dilemma—"If you gain your suit, you must pay me according to our contract, if you lose the suit, you must pay in compliance with the decision of the court."—*Book of Table Talk.*

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### During the American War.

WHILST Col. Burgoyne commanded in Cork, he saw a corpulent soldier among the spectators on parade, whom he addressed as follows: "Who are you, Sir? you must be drilled twice a day to bring down your corporation? Who are you, Sir?" "Please your honour," replied the soldier, "I am Sir, the *Skeleton* of the 5th Regt. of Foot, which has just marched over from America." The fact was so, for such was the carnage of the disastrous war, that only this fat soldier and Captain Webb returned to Europe out of a full regiment that landed in America.—*Family Herald.*

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WORD CRITICS are generally those who are deficient in knowledge for a higher order of criticism, moreover they seldom fail to commit blunders themselves, in every sentence which they utter.—*Ibid.*

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### The Good Vicar.

"MR. HYLTON had no income except that derived from his Vicarage; and being very easy in the matter of tithes, was sometimes not inconsiderably inconvenienced. Yet his charities, substantial and unostentatious, failed not; good Mrs. Hylton and her house-keeper made their cowslip, ginger, and elderberry wine, ever in due season; and many a bottle of it had been carried by Mr. Hylton himself, on his visits to those who needed it. He kept one cow, which went by the name of every one's cow, for when it had yielded sufficient, every morning and evening, for the wants of the parsonage, any one else who pleased might similarly supply themselves from what was left; and at milking hours there were always to be seen one or two of the poorer villagers, pitcher in hand, waiting for their turn."—*Now and Then.*

*O'Connell's Tact in Cross-Examination.*

HE was once examining a witness, whose inebriety at the time to which the evidence referred it was essential to his client's cause to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery."

"Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?"

"Yes, your honour, Counsellor O'Connell."

"How do you know my name?" "Ah! sure, every one knows our own *pathriot*."

"Well, you are a good humoured, honest fellow; now, tell me Darby, did you take a drop of any thing that day?" "Why your honour, I took my share of a pint of spirits."

"Your share of it? Now by the virtue of your oath, was not your share of it—all *but the pewter*?" "Why then, dear knows, that's thrue for you, Sir."

The court was convulsed with both question and answer. It soon came out, step by step, that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client.

Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his clients. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it closely before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "I did." "Now let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James slowly, thus J-a-m-e-s. "Now do you mean those words were in the hat when you found it?" "I do." "Did you see them there?" "I did." "And this is the same hat." "It is." "Now, my Lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench: "There is an end of the case, *there is no name whatever* inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.—*Fagan's Life and Times of O'Connell*.

## HOPE.

HOPE lived in a castle built on sand—

'Twas the happiest home in all the land;

And hope was of tender mould.

But he whistled with glee from morn till night;

His smile was the wish and the world's delight;

No tales like to those he told.

Ambition's bright eyes would sparkle fire,

When he heard the sound of young hope's lyre.

Forgetting the voice of fear,

He'd flie away quickly to woo lov'd Fame

For a glorious death and a living name—

Hope's spell was upon him there.

And the mother whose child was in distant clime,  
Bow'd meekly in prayer at God's holy shrine,  
To spare her only son.  
Hope fill'd her heart, and it beat with joy;  
For he promis'd to send her darling boy  
In peace and safety home.

And the wife whose bliss has been built on one  
Whose life's quick course had just ceas'd to run,  
Dried up her gushing tears,  
And cast to heaven a suppliant cry  
That their souls might mingle beyond the sky.  
Hope's brightest form was there.

A. J.

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CUPID AND PSYCHE,*A hint to some married ladies.*

With cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,  
Sad Psyche sought the grove,  
Where she her tresses used to curl  
With innocence and love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,  
O'ertook the weeping fair—  
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd,  
And why diffus'd her hair?

"I Cupid seek o'er hill and dell;  
From me the goddess fled;  
And what's the cause I cannot tell,  
He shuns the nuptial bed."

"Dry up thy tears and cease to mourn,"  
Return'd the sylvan chaste.

"Accept of me this magic zone,"  
And bind it round thy waist.

"Tie up thy locks, thy dress improve,  
And soon this change thou'lt see:  
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,  
And Love shall follow thee."

The zone about her waist she ties,  
Each tress a ringlet flows;  
Her bosom 's hid from vulgar eyes,  
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream surveys her face  
And smiles at charms so fair—  
The while she studied every grace,  
Love came and found her there.

Enraptur'd to her arms he flew;  
With joy she blest the change;  
Improv'd the cause from whence it grew,  
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames my hint descry,  
Nor blame the friendly part  
The slattern makes the lover fly,  
While neatness chains the heart.

[*Family Herald.*]

*Wit and Humour.*

"Jeames, who was the oldest man?"—"Doesn't know, sir." "Well, who was the oldest woman, then?"—"Ann Tiquity, sir."

"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want your daughter!" The old lady opened her eyes.

A friend of ours refuses to accede to his wife's wishes to have her portrait painted, for fear the artist should make it a "speaking likeness."—*Liverpool Lion.*

"Pray, Miss Primrose, do you like steam boats?" inquired a gentleman of a fair friend to whom he was paying his addresses.—"Oh! pretty well," replied the lady, "but I'm exceedingly fond of a *smack*." The lover took the hint, and impressed a chaste salute on the lips of the blushing damsel.

THE BEST GUIDE TO THE TURF.—A knock-down blow.

CONVENIENT CURE FOR A PERSON IN A PASSION.—A large glass of water, sipped ten drops at a time, in perfect silence, till the whole be taken.

GEOLOGY.—"I never heard of secondary formations without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formations, for they were formed after the man."—*Sam Slick.*

"Susan, stand up and let me see what you have learned. What does c-h-a-i-r spell?"—"I don't know, marm."

"Why you ignorant critter! What do you always sit on?"—"Oh, marm, I don't like to tell."

"What on airth is the matter with the gal—tell us, what is it?" "I don't like to tell—it was Bill Grass's knees, but he never kissed me but twice!"

"Airthquakes and apple-sarce!" exclaimed the school-mistress, as she fainted.

"What are you doing with that?" inquired a passer-by of an Irishman who was belabouring a crooked bar of iron. "Faith," replied the Irishman, "an' I'm trying to *bend it straight*."

If the Duke of Wellington were to be washed overboard on a voyage, why should the fact prove the decline of the nation? Because it would be a clear case of England's F. M. in a sea (effeminacy.)

"Madame," said a snarling son of Esculapius, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."—"And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

A country paper states, by a misprint, that "the influenza has occasioned a remarkable increase of *morality* in the metropolis."

A Yankee editor says, "The march of civilisation is onward, onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of oats!"

Western orators have said a great many smart things, but it was a home-sick Irishman who said—"Sir, I was born at a very early period of life, and if ever I live till the day of my death,—and the Lord only knows whether I will or not,—my soul shall see swate Ireland before it laves Ameriky."

When the Princess Helena was born, it is said that the Princess Royal on hearing that she was now blessed with another little sister, exclaimed with the most charming simplicity, "O, how delighted I am! do let me go and tell mamma!"—*Family Jo Miller.*

Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the place round and round so fast in a waltz, that no livin' soul can see me a kissin' o' them. I've done it to Phoebe Hopewell afore her father's face, and he never know'd it, tho' he was lookin' on the whole blessed time, I hope I may be shot if I ha'nt.—*Sam Slick.*

THE SHORTEST DAY.—The day before that on which you have a bill becoming due, which you are unable to meet.

SCHOLASTIC.—To be sold, a Thrashing Machine, in good working order. Has birch-cane, and strap barrels. Warranted to lick a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat. Apply at the College of Preceptors.—*The Man in the Moon.*

"Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"—"It is the rain, sir."

"Why do not men grow?"—"Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain."

"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"—"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other has a heart of flint, and when they comes together they strike fire, and that is love."

"That's right. Now you may go and plague the gals."

Dandies, to make a greater show,

Wear coats stuck out with pad and puffing;

But that you know is *apropos*—

For what's a goose without the stuffing?

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquors?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard Ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

"Why is this sheet of ice like a Canada lake? D'ye give it up?"—"Because it's the lake you're on (Lake Huron)."

Which is the most sarcastic of professions? A chemist's, because he always has a *retort* ready.

A happy new year to all who are our readers, and a pair of long ears to all who are not!—*Liverpool Lion.*

"What are you drawing there?" said a friend to a young artist.—"An oak," was the reply.—"Mind you don't make a (*h*) *ash* of it," rejoined the wag.

When an Irish girl was asked, a few days since, where her mistress was, who had gone to a water-cure establishment, she said, "*She has gone to soak.*"

The last case of modesty is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because, in speaking of one of his voyages, he said he *hugged* the shore.

A poor corset maker, out of work and starving, thus vented her miserable complaint:—"Shame that I should be without bread—I that have *stayed* the stomachs of thousands."

A troublesome disputant of Dr. Johnson's day maintained, that a *congé d'élire* had not the force of a command, but was to be considered only as a strong recommendation. "Sir," observed Johnson, "it is such a recommendation as if I should throw you out of a two pair of stairs window, and recommend you to fall softly."

A Frenchman, on seeing Mrs. Siddons play *Isabella*, in the "Fatal Marriage," declared her performance very fine, but said that the pathetic effect was by no means equal to what he had witnessed in Paris, at the performance of a play called "Misanthropy and Repentance." "I was obliged," said he, "to hold my umbrella over my head, to prevent my clothes from being drenched with the showers of tears which fell from the boxes over my head."—*Boston Chronotype.*

The tranquillity and phlegm of the Scotch, in the most extraordinary circumstances, "brings to mind," says Colman, in his *Random Records*, "the incredible tale of the Scotchman's tumble from one of the loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off a roof sixteen stories high; and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger



looking out at a window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*, 'Eh, saundy, man! sic a fa' as I shall hae!'"—*Drawing Room Jest Book*.

*All's well—that ends well*.—As the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter.

*Measure for Measure*.—As the chemist said when he took a bad sixpence for a black draught.

*Much ado about Nothing*.—As the insolvent said when he took the benefit of the act.

*As you like it*.—As the servant said when he drank his master's grog.

*A Winter's Tale*.—As the churchwarden said when the pauper asked for a small supply of coals.

*I do remember an Apothecary*.—As the invalid said after swallowing an emetic.

*When shall We Three meet again*.—As Wealth, Honesty, and Friendship said, when they last parted.

*All the World's a Stage*.—As the poor old coachman cannot say, since, all the world now travel by steam.

A tailor being reproached by a silly fellow as only the ninth part of a man, retorted by saying, "Still I am better off than you; for a fool is no part of a man at all."

Two Cockneys seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him:—"Vot's that ere gemman?" "Vy he's a nat-uralist." "Vot's that?" "Vy, one as catches gnats, to be sure."

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "the next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like anything." "Well," replied Bill, "I aint often much alone, I commonly have my legs and fists with me."

A gentleman stating that a person engaged in an extensive line of business had lately failed, was asked by a lady if he knew whom he succeeded in business! to which the gentleman replied that "He did not know whom he succeeded, but it was evident that he did not succeed himself."

Tom, during a recent tour in Niagara in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canes. "Pray, sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?"—"The Chip-a-way tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator even one smile.

An Irishman being told that a friend of his had put his money in the stocks, "Well," said he, "I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs in them often enough."

*The Man in the Moon* begs to submit to the public a list of things he means to do—"next Monday."

To rise at six a. m.

To begin a course of historical reading.

Ditto ditto philosophical reading.

Ditto ditto politico-economical reading.

To begin to decline all invitations out to parties.

To begin to work steadily from 8 a. m. till ten p. m.

To begin to dine on a chop and a glass of water.

To begin an elaborate statistical work.

To begin a drama he has been meditating these ten years.

To begin a poem he has been planning for twice that time.

To begin to read a vast lot of articles from obliging contributors.

To begin to pay his rent.

*The Man in the Moon* feels confident that he will be enabled to get through all of these duties.

N. B. If he finds it not convenient to attend to everything in the list he will not attend to anything.

## THE LAST NOVELTY IN SHIRTS



Gent. A. Is anything new in shirts?  
 Vendor. Yes, Sir, here's the "Iron Duke" shirt. I assure you  
 it's all the go with the guits in the Guards.



Extraordinary Phenomenon, produced by kicking a  
 Gentleman with a Gulla Percha boot.



**PILING UP JOKES.**—Speaking of wags—what is more “waggish” than a dog’s tail when he is pleased? Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well—Hoggs’ for instance. Speaking of hogs—we saw one of those animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the one opposite a well dressed man; the first one had a ring in his nose, and the latter a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. “A hog is known by the company he keeps,” thought we; so thought Mr. Porker, and off he went. Speaking of “going off”—puts us in mind of a gun we once owned. It “went off” one night, and we have not seen it since. Speaking of guns reminds us of powder. We saw a lady yesterday with so much of it on her face that she was refused admission into an omnibus for fear of an explosion.—*New York Mirror*.

**THE BAILLIE AND A QUADRUPED.**—The following case is said to have occurred a short time ago in a Baillie Court not above a hundred miles from Modern Athens:—A servant girl having occasion to summon her mistress for non-payment of wages, the presiding magistrate, who had but recently been invested with judicial power and dignity, after attentively hearing the girl’s plain unvarnished tale, called upon the lady for her defence, which was in substance nearly as follows:—“My Lord, owing to the inexcusable negligence of this girl I have sustained a serious loss; to her care was intrusted a favourite squirrel, on which I put great value, which she has suffered to escape from its cage, and that is the reason, and a sufficient one it surely is, why I withhold her wages.” “I’m afraid, ma’am,” observed the worthy Baillie (obviously but little acquainted with natural history), “that winnac do; you should hae clippit the wings o’ the creature, squirrel as ye ca’ it, and then it could nae hae made its escape.”—“Clippit the wings of it, my Lord!” exclaimed the astonished lady, “it was a quadruped!”—“Quadruped here or quadruped there,” continued the determined Baillie, “you should just hae clippit the wings o’ it; and accordingly I maun e’en decern for the lassie’s wages and expenses.”—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

“Mr. Timothy,” said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, “you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story.” “Divine Almira,” meekly replied her adorer, “in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely.”

“I weeded my friends,” said an old eccentric gentleman, “by hanging a piece of stair-carpet out of my first-floor window, with a sheriff’s sale bill affixed. Gad! it had the desired effect—I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon-house; they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining-table since.”

The *Morning Courier* says, that the following conundrum took the prize of a gold pencil, at a late concert of the Sable Harmonists in Cincinnati: “Why is Santa Anna like a wet day?—Because he *reigned* as long as he could, and then *muzzled*.” This was stolen from either Hook or Hood (we forget which) who said it in relation to George the Fourth. Why should a man put himself to the trouble of stealing a conundrum to get a gold pencil? Why not steal the pencil itself?

An elderly lady living on one of the new telegraph lines leading from this city, observed some workmen digging a hole near her door. She inquired what it was for? “To put a post in for the telegraph,” was the answer. Wild with fury and affright, she incontinently seized her bonnet, and ran off to her next neighbour with the news. “What do you think?” she exclaimed, in breathless haste, “they’re a-settin’ up that cursed *paragraph* right agin my door, and now I reckon a body can’t spank a child, or scold a hand, or chat with a neighbour, but that plaguy thing’ll be a blabbin’ it all over creation. I won’t

stand it! I'll move right away, where there ain't none of them onnatural fixings!"—*Louisville Examiner*.

**PUNISHMENT OF IMPUDENCE.**—A lawyer driving through the town of Worcester, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep on straight for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if they had not come to the road he must take? "Oh! yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back, but I thought bad company was better than none so I kept you along with me."

**A COMPLAISANT HUSBAND.**—In the neighbourhood of Rochdale, it happened that a big, hulking collier, six feet two in his stockings, had an extremely diminutive wife. But what was more singular, it was currently reported that the said little woman, being, in country dialect, a spreet (sprite), was in the habit of thrashing her husband. "John," said his master to him one day, "they really say that your wife beats you. Is it true?"—"Yoy," drawled John, with most provoking coolness.—"Yoy!" responded the master, with indignation. "What do you mean, you lout? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam-engine or an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you. What a blockhead you must be!"—"Whoy, whoy," was the patient reply, "it pleases her, an' it does me no hurt!"

**INSTINCT v. REASON.**—A speaker at a temperance meeting said that he knew a man who, not content with getting drunk himself, one day took it into his head he would make his dog drunk; so he poured wine down the dog's throat, and fairly accomplished his purpose. Their way home lay over a wooden foot-bridge which crossed a stream; and though the dog had two legs more than his master, yet he could not keep on the bridge; so he fell over, and was near being drowned. Next day, when they were both sober, the man and his old companion started off together to the public-house. When they got there, however, Pincher sat himself down at a very respectful distance from the entrance, and not all the whistling and coaxing of his master could induce him to try another drop; the lesson had been enough for him. And why? "He'd signed the tectotal pledge!"

**YORKSHIRE AND WESTMORELAND.**—Whenever a genuine Yorkshireman has anything to dispose of, he has a peculiar mode of putting a price on it. If you go to the fairs at Skipton, Settle, Richmond, Brough, or elsewhere in that county, and ask the price of a horse, or a cow, the reply generally is ten, twelve, or fourteen guineas and a half—always guineas and the half. An instance of the reverse of this occurred in the vicinity of Ambleside, where a rich old lady sent her factotum, in the shape of a full-blown dairy maid, to purchase a milch cow; having examined the cow, she demanded the price. "Thirteen pounds," replied the farmer. "Thirteen pounds!" exclaimed the fair purchaser, "you will never ask as much as that, surely—say twelve guineas and a half, and it is a bargain." "Well," said the farmer, "I will not differ with you ladies, the cow is yours at the price you offer." Imagination can scarcely conceive the chagrin which the fair purchaser evinced, when she found that twelve guineas and a half were half-a-crown more than was asked by the vendor.—*Westmoreland Gazette*.

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I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF  
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

*Adventures of an Angler in Canada, Nova Scotia, and the United States.* By Charles Lanman. pp. 322. Bentley.

THE editors of American papers must have a rare easy time of it, and be very enviable fellows. Here is a brother scribe of New York, of whose excursive rambling we had only a few weeks ago to speak in terms of laudation; here, begar, is Monsieur Tonson come again, with the account of a delightful piscatorial ramble over we do not know how many miles, how much picturesque scenery, and how great an onslaught, not only on the fishing tribe, but on every species of the *feræ naturæ* throughout the provinces enumerated in the foregoing title-page. Here are we, in summer, a punt above Richmond for half a day,—in autumn, two or three shots at partridges, within twenty miles of our office—in winter, about as many at pheasants, within the same distance—and in spring, the chewing of the bitter sprig of melancholy suggested by rural ideas from Ealing to Acton, or from Camberwell to Clapham; and we fancy ourselves better off in the sporting line, than ninety-nine in a hundred of our cockney fellow-penmen, who might well be called so in consequence of their being so closely penned up.—What should we say to the *Times* at Bull-fights in Spain, or battering away at Bears in Norway, instead of slapping at these animals in the Stock Exchange? What to the *Herald*, if instead of attending to the Jewish question of legislation, it were hunting in Palestine? What to the *Morning Post*, if it left the Protectionists and Agricultural interests to help themselves, and took a scamper over the Pampas of South America, chasing wild horses, and learning to throw the lasso over the necks of beeves, not such as are now imported from the Continent to the detriment of our farmers and landlords, exhibited at the Cattle Show in Marylebone? What to the *Morning Chronicle*, if it abandoned currency to ride races with the antelopes and tigers in Indian jungles?—Why the world would be turned upside down Great Britain would be at a

stand-still; there would be nothing but nothing in the universe. The public may indeed rejoice that we are tied to our important posts; and it may also feel a pleasure when perusing the volume before us, that Editors and Periodical writers are quite differently engaged across the broad Atlantic.

Now Mr. Lanman's is a "very amusing production. It possesses good feeling, a taste for natural beauties, powers of description, a fund of characteristic anecdote connected with the subject in hand, and just that slight touch of nationality and egoism, which is enough to give a piquancy to the whole, and never to offend on the score of vanity, though there is a portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

With this exordium, we shall ask permission not to follow him along his route, but to start from place to place, where the best sport is promised, and hook up or bring down a few "extracts" to bear evidence to the variety of his pursuits and his deserts and success.

At Diamond Island, Lake Horicon, we are told:

"In the vicinity of French Mountain is an island celebrated as the burial-place of a rattle-snake hunter, named Belden. From all that I can learn, he must have been a strange mortal indeed. His birth-place and early history were alike unknown. When he first made his appearance at this Lake, his only companions were a brotherhood of rattle-snakes, by exhibiting which he professed to have obtained his living; and it is said that, during the remainder of his life, he acquired a handsome sum of money by selling the oil and gall of his favourite reptile. And I have recently been told, that the present market-price of a fat snake, when dead, is not less than half a dollar. Another mode peculiar to old Belden for making money, was to suffer himself to be bitten, at some tavern, after which he would return to his cabin to apply the remedy, when he would come forth again just as good as new. But he was not always to be a solemn trifler. For a week had the old man been missing, and on a pleasant August morning, his body was found on the island alluded to, sadly mutilated and bloated, and it was certain that he had died actually surrounded by rattle-snakes. His death-bed became his grave, and rattle-snakes were his only watchers,—and thus endeth the story of his life.

"But this reminds me of two little adventures. The other day, as I was seated near the edge of a sand bar near the mouth of a brook, sketching a group of trees and the sunset clouds beyond, I was startled by an immense black snake, that landed at my side, and pursued its way directly under my legs, upon which my drawing-book was resting. Owing to my perfect silence, the creature had probably looked upon me as a mere stump. But what was my surprise, a few moments after, when reseated in the same place, to find another snake, and that a large spotted adder, passing along the same track the former had pursued. The first fright had almost disabled me from using the pencil, but when the second came, I gave a lusty yell, and forgetful of the fine arts, started for home on the keen run.

"At another time, when returning from a fishing excursion, in a boat, accompanied by a couple of 'greenhorns,' we discovered on the water, near Tongue Mountain, an immense rattlesnake, with his head turned towards us. As the oarsman in the bow of the boat struck at him with his oar, the snake coiled round it, and the fool was in the very act of dropping the devilish thing in my lap at the stern of the boat. I had heard the creature rattle, and not knowing what I did, as he hung suspended over me, overboard I went, and did not look behind till I had reached the land. The consequence was, that for one while I was perfectly disgusted even with Lake Horicon, and resolved to leave it without delay. The snake was killed without doing any harm, however; but such a blowing up as I gave the man actually made his hair stand straight with fear.

"One more snake story and I'll conclude. On the north side of Black Mountain is a cluster of some half-dozen houses, in a vale, which spot is called the Bosom, but from what cause I do not know. The presiding geniuses of the place are a band of girls, weighing two hundred pounds a-piece, who farm it with their fathers for a

living, but whose principal amusement is rattle-snake hunting. Their favourite playground is the notorious cliff on Tongue Mountain, where they go with naked feet (rowing their own boats across the Lake) and pull out by their tails from the rocks the pretty playthings, and snapping them to death, they lay them away in a basket as trophies of their skill. I was told that in one day last year they killed the incredible number of eleven hundred. What delicious wives would these Horicon ladies make! Since the Florida Indians have been driven from their country by blood-hounds, would it not be a good idea for Congress to secure the services of these Amazons for the purpose of exterminating the rattlesnakes upon our mountains? This latter movement would be the most ridiculous; but the inhumanity of the former is without a parallel."

A fishing exploit in the Trout Brook, emptying itself into the Scarcorn River, shows us how unlike the angling in these parts is to that practised by the English disciples of Isaac Walton. At the foot of a noble natural stone bridge "is one of the finest pools imaginable." It is, perhaps, one hundred feet long; and so very deep, that the clear water appears quite black. This is the finest spot in the whole brook for trout; and my luck there may be described as follows: I had basketed no less than nine half-pounders, when my fly was suddenly seized, and my snell snapped in twain by the fierceness of his leaps. The consequence of that defeat was, that I resolved to capture the trout, if I had to remain there all night. I then ransacked the mountain-side for a living bait, and with the aid of my companion, succeeded in capturing a small mouse, and just as the twilight was coming on, I tied the little fellow to my hook, and threw him on the water. He swam out in fine style; but when he reached the centre of the pool, a large trout leaped completely out of his element, and, in descending, seized the mouse. The result was, that I broke my rod but caught the trout; and though the mouse was seriously injured, I had the pleasure of again giving him his liberty.

"The largest trout that I killed weighed nearly a pound; and though he was the cause of my receiving a ducking, he afforded me some sport, and gave me a new idea. When I first hooked him, I stood on the very margin of the stream knee-deep in a bog; and just as I was about to basket him, he gave a sudden leap, cleared himself, and fell into the water. Quick as thought, I made an effort to rescue him; but in doing so, lost my balance, and was playing the part of a turtle in a tub of water. I then became poetical, and thought it 'would never do to give it up so; and after waiting some fifteen minutes I returned, and tried ~~for~~ the lost trout again. I threw my fly some twenty feet above the place where I had tumbled in, and recaptured the identical trout which I had lost. I recognized him by his having a torn and bleeding mouth.

"This circumstance convinced me that trout, like many of the sons of men, have short memories, and also that the individual in question was a perfect Richelieu or General Taylor in his way, for he seemed to know no such word as fail. As to the trout that I did not capture, I verily believe that he must have weighed two pounds; but as he was probably a superstitious gentleman, he thought it the better part of valour, somewhat like Santa Anna, to treat the steel of his enemy with contempt."

Some of the hunter guides, whom the writer finds in the wildest places, are extraordinary characters. One, John Cheney, in the Adirondac wilderness, gives the following sketch of himself:

"I was always fond of hunting, and the first animal I killed was a fox; I was then ten years of age. Even from childhood I was so in love with the woods that I not only neglected school, but was constantly borrowing a gun, or stealing the one belonging to my father, with which to follow my favourite amusement. He finally found it a useless business to make a decent boy of me, and in a fit of desperation he



one day presented me with a common fowling-piece, I was the youngest of thirteen children, and was always called the black sheep of the family. I have always enjoyed good health, and am forty-seven years of age ; but I have now passed my prime, and don't care about exposing myself to any useless dangers.

"You ask me if I ever hunt on Sunday ; no, Sir, I do not ; I have always been able to kill enough on week days to give me a comfortable living. Since I came to live among the Adirondacs, I have killed *six hundred deer, four hundred sable, nineteen moose, twenty-eight bears, six wolves, seven wild cats, thirty otter, one panther, and one beaver.*

"As to that beaver, I was speaking about, it took me three years to capture him, for he was an old fellow, and remarkably cunning. He was the last, from all that I can learn, that was ever taken in the State. One of the Long Lake Indians often attempted to trap him, but without success ; he usually found his trap sprung, but could never get a morsel of the beaver's tail ; and so it was with me, too ; but I finally fixed a trap *under* the water, near the entrance of his dam, and it so happened that he one day stepped into it and was drowned.

"I was going to tell you something about my dogs—Buck and Tiger. I've raised some fifty of this animal in my day, but I never owned such a tormented smart one as that fellow Buck. I believe there's a good deal of the English mastiff in him ; but a keener eye than he carries in his head I never saw. Only look at that breast of his, did you ever see a thicker or more solid one ? He's handsomely spotted, as you may see ; but some of the devilish Lake Pleasant Indians cut off his ears and tail about a year ago, and he now looks rather odd. You may not believe it, but I have seen a good many men, who were not half as sensible as that very dog. Whenever the fellow's hungry, he always seats himself at my feet and gives three short barks, which is his way of telling me that he would like some bread and meat. If the folks happen to be away from home, and he feels a little sharp, he pays a regular visit to all the houses in the village, and after playing with the children, barks for a dry crust, which he always receives, and then comes back to his own home. He's a great favourite among the children, and I've witnessed more than one fight among the boys, because some wicked little scamp had thrown a stone at him. When I speak to him, he understands me just as well as you do. I can wake him out of a sound sleep, and by my saying, Buck, go up and kiss the baby, he will march directly to the cradle and lick the baby's face. And the way he watches that baby, when it's asleep, is perfectly curious ; he'd tear you to pieces in three minutes, if you were to try to take it away.

"Buck is now four years old, and though he's helped me to kill several hundred deer, he never lost one for me yet."

And so he goes on for a longer yarn than we can find it convenient to spin out to the end ; having to get on by Montreal and Quebec to the St. Lawrence and farther a field ; but we must pause till next week, and will only observe that there is no want of descriptive talent in these pictures ; nor are the particulars attending the capture of salmon in the Esquimaux, which flows into the St. Lawrence, less graphic.

We return without comment to Mr. Lanman's descriptions of the interesting neighbourhoods of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay :

"That portion of the St. Lawrence extending between Goose Island and the Saguenay, is about twenty miles wide. The spring tides rise and fall a distance of eighteen feet ; the water is salt but clear and cold, and the channel very deep. Here it was that I first saw the black seal, the white porpoise, and the black whale. But speaking of whales reminds me of a 'whaling' fish story. A short distance above the Saguenay river there shoots out into the St. Lawrence, to the distance above eight miles, a broad sandbank, which greatly endangers the navigation. In descending the great river we had to double this cape, and it was at this point that I first saw a whale. The fellow had been pursued by a swordfish, and when we discovered him his head was turned towards the beach, and he was moving with great rapidity, occasionally performing a most fearful leap, and uttering a sound that resembled the bellowing of a thousand bulls. The whale must have been forty feet long, and his

enemy nearly twenty ; and as they hurried on their course with great speed, the sight was indeed terrible. Frantic with rage and pain, it so happened that the more unwieldy individual forgot his bearings, and in a very few minutes he was floundering about on the sandbar in about ten feet of water, when the rascally swordfish immediately beat a retreat. After a while, however, the whale resolved to rest himself ; but, as the tide was going out, his intentions were soon changed, and he began to roll himself about and slap the water with his tail for the purpose of getting clear. His efforts in a short time proved successful ; and when we last saw him he was in the deepest part of the river, moving rapidly towards the Gulf, and spouting up the water as if congratulating himself upon his narrow escape.

" In about two hours after witnessing this incident, our boat was moored at the mouth of the Saguenay ; and of the comparatively unknown wilderness which this stream waters, my readers will find some information in the next chapter.

" About one hundred and fifty miles north of the St. Lawrence, and on one of the trails leading to Hudson's Bay, lies a beautiful lake, called St. John. It is about forty miles long, and surrounded with a heavily timbered and rather level country. Its inlets are numerous, and twelve of them are regular rivers ; its waters are clear, and abound in a great variety of uncommonly fine fish. The principal outlet to this lake is the Saguenay river, which takes a southerly direction, and empties into the St. Lawrence. It is the largest tributary of the great river, and unquestionably one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its original Indian name was Chicoutimi, signifying *Deep Water* ; but the early Jesuit missionaries, who have scattered their *Saint-ane* names over this entire country, thought proper to give it the name which it now bears, and the round-about interpretation of which is, *Nose of the Suck*. This name suggests to the world that the nose of St. John must have been a very long nose, and may be looked upon as a unique specimen of French poetry.

" The scenery of the Saguenay is wild and romantic to an uncommon degree. The first half of its course averages half a mile in width, and runs through an untrodden wilderness of pine and spruce covered hills. It abounds in waterfalls and rapids, and is only navigable for the Indian canoe. A few miles below the most southern fall on the river, the village of Chicoutimi is situated, where an extensive lumbering business is transacted, and the Hudson's Bay Company have an important post. The village has an ancient appearance, and contains about five hundred inhabitants, chiefly Canadian French. The only curiosity in the place is a rude Catholic Church, which is said to have been built by Jesuit missionaries upwards of one hundred years ago. It occupies the centre of a grassy lawn, surrounded with shrubbery, backed by a cluster of wood-crowned hills, and commands a fine prospect, not only of the Saguenay, but also of a spacious bay, into which there empties a noble mountain stream, now known as Chicoutimi River. In the belfry of this venerable church hangs a clear-toned bell, with an inscription upon it, which the learning of Canada (with all its learned and unnumbered priests) has not yet been able to translate or expound. But, great as is the mystery of this inscription, it is less mysterious to my mind than are the motives of the Romish Church in planting the cross in the remotest corners of the earth, as well as in the mightiest of cities.

" About ten miles south of Chicoutimi there recedes from the west bank of the Saguenay, to the distance of ten miles, a beautiful expanse of water, called Grand Bay. \* \* \*

" Awful beyond expression, I can assure you is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay, to raise his eyes heavenward and behold, hanging directly over his head, a mass of granite, apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing perhaps a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, are these cliffs ; and, while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they at the same time whisper into the ear of man that he is but as the moth which flutters in the noontide air. And yet, is it not enough to fill the heart of man with holy pride and unbounded love, to remember that the soul within him will but have commenced its existence when all the mountains of the world shall have been consumed as a scroll ? \* \* \*

" Sail along its shores on a pleasant day, when its cliffs are partly hidden in shadow, and covered with a gauze-like atmosphere, and they will fill your heart with images of beauty. Or, if you would enjoy a still greater variety, let your thoughts flow away upon the blue smoke which rises from an Indian encampment, hidden in a dreamy-looking cove ; let your eye follow an eagle swooping along his airy pathway

near the summit of the cliffs, or glance across the watery plain, and see the silver salmon leaping by hundreds into the air for their insect food. Here, too, you may always discover a number of seals, bobbing their heads out of water, as if watching your every movement ; and, on the other hand, a drove of white porpoises, rolling their huge bodies along the waters ever and anon spouting a shower of liquid diamonds into the air. Oh, yes, manifold indeed, and beautiful beyond compare, are the charms of the Saguenay !”

But our readers know how fond we are of legendary lore, and will not wonder that we quit the Esquemain salmon of an Esquimaux tradition :

“ Whenever a man is sick, they attribute the cause to the alleged fact that the soul has departed from his body, and he is looked upon with contempt and pity. The first man who came into the world sprang from the bosom of a beautiful valley ; in this valley he spent his infancy and childhood, feeding upon berries ; and having on a certain occasion picked up a flower which drooped over one of his accustomed paths, it immediately became changed into a girl with flowing hair, who became his playmate, and afterwards his wife, and was the mother of all living. They believe in a heaven and a hell, and consider that the road to the former is rugged and rocky, and that to the latter level and covered with grass. Their ideas of astronomy are peculiar, for they consider the sun, moon, and stars as so many of their ancestors, who have, for a great variety of reasons, been lifted to the sky and become celestial bodies. In accounting for the two former, they relate that there was once a superb festival given by the Esquimaux in a glorious snow-palace of the north, where were assembled all the young men and maidens of the land. Among them was a remarkably brave youth, who was in love with an exceedingly beautiful girl. She, however, did not reciprocate this attachment, and endeavoured by all the means in her power to escape from his caresses. To accomplish this end, she called upon the Great Spirit to give her a pair of wings ; and, having received them, she flew into the air and became the moon. The youth also endeavoured to obtain a pair of wings, and, after many months, finally succeeded ; and, on ascending to the sky, he became the sun. The moon, they say, has a dwelling-place in the west, and the sun another in the far east. They account for thunder and lightning by giving the story of two women who lived together in a wigwam, and on one occasion had a most furious battle. During the affray the cabin tumbled in upon them, causing a tremendous noise, while the women were so angry their eyes flashed fire. Rain, they say, comes from a river in the sky, which from the great number of people who sometimes bathe in it, overflows its banks, and thus comes to the earth in showers.

“ When one of their friends has departed this life, they take all his property and scatter it upon the ground, outside of his cabin, to be purified by the air ; but then in the evening they collect it together, and bury it by the side of his grave. They think it wrong for the men to mourn for their friends, and think themselves defiled if they happen to touch the body of the deceased ; and the individual who usually performs the office of undertaker is considered unclean for many days after fulfilling his duty. The women do all the wailing and weeping ; and during their mourning season, which corresponds with the fame of the deceased, they abstain from food, wear their hair in great disorder, and refrain from every ablution. When a friendless man dies, his body is left upon the hills to decay, as if he had been a beast. When their children die, they bury the body of a dead dog in the same grave, that the child may have a guide in his pathway to an unknown land, to which they suppose all children go.”

With this we conclude, though readers will find the details of sports in the English provinces, adjoining the Maine, and in that province also, worthy of perusal ; and we have taken a personal interest in the story of a crack-brained enthusiast, whom Mr. Lannan discovered living as a sort of hermit on the river Aroostook, New Brunswick. But we have done enough to show what sort of pleasant book this is ; and can therefore let it tell the rest of its own story to all who are entertained by such performances with gun, rod, pen, and pencil (for there are some pretty wood-cuts), and ability to set them before us in an entertaining style.—*Literary Gazette.*

*Travels in Siberia, &c. By Adolph Erman. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.*

REVIEWERS generally are fond of parading themselves ; then what will our readers say to a review without a single editorial comment ? This book requires none ; but oh, what wonderful self-denial, to abstain !

Transported to Siberia—land of exile and lamentation, but by no means so bad as it is often painted—we learn every thing about that vast province, and thence leap at once among the Bashkirs :

“ There is no aboriginal Siberian tribe besides the Bashkirs of Perm and Orenburg, that now presents the interesting phenomenon of a mode of life regularly alternating from the nomadic to the fixed ; every section of this community having a permanent village of wooden huts, on the borders of some wood, where they pass the winter. As soon as spring sets in, they betake themselves, with their horses and herds, to the plains. Each family has its tent-cloth of hair, which is rolled up and carried at a horseman's saddle. They rarely encamp quite separately, but unite into companies, and pitch their tents in military order. Their cattle wander where they will, and are only occasionally collected at their owners' dwellings. Horses are indispensable to the Bashkirs, who seem never to leave the saddle. Indefatigable and dexterous on horseback, they are indolent and indocile everywhere else.

“ In the summer pastures the grass sometimes reaches to their saddle-girths, still the Bashkir never thinks of provision for the winter ; the cattle must then sustain life on the stunted herbage that may appear through the snow, or on the remains of the summer fodder that rots on the dunghills. The only occupation of the men, in summer, is to drive the mares home to be milked ; the management of every thing else is left to their wives. The foals are separated from the mares at an early age, and tethered near the tents, being never allowed to suck while the mares are feeding. The milk is received in leathern bottles with a narrow neck, and left to ferment : it then constitutes the favourite beverage of the Bashkirs. Russians, who have had opportunities of proving its qualities, extol it, not only for its flavour, but its wholesomeness : many prefer it to every other sort of diet ; and invalids frequently have recourse to it, with the best effect upon their health. This remedial agent enjoys the same repute here, in cases of consumption and diseases of the skin, as it does among the Kirgis, according to the report of Sievers.\* The Kirgis, as we afterwards learned, attribute a peculiar efficacy, in those cases, to the richness of their mutton ; and should this observation prove correct, the cures experienced among the Bashkirs, may be referred to their constant use of mutton. A kettle of it, cut into small pieces, hangs constantly over the fire, in their summer tents, and every visitor is presented with the favourite bishbarmak.

“ Fishing also is not neglected by the Bashkirs : whatever they take is dried for winter provision.

“ They are exceedingly successful in training hawks, a smaller species of which is used for taking hares, while the greater (*Falco chrysaëtes*) will strike foxes, and even wolves. They do not confine themselves, however, to rearing hawks for their own necessities or pastime ; but carry on a profitable trade in them with the Kirgis, who are even more passionately devoted to this sport than themselves, and who are always eager to purchase trained birds from the mountaineers. The average price of a well-trained hawk is estimated at 50 roubles. \* \* \*

“ The Russians themselves, accustomed as they are to the comforts of artificial society, are obliged to bear testimony to the enjoyments of the careless roving Bashkir life. Whoever has once known the charms of long and uncontrolled wandering on horseback through scenes of nature, will readily enter into the feelings of the Bashkirs obliged to return to their winter habitations. They approach them with reluctance, and believe that Shaitan, or the evil spirit, has taken up his abode in the huts that oppress them with such a sense of constraint. The men accordingly remain at some distance from the settlement, and send the women forward, armed with staves, with which they strike the door of every hut, uttering loud imprecations ; and it is

not till they have made the rounds with their noisy exorcisms, that the men ride forward, at full speed, and with terrific shouts, to banish the dreaded demon from his lurking-place."

Onwards, by Tobolsk, and towards Bokhara, among the Kirgis—one of whom, says the author, "told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe to the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 180 roobles. He travelled with his new master to Tomsk, and, being dismissed from thence, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perfidy, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarrelled. Perhaps for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, the otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians." Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favourite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis who are so numerous in service in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanats, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbours' children; and, it is said, that in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers with the anxious bustle of cackling hens, drive their children together into a felt tent or Kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen.

"When they deal thus with their own kin and kind, it may naturally be expected that they will show but little mercy to strangers who fall into their hands; and this supposition is confirmed by those Russians who have been carried off into the steppe, and have not been sold, as is generally their lot, to the inhabitants of the Khanats. Our Kirgis friend declared to me that he knew nothing of the custom, attested to me previously, and by most credible witnesses, as existing in the little horde, of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head in such a way as to blunt their intellects, and so render them less capable of effecting their escape. But, on the other hand, he described, as an eye-witness, a cruel practice, usual in his own tribe, and having the same object in view. When they have caught a Russian, and wish to retain him in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot, towards the heel, and insert some horse-hair in it. There is then no doubt, that even when the wound is externally healed, he will abide for the rest of his life, by a leading rule of Kirgis national manners; for, as the Kirgis is always on horseback from choice, so the maimed Russian becomes a confirmed equestrian from the pain of walking.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the extremely sensitive temperament of the Kirgis, by observing the individual of that nation whom we met with at Tobolsk. They are not only prolix in discourse, but they are led by a peculiar loquacity into frequent monologues or political improvisations, and the Russians very faithfully describe this propensity of their neighbours by the playful saying: O'ni cho vidiat, to i brédia, 'whatever they see gives birth to fancies.' But

the passionate character of the Kirgis living in the Siberian towns is often manifested in violent deeds of revenge and fearful anger, and hence they are often to be seen in the *ostrog*, or prison in Tobolsk, along with the Russian convicts who are to be sent further east.

"The Kirgis may be distinguished from the Russians at first sight by the black hair, the dark sunburnt complexion, and small lively eyes between strongly projecting lids, and, indeed, by the whole cast of the countenance. They might be more easily confounded with the Tartars of Kasan, from whom they differ only in being less tall and well proportioned, and in having the gait peculiar to horsemen. If, in spite of the constancy of this external character, and of the most intimate connection between the Tartar and Kirgis languages, the Kirgis are to be reckoned in the higher ethnography, as belonging to a certain fair-complexioned and blue-eyed race, from which sprang also only the German and Slavonian nations, it must be at least admitted, that the poor inhabitants of the steppes may at the present day be very aptly compared to an old knife with a new handle and a new blade."

The Fish Trade on the Obi is described, and the snow shoes and dog-sledges, and the inhabitants clad, not in furs, but entirely in fish-skins!

"These skins are very strong and air-tight, and when well rubbed with fat, it is possible that, as bad conductors, of heat and cold, they may not be inferior to furs. In snowy weather, however, when the cold is less intense, they offer more security from wet than the latter. The disease of the eyes already mentioned prevailed here also, and added to the sickly looks of the people. Yet I saw one of the worst looking of these pigmies give proof of unexpected vigour, for he strung and drew the six-feet bow with the greatest facility and effect. He held the plane of the bow somewhat inclined towards the left, and at the first offer, he struck with a blunt arrow the stem of a larch about 160 feet distant, near its top, about sixty feet from the ground."

Of the beaver, the author tells :

"Two assertions, however, made respecting them, were new to me. One was, that among beavers, as with bees and men, there are distinctions of ranks ; each chief keeping a number of labourers, the toils of which he oversees and directs, without taking part in them ; and again, it was stated, that the contents of the *castoreum* bags depend on the moon."

Of banished men :

"Among the various tales circulated in Western Europe, respecting Siberia, may be reckoned the statement, that the exiles of this or some other description are obliged to hunt the sable or other fur animals. But, in truth, it is only in the Uralian mines and those of Nerchinsk, and in certain manufactories, that persons condemned to forced labour are ever seen, and several of the rioters whom we saw here in Beresov had already served a year of punishment in Nerchinsk.\* All the rest, and the great majority of the Russian delinquents, are condemned only to settle abroad ; and, if they belong to the labouring classes, to support themselves ; yet with this consolation, that instead of being serfs as heretofore they become in all respects as free as the peasants of Western Europe. Political offenders, however, who belong, in Russia as elsewhere, generally to the upper classes, or those not used to manual labour, are allowed to settle only in the towns of Siberia, because the support allowed them by the government can thus reach them more easily.

"I have often heard Russians who were intelligent and reflecting men, mention as a paradox which hardly admits of an explanation, that the peasants condemned to become settlers, all without exception, and in a very short time, change their habits, and lead an exemplary life ; yet it is certain that the sense of the benefit conferred on them by the gift of personal freedom is the sole cause of this conversion. Banish-

\* Exiles of this kind are called in Siberia *katorshuiki*, their punishment *katorshuiki rabota* or *katorga*. No one there ever thinks of the derivation of this word, which is corrupted from *κατέργον*, the name given to a galley by the Byzantine historians as well as by the Greeks on the Black Sea at the present day.

ment subservient to colonisation, instead of close imprisonment, is, indeed, an excellent feature in the Russian code; and though the substitution of forced labour in mines for the punishment of death may be traced back to Grecian examples, yet the improving of the offender's condition by bestowing on him personal freedom, is an original as well as an admirable addition of a Russian legislator."

[Second Notice.]

FROM this work so copious and so replete with intelligence of every kind, we continue to offer a few further extracts; not to illustrate its varied and important contents, for that is impossible within expedient limits; but to indicate the wealth of the treasury whence we extract so poor a sample of the mintage. The second volume sets out from Beresor, and dwells for a while among the Ostyaks, and on the banks of the Obi. The Samoyedes, Tunquzes, Buraets, Yakuts, and other tribes pass in review—the Chinese on their frontier succeed—and geography, religion, commerce, natural history, meteorology, and other sciences, literature, such as it exists in these places, the condition of banished Russians, and the habits, &c., of the native population of every part visited in this extensive journey, are all described and commented upon in the most satisfactory manner—Our first notice is of the Ostyaks.

"A copper basin, which I saw among the utensils belonging to these dwellers in tents, must have been very dearly purchased from the Russian traders; yet in return for the entertainment given us, they were very glad to receive a few slices of bread. This station was named Keegat, but I know not whether the name belonged to the place, or to its occupiers, for on my return from Obdorsk, the tents of Keegat had totally disappeared.

"*December 6th.*—We waited in the tent till one o'clock in the morning for the rein-deer. They had wandered far from the dwelling, and even after they had been driven in, they seemed hungry, and tried to escape again to the pasture. For catching them separately, it was not enough to go round them with the cord, but this being rolled up, and the ends held fast, was thrown upon the animal, so as to entangle it. From the tents of Keegat, we proceeded twenty-five versts, partly on the little Obi, partly on the left bank, and about five o'clock in the morning we arrived at a group of wooden cabins, which they called Múshi. Here, we were told, no one had been yet travelling this winter; the rein-deer, therefore, had not been seen for a long time, and no one knew where they were. The cleverness which the Ostyaks evince in cases of this kind cannot be sufficiently admired. It was ten o'clock, however, before the shouting drivers were heard from a distance, on their return with the herds; but it is so much the more surprising, that going forth in the darkness of night they should still feel sure of finding them. The Ostyaks of Múshi, as well as those occupying some of the wooden yurts subsequently met with, constantly kept a portion of their herds near them, even in summer, in the neighbourhood of the river. There is no want here of food for the rein-deer; yet it suits these animals better to let them run free in the mountains during the warm season, because they can there more easily escape the persecution of the flies, by rolling in the snow which remains in the glens and sheltered places. We were treated to some undressed frozen fish, which at this time of the year constitutes the ordinary nourishment of the Ostyaks settled here; it is usually cut into long thin pieces for eating.

"The day lasted three hours at Múshi: the sun at noon attained an elevation of 1° 40' above the horizon, but was never visible, as the sky was clouded. \* \* \*

"During the night snow in small flakes had fallen continually, but as we left the Yurts of Shurashkar the sky cleared completely, while the thermometer stood at—22° R. The air seemed quite at rest, and it was only as we first set off towards the north that I perceived, in the open part, a remarkable difference of sensation, according as I turned my face towards the right or the left; for in the former position it cooled much faster; this can be explained only by supposing a light movement of the air from the east. It was now necessary to rub the nose and other uncovered parts

of the face, from time time, with the hairy surface of the glove, to prevent their being frozen ; the other parts of the body were so perfectly protected by the Ostyak fur clothing, that even in to-day's temperature one could lie motionless in the open air for several hours without inconvenience. \* \* \*

"Of all the wolves, none are prized so much as those killed east of this place by the Ostyaks of the Yenisei, because their very long and soft hair gives them a great superiority over what are called the forest and steppe Wolves of middle Siberia. The beauty of these beasts of prey seems to increase in the same proportion as the number of wild rein-deer frequenting the tundras, for these shy tenants of the wilds are particularly numerous between the Obi and the Yenisei, and the Ostyaks of that region are famed for their dexterity in killing or in catching them. Tying leathern cords between the tops of the antlers of their tame deer, they turn the animals loose, one by one, in the neighbourhood of a herd of wild deer ; these do not fail to attack the strangers, and their antlers becoming entangled in the cords during the contest, they are held fast by the tame deer till the men arrive. These Ostyaks know also how to plant spring bows which send the arrow against the animal's breast.

"The Samoyedes, on the other hand, are praised by all their neighbours around for the great variety of produce which they bring back from their hunting excursions. They take the fur animals, not only by the ordinary artifices of traps and weapons adapted to every circumstance, but also by putting themselves as much as possible on an equality with the animals pursued, going on all fours and imitating the brutes in voice and clothing. They contribute by far the largest portion of the skins of the Polar bear brought to the fair of Obdorsk ; and in consequence of their more intimate acquaintance with these animals, they do not regard them with the same dread as Europeans. The Samoyedes assert that the white bear far exceeds the black bear in strength and ferocity, while fully equal to it in running, yet owing to his unwieldiness they encounter it without fear, and always reckon on victory as certain. A man will often go singly against a Polar bear, eight feet long, without any other weapon than his knife, which he fastens to the end of a pole. In spring and autumn these animals are found on the ice, near the holes from which the seals come forth to breathe. There the bear covers himself up with snow, facing the hole, and with one paw stretched into the water. The Samoyedes, at the same time, practise like artifice, for they, as well as the bears, conceal themselves near these openings ; but they let the seals come out upon the ice, and then cut off their retreat by shoving a board over the hole. About midsummer, when the ice on the coast is broken up, white bears pass over in great numbers to the main land, where they find nothing to subsist on but a few mice. Some remaining on the floating ice islands, perhaps, can still procure seals. But beyond the Polar circle, they all collectively keep a strict fast for a season, for they lie motionless, rolled up in the snow near the sea shore, from the disappearance till the return of the sun. The black bears in Kamchatka, experience similar vicissitudes, for they too pass, in the course of the year, from the indulgence of great voracity to the scantiest fare, and then fast completely during the winter."

The Shamans, or priests, prey on the superstitions of these wild and simple people :

"For when a man dies and the body has been buried with a hart and rein-deer for use in the next life, (which is done here as well as among the Samoyedes,) with a tinder box, and, among the Nisovian Ostyaks, with a pipe and tobacco, they make his relatives form a rude wooden image representing, and in honour of, the deceased, which is set up in their yurt, and receives divine honours for a greater or less time as the priest directs. The Shaman pretends to discover by examining the dead body, by divinations and adjurations, the cause of death, which he sometimes pronounces to be God's love for the deceased, sometimes the sins of the latter. To the woman particularly is entrusted the service of these family saints. At every meal they set an offering of food before the image ; and should this represent a deceased husband, the widow embraces it from time to time, and lavishes on it every sign of attachment. Where the popular usages have not been disturbed, this kind of worship of the dead lasts about three years, at the end of which time the image is buried.

"But when a Shaman dies, this custom changes, in his favour, into a complete and decided canonisation ; for it is not thought enough that, in this case, the dressed block



of wood which represents the deceased, should receive homage for a limited period, but the priest's descendants do their best to keep him in vogue from generation to generation; and by well contrived oracles and other arts, they manage to procure offerings for these their family penates, as abundant as those laid on the altars of the universally acknowledged gods. But that these latter also have an historical origin, that they were originally monuments of distinguished men, to which prescription and the interest of the Shamans gave by degrees an arbitrary meaning, an importance, seems to me not liable to doubt; and this is, furthermore, corroborated by the circumstance, that of all the sacred yurts dedicated to these saints, which have been numerous from the earliest times in the vicinity of the river, only one has been seen (near Samarovo) containing the image of a woman. When we consider attentively the life of the Ostyak, divided between hunting, fishing, and travelling far and wide, it is easy to understand that, here, the man is immeasurably more important than the woman, and consequently has a weightier claim to the grateful homage of posterity.

"Ortik, Yelan, Long, and Meik are the proper names of some of these deified beings. The first of these, Ortik, possesses a peculiar interest for Europeans, for he is found in Hungary changed into Ördög, the proper name there given to the Devil. It was on the conversion of the Majars to Christianity, no doubt, that they were taught this new application of the old name, for the Ortik of their Ostyak kinsmen is a beneficent being, a particular favourite of Toruim, and a friendly mediator on every occasion. His image, like that of all the other heroes, is only a bust without legs. The face is usually made of a hammered plate of metal nailed upon wood; the body is a sack stuffed with hair and skins, and with two linen sleeves sewed to it for arms. The whole figure is dressed in a linen frock, and is placed on a table with the sword and spear beside it. The Ostyaks make it offerings of furs, from which they occasionally borrow also to pay the yasak, in case of necessity.

"The images of Yelan are very like those of Ortik, but are generally distinguishable by the peaked shape of the head. They are often dressed with a cap made of black dog-skin, and the body is sometimes of bare wood, sometimes wrapped in linen. This is the god in honour of whom they perform the armed dance above described.

"The part which Long plays is more peculiar, for every rare and esteemed art is under his protection, and the Ostyaks in consequence apply to him epithets, which the Russians conceive to be most adequately translated by the word *mustuir*, i. e. master. Along with other arts he presides over that of healing; but the offerings made to him by the sick must consist only of productions of art; furs are expressly excluded. The bits of cloth of every kind, which the Ostyaks procure in the course of their traffic for this purpose, they stuff into the sack which forms the larger portion of the idol; and this is furnished, characteristically enough, with one of those kushaks or girdles which, with their metal ornaments, are specially fitted to represent foreign art; but, instead of the small studs which serve to adorn the girdle of mortals, large flat buttons of silver, if possible, are sewed on the girdle of Long.

"A malignant and, perhaps, somewhat more allegorical character is ascribed to Meik, for it is conceived to be his fault if a man loses his way in the woods or during a snow-storm; and, in such cases, promises of worship and offerings are sure to be made to his image by the Ostyaks. The block which represents him is dressed, without further decoration, in a *park* (vol. I. p. 485) of beaver skins. If the statement be true that, in former times, there were to be seen in some of the sacred yurts of the Verkhovian Ostyaks metal mirrors set before the idols, as in the Buddhist temples, for the purpose of consecrating the water by reflecting on it the image of the god, we need not be surprised at finding such a mixture in so flexible a ritual as that of the Shamans. At the present day, however, the Nisovian Ostyaks have no knowledge of such a custom.

"Respecting the rich and remarkable offerings which the Ostyaks deposit at their holy places, many strange stories are told here in Obdorsk. It is said that silver coins, nay, even wrought gold and silver, are to be found among them; and that the value of such deposits has sometimes amounted to 10,000 roubles. The pillage of them is strictly prohibited by the Russian government, and a Kosak, convicted of an act of sacrilege of this kind is condemned to labour in the mines. Besides making these gifts, the Ostyaks sacrifice also a great number of rein-deer, and always in the manner of a bloody atonement; for with deliberate cruelty, they kill the animals slowly, by stabling them in different parts of the body, or suffocate them by repeatedly plunging them in water."

The following broaches curious matter—it relates to the shore which extends from the mouth of the Pechora to the Obi :

“This part of the country of the Samoyedes remained unvisited by strangers till the last century, while the western districts of Timansk and Kaminsk were frequented by the Slavonian merchants of the republic of Novgorod even before Rurik's time ; indeed some strangers—that is to say, people not Samoyedes—had settled there before those earliest Russians ; for the Samoyedes of that day related to the traders of Novgorod, that men of unknown origin were living in the midst of the high mountains which rise in insulated groups in the district of Timansk, and that some had ventured to approach the narrow openings into their subterranean dwellings, and had heard them speaking an unintelligible language. In later times, and even up to the beginning of the present century, both Russians and Samoyedes have found deserted caverns of this kind (called in Russian *peshchóri*) so frequently, that it has been conjectured, with much reason, that the name usually given to the river, both by Samoyedes and Russians, had its origin in this circumstance. The metal utensils and the fire-places in these caves, leave no doubt that they were inhabited in ancient times by itinerant metal-finders, of whom similar traces are found further south, also in the Ural, in the country of the Voguls ; and who at one time spread themselves over all parts of northern Asia with the same object, just as the famed Venetian adventurers went through the German mountains.

“But it is manifest, also, that the Greek information respecting the gold-seeking Arimasps, whom the ancients unanimously assigned to the northern branches of the Ural, referred in reality to some of these temporary dwellers in the western part of the country of the Samoyedes ; and well might they credit Aristæus of Proconesus, when he related that, on a journey in the north-east of Europe, he collected those accounts from the furthest of the hunting tribes which he had reached. The obscurest portion of his narrative, in which he tells us that the Arimasps seeking metals in the extreme north of Europe, ‘drew forth the gold from under the Grifons,’ will be found to be at this moment literally true in one sense, if we only bear in mind the zoologically erroneous language used by all the inhabitants of the Siberian tundras. By comparing numbers of the bones of antediluvian pachyderms, which are thrown up in such quantities on the shores of the Polar Sea, all these people have got so distinct a notion of a colossal bird, that the compressed and sword-shaped horns, for example, of the *Rhinoceros tichorinus*, are never called, even among the Russian promishleniks and merchants, by any other name than that of ‘birds’ claws.’ The indigenous tribes, however and the Yukagirs in particular, go much farther, for they conceive that they find the head of this mysterious bird in the peculiarly vaulted cranium of the same rhinoceros ; its quills in the leg-bones of other pachyderms, of which they usually make their quivers ; but as to the bird itself, they plainly state that their forefathers saw it and fought wondrous battles with it : just as the mountain Samoyedes preserve to this day the tradition, that the *muzzmoth* still haunts the sea-shore, dwelling in the recesses of the mountain and feeding on the dead.

“Now, if it be not denied that this northern tradition presents to us the prototype of the Greek story of the Grifons, while it suggests perhaps the intimate connection of both with the Arab fable of the Roc, then it must be allowed to be strictly true that the metal-finders of the northern Ural drew the gold from under the Grifons ; for gold sand lying under the formations of earth and peat, which are filled with these fossil remains, is at the present day a very common phenomenon. Although the statement added by Herodotus, that the Arimasps have but one eye, has never been explained, much less substantiated, by the conjectures to which it has given rise, and is, therefore, looked upon as either a misconception, or a mere embellishment, yet, on the other hand, there is indubitable proof, in the later writers of antiquity, that they began already to perceive the true meaning of these statements, for they expressly tell us that the Arimasps gathered gold at a river.

“With deep grief this evening I saw an end to my travels among the Samoyedes, and I felt unable to envy the traveller of Proconesus, who amused himself for seven years with the northern Scythians or Nomades.”—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Parson, Pen, and Pencil. By the Rev. G. M. Musgrave, M.A.,  
Vicar of Borden, Kent. 3 vols. R. Bentley.*

IT is a great publishing hit to hit upon a title so alliterative and attractive as this; but still more fortunate to discover behind it an author worthy of high public praise and favour, under any denomination. The Reverend Vicar of Borden is indeed a pleasant fellow, and we can conceive the Vicarage to be a very comfortable, social, agreeable, entertaining, intellectual, and instructive domicile. At least, the qualities to make it so shine out in these volumes; wherein the author relates the chief matters which struck him in an autumnal tour last year, to Paris, Tours and Rouen, together with a few memoranda on French farming. No doubt the track is common and the ground well trodden; but there is so much noticed which has escaped, or not been thought worth notice by, preceding travellers, that the *dulce et utile* is the happy result of the entire combinations. Mr. Musgrave, accompanied by his Son, a youth of eighteen years, re-visited France, after having seen it in 1816 and 1820, and the contrast it furnishes are not the least amusing portions of his work. Throughout, except where he is graver on religion, or particular in his useful remarks on agricultural subjects, he is very lively and facetious; showing not only the gentleman well read in ancient and modern literature, but one who can readily and well apply his information to the topics which attract his attention wherever he goes and whatever he observes.

To give a few proofs of this we set off with him at score, and, even on the hackneyed voyage across the Channel, find novelty of description and food for laughter. He describes his fellow passengers, and we separate one or two from the general group:

"Affairs soon began to wear a dismal aspect on deck also. The diplomatist's lady was swinging in her travelling-carriage, which blocked up the passage of communication fore and aft; screwing her courage to that sticking-place. Another carriage was lashed in the same position larboard, effectually spoiling my promenade from stem to stern, in which I rejoice on ship-board, especially against a head-wind. By a wheel of this barouche one delicate lady, of upwards of five-and-forty years of age, held on during the whole passage; her right hand grasping her son's; eyes closed, features rigid; feet rivetted, as it were, to the plank. It was a singular spectacle; a great experiment. It succeeded."

"Not so some twenty or thirty beyond her. What a scene! How soon the loud talking ceased! How stealthily the couples that had begun by nestling into quiet chat withdrew from further gossip. Where are those laughing eyes under the Leghorn bonnet and apricot-tinted ribbons? Alas! they are glaring without 'speculation' on the heaving waters; the pretty blue fringed parasol is broken, and 'The Traveller's Guide through Kent' lies uncut, unheeded at her feet. The very polite and communicative beau, her particular friend's brother, with that smart Joinville tie and Chesterfield Macintosh coat, who, only half an hour since, was pitying 'the landmen,' and proposing lunch, has succumbed to *peculiar sensations*, and grasps the gunwale with a sick man's clutch, deploring from his heart, that 'Nature,' as Ben Jonson saith, 'hath these vicissitudes, and makes no man a state of perpetuity.'"

They land at Boulogne, and the following are part of the reflections on the famous pillar there:

"If three alliterative words, in Cæsar's style, might be substituted on the pedestal of the Bononian Column for the rapid braggadocio still extant, I know of none more appropriate than—

VENI,

VIDI,

VITAVI.

which, being translated and expounded, would intimate thus much:

"I came hither for the purpose of effecting a landing with the army of France on the beach at Dover, or wherever our flotilla might effect a descent, and of forcing my way to London, there to establish a Republic and dethrone King George.

"I saw the British frigates in the offing, and the effect of their twenty-fours.

"I abandoned all my designs of invasion, and avoided all further contact with such ugly opponents."

"But (proceeds our author), we are now at the pier, and must fraternize with these long-bearded, mustachioed, indigo-dye-frocked natives, who are trooping along to greet us. Nova Scotia may enjoy its joke of 'Blue Noses;' old Gaul comes before us with that of blue *frock*! 'Oh the blue bonnets over the border!' might be appropriately echoed by 'Oh the blue gaberdines over the water!' If they be all smiles and activity, they are also all smalt and blouse. I should say the whole collective multitude of French *operatives* (that's the modern term in vogue) are thus habited. Every class of artisan, in or out of the mill or manufactory, is invariably the wearer of this coloured frock: *item*, the farmer, vintner, butcher, fishmonger, green-grocer, carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, railway-labourer, engineer, stoker, coachman, ploughman, shepherd, baker, pastrycook, scavenger, tinker, water-carrier, &c. &c., and so I might run through the list of some hundred besides, habited in this uniform short slop, which is only varied in tint according to the alkali employed at the wash-tub or washing-barge, by the fair hands that beat and batter the soiled garment (*more Gallico*) into a state of azure cleanliness."

All Boulogne is described in a similar off-hand and entertaining style; and so is all the journey through Abbeville to Paris. Take, for example, a bit of the account of French haymaking:

"Before we reached the inn-yard at Bernay, we saw several hands getting in a hay-crop outside the village. The farmers do not stack this crop as we do. Having made the hay, the mowers gather the swarths into masses of about fourteen feet length by five in breadth, and five feet six inches in height. In about two or three days' time they thatch these, only to protect them until the farmer finds leisure to do what follows.\* At the fitting opportunity he sends in one, or, if there be more than two acres' breadth, he sends two men into the field. In case the field be very near the farm premises, a waggon comes with them, loaded with inferior straw: this is taken out of the waggon, as it moves among the haycocks; an armful or two being deposited by each. But if there be an abundant crop of hay, no straw is sent; the bands are made up from the hay.

"The labourer now begins his peculiar job.† He pulls to pieces the mass (or haycock, as we will call it), of the dimensions already stated, and forms the hay into bundles, weighing fourteen pounds each. From long experience, he reckons the weight by his eye, and as I learned from the farmers, with a precision which is quite marvellous. These bundles he ties up either with the straw, as I have mentioned, or with the hayband. The bundle of fourteen pounds thus made, is called a *botte*, and the verb in the French language, *botteler*, signifies to make such bottles. In fact, this is the old 'bottle of hay,' in which our favourite adage challenges the most inquisitive searcher to find a needle. Four of these bottles make, therefore, our truss of old hay; four and a half, the truss of new.

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\* They adopt the same system with regard to wheat or oats which have of necessity been cut before maturity.

† Pole, in his 'Synopsis,' introduces a note at the 7th verse of the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm, which seems to bear upon this mode of gathering the hay-crop. I will not trouble my reader with the Latin; but the purport of it is, that in the earliest days of husbandry, before *sithes were invented*, the standing grass was plucked up and thrust into the labourer's 'ora vestimenti,'—i. e. into the fulness of the frock he wore; as a man might now stuff a large quantity of green clover within a smock-frock: so that the Psalmist's binder up of the sheaves of grass (i. e. bundles of hay) disdaining to fill his bosom with prematurely withered produce, might possibly be working on the self-same plan with the\*

\* Copy illegible.

"When the *bottle-maker*, as we may call him, has made up a sufficient number of 'bottes' to fill a waggon, the vehicle is sent in, the farmer or bailiff knowing with tolerable accuracy the space of time required for the making up of the whole crop; and these 'bottes' are forked into it, and borne off to that barn which is reserved for the hay; and there the whole crop is stowed away.

"The farmers stated that they thus knew to a fraction the amount of the 'yield,' and the consumption of the provender, and were, moreover, enabled to regulate with exactitude the precise allowance which each horse, cow, or sheep should receive in conjunction with other *fouirage* or provender. I must, however, reserve this part of the subject for further mention, merely recording by the way, an opinion delivered by one of my agricultural acquaintances in Normandy, that our English method of stacking the hay, and letting it stand for upwards of a year, till the mass becomes so compact as not to admit of even a man's finger being thrust into it, was, for many considerations, a very superior arrangement."

Arrived at Paris, and much commending the railroad accommodation all the way through where he employed that mode of transit, our author proceeds to point out and contrast the changes which have taken place since he was there before. One piece of description reminds us of the still greater change within the last fortnight:

"Monsieur Girard, mine host of the Hotel des Etrangers ('bearded like the pard') observed to me, when he discovered that I had lived under the roof of this old house of entertainment for travellers as far back as in the year 1816,—that for *his part* he was, only seventeen years of age in 1830.

"I merely mention the circumstance to record it as one of a thousand such instances of the French reckoning of the present day. All their dates, calculations, deductions, and comparisons, seem to be referred to the days of July, *mille huit cent trente*, and the flight of Charles the Tenth; just as the Arabians use their Hegira,—beginning their epoch from the 16th of July, 622, A.D., when Mahomet decamped from Mecca. It is very ridiculous, but the fact forces itself on the ear and attention; and, to those who, like myself, are at a loss to understand what that 'glory' consisted of, which broke up all order and discipline, overthrew the oldest dynasty in the universe, and plunged half the families of the fairest city in Europe into lamentations and mourning and woe,—for more than 'three days,'—this obtrusive and most questionable 'remembrancer' must sound too harshly to convey any associations blended with these two words,—'glorious days' on the part of the French."

Where now are the three glorious days and their memories? They are obliterated by two! and we have yet to learn the consequences of the augmented popular force, the

Civium ardor prava jubentium,

so portentously reigning over the present day.

We have only to proceed with our review of this various and clever production.

The notices of outward appearances in and about Paris, are often in the writer's gossiping and playful manner, but when he treats of libraries, important institutions, &c., deserving of more solid observation, he is able enough to set them with propriety and interest before his readers.—*Ex gr.*:

"What could a 'Confection de Mantilles et Manteaux en tout genre' denote? One often has heard from 'ladie lips' of 'a sweet bonnet,' 'a sweet Cachemire,' 'a delicious silk.' But, a *confection* of mantillas! *Que voulez vous donc!* Obligated to step in, and ask for interpretation. It means 'Ready-made mantillas, &c., sold here.' Here, then, the *confectioner* in dress, if it be permissible to dub the ready-made cloak-vendor with such a title, is of a grade below the tradesman who sells the *raw materials*. I only touch upon the word, that I may record a pleasantry within my own knowledge of London mots:—

"Lady. 'How long has Mr. B. been a pastrycook?'

"Shopman in Mr. B.'s 'firm.' 'Mr. B. is not a pastrycook, ma'am.'

"Lady. 'Not a pastrycook! Why, we have dealt here these five years for all sorts of confectionary!'

"Shopman. 'Yes, ma'am: Mr. B. is a confectioner.'

"Lady. 'What can be the difference?'

"Shopman. 'Oh! dear me, ma'am: everything! Just as much as between an attorney and a solicitor!'

"These are, as Osrick observes to Hamlet, 'most excellent differences.' But, the French, too are dearly fond of fine words. Decoration is their *forte*; and, indeed, they will hardly sell you a square of soap without its motto; or a cake of chocolate without some *petit roman*, or love-tale, enveloping the savoury lump. Their beautiful pictures and gilt-embossed card-boxes materially augment the sale of Bordeaux plums; and the most popular omnibuses, some years ago, were those which played by mechanism the favourite air of 'La dame blanche,' as they performed their course. I was standing one day at our hôtel lodge, and, all of a sudden, heard a trumpet sounded as beautifully as ever I had heard in the head-quarters of a large body of cavalry. I ran to the stairs to hasten the steps of my son, who was at that moment descending, saying he would probably see some of the French cavalry pass by. We hurried forth into the street, and almost overthrew the trumpeter—a dingy, dirty old fellow, who was hawking about lemonade and *eau sucrée* in a tin cylinder, covered with red velvet, at his back. It was a fair illustration of the piping times of peace, that cream of tartar and sugared water should succeed in making such a noise in the world. Any one would have imagined that a whole squadron of horse was at the gate. He would have proved a 'trump' indeed in my father's *cortège* of high shrievalty in 1828, to blow my lord judge into the court at Bedford; or to give him a long blast, by way of refreshment, on his coming out of the heat of it!

"The Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine is a noble thoroughfare: the Bishopsgate, or rather Aldgate Street, of Paris. Here I found once more my old acquaintances the coffee roasters, who, since Paris has been newly paved, and *trottoirs* on either side of almost every street constructed for foot-passengers, have, by the police regulations, been *chassés* from their wonted stations outside every tenth door, nearly, in the capital. They and their apparatus were sadly in the way, at all hours; but the delicious fragrance of the toasted berries was an excellent set-off against other odours. As regards scents and effluvia, however, the *conseil de salubrité* has of late years wrought such wonderful reforms in respect of drainage, sewerage, ventilation, *arrosement* (watering), scavenger-work, and general cleansing, that Paris is now as free from noisome smells as London. Indeed, I should say that the continual escape of gas in our streets, (the French call it *gaz*,) and the universal smoking of cigars below a certain grade of the populace, render our highways and byeways quite as fetid, every now and then, as the most densely-inhabited quarters of the French capital.

"Their slaughter-houses, for instance (that I may start with eulogium), *outside the city*, where all the revolting but indispensable processes of killing cattle are carried on without nuisance or detriment to the public, cannot be too highly commended. I visited one, the Abattoir (slaughter-house) de Grenelle, when I went to inspect the wonderful operations of the Artesian well contiguous to the premises. There were three hundred men engaged in the several compartments of the building; killing, cleaning, skinning, and cutting up. The heat of the weather was intense, the thermometer indicating 117° in the sun. In these lofty, spacious, well-ventilated and well-irrigated halls of death, the temperature was moderated almost to coolness; there was very slight effluvia, and there was hardly a fly to be seen. The blood was carried off through immense drains into various reservoirs or receptacles, for subsequent removal to the dyers' houses and other establishments, where it forms a valuable chemical ingredient; or to the dépôts of purchasers of manure. The remainder finds its way to the river through main sewers, and the garbage is systematically assorted (strange as it may sound) for the respective dealers in dogs'-meat, cats'-meat, sausage-skin preparers, bladder-vendors, hide-buyers, tanners, purveyors, glue and size manufacturers, horn-lantern makers, and every other craft in whose hands animal matter undergoes marvellous transformations. But the reflection, that

all these fetid appurtenances of the slaughtered ox, sheep, calf, and hog, are thus kept *extra muros*, beyond human domiciles in a densely-populated city, and daily and hourly dispersed, and duly disposed of, without scattering nuisance and malaria of the foulest character, such as poisons the vicinity of every slaughter-house in London —is, I affirm it with regret for our own needs, one of the highest points of civilization and refinement to which the municipal powers of Paris have yet attained."

At the Hospital of Charity, Rue Jacob, after inspecting all its wards and management, we have a droll anecdote :—

"At length, we entered the dead-house; the inner apartment of which is principally used for *post-mortem* examinations by the house-surgeons, in the presence of pupils. The body of a girl about nineteen years old was lying on one of the tables sewed up in a cloth: the primary incisions had been made, and an *autopsy* was to ensue in the course of the afternoon.

"The outer chamber of this dead-house was a vestibule, in which were about seven stands or narrow stages, on which were deposited long, black, semi-cylindrical-covered litters, similar to some of the coffin-biers in which, on the continent, bodies are carried to the grave. At the upper part of each of these long, round trunks was an opening of about a foot square, through which, were a living man laid underneath, he could see above and about his head and shoulders. Alongside each was a bell-rope, with a stout iron-wire handle; the upper part of the string, or rope, being attached to a crank just under the ceiling. I inquired the cause of this very extraordinary provision for dead men and women. My attendant replied, that whenever a patient died, the body was brought down, and placed under one of these black covers, till arrangements were completed for the interment. Meanwhile, the bell-handle is introduced through the orifice above-mentioned, and the arm of the corpse is so arranged that the hand may rest on the chest or abdomen, with the said handle between the fingers! I could not help smiling at this elaborate provision against trance: 'And where,' said I, 'do these cranks overhead lead to?'

"To the nurse's apartments: that in case there be any one reviving in the dead room, the respiration individual may give a good tug, and bring down some one to the rescue."

"And have you had many bell-ringers?"

"No; not many. One case happened," said the dead-house lodge-keeper, since I came here. 'Some one upstairs heard a very violent ringing from this, the dead-room's bell-crank, and several came down in a pretty state of trepidation, you may be sure.'

"Well! and what did the dead-alive man say or do?"

"Ah! ma foi! Il n'a rien fait! Il n'a rien dit, même qu'il ait sonné bravement!"

"How so! give such a tug at his bell, and then have nothing to say to you all!"

"Oh! mon Dieu, non: Il était toujours bien mort! [He was dead enough all the time!]"

"On pressing this droll informant to reveal a mystery which we were half inclined to treat with contempt, he explained that it was in the case of a very stout man who had died of dropsy, and swelled very much; that in about eight or ten hours after death, the body collapsed, from a discharge of the animal gas, as he called it; and the stomach, or more properly speaking, the abdomen, sunk down so rapidly, that the hand shifted its position, drawing the bell-handle with it, and thus rang the call-bell most lustily.

"I suppose few travellers have heard a more comical tale told in a charnel-house than this recital of the ghostly bell-ringer. The appearance of the bell-pull at each coffin or litter-head, is too full of the ridiculous not to provoke a smile. One feels disposed to recommend the nurses to lay a pair of trousers and slippers, or petticoats, on a chair by each body; with a little snack of something comfortable (*eau de vie, par exemple*), to allay the 'dismal horror of the time,' in case of waking in a coffinshell!"

"A similar provision for the 'dead-alive' is made in the hospital at Frankfort."

The butchers' shops are thus naively compared with those of London:

"The butchers' shops are respectable enough; but there is neither the fatted ox nor the well-fed, wholesomely pastured sheep, to produce the jolly sirloin of old

England, or the elegant saddle and venison-like haunch we can command in a small post-town in our own favoured country. I saw some joints of mutton and veal very tidily displayed on clean white cloths in the shops ; but few *hooks*, and, *par consequence*, few hanging legs or ribs to tempt healthy appetite, and constitute one plain substantial dish. The legs of veal were invariably cut out with the tail depending from them. As for the nobly proportioned fillet or rump, aitch-bone, or brisket, conveying by turns the wholesomest reminiscence of cold round and cauliflower pickles, or hot marrow, dark gravy, and carrots, suet dumplings, and other such trimmings to salted beef in its varied presentations, there was no spectacle of the kind.

"The meat is disjointed uncomfortably, grotesquely shaped and deplorably lean. The butchers have no more idea of the *outline*, even, of a genuine steak than they have of our Domesday Book. They cut a gibbous lump from any inferior fleshy part, somewhat akin to our 'clods and stickings,' give it a blow or two with the chopper, and entitle it a 'biftik.' It contracts its bulk on being placed in a frying-pan or grid-iron by many a shifting, twisting movement, till its surface is indented, and full of little cavities, into which the infatuated cook pours oil, or butter melted into an oil, and a spoonful or two of shredded parsley ;—and this 'horror' is served away hot, *selon les règles*, tough as a pelican's leg, greasy as a tallow-tub, *sans fat*, *sans gravy*, or Harvey sauce, *sans* horse radish, *sans* shalot or oysters, or any of those little relishing adjuncts which, on *our* tables, requite the teeth for occasionally extra labour, and the outlay of ten pence on each pound of beefsteak.

"As for the fishmongers,—to say that there is not such a panorama (so to speak) of the finny species to be gazed at and admired in Paris, as Grove's display on the lead at half-past eleven A.M. at Charing Cross or Bond Street, would be invidious indeed. There is nothing approaching to even a sixth-rate fishmonger's shop of our metropolis. I now and then saw a few *craw-fish* (of which the French seem to be very fond), and some crabs, and also half-a-dozen lobsters and mussels ; but there are no shops for scale fish."

But,

"It may be observed, *en passant*, that till the Dieppe and Paris Railway had been completed, Paris was very indifferently supplied with fish. The distance from the coast is considerable (one hundred and twenty miles), but the train convey fish at present within six hours ; and the quantity, though not proportionate to the population of the capital, is considerably greater than that which reached the markets previous to the formation of the line."

Everything relating to the National Guard being of much interest just now, we add the writer's remarks :

"Looked through the railings of the Carousel, at the Tuilleries palace, on the ten o'clock parade of the National Guard. One would suppose that, in a nation so military as the French, some pains would have been taken to maintain a certain standard of height, even in the companies of the burgher guard, or town fencibles, as we might term them. As the grenadier company marched by us, I could not help expressing my surprise at the intermixture of stature. Two stout ruddy citizens, with whiskers like blacking-brushes, each six feet one in height, marched with a little dapper fellow between them of about five feet six. The fourth man might have stood five feet eight and a half ; the two next in line would have measured six feet ; then came another five feet eight, flanked by two of six feet one. Accordingly, when those martial longs and shorts were drawn up in line, the effect of such discrepancies was most

disadvantageous. It reminded me of the asparagus beds in May when the heads are long or short-necked, according to their vegetative power. But the serjeants had not only disregarded the standard of height, but also left their 'merry, merry men' to stand at ease, wherever and whenever they might feel disposed to take the thing coolly. What would you, my old village school-master, Richard Sharpe, have said or



done to even the third class of boys in the 'easy lesson' division, had they ventured to halt, dress and stand, or rather straggle, in this free and easy style, in his august presence ! And these sons of Mars stood just under the royal apartments.

"The uniform coat now worn in the National Guard is, according to my notions, very unmilitary in appearance. It is in fact every inch bourgeois and *peguin*. My readers may probably recall to mind the long blue coats 'uniformly adopted by our country labourers, as the Sunday or best coat ; *length* being the principal consideration as to the fashion of the garb.

"Formerly the National Guard wore a small coat, and, during winter and night duty, a great coat over it. Now they have but this one, winter or summer, day or night.

"The pioneers of this force wear long white, leather aprons, extending downward to the *instep* of the foot. As the musicians passed I remarked the peculiar make of the double drum ; it was not above twenty inches deep. In the bands of our regiments I should say its depth (or length rather) was at least thirty-six.

"A military band was on parade, but we did not stay to hear any music. It is a deplorable way of witnessing any review of troops. The public are not admitted beyond the railing, and there is always (as in our country) a rabble crowd thronging the partition through the greater part of its extent, and commending nimbly to the gentle sense every variety of flavour arising from pipes, cigars, brimstone, and onions, in the precincts of a palace where all should be redolent of *amberggris* and *vanille* !"

We might multiply such quotations *ad infinitum*, interspersed with good literary and archæological intelligence, and especially with valuable remarks on farming, and also with curious matters anent Tours and Rouen ; but we trust we have done enough to introduce a most agreeable writer to the acquaintance of general readers, who find what we have stated, abundance of what is at once lively and instructive in his work. At Rouen he discovered that William the Conqueror could not write, but only make his mark of the cross + when fourteen years old. But we must not enter into new subjects however old, but commit our very pleasant Vicar to the cheerful hearts and book-rooms of his native land.—*Literary Gazette*.

## ORIGINAL NOTICES.

*The Out-Station, or Jaunts in the Jungle. Chapman and Hull, 1848.*

THIS is a pleasantly written little account of Ceylon and its Sports, given in a light cheerful style that is quite refreshing in these 'dog days,' so we shall hasten to regale our readers with its delicacies, in the shape of wild animals, "plenty savage, master," with which piquancy the Cingalese attendant enriches his intelligence of the proximity of a herd.

Appropriately classed among the wild animals we first find mention of the

### "VEDDAH OR WILD MAN OF THE JUNGLE."

"Without any other habitation than the thickest branches of the nearest tree, the Veddah lives principally on wild honey and raw deer-flesh. In fact, nothing comes amiss to its digestion : and whether it really is a human being, or not, is with many an open question to the present time ; although the fact of its constructing bows and arrows for the purpose of slaughter, would argue in favour of the former supposition.

"The bow they make use of never exceeds eighteen inches in length, whilst the arrow scarcely exceeds a foot, and with this diminutive weapon, which is generally poisoned, they pick-off a deer at full gallop, sending in the shaft behind the shoulder, and piercing the heart ; but more generally, ensconced in

their roosting-places, they await the arrival of the unsuspecting victim, to sleep or feed just beneath them, and then quietly sending a shaft into a vital part, are stocked with venison for a week.

"Clothes of any description they abjure, in place of which both men and women are entirely covered with pile, whilst the profuse locks of both sexes, reaching below the knees, form a complete shelter to them from rain or sun.

"On what terms of intimacy and friendship they stand with the next degenerated specimen in the family of Creation—the ourang-outang—it was never my good fortune to discover ; but often have I in some of my jaunts in the jungle, in search of a dinner or a pair of tusks, come upon a party of half-a-dozen Veddahs, and sent them scampering off in mortal dread of their lives, and chattering for all the world like so many apes.

On one occasion, having penetrated further than usual into the jungle, where I had followed the recent track of a herd of elephants, I suddenly pounced upon a party of Veddahs at feeding time. Having established their "*salle-a-manger*" in a corner of a ravine with high rocks all around them, except at the spot where I made my unwelcome appearance, there was no possibility of escape.

"Entertaining for a moment a doubt on my own part (in which my Malay gun-carrier evidently joined me), whether it would not be more prudent to exercise the better part of valour, and cut and run as fast as my legs would carry me (after a very brief apology for the intrusion), my resolution to remain was decided by witnessing the superlative state of alarm into which we had thrown the dinner-party. Some began to jabber and screech, others to bury their faces in the grass, whilst one or two stared stupidly at us, thinking, no doubt, that their hour was come, and possibly the arch-enemy also (for niggers always paint him *white*) to square accounts with them.

"There was one old fellow amongst them, whose hairs were quite grey, and whose looks were more pacific and less perturbed than the others, and to him I first addressed myself by every imaginable sign and gesture, but he either could not or would not understand ; so the next resource I had recourse to was turning out the contents of my pockets—every body knows the heterogeneous variety of merchandise contained in a shooting-coat pocket—and by dint of coaxing the old man, and offering him one thing after the other, I so far gained his confidence as to get near him, although it was very much in the same manner that one would approach a sulky mastiff ; but, as luck would have it, the article that settled the business, and gained us the whole tribe's good will in a fixity of tenure, was the brass regimental whistle and chain which the Malay—a corporal in the Ceylon rifles—had luckily brought with him.

"No sooner did the patriarchal Veddah understand how to make it send forth a squeak, than his delight became unbounded ; he grinned demoniacal gratification, and the chief difficulty now seemed to consist in ever getting him to leave off.

"The others, gaining courage, one by one began to gather round him, and, remaining at some little distance, I had a chance of thoroughly observing this singular and outcast tribe of people, of whom there were present four men and two women.

"Whether it was the overpowering melody of the screeching brass, or my own very amicable and assuring demeanour, that imparted fresh courage, I cannot say, but in a very short space of time the remaining five were all cringing round, and pawing us, no doubt expressing their ardent desire to be straightway put in possession of a whistle apiece.

"Now to let them off unsatisfied, particularly as I wanted to make use of their services, was not the policy, to be pursued ; so one fellow was presented with my powder-flask (first securing its contents myself) which he forthwith commenced trying to whistle through, and is no doubt trying it on still.

"One of the 'fair sex' had my neckerchief, and the other my pocket-handkerchief, which, being of very bright patterns, no doubt enthroned me in their hearts for ever.

"This was paying rather dearly, however, 'for our whistle.'

"One fellow, more importunate than the others, finished the brandy flask, and got as drunk as an owl; and so after having received the most friendly assurances from these foreign powers, I proceeded to obtain all the information to be got out of them relative to the locality of the elephants.

"Pointing to the tracks of these animals, which every here and there were fresh, and then lost among the grass and underwood, I made them understand what I wanted; and although I was more than once nearly led into a personal quarrel with the old gentleman, owing to whether the whistle should be blown or not during our search for the animals, they accompanied—or rather guided—us so far that a crash of breaking branches gave notice that we were close on our game; and the next moment our cicerones had scampered pell-mell up into the nearest tree, where the old brute immediately began whistling as loud as his lungs would allow him, by which means I certainly lost a first-rate chance of flooring a splendid tusk elephant.

"By a chance shot, however, I sent a ball into the temple of the last of the fugitive beasts as he trotted past, and without a struggle or a groan the monster sank down silently, dead upon the grass, with an ounce bullet in his brain.

"It was some minutes before I could see any signs of my new acquaintances, the Veddahs; the contiguity of the elephants, and the report of the gun, no doubt kept them silent, but when they espied the prostrate carcase, and the Malay and myself seated upon it, they came forward with the most frantic yelling, and grotesque dances imaginable; in short, I would not have given sixpence for Buddha's chance of notice, had he put in a sudden appearance, so intense was their adoration of us.

"This was getting by degrees too enthusiastic to be pleasant, consequently, as soon as we conveniently could, we made our exit, leaving the Veddahs to the dead elephant and their own excited imaginations."

As an appropriate fellow portrait to the last we quote an account of

"A CIVILIZED BABOON."

"Who is there that lived in Ceylon about the year 1832, that does not remember Esau?"

"Poor Esau!—at last a victim to civilisation and a taste for cognac!"

"Esau was a baboon, the property of Dr. —, of the staff. Although in height somewhat under the military standard (being between four and five feet), Esau gloried in scarlet and gold, and not unfrequently in a sword; but although he served, as will presently be seen, to 'point a moral,' unfortunately he could boast of no attribute whereby to 'adorn a tail.'

"This extraordinary animal received an education that would have made him an ornament to society in general—if he held his tongue.

"When Dr. — dined at home, Esau invariably sat down to dinner with him, helping himself to what he preferred like a Christian; and although at first a strong innate conviction on his part that fingers were made before knives and forks caused some slight misunderstanding, Esau at last gave in, and used these seemingly superfluous articles.

"Ask Esau to take wine, and he would give you bow and grin worthy of a Gaul.

"Now it is not likely that such an original and entertaining character would be kept long out of the congenial clime and company of a mess-room (Reader in red! don't think me personal); so Mr. Esau used to come in with the dessert and go out with the small hours.

"At first he was contented with claret, but progressively advancing in the scale of sociality and wisdom, he imbibed the same idea as that entertained by respectable old Sam Johnson, that "claret was made for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes," so to cognac he came, and as sure as the night arrived, Mr. Esau was 'as drunk as a lord.'

"To make an end of it.

"Dr. —'s surgery-door, as fate would have it,\* was one day inadvertently left open, and in his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Esau took advantage of the circumstance to dip into the mysteries and hieroglyphics of pharmacy.

"But man will err, and why not a monkey?—Green, pink, blue, and crimson coloured bottles might have excited curiosity, but they were left untasted. One large plain glass bottle did all the mischief, it contained a fluid resembling in colour British brandy, and that was quite sufficient for Esau.

"Without stopping to smell, the poor fellow finished half the bottle at the first pull, and made his exit from the troublous scene of life with half a pint of laudanum in his interior; leaving behind him a name that will long be remembered by those that knew him, and a moral to man and monkey to avoid British brandy."

Something on a par with a "Bear Story" as told by Mr. Acland (see our Fourth No.) we shall now give one by the Regimental Major, "who abominated, or more *bruinically* speaking, could not bear the bare idea of bears."

#### "A BEAR STORY."

"By Jove! my boys! it is a lucky chance you see your old major among you again!"

"How so, major?—Do tell us!"—exclaimed a dozen tiffin-eaters, in a voice as clear as consternation at the prospect of so unwished for a consummation, and a spoonful of doubled cayenned mulligatawny would permit.—"You look as if you had seen a spirit!"

"I tell you what, it's nothing to laugh at!—If it had not been for a spirit of a very different description, I should have been as dead as that kabob curry; I started home last night" (the major's bungalow was two miles distant from the mess-house), "or rather this morning—when was it, messman, you gave me that bottle of brandy?"

"Four 'clock 'morning, master!"—answered the messman, looking very tired and a shade or two blacker than usual.

"Pooh! nonsense!—Well, I had no sooner got out of the fort gates than I knew something would happen to me. I never pass that clump of cocoa-nut trees without a presentiment, and last night my worst fears were realised. Before I had gone a mile, what should I see standing directly in my way home, but a huge brute of a bear! half as big as an elephant, and black as the devil himself! Before I had time to run, or to plan any mode of attack, he was upon me! I had no weapon of any kind near me except my fists, so I was obliged to grapple him by the snout with one hand, and punch him in the ribs with the other; but he was too much for me, I felt myself going, and at the very moment that I thought 'twas all up, and tried to remember some of my catechism, (God forgive me!) I recollected the bottle of brandy I had in my coat-pocket, carrying home with me!

"By a desperate effort I got one hand free, and managed to extract the bottle; and with the last remaining ounce of strength left in my carcase, I smashed it over the head and eyes of the enemy!—By the god of war, boys, you should have seen the fellow hop about as the fiery liquid trickled into its eyeballs!

"It saved my life:—and saved you, you rascals! a funeral parade this evening!—Clarct, messman!"—

"The seriousness with which our brother officer told the bear story, left no doubt on the minds of any present, that, at all events, it was 'founded in fact,' and revenge and brandy-paunee simultaneously inflaming the party, it was agreed before 5 P. M., to inflict summary chastisement on this ursine highwayman, so away we sallied, armed with guns, rifles, &c., headed by the major, with a brace of horse-pistols. Many of us had then never seen a wild bear, and our excitement being intense, we had invested the creature with a thousand more terrible attributes than ever entered into the compositions of all the bears since they disembarked after the Flood; and if it had not been for the extra glasses of 'fire-water' that we swallowed before leaving table, at the possibility of falling a victim to bruin's killing affection, we cannot possibly give a notion of what the state of our nerves would have been, when the major, throwing up one hand in the air (with the pistol in it) to enjoin silence, came to a dead stop, and in a sort of articulation between a whisper and a groan, ejaculated—

"Here's the very spot!"—

"For hours did we in vain explore every hole and corner, now looking up among the cocoa-nuts, and then down into the rat and snake holes, but there was not a vestige left, not even the ghost of a foot-mark.

"After a very considerable space of time, as we were starting on our way back to barracks, one of the party stumbled across the stump of an old tree, around which a fire had evidently once been lighted, which had left it perfectly black; and between two small branches, sticking invitingly out at the top, we undoubtedly did discover the neck of a recently-broken black bottle, the other part of which lay in fragments around.

"The tree altogether had a disagreeably strong perfume of cognac about it, and was terrifically mauled and wounded where the bottle lay.

"But we didn't find the bear."

#### "A BEAR HUNT."

"We are possibly engaged in the occupation of extracting innumerable diminutive harpoons from our legs, that we have collected in our way through the jungle, when a cry of "The bear!—the bear!"—from the reconnoitering party certifies that I was not far wrong in my surmises, and on arriving at the spot, we are directed to an opening in the rocks, formed by two masses of stone, having fallen against each other, apparently scarcely large enough to admit a cat, when on applying our eyes to the aperture, they encounter those of the quarry, glowing like two illuminated saucers at the extreme end of the den.

"The first question that naturally suggests itself is, how to get at the beast.

"To shoot it 'in its house,' would be to lose it altogether. We must persuade it to egress—so draw your ramrod,—and whilst I probe it in some tender part, you stand by to shoot it as it comes out. Now, then, *prong!* *prong!* *prong!*—but it won't budge an inch—a sulky growl is all it deigns to vouchsafe us.—Ten to one it is a lady-bear with cubs!

"A sudden inspiration seizes us, viz., to make a monster 'black devil' (the component parts of which satanic preparation are gunpowder and water, as every schoolboy knows, rolled into dabs between the finger and thumb, whereon the effect of fire is a great fizzing, a tremendous shower of sparks, and a most abominable stench), and to hurl it into the retreat of the bear; then seizing our guns, we await the dénouement.

"Presently out pops the snout of a youthful member of the firm in a very asthmatical state; another, rather worse, soon follows; till the old dowager, finding her offspring getting smaller and smaller by degrees, condescends to look after them, and affords us a chance of avenging the indignity of the morning.

"She no sooner perceives her intruders at such close quarters, than she is on her hind legs in an instant, dancing for all the world like a man in that execrable "pas seul" in "La Pastorale," and making straight up to the nearest person, which I will suppose is yourself, fortunate reader! she is soon within four or five feet of your gun's muzzle.

"Now put in your 'one, two,' as Mr. Jackson would have said.

"Bravo! right through the heart!—and a noble animal to boot; six feet from stem to stern.

"Reader, that skin is yours.—The next time we go on a bear excursion together, let me have a chance.

#### "A PIG MELEE."

"By Jove! was that a squeak? Yes!—Hark! another, and another, and another!—here they come!—hip! hip!—(not loud but deep) hurrah!

"Ay, borne on the wings of one of those airy gusts that fitfully eddy down the miniature valleys in the jungle, comes the first quaint squeak of piggy on his pilgrimage!—

"Louder and louder swells the chorus!—Grunts, such only as can issue from porkers starving, or deeply insulted, become fearfully distinct; until, at a swing trot, about two hundred fine savage swine—hog, sow, and progeny promiscuously blended—burst through the opening where we have been expecting them on to the plain, and appear at once *coup d'œil* before us.

"It is as light as day; and the animals in the moon-light look as white as if they had a prognostication of the fate that awaited them."

"Now they slacken their speed, and at once set about the business of the night—viz., grubbing.—

"We crawl on in the rear, about twenty yards astern; then dropping quietly on one knee, pour in our four barrels; seizing the spare guns from our servants, we administer a second dose, our followers reloading the discharged weapons in the interim.

"The pigs are evidently staggered.—It is too much for their limited intellect to comprehend, and with the exception of three dead, and two lying on their backs, squaring away at the little of existence left (pardon the cribbage, oh Boz!), the herd 'forn square,' getting as close to each other as possible, and turning a front towards us as if determined to make a rush; but before they come to any fixed resolution on this point, they get a third volley, and then—'every pig for himself'—away they toddle as fast as their trotters will carry them.

"Our wisest plan would have been to have provided ourselves with two ponies, in which case we could have followed them up until we had exterminated the entire herd; but having no such appliances at hand, our only resource is to rattle after them on foot as quickly as we are able; of course they soon distance us, but presently arriving at a convenient place for another attempt at supper, they pull up and again set to work.

"Again we pepper away at them; and one or two, hit hard, make a rush at us; this we avoid by quickly making an echelon movement to the right or left, for it is no joke to come in contact with one of these wild fellows.

"Their plan of attack is to rush at the legs of their adversary, and as they knock him over, to throw up their heads at the same moment with fearful force, inflicting a contused wound that would probably disable the receiver for life: to say nothing of the gash they are capable of inflicting with their tusks, which are tremendously long and sharp.

"Should we be rendered insensible by one, the others would incontinently devour us, so it is not altogether such child's play as may appear to the reader on perusal."

“AN ELK SURPRISE.”

“However, it happened one fine day, after I had spent about half-a-dozen hours in scrambling over the hardest rocks that I ever came in contact with in my life, that on reaching the summit of my ambition, I was met face to face by the most magnificent elk I had ever encountered, standing on the same ridge of rock as myself—so sudden and so electrifying was his noble appearance, that we stood gazing in mute astonishment at one another for a very considerable time; how long, it is impossible to say.

“Every idea of having a gun in my possession, and of the ‘mission’ on which I was engaged, had oozed out of my composition, and which was the most astonished of the two is not a matter that can ever be very satisfactorily proved, but the elk was the first to regain his reasoning faculties.

“Throwing up his head into the air, he gave a half-neigh, half-scream, like that of a frightened horse, which also had a revivifying effect on myself in making me unship the double-barrelled rifle, still slung behind me, and take advantage of the instant left to commence the fight.

“In a second he had made a bound to an adjoining ledge of the precipice, to gain which he must at the very least, have cleared ten yards of space, when without taking aim, or even having time to bring the gun to the shoulder I pulled the trigger, determined not to let him off without a random shot, and in this instance it was as efficacious as a more deliberate one would have been, for the ball striking him in the back bone, I could see his spring was broken before he reached the ridge he sprang for. His fore legs alone reached the rock, and his hind legs would even then have found a leverage below to have carried him on, had not his hind quarters become perfectly powerless.

“Clinging on by his two fore hoofs, he struggled for upwards of a minute with most desperate energy, till, slowly and by degrees, the little hold he had got gradually became less and less, until he had receded to the very edge of the rock, there hanging on for a moment in agony, he lifted up his head as if in one imploring look for help from heaven, and nature relinquishing the struggle, the next moment saw him bounding from crag to crag into the ravine below, his whole frame appearing at each bound to crash into a pulp, or a million fragments!

“But he was gone! irredeemably lost to me and my heirs for ever! What would not I have given for his antlers, and for his skin!

“ELEPHANTINE AMUSEMENT.”

“Look sharp, now!—Up, goes the old man’s hand in the air, and at the signal down we drop as mute and motionless as a pair of oysters, expecting the next moment to have the whole of the herd on the top of us.

“Leaving us in this position for a minute or two (it seems an hour) the finder crawls forwards on hands and feet, every now and then peering above the branches to get a view of the quarry.

“A slight beckon with his hand, without a turn of his head, releases us from our uncomfortable position, and again we are creeping slowly towards him.

He points forward, whispering at the same moment “Ellia!” (the elephants!)

“We are at the extremity of a patch of jungle, and the animals are located in an open spot about twenty yards ahead, but still *we* are unable to perceive them, so silent are they, and so exactly do their bodies resemble in their hue the natural appearance of the jungle itself.

“A sudden report of a gun on our right alters the scene entirely. It is as if a stone was hurled into a wasp’s nest.

“In another second we burst into the open space, and find ourselves in the centre of about forty wild elephants, all running here and there, wheeling and counter-wheeling, in an agony of apprehension and alarm; each expecting his

neighbour to lead the way off, and each having apparently lost every tittle of instinct; and now is the exciting moment—the moment to try what a man's nerve is made of, as well as to test his coolness and presence of mind.

"It is useless to fire away right and left in the hopes of a random shot bringing an elephant down. Your life depends on your loaded barrel; and ensconcing yourself near a corner, you wait patiently until an animal marks you out for a charge and comes directly at you, or, in passing in front of you, presents an opportunity that you cannot forbear taking advantage of.

Still, if it is possible, one should always have a barrel loaded, but if all happen to be discharged, keep a look-out for a neighbouring tree or rock, around which you can dodge the animal, for if you can do this, you have a decided advantage over him.

"When the elephants are thus attacked in front and flank by experienced hands at the work, they are dropping thick and fast. Escape in the rear is prevented by the nature of the ground, and as they wheel round in confusion on receiving the fire of one party, they receive that of the other.

"No person ever thinks of firing at an elephant at a greater distance than a dozen paces, so if one has the faculty of remaining cool and collected, it is not very easy to miss the vital spots in the head, which are the hollow part in the centre of the forehead, about as large as a dessert plate, and two similar places, of a corresponding size, just immediately before the ears; a bullet penetrating either of these parts must find its way to the brain.

"The excitement that the novice experiences on bringing down his opponent apparently with so much ease, (albeit he has previously had a dozen shots without any visible results following), is apt to make him headstrong and careless, and numberless and providential have been the escapes caused by too great self-confidence and foolhardiness in this respect.

"I well remember the first shot that I was fortunate enough to obtain at an elephant, and its consequences. The brute was within six yards of me when I sent a ball at his temple—not then knowing the exact spot that was mortal, I happened to hit him about an inch too high, and divided an artery, on which a stream of blood spouted out like a jet of water from a fire-engine, giving me as complete a drenching as if I had been soused in the Red Sea, completely blinding me for some minutes, and leaving me in a vastly pleasant predicament to continue the morning's work.

"A fearful crash of branches on all sides, as I retreated into the jungle to rinse the blood out of my face and clothes indicated the final rush and escape of the remainder of the herd.

"Driven at last to desperation by stray shots from the tyros of the party, one prevailing sentiment seemed to animate the wounded wretches, and *saute qui peut* became the order of the day, leaving us in possession of the slain, which amounted to about eight or ten elephants.

"On this second occasion I was more fortunate than on the previous one, for having "tasted blood" in more than a figurative sense, I was determined to be revenged, and found that now the first excitement was over, and I better understood how to set about the business, it was quite as easy to take the matter coolly as not, and one obliging animal guessing my wishes at the moment, and anxious to put my abilities to the test, singled me out for a victim.

"Curling his proboscis up under his head (not flourishing it in the air as all illustrations represent an elephant when rushing at an object) and bending its head half way down to the ground—a world of mischief peering out of that wicked little swinish eye—on he came at a quick trot at me.

"He was soon within eight or ten paces—my gun had been at my shoulder covering the fatal spot from the moment he commenced the charge, and when



another second would have brought him bodily on the top of me, one touch of the forefinger sent an ounce ball crashing through his skull, and down he sunk without a struggle or a groan, his trunk nearly touching my feet.

"The fall of the elephant is almost noiseless; instead of coming down like a house, plump on its side at once, with a concussion that one would suppose enough to cause a diminutive earthquake, it sinks gradually down, first on its knees, then on its belly, and, finally, rolls over as unconcernedly and gracefully as if it were going through some civilised evolutions under the managership of Mr. Hughes, or before the enraptured audiences at Astley's "Cirque Olympique."

"Sometimes, however, this operation is unhappily reversed, and instead of the animal rolling over, as in the present case, it falls to the lot of the aggressor, not only to roll over, but to be afterwards *knelt upon* (the favourite mode with the elephant—decidedly a "*knee plus ultra*" one—of putting an extinguisher on his foe), or torn limb from limb asunder.

"These accidents, fortunately, are not frequent; and the only wonder seems to be how they are not so, when so many inexperienced youngsters venture out against wild elephants; the animals are extremely short-sighted, and when they charge down on a person, after having once marked him out, I believe they generally close their eyes, for it is very easy to jump on one side, and as the tiger never returns from his first spring, so do these animals keep charging ahead until they are again lost in the jungle.

"The fate of the unfortunate Major Haddock, of the 97th Regiment, was a melancholy proof of the power and revenge of an elephant.

"Having wounded one, and his barrels being all exhausted, his best chance of escape from the animal, which had now turned upon him, lay, in dodging him round a small patch of jungle.

"For half-an-hour this hide and seek game was kept on, until the major, imagining the elephant had attempted a ruse by doubling round in the opposite direction, also changed his course, and ran directly into the brute's clutches!

"Poor fellow! he was dissected limb from limb, even to the smallest joint in his fingers, but not a bone, I believe, was broken.

"An intimate young friend of mine was slaughtered, not many years ago in consequence of his gun missing fire in the face of a magnificent tusk elephant. He was only nineteen years of age, and having passed a first rate examination at Sandhurst, had come out under promise of being speedily gazetted to a regiment in the colony:—he was first knelt on, and then transfixed by the animal's tusks."

### *The Image of his Father, No. 1. By the Brothers Mayhew.*

THIS is a new serial from which we hope to extract some fun; the first number however will not cause any distressing vibrations of the cachinnary organs. The first chapter has "nothing to do with it," as dear Mrs. Caudle of blessed memory used to say, further than it conveys a fussy little facetious lawyer named Impey to the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. Vyse, proprietor of the Minerva House Academy, upon an important errand, which is developed in the plot, in every sense of this word.

There is nothing particularly novel or amusing in the description of Minerva house. But the preceptor ipse and his better half are thus introduced:

"Dr. Vyse, the proprietor of this establishment, was a reverend gentleman, who prided himself on the blandness of his tone, the commanding respectability

of his appearance, and the intellectual baldness of his head. Often had Mrs. Vyse, the partner of his bosom and school, (his 'foolish Annie,' as he would call her) been heard to declare, as the Doctor left her to visit the parents of some expected new pupil, that 'she was certain no mother who had any regard for the welfare of her son, could for one moment hesitate about entrusting her child to the care of a man with such a benevolent brow and commanding figure as 'her Joseph' had. Indeed, in his broad-brimmed beaver hat, with his long single-breasted black surtout buttoned close up to his throat, and almost touching his heels, and his black gaiters fitting tight to the plump calves he gloried in, the schoolmaster looked as moral, learned, and lively as a hatchment. From his solemn and intellectual appearance you might have fancied him one of the mutes in attendance on the remains of the *dead* languages.

"But Mrs. Vyse was by no means an impartial judge. Though 'her Joseph' certainly was a remarkably fine philosophic-looking man, still, his love for the good things of this vain empty world had afflicted him with a slight abdominal protuberance and a redundancy of chin which weighed as heavily on his mind as it did on his neckcloth. In fact he had so little perceptible neck, that the white kerchief he wound round his throat looked more like a wisp of muslin than a cravat.

"If so great a man could be said to have *any* failings, assuredly Dr. Vyse's bitterest enemy could not have ascribed to him more than three, viz.—an over partiality for classical quotations, an extreme love of the kissing crust, with plenty of good fresh butter, and a most studious regard for 'appearances.' This last, indeed, was his prime weakness. The fear of the world was the bugbear that haunted every moment of his life, and regulated every act he did. His hard-earned and spotless reputation, as he termed it, he lived in continual dread of losing through any non-observance of the forms and ceremonies of society. Whatever he did, was done, because if left undone, as he said, 'it would look so.' He dressed in black, because, being a schoolmaster, he thought it had 'a much better look.' Not a speck of dirt or dust was to be seen throughout his house, not from any natural love of cleanliness, but for 'the look of the thing.' And his name was in the subscription lists to most of the charitable institutions, not because he had any wish to assist them, but because 'it had such a benevolent look.'

"Indeed, Doctor Vyse's was that pinchbeck morality which so often passes current in the world, because it has all the *look* of the sterling article, and yet, when fairly tested, turns out to be only the sham of vanity, and nothing but brass after all. He was one of the many highly respectable men who seek to do good, as boys strive to smoke—not from any innate liking of it, but because it is generally admired in others. All he desired was the applause of the world; and if he performed the acts of virtue, it was not for virtue's sake, but for the approbation that was attached to it. In a word, he wanted the wages, though he knew he 'scamped' the work.

"No one was so well aware of this as Impey. He was too acute an observer of human nature, and too quick a reader of it, to have remained in ignorance of his brother-in-law's weak point. And having discovered it, he was too 'knowing' a man, not to take care, if ever he wanted a favor at Vyse's hands, so to work this ruling passion, as to throw the whole obligation upon the Doctor."

The fussy attorney's momentous secret is thus broken to the Doctor :

"'Perhaps you don't happen to remember a boy of the name of Walter Farquhar, that was sent over to me by his parents out in India, to have educated, and that I put under your care?'

"'Yes, certainly I do,' replied the schoolmaster, growing red in the face, and quite excited as he spoke. 'I recollect the young Scapegrace perfectly. You mean the son of Gervaise Farquhar, who was in the Madras Cavalry, you know

the boy that ran away from this very house—now—let me see—why, bless me, yes—it must be now nearly eight years ago, as I live.’

“On hearing this, Impey exclaimed, ‘Pish—sh—sh,’ with prolonged emphasis, and laughed sarcastically as he said, ‘The boy that *ran* away, indeed—ha! ha! ha! The boy you *drove* away, you mean, Joseph! Yes, *drove* away by your continual floggings.’

“‘Floggings!—ha! ha!’ exclaimed Vyse, wildly bursting out laughing in his turn, and flinging his arms out as straight as a signpost. ‘If the young monkey had had a few more of them, Sam, he wouldn’t have turned out the vagabond he did.’ Then growing calmer, he added in an expostulating voice—‘Oh! you’d hardly believe it, Sam, but that young East Indian had a temper as hot as—as the soup at the Wolverton Station. If he had been a nobleman’s son, sir—’ and here the doctor thumped the table—‘he couldn’t have gone on worse than he did. The very fat of the land wasn’t good enough for him. Now for instance, Sam,’ he said, drawing his chair close to the lawyer, and laying his hand on his shoulder, ‘you know the table I keep is fit for an Emperor to sit down to. Well, I give you my word—do what I would—I could *not* get that boy—that boy that you say I drove away from the school by my floggings mind!—I could *not* get that boy, I repeat—to do what do you think, sir?’—But the lawyer remaining silent, the doctor once more leant forward and stretching out his hand towards him, said in a solemn voice, as if it were the most heinous crime with which he was acquainted—‘*why, to eat suet puddings!* How then, I ask you, sir, was I to act? There was I placed in charge of the morals of upwards of seventy tender young plants, and fully aware that one couldn’t expect to have the ‘*mens sana*’ without the ‘*cor-pore sano*,’ and was I then to sit idly by and see the very wholesomest and best of food wilfully wasted when I knew there were thousands of poor worthy industrious starving families who would have jumped to get such a luxury. Besides, what does history tell us? Why, sir, history tells us that the Lacedæmonian youth were the pride of the classical world. And how were they reared? Why, upon black broth!! Broth as black as my gaiters, sir!!!’ he exclaimed, indignantly, as he slapped his calf. ‘And knowing this, of course, I determined to conquer the boy’s stubborn spirit, for I felt assured that in his after days he’d bless me for it. But what return did the ingrate make me for all the kindness I squandered upon him? Why the young scoundrel ran away—yes, *ran* away, sir!—and I dare say many and many a time would have given the world for a mouthful of the very identical sweet and wholesome suet puddings that he used to turn his dainty young nose up at!’

“‘Well, have you done?’ said Impey, directly his brother-in-law stopped for breath; for the doctor was so excited in the defence of his character, that the lawyer had as yet had no chance of getting a word in. ‘Have you *quite* done, Joseph? Because if you have I should like to go on with *my* story.’

“‘Done! yes, of course I have done,’ shouted the schoolmaster, who by this time had taken in such a relay of breath that he was ready to go on again and protect his darling reputation. ‘Only what does the immortal Juvenal tell us? why this—‘to prefer our honor to our life,’ or to use his own beautiful words, ‘*Suumum crede nefus*,’ says he—and to do what, Sam, eh?—why—‘*animam præferre pudori*.’ Was I then to hear you say to my very face, that I had flogged the boy away from my school?—was I, I say, to hear a charge like that brought against me and my spotless reputation, that it has cost me so many years hard labor to build up—and not be allowed to say so much as a word in my defence? Do you think it was any pleasure to me to flog the boy? No, sir! it gave me much more pain than it did him, I can assure you!’

“‘Then it’s a wonder you didn’t run away instead of the boy,’ slyly and drily, said Impey, as his eyes twinkled. ‘That tale may do very well for the mothers, Joe, but you mustn’t try it on with me, old fellow.’

"What dreadfully incredulous people you lawyers are, to be sure," mildly returned Vyse. "But what's all this to do with Walter Farquhar? I suppose the upshot of the whole business is, the young vagabond has got tired and at last come back, eh!"

"No, hang him!" said Impey, from between his clenched teeth, "no such luck. Depend upon it, Joseph, unless we look out, that lad will be the ruin of both of us."

"Ruin! ruin! there you go again!" cried Vyse, throwing himself back in his chair as he saw the whole of his pet reputation knocked on the head. "Why you talk of ruin as coolly as if it were an every day occurrence with you. Besides, if you thought that would be the end of the business, at least you might keep it to yourself. What ever is the meaning of all this rigmarole, Samuel?"

"Why it's simply this," returned Impey, coolly. "As you were my brother-in-law—the husband of my dear sister Annie—of course it would never have done for me to have written over and told the boy's parents that your ill-treatment had driven him away from your school."

"My ill treatment!" exclaimed the doctor, again firing up and jumping out of his chair with excitement. "Well if you come to that, Sam, I really can't see that *your* treatment of the lad was much to brag about. Didn't his parents every year send you an extremely handsome remittance, so that their son might have the education and all the refinements of a gentleman, and didn't you put him with me here without allowing him even an 'extra?' so that the boy had no more chance of having any accomplishments than my man Williams down stairs—though even that great philosopher, Cicero, has taken the pains to tell us that a good sound education is as necessary to a person as the food we eat, and in these very words, '*animi cultus*'—which, I take it, does not mean mere reading and writing, but at least music, drawing, dancing, and the use of the globes—well, he says, this very '*animi cultus*,' sir, is '*quasi quidam humanitatis cibus*.' And did you ever have the boy once home for the holidays, as old Farquhar had bargained with you that you should?" the schoolmaster continued indignantly, as he thumped the elbow of his chair. "And didn't you keep all the poor lad's pocket money to yourself, and all the Indian preserves and pickles his parents were continually sending him over, without ever so much as presenting my wife—though she's your own sister—with a single jar? Moreover wasn't it a shame and a discredit to my highly respectable establishment, to see the youth go about the figure he was, just because you wouldn't allow him more than one suit out of the fifty pounds a year, you know you yourself told me that the Farquhars paid you for his clothing?"

"One suit!" interrupted Impey, quietly, laughing in his sleeve, at his brother-in-law's extreme warmth of manner. "Come! come! the boy always had two pair of trousers per annum."

"Well!" continued Vyse, inwardly exulting over the thought that he was getting by far the best of the dispute—"and wasn't Annie always speaking to you about the state of the lad's linen, and telling you she didn't know how in the name of goodness she was to manage to cobble up his rags, so as to make them even hold together? And all this *you* know Sam, as well as I do, is nothing but the plain truth—if it wasn't so, I'm sure I should be the last man to say it. For, thank goodness I can lay my hand on my heart, and exclaim, '*Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed*—what I should like to know? why, '*sed magis, amica veritas*,'—I love truth above every thing. And yet, notwithstanding all this, you have the coolness to come down here and talk of *my* ill-treatment driving the boy away from the school."

"There!! There!! Joseph, let bygones be bygones! and don't let us get bickering about trifles," replied Impey, patting the doctor on the shoulder, so as to pacify him, for he knew the schoolmaster was utterly unmanageable in the excited state

he was. 'You wait till you've heard all *I've* got to say, and then you may talk as much as you please.—You and I are in a nice mess, I can tell you!'

"Go on then—go on!" cried Vyse, again rubbing his head violently, as he relapsed into all his former alarms.

"Well then, as I said before, after *your* ill-treatment had driven the boy away,' said Impey, determined to stick to his point, 'I was obliged, on your account—and on my dear sister's as well, I must confess, Joseph—since I knew it would have been your ruin to have let the lad's parents know anything about what had happened—to keep writing over to old Farquhar, telling him his son was getting on admirably at your school; and to make it look all right, I sent every year a letter or two besides, as if from the boy himself—for, you know how easy a schoolboy's hand is to imitate—and, of course, I thought the lad would soon get starved out, and every day expected to see him come back in rags.'

"Yes, I understand,' returned Vyse, sarcastically, as he walked quickly up and down the room, twisting to pieces a pen he had taken off the table, 'and to make it appear all the more natural, you went on pocketing the remittances year after year into the bargain.'

"Why, of course I did,' answered Impey, starting back, as if in horror of the man who could bring such a charge against him. 'If I had not, I should like to know what would have become of *you* and *your* school, sir? And do you think I could be so destitute of every proper feeling, as to turn informer, and become a willing party to the ruin of my own brother-in-law? No, Joseph, for my dear sister's sake, I repeat I couldn't! So, as I daily expected the boy back, I went on year after year receiving the money—just to save *your* character from being blasted, mark!—until my stupid good nature got me into a pretty mess. At last, the Farquhars wrote over, saying—"it was time their son should be put to some profession, and they would prefer him to be articled to me."

"Which, of course,' added Vyse, bowing and smiling, with bitter irony, 'you pretended to do, and charged them £120— or whatever it is—for the stamp, and two or three hundred as a premium besides, I'll lay my life. I suppose now, you'll make out you did this too, for me and *your dear sister's sake*—eh?' he added, imitating the lawyer's tone.

"Ha—ah! was there ever such ingratitude in man?' sighed Impey, shaking his head, and letting his hands drop like plummets at his side. 'Here have I, he said, addressing the carpet, 'been for years doing acts which I positively blush to acknowledge—merely to preserve unsullied the reputation of my family—and this is the return they make me for it! But, never mind,' he added briskly, tapping the left side of his sùrtout, 'a man's conscience is his best reward. However, after the little insight I've now had into your character, Mr. Joseph Vyse, I can only say you may manage your own affairs for the future. From this moment I wash my hands of you altogether; so don't blame me if ruin befalls you—and, as I said before, and say again—everything and everybody connected with you, man!'

"Ruin! there you go again!' exclaimed Vyse, half crying. 'What ever do you mean? How you do talk! Why won't you let me know the end of all this long tale?'

"The end of it!' returned Impey, in a loud indignant voice. 'Why, the end of it, sir, is merely this.' Then taking out his pocket-book, and slowly opening it, he added in measured sentences—'Here is a letter—I received it this very morning—it is dated Portsmouth—and it tells me —'

"Of course,' interrupted the impatient Vyse, not able to wait for the conclusion—'it tells you the boy's been to sea, and has come back.'

"No! if you will allow me to proceed, sir,' said Mr. Impey, with most obsequious ceremony, 'it tells me no such thing. The boy has *not* come back—

but the boy's father and mother *have*—and here he paused for a moment, and looked intently at the schoolmaster. 'They will be in town to-morrow—and what's more, they have desired me to meet them at Melton's Hotel, in Jermyn-street, and to bring their son Walter with me. And now, as *your* ill-treatment, Doctor Joseph Vyse, has driven that son Walter away, perhaps you will be good enough to inform me how I am to act.'

" 'Good Heavens, Samuel!' exclaimed the poor doctor, in a deep whisper, as he clasped his hands and sank upon the sofa, 'Whatever will become of *you* ?'

" 'Become of *me* !' shouted Impey, with a forced hollow laugh, 'well, that certainly is delicious. Become of us *both* you mean, man! for you're in it quite as deep as I am. However, as you seem to fancy that it's no business of yours, why, I'll be off. But I was fool enough to imagine it was more *your* affair than *mine*, and to have come down here—like a good-natured ninny as I am—to assist you in your hour of trouble. For thank God! I'm not yet quite such a pauper, as not to be able to pay back the paltry remittances;—but the boy, Doctor Vyse! the boy!—are *you* able to refund *him*, let me ask you? No, sir!' he shouted out, as he stamped violently on the carpet. 'And what will be the consequences? why, your school will be exposed in every paper, sir, and you must end your days in a workhouse—But, of course, *that* doesn't concern *you* in the least—oh dear me, no! So I wish you a very good day, Joseph'—and taking his hat, the lawyer moved towards the door. With the handle in his hand, he turned round to say, as if some emotion was choking his utterance, —' You can tell poor Annie you know—that when the worst comes to the worst—there will always be a home for her in my house!'

" 'Stop! stop!' shrieked Vyse, rushing up to him, 'if you don't want to drive me mad, for Heaven's sake stop, man.' Then taking Impey by the arm, he dragged him back, and seated him in his chair again, 'Oh! dear, dear, dear! how can you ever make out, Samuel, that I'm in it as deeply as you are? Why, I never received a sixpence on account of the boy, after the ungrateful vagabond had chosen to run away and leave me—and what's more, I wouldn't have touched the money if you'd offered it to me. It's your cursed grasping disposition that's done it all—it is! or else why couldn't you have written over and said the boy had died of fever—or the small-pox—or been drowned—or anything you like—there were a hundred ways of killing him—there were—you know there were.'

" 'O yes!' said Impey, calmly, 'that looks all very fine, I dare say; but do you think parents are quite such simpletons, as not to want burial certificates, or coroner's inquests—ch? And more than that, ten chances to one, but what they would have come over to England to inquire into the business themselves; and then you would have been a ruined man nine years ago, you would, Joseph—you would!'

" 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried Vyse, burying his face in his hands, in an agony of despair. 'How will this dreadful business end? Yes, I see the whole family are ruined; and my hard-earned and spotless reputation that has been the work of years, is gone—gone!'

" 'There! now don't go raving about in that way like a maniac,' returned Impey, 'unless you want the servants to hear all about it, as I told you once before. Come and sit down here quietly, Joe,—there's a good fellow—and I'll tell you a plan I've got by which we may both of us get clear of all the bother.'

" 'Vyse's eyes glistened with delight at the very thought, and returning to his seat, he said eagerly.

" 'What is it? what is it? I never knew such a man as you are, Sam! You must have nerves of adamant, you must. Nothing seems to take away your presence of mind. Now what do you propose to do, eh?' he asked as he drew his chair close to the lawyer's.

"'Well,' continued Impey, nudging his elbow and winking his eye at him, 'you've got another Indian boy, of the name of Burgoyne, haven't you?'"

"'Yes, to be sure,' answered Vyse, wondering to himself what on earth that could have to do with it—'you mean Hugh, the son of old Major Burgoyne of the twenty-fifth Native Infantry. Well, whatever do you want with him?'"

"'Lord! how blind you are, Joe,' returned Impey, laughing, and tossing up his head at the schoolmaster's obtuseness—'can't you see I want to pass young Hugh Burgoyne off as the runaway, Walter Farquhar—is *that* plain enough for you, eh? The Farquhars, you know, haven't seen their son since he was four years old, and young Burgoyne is a dark complexioned lad, so that the deuce is in it if they'd ever be able to tell the difference; indeed I wouldn't mind betting you two new hats to one, but what Mrs. Farquhar, when she sees the lad, declares he's 'the very image of his father.'"

"'It'll never do! It'll never do, I tell you!' cried Vyse, again pacing the room. 'Hugh Burgoyne is not yet eighteen, and Walter Farquhar was twelve years old when he ran away, and that was eight years ago last Midsummer.'"

"'Young Burgoyne only eighteen!' exclaimed Impey, lifting up his eyebrows, and starting back with feigned surprise, determined to put his plan in execution at all hazards. 'Well, now really to look at the lad, I could have sworn, do you know, that he was two-and-twenty, if he was a day! and I'm considered a very good judge in such matters, let me tell you. Besides, a lad's age can't be told, like a horse's, by his teeth; and even if it could, it surely isn't the time, when ruin's staring you in the face, to stick at trifles.'"

"'Yes, that's true enough,' continued Vyse, half-convinced by his fears, as well as by the great reliance he placed upon Impey's skill. 'Besides, old Burgoyne in his last letter, Sam, said he didn't expect to be able to get over here for four years to come.'"

"'Just the very thing, you see!' said Impey, quickly following up, slapping Vyse sharply on the back. 'For the Farquhars, you know, can't stay in England longer than three years—as that's the extent of the furlough they are allowed by the Company—and they can't take the boy back with them, you know, because his articles with me wouldn't be out—d'ye see?'"

"'Ah! but I'm afraid we're reckoning without our host,' added Vyse, his alarms again returning, as he thought that upon the boy the whole would depend. 'Suppose young Burgoyne won't consent to be a *particeps* in the affair, what then, eh?'"

"'Oh! he'll consent fast enough, and precious glad of the chance too, never fear,' answered Impey; 'that is to say, if you'll leave the business entirely to me, and not go putting your spoke in the wheel, for you're so plaguily frightened yourself, that you'll be sure to alarm the lad. Only you let me have the management of the affair, and I'll warrant I'll twist him round my little finger.'"

"'Well, Samuel, I only hope you may, though I shall be very much surprised if you do,' said Vyse, with a shake of the head, as much as to say, "I'm certain you won't." 'I know the boy much better than you do, and I've paid such attention to the cultivation of his morals, that, bless you! he'd no more consent to be mixed up in any falsehood, or countenance any deceit, than his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ah! you may laugh, but, as Terence says '*Tu si hic sis*,' if you knew the lad as well as I do Samuel—'*aliter sentias*,' you'd think differently of him, that's all, my fine fellow.'"

"'Well, there's no harm in sounding the lad, is there, Joe?' asked Impey, smiling, 'and then we shall soon see which is right, you or I. So come! as there's no time to lose, let's be off to him; and you tell Annie to get a little mouthful of something ready for lunch, for I feel as if I could eat a bit of cold meat myself. Your Blackheath air has made me as hungry as a poet, and to

tell you the truth, a little wine won't be thrown away upon the boy, before we break the subject to him. A glass or two warms a body up, and opens his heart so, you know. Besides, it's rather a ticklish thing to propose to the lad.'

"Hah! you may well say that, Sam," said Vyse with a sigh. 'Hugh is the quietest and best behaved boy in my school; and if it wasn't for the regard I have for a spotless reputation, nothing on earth would ever induce me to countenance such an offer being made to the lad. But I have always held with Livy, that it is impossible to recompense one for the loss of his good name. *Fama dannat*, you see, my dear Impey, are of course, *majora quam quæ estimari possunt*.' Then, as they both left the room, the schoolmaster added, 'Ah! historians now-a-days don't give such beautiful sentiments as these! What a pity it is, Sam, you don't pay more attention than you do to the classics. It looks so well in a man, you know.'

"Hem! it looks so well, does it? But burn your classics, I say," cried Impey; 'let's go and see after the luncheon—that's what I want to pay attention to, Master Joseph.'

We must take a peep at Mrs. Vyse in her glory :

"The love of cleanliness was with Mrs. Vyse a perfect mania. Indeed she was one of those excellent housewives who, from her over desire to have her house so particularly clean, always had it in a mess, from the very fact of being continually cleaning it. Either the stairs were wet and the carpets up—or else all the furniture was wheeled out of one room into another—or the beds were being taken to pieces—or the paint was being scrubbed down—or the windows were being cleaned—or the floors being scoured—so that it was almost impossible to sit down in any room one wanted, or to walk up stairs, or along the passage, without tumbling over a pailful of water.

"The lady was as particular with the boys, too, as she was with the house. Every Saturday she was in her glory, for it was "tub night," and then she always made a point of hoping and trusting the maids would not spare the soap. Only let her see a boy scratch his head, and he was instantly made to undergo a full half hour's currying with the small-tooth comb. Once or twice, the young gentlemen had asked permission to keep pigeons or guinea pigs, but she knew from experience the nasty things "only bred fleas," and fleas were her especial abomination. Moreover, Mrs. Vyse had "a wonderful eye for rashes"—as the doctor said. If so much as a pimple broke out upon a boy, he was instantly hurried away to the infirmary, and "senna and pruned" for a good week at least. Formerly, the French master had lived in the house, but Mrs. Vyse declared that all the "*Natives de Parry*" she had ever come near were so horribly dirty that she wouldn't have another fellow with all that hair about his face living in her house—no! not for his weight in gold.

"But with all this she was a good, kind-hearted little body, and an excellent wife to Vyse. Though she was continually "drating those young monkeys of boys" for the tricks they were as continually playing her; and though she was always declaring and protesting that "one boy was more trouble than a dozen girls," still no one liked them better than she did; and so soon as the irritation of the moment had passed over no one laughed so heartily at their pranks. Indeed all the boys knew they had a good friend in her; and that the best way to get a half holiday or be let off any punishment, was, as they said, to "carney over old Mother Vyse."

"As soon as the schoolmaster had sent the maid out of the room, Impey informed his sister of all that had happened, and the plans they had formed for getting out of the dilemma. But Mrs. Vyse growing alarmed, recommended an immediate confession as the safest mode of proceeding; and to strengthen her case, told her brother a long round-about story of how she had once forgiven Master Edward Robinson, for actually hiding in his trowser's pocket, the



fat he was too dainty to eat, merely because he had told her the whole truth and confessed to her where he had put it. 'And depend upon it, Sam,' she continued, shaking her head, 'you'll find in the long run that 'honesty is by far the best policy,' as poor dear father you know used to say, and that truth—like murder—will out some time or other.'

" 'Yes, Annie's very right,' said Vyse; '*Magna est veritas*,' say the Latins, '*et prevalebif*—d'ye understand?'

"But her brother Sam, in answer, merely hinted at the total ruin such a course would bring upon the scholastic reputation of her husband Joseph; while her husband Joseph informed her that it would be likely to cause her brother Sam to leave his native land and business. Whereupon she said she was sure she would at any time do all in her power to assist them both, though in this particular instance she begged of them to understand they must not blame her if certain people who were not a hundred miles from where she was standing burnt their fingers in the end, as she couldn't help thinking they would.

"The point once settled, Vyse requested her to have lunch ready in the study against their return."

Having settled about the tiffin, they sally forth in quest of their scape-goat:—

"Then, as soon as the schoolmaster had brushed and spruced himself up a bit, they both sallied out, in search of young Hugh.

"They found the youth skating on a pond at the other end of the beath, hard at work, trying to cut a figure of eight, and by the snow on his knees, it was evident Hugh was far from being well up in his "cyphering" on the ice. Vyse had to shout two or three times before the lad heard him.

"As the boy came skating up to them, it was easy to see that—fine, strapping lad as he was—he had not yet done growing. For the sleeves of his jacket—though it was far from old—were tight and above his wrists, while his trousers had become so short for him, that they showed his socks above his bluchers. He looked taller too than he really was, not only from the slimmness of his figure, but also from his wearing a jacket that scarcely reached to his waist.

"No sooner did he see that Doctor Vyse was accompanied by Mr. Impey than the boy colored up and grew so nervous and bashful, that he slackened his pace as he advanced towards them, with his large black eyes cast on the ground. Not that he had any objection to the lawyer,—for Impey was generally liked by the boys. But since Hugh had been a mere child, he had never been a week absent from the school, and he was so little accustomed to the society of strangers, that one could not speak to him without the blood mounting to his cheeks. Mrs. Vyse—who not only liked the boy for the gentleness of his nature and the prettiness of his face, but also from the fact of his parents being so far away—had taken him under her especial care; and the lad, from being always with her, and nearly secluded from the world, had acquired more the ways of a woman than a man. Indeed she often laughingly told him 'he was so timid that she was sure he was meant for a girl instead of a boy.'

"Even among his schoolfellows Hugh seemed to want the forwardness and recklessness of boyhood; but with strangers it took a long time, and great familiarity, before his diffidence left him. For having passed almost all his life under a sense of authority, the poor East Indian scarcely dared to hold an opinion of his own. He had never known the genial influence of home, for he had left it at so early an age that his memory could not reach back so far as even to figure his father and mother to his imagination; and his recollection of his infancy consisted merely of some vague and indistinct notion he had of a black nurse, and something about the ship that had brought him over to England. He knew his mother was dead, but how or when he had been deprived

of her, he could not recall. The first creature he could remember having loved was his schoolfellow, Walter Farquhar, who had ran away. For their lots were alike, and they were the only two who never went home for the "Vacation;" so they had become cronies from the first. But now, even he was gone, and poor Hugh was passing the desolate holidays alone at the school.

"As the boy reached the bank, Vyse again assumed the scholastic dignity he had laid aside before Impey. 'Come, Burgoyne,' he said speaking, as he usually did on such occasions, slightly in his throat, 'you must give over skating for the present, you're wanted at home. Here's a gentleman come to see you.'

" 'You recollect me, don't you, my young Dutchman?' asked Impey, patting the boy on the head.

" 'Oh yes, sir! you're Mr. Impey, Mrs. Vyse's brother, please sir,' said the lad, blushing, as he stooped down to unfasten his skates.

" 'To be sure I am, my man! I'm, the fellow that can always get you the half-holiday's, can't I?' replied Impey, as he playfully dug his finger into the boy's side, and made that peculiar noise out of the corner of his mouth, which is so much like the opening of a bottle of ginger-beer. Poor Hugh expected the friendly poke was intended for a cuff on the head, and starting back, put up his arm to ward it off. Seeing this, the lawyer exclaimed—'Ha! ha! what you thought I was going to hit you, you rogue, eh! and if I had, you'd have shewn fight, would you? Well, come on then! I don't think a round or two would do us any harm this cold weather.' So Impey began squaring and dancing round Hugh, who hardly knew whether to take it in earnest or jest. After having indulged in this exercise for a second or two, the lawyer cried out—'Now, Hugh, mind your eye,' and as if by accident, struck the pompous doctor, who was standing very stiffly by, such a smart back-handed blow on the chest, that poor Vyse turning pale, dropped his cane, and gasped for breath.

"The boy endeavoured to restrain his laughter, but at last it burst out all the more violently; so that he was obliged to cough and bend down and pretend to be undoing the straps of his skates.

" 'Here, put your foot upon my knee, Hugh; your hands are cold. Let me take your skates off for you,' said Impey, determined to lose no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the lad.

" 'Oh no! thank you, sir,' answered the boy, blushing scarlet, and with his eyes cast on the ground, 'only the straps' come off behind, please sir; so I was obliged to tie them on with a bit of string, and it's got wet with the snow, sir. I'll soon cut it, thank you, sir.'

" 'What! are these the best skates you've got, Hugh?' asked Impey, as he held them at arms' length and twisted them round, to examine them. Then, as the three commenced walking homewards, he went on saying—'Well, in those things you would be like me, Hugh, when I was a skater—never able to get beyond a spread eagle. Now, continued he, as the boy modestly laughed, 'if I was to give you half-a-sovereign for a Christmas box, you'd go buying a new Virgil with it, you would, you sly young rogue—you know you would.'

" 'No, I'd buy a new pair of skates if you please, sir,' innocently answered young Burgoyne, his eyes sparkling at the idea of getting so large and unexpected a "tip."

" 'Hush—sh—sh,' whispered Impey, nudging him with his elbow, and pointing to Vyse. 'You mustn't let *him* hear you say that, or he'll go telling us both to hold our hands out, and giving us a little bit of '*virumque cano*,' ha! ha!' Then drawing out his purse, and giving the lad the money, he added in a loud voice—'There is the half-sovereign for the new Virgil you want to buy, Burgoyne.'

"Thus Hugh and Impey grew to be the best of friends, and the bashful boy began even to look in the lawyer's face when he spoke to him. Indeed the

marvel would have been, if so expert a man of the world and so quick a reader of character as Impey was, had failed to make the boy like him."

"All the way home the lawyer kept asking Hugh such questions as would be likely to please him, such as—"which boy was cock of the school?" and "how he liked" "stick-jaw," and "sky-blue?"—now inquiring "who was the best hand at rackets?" and wanting to know "how many Hugh would give him, if they had a game together bye and bye"—then telling him funny anecdotes of his own school-boy days, and going over a variety of old Latin puns, in the style of "Cæsar entering Gaul"—"*summâ diligentia*"—"outside the diligence." Sometimes he would ask the boy whether he could spell *Constanti-no-ple* yet. And when he found Hugh was aware of the catch he'd exclaim—"Ah! you're too sharp for me, you good-looking young dog you"—and immediately propose a game of "I one my mother." This, too, Impey would so manage, that it should fall upon him to say—"I *eight* my mother," whereupon Hugh would burst out laughing, and the lawyer would scratch his head and say 'he didn't mean that—and vow he'd have it all over again.' Every now and then, too, he would drop behind—while old Vyse, cane in hand, stalked on—and begin squaring with his fists at the schoolmaster's back, whispering to young Burgoyne that, 'he'd pitch into him directly, if Hugh would only stand by him.' Or else he'd twist up a paper pigtail, and creeping softly up to the doctor, quietly slip it under his coat-collar, to the boy's great enjoyment. Once he made a snow-ball, and after going through a variety of threatening attitudes to the stately schoolmaster, threw it at him, and lodged it just above the nape of his neck. Before the angry and shivering Vyse could turn round, Impey was slaking his fist at some boy in the distance, crying out—"How *dare* you do that, you rascal?" while Hugh was cramming his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent himself bursting with laughter. So that by the time they reached Minerva House, Hugh thought Impey the "jolliest old cock" he had ever met with.

"Once at lunch, Impey began again with renewed vigour—the schoolmaster, according to his instructions, saying as little as possible.

"'I'm afraid it's very poor fare for you, Sam,' said Mrs. Vyse as they sat down; 'it's only some cold mutton and pickles. But it's your own fault, and serves you right, for not letting me know you were coming—so don't complain.'

"'Pack o'nonsense, Annie! It's capital! capital!' returned Impey, spreading his napkin over his lap; 'Hugh and I will soon shew you whether we can eat cold mutton, or not.' Then addressing the boy, he added with a grin, 'Which do you like best now—walnuts, or rods in pickle, eh?—Rods, I lay my life, ha! ha! ha! doesn't he, doctor? ha! ha! ha!'

"'He's a very good boy,' answered Vyse, gravely, as he stretched over to reach the fresh butter. 'Thank goodness we haven't much use for the birch here.'

"'O-o-o-oh! he may tell that to the marines, mayn't he, Hugh?' cried Impey, nudging the boy; and as he saw the lad afraid to laugh before the schoolmaster, he added, 'Come, don't mind him! Bless you, he daren't touch you whilst I'm here. Now how many dozen of you did he flog last half, eh?'

"Hugh only blushed, and simpered in reply.

"'Lor! Sam,' exclaimed his sister, lifting up the carving knife and fork, with her surprise, 'how you do go on, to be sure, I declare you're as bad as ever.'

"'Halloo, Hugh! who says that you and I are not to have a glass of wine together?' ejaculated Impey, filling up the glasses. But observing that the boy merely sipped his, the lawyer slapped him on the back, saying, 'Thereo, drink it up, old fellow! It isn't sky blue! Why you're not half a man; one would think you were in love. Hey-day now, you needn't blush, or egad, I shall begin to suspect you are—a rosy-checked black-eyed good looking young

dog like you! I know you can go breaking girls' hearts as if they were crockery-ware. Now I'll lay my life you've been pitching letters with stones in them over the wall, to the young ladies, at Miss Newstead's, next door—haven't you, you rogue?"

"Hugh colored up to his eyes, almost painfully, and looked confusedly at Mrs. Vyse. On this, the lawyer dexterously shifted his ground for awhile, and to give the timid lad more courage, laughingly said, 'Come, another glass of wine, Hugh, here's your jolly good health, old fellow.' And when he had made the little fellow finish his glass again, and had silenced Mrs. Vyse, who was about to protest against the quantity of wine her brother was forcing the youth to drink, Impey went on. 'Well, but about these girls—there's nothing to be ashamed of, we have all done it in our time, Hugh. Bless you, there's old Vyse here—you wouldn't think it to look at him—but he was a deuce of a fellow among the petticoats.'

"My dear Sam," cried Mrs. Vyse, considerably alarmed at the turn the conversation was taking, and fearing lest her brother might be injudicious enough to let out to the boy certain family secrets, that she had long since forgiven, and almost forgotten, 'What *are* you talking about, my love?'

"Upon my word, it's true, Hugh," added the wily lawyer, 'I recollect the time when he used to come figg'd-out so grand in his cocked hat and pantaloons, and longtailed coat, courting my sister Annie here, now—let me see—yes—now, near upon sixty years ago.'

"Sixty years, indeed! sixty years!" indignantly interrupted Mrs. Vyse, jumping up from her seat; 'Why you good-for-nothing great big story, you! sixty years! when you know as well as I do, that we haven't been married twenty yet!'

"There, you see, Hugh, they can't stand a joke about their age. It's a tender point with them all. But we're forgetting that little golden-haired love of yours, next door.'

"Lor, Sam," again exclaimed Mrs. Vyse, frowning, and trying to stop the lawyer's mouth with her hand, 'for Heaven's sake don't go putting such ideas into the child's head.'

"Come, you attend to the mutton, Annie, and leave us alone," he answered, half angrily, as he arranged his neckerchief.

"Come, Hugh, we'll drink the young lady's health. What's her name—eh—Emily?"

"No, sir," sheepishly answered the lad.

"Oh, Rosa!" cried the lawyer, dexterously twisting the boy's answer to his own purpose. 'Well then, here's Miss Rosa's good health; mind, a bumper! and no heel-taps this time you know.'

At length, Impey thinking the boy sufficiently primed for his purpose, gave as his last toast, 'Our absent friends—the birch included.'

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hugh outright, 'I'll drink that precious soon. Here's "our absent friends, the birch included."'

The boy's glass was no sooner empty, than Impey, with a solemn shake of the head, and a deep sigh, said, 'By the bye, talking of absent friends, Hugh, do you recollect young Walter Farquhar?'

"Oh yes, sir," answered Hugh; 'he ran away the year I got into the fourth class, sir. He and I were cronies. You were his guardian, weren't you, Mr. Impey?'

"Yes, my dear lad!" said Impey, sorrowfully, resting his head in his hand. 'And many a sleepless night that ungrateful boy has caused me. But the worst of it is, his poor old father is coming over to England, and I don't know what on earth will become of him when he hears of Walter's conduct. I never knew a man so fond of his son. The deal of good, too, that fine old gentleman

has done in his time. Ha-ah ! it'll break his heart when he learns all about it, I know.'

" 'What ! do you think it will kill him, Mr. Impey, sir ?' said Hugh, with emotion.

Mrs. Vyse frowned and shook her head at her brother ; but feared to say a word.

" 'Aye, my boy, that I do,' answered the lawyer, with his eyes intently fixed upon the plate where the fresh butter had once been ; 'or what's worse, I shouldn't be surprised, if he ended his days in a mad-house. You see, Walter was his only son,' he continued, appealing to Hugh, 'and to tell you the truth, I knew how the poor grey-headed old soldier had set his whole soul on the boy, and I hadn't the heart, when Walter ran away, to write over and tell the brave veteran how his son had turned out. Besides, I thought, you knew, Hugh, that the scapegrace would get tired out, and come back some fine morning, sorry for all he had done ; so as there was no good in plaguing his father about, what I fancied at the time, was only a boyish freak, why I made up my mind, for poor dear Walter's sake, to keep his whole conduct a secret from the fine old gentleman.'

" 'It was very good of you, I'm sure, Mr. Impey, sir,' joined in Hugh, growing interested in the tale.

" 'Ah ! my dear boy,' continued Impey, whose melancholy increased in proportion with the interest he saw he excited in young Burgoyne, 'our love often leads us blind mortals into sad difficulties. For you see, the worst of it is, Mr. Farquhar will be in town to-morrow, and expects me to take his boy to him, and—I will only ask you now—what *am* I to do ?'

" Mrs. Vyse here threw up her eyes towards the first floor, but whether in pity for the elder Farquhar, or in horror at her brother's duplicity, remains a mystery. The school-master merely remarked, "it was very sad," and received, under the table, such a stamp on his corn from Impey, who feared that he was going to spoil all by his interference, that the doctor's face wore an expression of heart-rending grief which was fortunately very apropos to the sentiment.

" Hugh asked whether there was no possibility of finding Walter, and said 'he was sure if Doctor Vyse would only let him, he would do anything he could to help Mr. Impey—that he would.'

" 'Bless you, my good dear boy ! I know you would,' said Impey, shaking Hugh violently by the hand, and wiping away, with a theatrical dash, a pretended tear from his eye. 'But where are we to seek him ? Where are we to go for him ? There's no time. If we had a week, perhaps it might be done. Ha-ah ! indeed ! indeed ! "I know not how to act. It will bring the poor old man's hairs in sorrow—But stay !"—he exclaimed, looking wildly at the mustard pot, and quickly tapping his forehead with the tips of his fingers—'a gleam of sunshine breaks in upon me !' he said hurriedly, gasping with apparent emotion as he spoke. 'I see a plan by which you—yes you ! young as you are—may save your friend's father from an untimely grave. What say you ? Will you do it ?' and he seized hold of the boy's hands, and pressing them between his, turned his head away as he spoke the last words.

" Mrs. Vyse sighed in pity for her poor Hugh ; but the boy construed it into pity for poor Walter, and without answering Impey, looked inquiringly towards Dr. Vyse.

" 'That's right, good lad,' continued the lawyer, with enthusiastic approbation. 'I see what is going on within you. You are seeking for the countenance of your faithful preceptor, conscious that he would counsel you to no wrong. And can he in so good a cause object ? No !' Whereupon he gave the faithful preceptor such a violent kick under the table, that the tears started into his eyes, and Vyse was enabled to reply with much real feeling, 'That in

so good a cause he certainly *could not* object,' adding, with his usual love of platitudes, 'Virtue was the only path which led to happiness; or as the Roman satirist, Juvenal, had beautifully said, '*Semita certè*—you see, by *certè* the poet has no doubt at all about it, Hugh—"tranquillæ per virtutem patet, unica vita."

"On this, Hugh told Impey that he would do anything that lay in his power to serve Walter's father.

"That's nobly said!" exclaimed the attorney, slapping him on the shoulder.

Then immediately he proceeded to inform Hugh how he wished him to personate his old schoolfellow, Walter, for a week or so, or until such time as they could find out the runaway; and he concluded by telling young Burgoyne, that it would be a nice holiday for him, which Impey was sure Hugh deserved. Besides, it could not be pleasant stopping at school all alone as he was, during the vacation; and, moreover, the old man would be sure to give him lots of pocket-money, and take him about with him to all the sights of London, which, after living so long in India, of course the Farquhars would want to see; and that even when Walter returned, the good old gentleman would bless Hugh for his kindness, and no doubt would remember him very handsomely in his will. 'But what would these rewards be,' added the lawyer, 'compared with the far higher one, that Hugh would derive from the approbation of his own conscience.'

"Yes, indeed!" ejaculated Vyse, with another of the learned tritenesses that he delighted to indulge in, 'what is so beautiful as to have what Horatius Flaccus has eloquently called "*Mens sibi conscia recti*."

All this delighted Hugh extremely, who believing that he was really going to perform an act of great benevolence, said, 'Besides, you know Mr. Impey, if the Farquhars got to like me, I could say a good word for Walter when you brought him back. And my father said in his last letter he didn't think he should be over here before four years to come—didn't he, Dr. Vyse? And I never was at a Theatre yet—and some of the boys say the Pantomimes are such jolly things, I should like to see one so. Oh I don't mind it a bit! It will be a jolly good spree. I dare say too they'll buy a pony for me, and won't it be jolly just to go out riding on horseback as Colin Chapman does every day.'

"Then the lawyer and the doctor drank the health of Mr. Farquhar and his new son, and arranged how Dr. Vyse should bring Hugh up to Impey's office on the morrow, so that he might cram as much law into his head as he could in half-an-hour; for Impey told young Burgoyne that to screen Walter he had actually been obliged to make old Farquhar believe his son was articled in his office.

"Impey had risen to go, and had shaken Hugh heartily by the hand, when Mrs. Vyse informed them, in a peevish tone, that if it wasn't for her they would spoil the whole business. 'How, she would merely ask them, was the boy ever to go as Walter Farquhar, with all his linen marked 'Hugh Burgoyne?' Why everything would be found out in a minute—and serve them right too she'd say.'

"The doctor, to soothe his Annie complimented her own her foresight, and Impey observed that 'none but a wife and a mother would ever have thought of such a thing.' Then giving her a sovereign, he requested her to get a couple of shirts, socks, and what not, and mark them just so as to do for the present.

"This Mrs. Vyse, after some coaxing and complimenting, promised to attend to, observing that perhaps she might be able to find some of the handkerchiefs, and other things, that Walter had left at the school when he ran away—though the shirts and nightgowns she was sure never could be got to fit a big boy like Hugh.

"Suddenly, as Impey heard the horn of the approaching omnibus, he jumped up from his seat, and putting on his invariable napless white hat, with its narrow

brim, turned up with green, the lawyer took an affectionate leave of his sister, and invoking a blessing on Hugh, departed, saying to Vyse as they walked towards the garden-gate, 'Come now, I'll just trouble you for that five shillings, Master Joseph, since you've seen how the affair *has* turned out.' As the doctor reluctantly handed the silver over to him, Impey added, 'How about your moral training now, eh? But joking aside, Joe, you *must* be with me first thing to-morrow morning. I shall be at the office at nine; and you know if we don't give the boy a smattering of law before he goes to the Farquhars, they will see through it all.'

"Here the omnibus drew up, and Impey jumped in. But while the school-master was still standing at the gate, the lawyer laid down the side window, and thrusting out his head, shouted, as the coach moved off, 'Pray mind and don't be late, whatever you do, there's a good fellow.' "

(*To be continued.*)

*Rambles in the Hartz Mountains. By Hans Christien Andersen.*

[2nd Notice.]

THE chief beauty in this author, who is rising into popularity after many years' struggles and disappointments, appears to be his great simplicity and purity as well as originality of thought. His simplicity not unfrequently descends almost to puerility, and would be considered so in another author, had not his beauties been so pleasingly translated by Mrs. Howitt and others, and which are now beginning to be appreciated.

The account of his early life and struggles, is very ingenuously told in "*The true story of my life*;" and in the work now before us, he gives another slight, but quaint sketch of himself and his thoughts:

"To be in a strange haste with every thing, is in reality, my chief characteristic! The more interesting a book is the more do I hasten to read it through, that I may at once get the whole impression of it—Even in my travels it is not that which is present that pleases me; I hasten after something new, in order to come to something else. Every night when I lay down to rest, I hanker after the next day, wish that it was here, and, when it comes it is still a distant future that occupies me. Death itself has something interesting to me—something glorious, because a new world will then be opened to me. What can it in reality be that my uneasy self hastens after?"

His critiques bear the air of novelty and originality—here is one on an Opera Singer, who tried to combine the artificial and natural, and spoilt both:

"A Demoiselle Gned performed the part of Agathe. She sang prettily and correctly, but made a fool of herself every time they applauded her; she then quite forgot her part, and made a deep curtsy, which, of course, at once destroyed the illusion. After this grand aria with her handkerchief, which was waved with much studied grace, and as she was about to throw herself into the arms of Max, the audience applauded, upon which she made a movement forward, curtsied, and then threw herself into the arms of the poor lover, *who had a whole public between him and his beloved one's feelings*—'Art is the opposite of nature! but art is not therefore unnatural—it is rather the ideal image of nature: one must forget that it is art; but how can one do so when the artist degrades him or herself by forgetting the natural in art for the sake of a miserable clapping of hands.'

"The next time I was in a theatre I was entertained with a melodrama from the French *Cardillac* oder *das Stadtviertel des Arsens*; it is constructed after Hoffman's well known tale, 'Fraulein Scudery'; but it was a miserable play. Oliver's part was performed by a M. Jacobi, who, they say, has his boots and shoes gratis from the shoemaker's corporation in Hamburg, because he played Hans Sachs. Why he got them I know not; but it was perhaps with the respectable shoemaker's corporation as with an old citizen I once knew, who when he saw his daughter play at a private theatre, clasped his hands, and said 'The Lord only knows where she got all she is now saying.'"

He gives a Legend of the Hartz in his own simple style—

"In this mighty rock, says the legend lives the beautiful princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the rising sun, springs from her couch and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her here; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind.

"When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, high up in Germany; the beautiful Ilse then fled with her bridegroom from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat.

"At length they stood upon this enormous rock which projected far above the swelling sea; the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves! huts, human beings, and animals, had disappeared. Alone they stood arm in arm, looking down on the waves as they broke against the rock. But the waters rose higher; in vain they sought an uncovered ridge of rock where they could ascend the Brocken, that lay like a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them; an immense cleft opened before them and threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands; the side walls bent forward and backward; they fell together into the rushing flood. From her the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the flinty rock."

We are afraid he is somewhat of a Scoffer at Geology—

"A well of clear water bubbled forth at our feet; we drank of the pure crystal. One of the travellers found the bone of an animal, which he regarded with much attention, and then assured me that it must certainly be the remains of an ancient animal. I had nothing to object to this supposition, for it looked very much like the bone of a cow; and cows are an old race."

Apropos to what we have had to say on the subject of Romish idolatry, in another article we may quote his pure thoughts and reflections, giving as usual a novel view :

"For I had seen the divine one itself. I again stood before her, and then I first felt the endless truth and glory in this picture. There is nothing in it that strikes, nothing that blinds, but the more attentively one regards her and the infant Jesus, the more divine do they become. Such a super-human child-like face is not found in woman, and yet it is pure nature. It appeared to me as if every pious innocent girl's face had some resemblance to this, but that this was the ideal after which the others strove. Not love, but adoration called forth that look. It now became intelligible to me how a rational catholic can kneel to an image. It is not the colours of the canvas that he worships, it is the spirit, the divine spirit that reveals itself here in a corporeal form to the bodily eye, whilst the powerful tones of the organ peal above him and chase away the discords of the soul, so that there becomes harmony between the earthly and the eternal."



He appears to have been born to adventure, and to have been as expert at extracting one from "mine Inn," as erst Don Quixote was—

"The supper was soon steaming on the tables: it consisted of roasted ducks, which were quite remarkable for their age; the landlord stood in a fine serious position, with folded arms, and looked at us and the ducks with a mien that indicated that neither the ducks nor we were to his taste. We went to rest—but let us spring that night over! I had enough of it in reality. Nature and art had here played a trick; the first had made me too long, and the last—the bedstead too short. In desperation I was obliged to play the part of the night wanderer, and descended into the large guests' room; but here it looked too romantic! some wild looking fellows with thick black beards, were slumbering round about on bundles of straw; an ugly black bull-dog, *that looked like a worn out hair trunk*, sprang towards me with a *howling war-song*, so that like a prudent general, I turned my back towards him. ● The rain poured down in torrents out of doors, and lashed the ground as much as to say, 'see, this was the way it came down at the deluge.'"

We have given these few extracts to shew the extreme simplicity, yet beauty of his language, and recommend the book to our readers.

### *Denunciations from the Altar: Carleton's Emigrants of Ahadarra.*

WE have heard a good deal of late of denunciations from the Altar in Ireland, and of the cruel murders which have been the consequence of a practice so revolting to all Christian feelings, that it is most extraordinary how in the midst of civilized countries, a custom so sacrilegious, and, which, even those we term heathens, would blush to countenance, can for a moment be tolerated. We are led to these remarks from a passage in Carleton's "Emigrants of Ahadarra," which appears to be by no means an overdrawn account, and we shall therefore quote it entire. Truly, a storm, (call it by what name you will) to clear such an atmosphere, will be a merciful dispensation of Providence:

"Whatever difficulty Bryan M'Mahon had among his family in defending the course he had taken at the election, he found that not a soul belonging to his own party would listen to any defence from him. The indignation, obloquy, and spirit of revenge with which he was pursued and harassed, excited in his heart as they would in any generous man conscious of his own integrity, a principle of contempt and defiance, which, however, they required independence in him, only made matters far worse than they otherwise would have been. He expressed neither regret nor repentance for having voted as he did; but on the contrary asserted with a good deal of warmth, that if the same course lay open to him he would again pursue it.

"I will never vote for a scoundrel," said he, 'and I don't think there is any thing in my religion that makes it a duty to do so. If my religion is to be supported by scoundrels, the sooner it is forced to depend on itself the better. Major Vanston is a good landlord, and supports the rights of his tenantry, Catholic as well as Protestant; he saved me from ruin when my own landlord refused to interfere for me, and Major Vanston, if he's conscientiously opposed to my religion, is an honest man at all events, and an honest man I'll ever support against a rogue, and let their politics go where they generally do,—go to the devil.'"

Party is a blind, selfish, infatuated monster, brutal and vehement,—that knows not what is meant by reason, justice, liberty or truth. M'Mahon, merely because he gave utterance with proper spirit to the sentiments of plain common sense, was assailed by every description of abuse, until he knew not where to take refuge from that cowardly and ferocious tyranny, which in an hundred shapes proceeds from the public mob. On the Sunday after the election, the curate of the parish, one of those political firebrands, who, whether under a mitre, or a white band are equally disgraceful and detrimental to religion and the peaceful interests of mankind—this man, we say, openly denounced him from the altar, in language which must have argued but little reverence for the sacred place from which it was uttered, and which came with a very bad grace from one who affected to be an advocate for liberty, of conscience and a minister of peace :

“ ‘Ay,’ he proceeded standing on the altar, ‘it is well known to our disgrace and shame how the election was lost. Oh, well may I say to our disgrace and shame. Little did I think that any one bearing the respectable name of M'Mahon upon him, should turn from the interests of his holy church, spurn all truth, violate all principle, and enter into a league of hell with the devil and the enemies of his church. Yes, you apostate,’ he proceeded, ‘you have entered into a league with him, and ever since there is a devil within you. You sold yourself to his agent and representative, Vanston. You got him to interfere for you with the board of excise, and the fine that was justly imposed upon you for your smugglin’ and distillin’ whisky—not that I’m runnin’ down our whisky, because it’s the best drinkin’ of that kind we have, and drinks beautiful as *scal-theen* wid a bit of butther and sugar an it—but its notorious that you went to Vanston, and offered, if he’d get the fine off you that you’d give him your wote; an’ if that’s not sellin’ yourself to the devil, I don’t know what is. Judas did the same thing when he betrayed our Saviour—the only difference is, that he got a thirty shillin’ note—and God knows it was a beggarly bargain—when his hand was in he ought to have done the thing dacent—and you got the fine taken off you; that’s the difference—that’s the difference. But there’s more to come—more corruption where that was. Along wid the removal of the fine, you got a betther note than Mr. Judas got. Do you happen to know about a fifty pound note cut into two halves? Eh? Am I tickling you? Do you happen to know any thing about that, you treacherous apostate? If you don’t, I do; and please God before many hours the public will know enough of it too. How dare you, then, pollute the house of God, or come in presence of his holy altar wid such a crust of crimes upon your soul? Can you deny that you entered into a league of hell with the devil and Major Vanston, and that you promised him your wote if he’d get your fine removed?’

“ ‘I can,’ replied Bryan; ‘there’s not one word of truth in it.’

“ ‘Do you hear that my friends,’ exclaimed the priest, ‘he calls your priest a liar upon the althar of the living God.’

Here M'Mahon was assailed with such a storm of groans and hisses as, to say the least of it, was considerably at variance with the principles of religion and the worship of God.

“ ‘Do you deny,’ the priest proceeded, ‘that you received a bribe of fifty pounds on the very day you woted? Answer me that.’

“ ‘I did receive a fifty-pound note in a—’ Further he could not proceed. It was in vain that he attempted to give a true account of the letter and its enclosure; the enmity now was not confined to either groans or hisses. He was seized upon in the very chapel, dragged about in all directions, kicked, punched,

and beaten, until the apprehension of having a murder committed in presence of God's altar, caused the priest to interfere. M'Mahon however was ejected from the chapel; but in such a state that for some minutes it could scarcely be ascertained whether he was alive or dead. After he had somewhat recovered, his friends assisted him home, where he lay confined to a sick bed for better than a week."

Such is a tolerably exact description of scenes which have too frequently taken place in the country, to the disgrace of religion and the dishonour of God. We are bound to say however that none among the priesthood encourage and take a part in them, unless those low and bigotted firebrands who are alike remarkable for vulgarity and ignorance, and who are perpetually inflamed by that meddling spirit which tempts them from the quiet path of duty into scenes of political strife and enmity in which they seem to be peculiarly at home. Such scenes are repulsive to the educated priest, and to all who from superior minds and information, are perfectly aware that no earthly or other good, but on the contrary much bitterness, strife and evil, ever result from them.

### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

[*The N. B. Review*, finishes a Review of "*Dr. Chalmers' Posthumous Works*" thus—]

WE leave our readers now, recommending them all to get this book; if they have families, to get several copies. They will not find in it a museum of antiquities, and curiosities and laborious trifles; nor of scientific specimens analyzed to the last degree, and all standing in order labelled and useless. They will not find in it an armoury for fighting with and destroying their neighbours. They will get less of the physic of controversy than of the diet of holy living. They will find much of what Lord Bacon desired when he said, "We want short, sound, and judicious notes upon Scriptures, without running into common places pursuing controversies, or reducing those notes to artificial method, but leaving them quite loose and native. For certainly as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and common places."

They will find it a large, pleasant garden, like the first and best garden, natural; no great system; not trim, but beautiful, in which there are things pleasant to the eye as well as good for food,—flowers and fruits, and a few good esculent wholesome roots. There are honesty, thrift, eye-bright, (cuphrasy that cleanses the sight,) heart's-ease. The good seed in abundance, and the strange mystical passion-flower; and in the midst and seen every where, and if we but look for it, the Tree of Life, with its twelve manner of fruits,—the very leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. And, perchance, when they take their walk through it at

evening time, or "at the sweet hour of prime," they may see a happy, wise, beaming old man, at his work there—they may hear his well known voice; and if they have their spiritual senses exercised as they ought, they will not fail to see by his side "one like unto the Son of man."

*On the Nature and Elements of the External World, or Universal Immaterialism fully explained and newly demonstrated, 8 vols. pp. 269, J. Churchill.*

THE author offers (under certain conditions not easily to be achieved or observed) a prize of £100 for the best Essay, in refutation of his doctrine that the world and its inhabitants are merely immaterial and ideal. He, in this volume far out—Berkeley's Berkeley. He contends for the physical impossibility of there being a material substance in our universe; and so involves us in a cloud of metaphysics that it is very difficult to see our way to the end. If, convinced however, it would come to this—

There is no author of this volume; there is no volume to have an author; there is no publisher to give it to the world; there is no critic to review it; there is no *Literary Gazette* to contain the no-Review; there are no readers to read the no-Gazette; and there are no-Earth to be inhabited by the no-Readers of the no-Gazette; in which there is, or is not, the no-Review, written or not written by the no-Critic, or the no-Book with the no-Publisher, by the no-Author. We have therefore no task before us. There is no matter, all is mind; volition is the only originating cause of things with which we are acquainted, and these *things* are created by volition without reference to any external complication of causes, or existence of substance. In short, the universe is a Phantasma, and we are dreams.—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Last of the Fairies. By G. P. R. James, Esq., with Illustrations, by J. Gilbert. Parry and Co.*

By some oversight this charming little Christmas volume did not find its way to the *Literary Gazette* till late last week, and we were thereby prevented from paying the compliment justly due to it in the proper season. It is, however, a story which will last beyond a season, delightfully written and beautifully embellished. The period is that of the civil war, and divided into three epochs: the first embracing a very animated description of the battle of Worcester, and made exceedingly interesting by the leading characters being deeply involved in that fatal contest. Years pass away and we have the same personages wrought into the mysteries which give name to the work, and in which the supernatural to be afterwards explained, is highly painted for the imagination of the reader. The last epoch belongs to the restoration of king Charles, and Monk figures prominently and with great historical effect in the drama. It may readily be supposed that an

author like Mr. James would make the most of these materials, and though rather addressed to youth than to mature age, we can truly say that the narrative does not fall short of those polished historical episodes with which he has adorned our literature.

Graceful, well contrived, and spirited, *The Last of the Fairies*, is truly a tale to please and interest every class of readers.—*Ibid.*

*The Henpecked Husband.* By the author of the "*M. P.'s Wife*,"  
3 vols.

WHETHER a novel, which must strike terror into the breast of every single man, who reads it, be or be not a boon to society, is a nice question—due which perhaps had best be left for the consideration of the "single women of England." That such must be the effects of this tale is next to a mathematical certainty. The melancholy state of the fly within the spider's web—the awful predicament of the dead-alive, shut up within the iron shroud of hideous memory—are hardly worse to contemplate than the sufferings of Mark Chetwode, the hero of this long-drawn petty tragedy. From the first page we perceive his doom to be inevitable. The good, generous, shy man must needs be given up for lost from the moment, when the scheming mother of two unmarried daughters crosses the threshold of the drowsy old mansion in Fleet-street where he dwells with his mother and his maiden sister. A more formidable bachelor trapper has not been presented in fiction than Mrs. Dering. As self-seeking in forcing forward her own interests as Mrs. Falcon, the rapacious and audacious Mrs. Dering, is much more delicate in her advances, more steady in her pursuit of advantages, great, middle-sized, and small. Her manœuvring spirit has the elephantine faculty of moving mountains or picking up pins. There seems neither middle, beginning, nor end, to the encroachments; and from the moment we see her cast the net we give up the fish, not as simply caught, but also as cooked,—eaten—and digested! We must give high praise too to Theresa, the husband-tamer; to whose assumption and imperiousness the happiness of the "*Henpecked Man*," slowly but surely falls victim. It required nice art on the part of the author to rescue her from utter detestation—so steady and systematic are the devices by which she practices upon the free will and fondness of poor Mark; nevertheless a certain fascination is thrown around her which does not excuse her, yet prevents us from turning away with utter aversion. It redeems her husband, too, in some measure from the contempt with which we must otherwise have regarded his placability. Another character of the drama, Aunt Bellingham, is worthy of Miss Ferrier. Her mischievous, eccentric bluntness has an uncomfortable reality, entitling her to pair off with the Scotch Novelist's *Uncle Adam*, and one or two of her managing elderly ladies whose names have escaped us. Lastly, the novel contains more than one incidental remark, instinct with fine observation as well as healthy feeling. But that we fear that public interest in its class is exhausted, we should predict for it a wide and well deserved popularity.—*Ibid.*

*The Russian Sketch Book. By Ivan Golovine, author of "Russia, under the Emperor Nicholas."*

LIVING as we do, within distinct view of the close of one momentous period of European history and at the commencement of another; it is inevitable that we should become somewhat weary of changes rung on familiar subjects, and curious to study the new combinations which may arise. Who for instance has not heard enough of the Peninsular War as a topic? There has been in another set of books a sufficiency concerning Austrian satisfaction under its paternal government, even if recent events did not make a change of note necessary by proving Mrs. Trollope's "one spot of firm ground" to be, like every other spot of earth, liable to upheavings under a peculiar configuration of the planets. Again: we have been tried, for a long time, of ante-jesuit anathemas; believing the race of criers *per receipt* to be as numerous as that of criers according to conscience, and holding ours to be days when conviction, knowledge, and charity are alike necessary to the very humblest person who pretends to influence public opinion.

Lastly ere we opened this "Russian Sketch Book" we could have rehearsed what it must contain; illustrations of espionage, tyranny, corruption,—pictures of emasculated nobles, and impurated serfs, angelic Poles, diabolical Muscovites, &c. The pages perform to the utmost every promise which we could have made for them. No more need be said, therefore, in their praise or dispraise.—*Ibid.*

*Angela: a Novel. By the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' 'Two Old Men's Tales,' &c. 3 vols. Colburn.*

Angela is a pattern of womanly virtue, an example of heroic duty, and "cheerful faith," and tried as the "Old Men" can try their heroines. First, poverty overtakes her; then, the wretchedness which waits on the governess; lastly, the love on the memory and hope of which she had leaned as a prop throughout a long season of stormy weather proves to be not a broken reed so much as a spear to "pierce her side." Angela's trials are narrated with the author's well-known power, and in her well-known style. The last is more interjectional than ever. The narration, too, is ever and anon interrupted by digressions—as if the necessity for administering counsel in a didactic form had perpetually proved too strong for even the enthusiasm with which the narrator precipitates herself into the passion of her stories. But, however, amiable be such purpose, the tale is not the better for its manifestation; while the same inconsistency as we have formerly noted, on occasions when the writer more obviously set herself to deal with the miseries of society, deprives the lesson, which might otherwise have been derived from the interspersed remarks and exhortations of much persuasion and authority. Trite though it be, there seems eminent need of repeating now-a-days the truth, that he who would teach may enlarge wounds rather than heal them—disturb more minds than he

can emancipate or anchor fast again in new havens,—if his teachings do not possess harmony and solidity,—and such completeness as argues that the whole subject has been considered and cared for by the teacher.

If, once again, after beginning with a deliciously-opened tale of country life in England we find ourselves in the lecture-room, the fault is not ours. It may be inevitable in times like these. Yet, who among us can help in the secret of his heart longing for the faëry-land in which neither Educator nor Poor-Law Inspector is ever seen—and where, once having entered it, the weary world is shut out, while our spirits are refreshed and our sinews strengthened for the warfare to which we must too soon return!—We have indicated, though in a somewhat formal manner, the strong points of this tale as a work of Art—the rich and faithful beauty of its descriptive passages, and the delightful character conceived for its heroine. We must now speak of a blemish or two. Angela's friend (and foil), Augusta, like "Emilia Wyndham's" Lisa, is too consciously boisterous, not to say slightly vulgar. Excuse, however, may be found for this in the sporting household in the midst of which the heiress was "raised," as the Americans say. The country house near Newmarket is an interior of its kind, as excellent as the parlour occupied by Mrs. Whitwell's poor lodgers. But no apology can reconcile us to the catastrophe of the story. The fashion of the time in this very important part of fiction-manufacture seems rapidly becoming worse and worse—more and more flagrant. The miraculous patchings and piecings, the absurd resurrections and bombastic reconciliations of the puppet-show must now be the novelist's models, if we are to judge by recent last chapters. Their authors seem to have nothing to do but to knock the heads of their *dramatis personæ* together and pack them off to the church or to the churchyard by wholesale,—just as if they had not been labouring for some three volumes to make us believe in the truth to life of their devices and combinations.

In short, let the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales' forthwith write another better novel than 'Angela.' Few can do it so well. Our last word, however, shall not be a lady's "last word,"—which is generally understood to mean something peculiarly critical, to say no worse. We are glad to meet again with the heroine of 'Angela's' predecessor, 'Norman's Bridge.' As a middle-aged heiress, Joan Grant keeps the promise of her girlhood, and makes a charming and probable secondary character—tales like 'Angela's' inevitably coming to a stand-still without the intervention of a good Fairy!—*Athenæum*, April 8.

*Rose, Blanche and Violet.* By G. H. Lewes, Esq., 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING its exhausted theme and many defects in the structure of its story, the 'Ranthorpe' of this writer was a clever book. Epigrammatic and suggestive, in spite of a too conscious *nonchalance*, it possessed that atoning vitality without which the mere science of story degenerates

into mechanism. In fact, so much of talent was there in forming a hackneyed topic and an inartistic treatment that we expressly reserved ourselves for some more careful and independent exhibition of the writer's power to construct and to develope.

In the work before us Mr. Lewes aspires to the dignity of art in fiction. It is matter of regret that an ambition so laudable has not been adequately carried out—and that the freedom of the author's mind has been shackled by the needful attention to the frame-work and purpose of his narrative.—The restraint which a distinct moral exercises over the imagination is deplored by Mr. Lewes in his preface. In such a case he rightly observes “there is great danger of so shaping the story to suit a purpose that human nature is falsified by being coerced within the sharply defined limits of some small dogma.” We could have wished that the writer had felt this at the commencement of his design rather than “in its progress,”—and that he had from the first relied for his moral lesson on the simple truths of character and passion.

It is the great fault of these volumes that they present a series of intentions unfulfilled and perpetually modified. The work is a specimen of a story in clay: the memoranda of numerous suggestions are visible in the moulding,—but we look in vain for the selected combination to be embodied in the marble. Events and characters seem to have been conceived independently of each other. Restive human nature will not run in the grooves of the plot. To conceal this obstinacy Mr. Lewes has recourse to artifice. Motives and characteristics which required the fullest and most decisive exposition are vaguely and briefly intimated; and from the mystery which prevails as to their nature and degree the reader is left to infer their sufficiency for the results ascribed. In works of imagination, however, it will not do to label human beings with qualities or to substitute their portraiture by hints. Principles and passions must be exhibited, not attributed. It is because Mr. Lewes has disregarded this necessity, that his persons fail to work out his evident conceptions. Cecil Chamberlayne, for instance, is designed to exemplify a man of amiable and generous tendencies, ruined for want of moral resolution: but the generosity is throughout assumed and imputed, and the character displays in action only the most craven and contemptible selfishness. Violet, again, who is announced as the type of conscientious will, has no sphere for the expression of that quality. She discards her lover for reasons which either should never have been operative, or being so should have exerted a permanent influence. Similar objections apply to Mrs. Meredyth Vyner and to Marmaduke Ashley. The incidents in which they figure for want of a defined basis of character and passion appear unnatural and exaggerated, and more than once excite antipathy.

There is another side, however, to the picture. The book is seldom dull; and the sketches which it gives of contemporary life, though frequently overcharged, are generally lively and graphic. Mr. Lewes has a happy vein of *apropos*—and scatters through his volumes a profusion of aphorisms which even when not individually brilliant yet sparkle in their combination.—*Athenæum*, April 15.



*Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp; or a Campaign in Calabria.* By James Grant, Esq., author of the "*Romance of War*," 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

THE '*Romance of War*' was well received;—a reward justly due to its character as a work of amusing popular reading. On newer ground, viz. Calabria, the author is no less successful, and his varied literary mosaic will be found equally calculated to while away the vacant hours. There are indeed colours and patterns for every taste—adventures in war and in love, legends, anecdotes, personal notices, and public events, conspire to fill up the whole, and above all, the incidental sketches of scenery and manners impart a living interest to the varying narrative, and give it such an air of verisimilitude that it is no easy matter to separate the real from the invented. As no extracts, however, of any one of the principal features in the composition could afford any idea of the rest, we will content ourselves with referring to the whole, and stating that there seems to be a dish for every palate—for those who delight in battles and deeds of arms—for those who love affairs, the abduction of nuns, or the *bonnes fortunes* of soldiers—for those to whom brigands and their enterprises are agreeable—for those who would like to trace some of the present state of Naples,—its government and politics to the date of Maida and its glories, and the expulsion of the French—and, in short for the general reader who wishes for an interesting book to take up with, and lay down, at pleasure.—*Literary Gazette*, for March.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Amy Harrington.</i> —By the author of <i>Curate of Linwood</i> ,	-	0	6 0
<i>Arthur's, the Heiress</i> , a story of Trials, - - -	-	0	8 0
<i>Archæological Institute of York, Proceedings</i> , 1846, - - -	-	0	20 0
<i>Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp.</i> —By Grant, - - -	-	1	11 6
<i>Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay, or every day life in North America</i> ,	-	0	9 0
<i>Bray's Mrs., Trials of Domestic Life</i> , - - -	-	1	11 6
<i>Brooke's Journal in Borneo.</i> —By Capt Mundy, - - -	-	1	12 0
<i>Byrne's Wanderings in the British Colonies</i> , 2 vols., - - -	-	1	8 0
<i>Baly and Kirk's Physiology of Motion</i> , - - -	-	0	5 6
<i>Blanc (Louis) History of 10 years</i> , 1830-40, 2 vols., - - -	-	1	6 0
<i>Carey's Past, Present and Future</i> , - - -	-	0	10 0
<i>D'Aubigné's Protector</i> , - - -	-	0	9 6
<i>Domestic Scenes</i> , a tale of the Times.—By the Authoress of			
<i>The Baroness</i> , - - -	-	0	7 0
<i>Domby and Son.</i> —By Dickens, - - -	-	1	1 0
<i>Engineer's Railway Guide</i> , <i>Haskoll's</i> , Part II., - - -	-	1	1 0
<i>Edward's Campaigns in Mexico</i> , (new edition,) - - -	-	0	3 0
<i>Emily Vernon, or Self-sacrifice</i> , - - -	-	0	3 6
<i>England the Civilizer.</i> —By a Woman, - - -	-	0	7 0
<i>Florigraphia Britannica</i> , vol. 3, - - -	-	1	10 0

	£	s.	d.
<i>Guizot's History of Civilization</i> , 3 vols.,	0	10	6
<i>Guizot's History of the English Revolution</i> , 1640, (new edit.),	0	3	6
<i>Gifford's Marine Botanist</i> ,	0	5	0
<i>Half-Sisters</i> .—By the author of <i>Zoë</i> ,	1	11	6
<i>Holland's Dr. Phil. of Animated Nature</i> ,	0	12	0
<i>Hofferneister's Travels in Ceylon and India</i> ,	0	10	0
<i>Hervey's, Lord, Memoirs of the Reign of George II.</i> , 2 vols.,	1	16	0
<i>Humboldt's Kosmos</i> , vol. 2,	0	12	0
<i>King Arthur</i> , a Poem.—By author of <i>New Timon</i> ,	0	5	0
<i>Modern Painters</i> , vol. 1,	0	18	0
<i>Michelet's History of the French Revolution</i> , Part II.,	0	2	0
<i>Mysteries of Old Castles in France</i> ,	0	5	0
<i>Martineau's Miss, Eastern Life, Past and Present</i> , 3 vols.,	1	11	6
<i>Memoirs of Alexander Andryane</i> , 2d edition, 2 vols.,	1	1	0
<i>Nozrani in Egypt and Syria</i> ,	0	6	0
<i>Nicholl's History of the 18th Century</i> , vol. 7,	1	1	0
<i>Noel's Notes of a Tour in Switzerland</i> ,	0	10	6
<i>Ockley's History of the Saracens</i> , 2d edition,	0	3	6
<i>Olivia Goldsmith—Forster's life of</i> ,	1	1	0
<i>Pardoe's Miss Rival Beauties</i> , 3 vols,	1	11	6
<i>Pusey's Sermons from Advent to Whitsuntide</i> ,	0	10	6
<i>Recollections of Rifleman Harris</i> ,	0	7	6
<i>Rose, Blanche and Violet</i> .—By Lewes, author of <i>Ranthorpe</i> , &c.,	1	11	6
<i>Smith, Lieut. Col. C. H. Nat. History of the Human Species</i> ,	0	7	6
<i>Siberia, Erman's Travels in</i> ,	1	11	6
<i>Zoology—Pallerson's Introduction to</i> ,	0	3	6

## II.—BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John Lord Hervey. Edited from the Original MS. at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. Murray.*

THESE volumes are, in every sense of the word, the greatest accession to our English historical literature of a recent period, made since the publication of 'Peppy's Diary' and 'Walpole's Memoirs.' The style, if we forgive a certain antithesis of manner, is good—the observations are from the fountain head—the characters are remarkably well drawn,—and the matter is curiously confirmatory of Walpole's 'Reminiscences, Letters and Memoirs.' The author was John Lord Hervey—Pope's Lord Hervey—the Sporus and Lady Fanny of the poet's satires—the husband of Molly Lepell, 'Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell'—the same Lord Hervey whose friendship suggested to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the famous division which she made of the human species into 'Men, Women and Herveys'—Queen Caroline's Vice Chamberlain and greatest confidant after Sir Robert Walpole. Walpole's faithful and much trusted friend and

Privy Seal—and the author of certain pamphlets in defence of the Whigs, which Horace Walpole has said, “are equal to any that ever were written.” The Memoirs extend over a period of ten important years—from the Accession of George the Second in 1727, to the Death of Queen Caroline in 1737. They had been seen before by Walpole, there is every reason to believe, and, as Warton tells us, by Mr. Hans Stanley. Unfortunately, they are not quite perfect; the MS. exhibiting certain chasms made, not by the author himself, but by his sons who thought the revelations too indecent to remain. One of Lord Hervey’s sons was Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol; and we can fancy the right reverend prelate being somewhat shocked at the details of profligacy and irreligion, which his father had chronicled with so graphic and minute a pen. Whatever reason there may be to lament what filial piety destroyed, we must at least be thankful for what is left; since it sets the characters of King George the Second, his queen and mistresses in their proper light, and places before us a picture of a court quite as profligate as that of Charles the Second, and, to our thinking, yet more repulsive. The opportunities which Lord Hervey possessed for careful and constant observation were unusually great. As vice-chamberlain to the queen, he was lodged all the year round at the foot of her majesty’s back stairs; and as, he observes, no one attended more constantly in public, or had more frequent access at private hours to all the inhabitants, he must have been deaf and blind not to have heard and seen several peculiarities necessarily unknown to many of his contemporaries.

George the Second loved pleasures just as much as Charles the Second, and hated business just as cordially. His consort, a woman of great sagacity and ambition, patted his profligacies on the back, overlooked the wife in the queen, made a mere nonentity of her husband,—and confiding in Sir Robert Walpole, ruled the country like a second Queen Elizabeth assisted by Lord Burleigh. No woman ever made greater domestic sacrifices to attain the ends of her public ambition; but beyond sagacity and daring there is nothing to admire about her. Religion was with her a mere state observance; and her placing Dr. Butler, the author of the ‘Analogy of Religion,’ as clerk of her closet, was a mere pretext to preserve the decencies of the palace in the eyes of those who were not anxious to look very far. Her eldest son, the Prince of Wales (the father of George the Third), was a heartless profligate;—her younger son, the Duke of Cumberland, the so-called hero of Culloden, was a cold-blooded soldier;—and her unmarried daughters, who lived with her in the palace, were frigid creatures, without wit, without beauty,—and, notwithstanding their position and some hints given to the contrary, there is reason to believe without admirers.

Lord Hervey has not attempted any full length character of the king: but he gives instead a few sketches touched in with a master’s pencil from the life.—

“Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his Majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolutely a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never

accompanied any one act of his power ; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy : consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the King, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning."

And in another place he observes :—

" I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks ; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and, consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other : and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his Majesty snapped her very short, and said, ' Yes, I am very lucky, truly : pray where is the luck ? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.' "

This was rather a difficult temper to manage ; but the Queen was quite equal to the task, and she went about it in her own way.—

" The Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments—whilst she affected to receive his Majesty's ; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling ; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pagan god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favourable answer from our god : storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection—calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was 'governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women-favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—' And who do they say governs now ? Whether this is a true or a false story of the King I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed."

The Queen's influence over the King was not however, obtained without much labour, artifice, and what Lord Hervey calls, in another place, the " snubbings" she was obliged to put up with :—

" She was at least seven or eight hours tête-à-tête with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve ; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it (' *Consili quavis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus* '—' *An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.*—*Tuclitus* ). She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these tête-à-têtes seem heaviest, was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep) : she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own

bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it ; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there ; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination ; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her."

The King's English mistress was Mrs. Howard, afterwards (in right of her husband) Countess of Suffolk. She was out of favour before the Queen died, and applied to retire from the appointments which she held. The royal rejoicings on this occasion were, it appears, very various in their motive—but all tending to illustrate the profligacy of the court.—

"The Queen was both glad and sorry : her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed ; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands, when she had already enough to make her often heartily weary of his company, and to deprive her of other company which she would have gladly enjoyed. The Prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as he would have wished anybody detached from the King's interest ; and, added to this, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies ; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discarding a mistress he was tired of. The Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace, because she wished misfortune to most people—the Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother. The Princess Royal was violently for having her crushed ; and when Lord Hervey said he wondered she was so desirous to have this lady's disgrace pushed to such extremity, she replied, 'Lady Suffolk's conduct with regard to politics has been so impertinent that she cannot be too ill-used ;' and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the King's coquetry, of some more troublesome and powerful successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father), 'I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that Mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him for ever in her room.'"

Mrs. Howard's influence at court was very inconsiderable ; though the Tories, who paid great court to her, thought otherwise. She was plagued with applications by her friends ; and always opposed by the Queen, whose omnipotent influence was known only to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Hervey. The real reasons of her disgrace, or retirement (to use perhaps the proper expression) are related by Lord Hervey.—

"The true reasons of her disgrace were the King's being thoroughly tired of her ; her constant opposition to all his measures ; her wearying him with her perpetual contradiction ; her intimacy with Mr. Pope, who had published several satires with his name to them, in which the King and all his family were rather more than obliquely sneered at ; the acquaintance she was known to have with many of the opposing party, and the correspondence she was suspected to have with many more of them ; and, in short, her being no longer pleasing to the King in her private capacity, and every day more disagreeable to him in her public conduct."

The King found a new mistress in a German, Madame Walmoden, created after the Queen's death, Countess of Yarmouth. He made no secret to the Queen of his new attachment.—

“ But there was one trouble arose on the King's going to Hanover which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the declining power of the Queen and the growing interest of this new favourite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that, from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles' distance. \* \* The King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and *never less than forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, to whose perusal few were not committed, and many passages in them were transmitted to him by the King's own order, who used to tag several paragraphs with ‘*Montrez ceci et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*’ ”

Readers unacquainted with the recently printed extracts from the *Diaries of Lord King and Lord Hardwicke*, will be surprised to find that the Queen had written to the King to bring his Hanoverian mistress to this country.—

“ When Sir Robert Walpole told Lord Hervey of this letter that the Queen had written to the King to solicit his bringing Madame Walmoden over, he gave the manner of cooking it the greatest encomiums in which it was possible to speak of such a performance ; he said she had not pared away the least part of his meaning, but had clothed his sentiments in so pretty a dress, had mixed so many tender turns in every paragraph, and spoke with such decent concern of her own situation as well as consideration of the King's, had covered all her own passions so artfully, and applied so pathetically to his, that Sir Robert Walpole said he did not believe anybody but a woman could have written a letter of that sort, nor any woman but the Queen so good a one.”

The King, from the account and letters given by Lord Hervey, was quite as uxorious (on paper at least) as Charles the First.—

“ The passion and tenderness of the King's letter to her, which consisted of thirty pages, must be incredible to any one who did not see it. Whoever had read it without knowing from whom it came, or to whom it was addressed, would have concluded it written by some young sailor of twenty to his first mistress, after escaping from a storm in his first voyage. ‘*Malgré tout le danger que j'ai essuïé dans cette tempête, ma chère Caroline, et malgré tout ce que j'ai souffert, en étant malade à un point que je ne croiois pas que le corps humain pourroit souffrir, je vous jure que je n'exposerois encore et encore pour avoir le plaisir d'entendre les marques de votre tendresse que cette situation m'a procuré. Cette affection que vous me témoignez, cette amitié cette fidélité, cette bonté inépuisable que vous avez pour moi, et cette indulgence pour toutes mes foiblesses, sont des obligations que je ne sçaurai jamais recompenser, que jene sçaurai jamais mériter, mais que je ne sçaurai jamais oublier non plus.*’ His Majesty then spoke of his extreme impatience for their meeting, and in a style that would have made one suppose the Queen to be a perfect Venus, her person being mentioned in the most exalted strains of rapture, and his own feelings described in the warmest phrases that youthful poets could use in elegies to their mistresses.”

The King was invariably very cross after his return to England from his beloved Hanover.

"After this last journey, Hanover had so completed the conquest of his affections, that there was nothing English ever commended in his presence that he did not always show, or pretend to show, was surpassed by something of the same kind in Germany. No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive or English jockey ride; nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself; nor were there any diversions in England, public or private; nor any man or woman in England whose conversation was to be borne—the one, as he said, talking of nothing but their dull politics, and the others of nothing but their ugly clothes. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection: the men were patterns of politeness, bravery, and gallantry; the women of beauty, wit, and entertainment; his troops there were the bravest in the world, his counsellors the wisest, his manufacturers the most ingenious, his subjects the happiest; and at Hanover, in short, plenty reigned, magnificence resided, arts flourished, diversions abounded, riches flowed, and everything was in the utmost perfection that contributes to make a prince great or a people blessed."

On another occasion he is said to have exclaimed, stopping the Queen short:—"I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff, and wish with all my heart that the devil may take all your bishops, and the devil take your ministers, and the devil take the Parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it, and go to Hanover."

In one of his peevish moods he quarrelled with the Queen about the arrangement of the pictures in the great drawing-room at Kensington. Mr. Croker omits to mention that "the fat Venus" of the King is the copy after Titian now at Hampton Court, which hung, as Bickham tells us, in the great drawing-room. For ourselves this picture and King George the Second are henceforth inseparable.—

"In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places: the King, affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, or, from his extreme ignorance in painting really disapproving it, told Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney, to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered, 'My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own: I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces, and spoiling all my furniture: thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or no; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done too to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.'—'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?'—'Yes, my Lord; I am not so nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not dare to say, that if his Majesty had liked his *fat Venus* as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations."

The readers of Pope and Swift must surely remember "Merlin's Cave," a little building so christened which the Queen had erected in Richmond Park. The King, it appears, used wisely enough to laugh at this folly of

the Queen, and she was obliged to swallow a good number of hard remarks from his Majesty about it. Lord Hervey had been praising the beauty of the gates of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and—

"was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—when the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My Lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to *Merlin's Cave* to complete your nonsense there.' The Queen smiled, and said *Merlin's Cave* was complete already; and Lord Hervey, to remove the King's fears of this expense, said that it was a sort of work that if his Majesty would give all the money in his exchequer he could not have now. '*A propos*,' said the Queen, 'I hear the Craftsman has abused *Merlin's Cave*.'—'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King: 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right.' This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else."

The second volume contains a drama by Lord Hervey on his own death, which he tells us he composed for the entertainment of the Queen. It is smartly and characteristically written,—and one of its scenes lets us into the dressing-room and drawing-room of royalty of more than a century ago. The passages which we had marked are somewhat long; but we cannot resist a short extract confirmatory of an anecdote told by Walpole in his '*Reminiscences*':—

"While the Queen dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room. \* \* Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the Chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did not proceed. He replied, 'He would not whistle the Word of God through the key-hole.'"

Here is the scene we allude to; and there is every reason to believe that it is a picture of every-day life in the palace of "good Queen Caroline."

"SCENE.—*The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mrs. Purcell dressing Her Majesty's head; The Princesses, Lady Pembroke and Lady Burlington, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.*

1 Parson [behind the scenes]. "*From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.*"

2 Parson. "*Good Lord deliver us!*"

Queen. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door: those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak [*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.*] So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. [*To Lady Burlington.*] What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

Lady Pem. [*sighing and lifting up her eyes.*] I swear it is a terrible thing.

Lady Burl. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me."

When we return, as we shall shortly do, to these rich volumes for further extract, we shall add a brief account of Lord Hervey, compiled from Mr. Croker's researches and from certain materials, which he appears to have overlooked. In the mean time, we may add that the editor's notes are just what notes should be, short, useful, generally accurate, and always to the point.



[Second Notice.]

John, Lord Hervey, the author of the *Memoirs of the first ten years of the reign of King George II.*, from which we extracted so largely in our last week's paper, was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of John, the first Earl of Bristol, of the Hervey family. He was born in 1696,—educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge,—and became Lord Hervey on the death, at an early age, of Carr, Lord Hervey, an elder son by a former marriage. This Carr, Lord Hervey is commended by Pope,—and was reckoned, as Walpole tells us, to have had parts superior to those of his more celebrated brother. But Pope's praise was only an artful trick to blacken the character of the younger brother; and Horace Walpole, there is reason to believe, was not the son of his reputed father, Sir Robert, but actually the son of Carr, Lord Hervey. This belief is strongly supported by the *Introductory Anecdotes of Lady Louisa Stuart* (the granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), further corroborated by Sir Robert Walpole's almost incredible laxity in both the principle and practice of conjugal fidelity,—and countenanced by the strong resemblance which Horace bore not to Sir Robert, but to the family which suggested Lady Mary's famous division of the human race into "Men, Women and Herveys." Walpole was fond of the Hervey family. He speaks in all places of the future historian of his own times as a man of great attainments, and dedicated in after-life his great work '*Anecdotes of the Arts in England*' to Molley Lepell, the widow of Lord Hervey. This Molley Lepell was in her twentieth year, and a Maid of Honour to the Princess, when she was married, somewhat privately there is reason to think, to "the handsome Hervey" of the well known ballad which records their wedding. Mr. Croker is somewhat unnecessarily puzzled about her age. "The books state that she was born," Mr. Croker observes, "26th September, 1700; but Pope, in a letter that mentions the recent death of Dr. Radcliffe, who died 6th November, 1714, describes her and her friend Miss Bellenden as then maids of honour to the Princess. If all this be so, Miss Lepell was a maid of honour when she was fourteen." This, however, is not so very astonishing, if we remember what the old Duchess of Marlborough relates to Lord Stair, that "the beautiful Molly Lepell" was actually a cornet in her father's regiment as soon as she was born, and paid as an officer in the army long after she was a maid of honour. As the letter has been overlooked by Mr. Croker, we shall quote that part which relates the history of the lady's rise.—

"I saw one yesterday that dined with my Lord Fanny; who, as soon as he had dined, was sent for to come up to his Majesty, and there is all the appearance that can be of great favour to his lordship. I mentioned him in my last, and I will now give you an account of some things concerning his character, that I believe you don't know. What I am going to say I am sure is as true as if I had been a transactor in it myself. And I will begin the relation with Mr. Lepelle, my Lord Fanny's wife's father, having made her a cornet in his regiment as soon as she was born, which is no more wrong to the design of an army than if she had been a son: and she was paid many years after she was a maid of honour. She was extreme forward and pert; and my Lord Sunderland got her a pension of the late King, it being too ridiculous to continue her any longer an officer in the army. And, into the bargain, she was to be a spy; but what she could tell to deserve a pension, I cannot comprehend. However, King George the First used to talk to her very much; and this encouraged my Lord Fanny and her to undertake a very extraordinary project: and she went to the drawing-room every night, and publicly attacked his Majesty in a most vehement manner, insomuch that it was the diversion of all the town; which

alarmed the Duchess of Kendal, and the ministry that governed her, to that degree, lest the King should be put in the opposers' hands, that they determined to buy my Lady H. off; and they gave her 4,000*l.* to desist, which she did, and my Lord Fanny bought a good house with it, and furnished it very well."

Old Sarah, it is true, delighted in scandal; but here there is every reason to believe that she is telling an unvarnished tale.

Lord Hervey was early acquainted with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu;—some of whose letters from the East are addressed to his mother, the Countess of Bristol. Their acquaintance ripened into intimacy; and there is no doubt that many of the court lampoons of which we hear so much were the joint composition of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. The best and most memorable of their joint efforts in this way, whether we consider the wit and vigour of the satire or the reputation of the person attacked, is the copy of 'Verses addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.' Pope attributed the libel to Lady Mary; but there are good grounds for supposing, though Lady Mary gave it a place in after life among her acknowledged works, that Lord Hervey had a main finger in its composition. The original edition in the library at Ickworth (the seat of the Herveys) makes no mention of "a Lady" in the title-page; but has, Mr. Croker tells us, the manuscript preface and several manuscript corrections and additions, with a new manuscript title-page prepared "by the author" for a second edition,—all of which are in Lord Hervey's own hand. This is curious; and, indeed, the poem which they reply to has so much acerbity and something worse in it, both about Lord Hervey and Lady Mary (Lord Fanny and Sappho), that it is quite a wonder how the poet escaped from a good sound cudgelling. Few points in Pope's life are more obscure than the occasion of his quarrel with Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. Lord Hervey declares, in the papers to which Mr. Croker has had access, that Pope commenced the quarrel.—

"So much for Pope—nor this I would have said  
Had not the spider first his venom shed;  
For the *first stone* I ne'er unjustly cast,  
But who can blame the hand that throws the *last*?  
And if one common foe the wretch has made  
Of all mankind—his folly on his head!"

This was an intended addition to his printed attack on Pope—the famous letter from Hampton Court, which occasioned first the well-known reply in prose, and afterwards in verse the finely-drawn character of Sporus in the Prologue to the Satires. Lady Mary remarked, in conversation with Spence, that the breach between them had originated in a supposed refusal on Pope's part to write a satire on certain persons at the particular suggestion of Lord Hervey and herself; while Pope observes, in a letter to Fortescue (his counsel learned in the law), that his "only fault towards her was leaving off her conversation when he found it dangerous"—and in his printed letter to Lord Hervey, that he had not the least misunderstanding with Lady Mary "till after he was the author of his own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance." But the subject is of so interesting, and at the same time so much misunderstood and so excursive, a nature that we must quit it for the present, and return to the volume before us for further extracts.

That Pope's expression "a mere white curd of asses' milk" was a clever personality applied to Lord Hervey appears from Lord Hailes's statement ; and it is justified in the volumes before us by Lord Hervey's description of himself. He writes from St. James's, December 9, 1732, to his physician, Dr. Cheyne, the celebrated advocate for vegetable diet :—

"To let you know that I continue one of your most pious votaries, and to tell you the method I am in. In the first place, I never take wine nor malt drink, or any liquid but water and milk-tea ; in the next, I eat no meat but the whitest, youngest, and tenderest, nine times in ten nothing but chicken, and never more than the quantity of a small one at a meal. I seldom eat any supper, but if any, nothing absolutely but bread and water ; two days in the week I eat no flesh ; my breakfast is dry biscuit not sweet, and green tea ; I have left off butter, as bilious ; I eat no salt, nor any sauce but bread sauce. I take a Scotch pill once a week, and thirty grains of Indian root when my stomach is loaded, my head giddy, and my appetite gone. I have not bragged of the persecutions I suffer in this cause ; but the attacks made upon me by ignorance, impertinence, and gluttony are innumerable and incredible."

Such was his state in 1732 :—and when he made his will eleven years later and seven weeks before his death, (a curious document which Mr. Croker should see for a second edition,) he observes, "I was not strong enough to write the above written will, but I have read it twice over and corrected it in several places in the spelling, and do publish it as my will." Poor Lord Hervey !—Surely Pope was not the only person who might justly complain of "the libelled person and the pictured shape."

The character of Frederick Prince of Wales is one of the best-drawn characters in the two volumes.—

"The contradictions he was made up of were these :—He was at once both *false* and *sincere* ; he was false by principal, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him ; so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truth when anybody else had confided in him. He was at once both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices ; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. He was equally addicted to the weakness of making many friends and many enemies, for there was nobody too low or too bad for him to court, nor nobody too great or too good for him to betray. He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved ; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that this mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him ; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him : what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?"

This was the father of George III. That the Prince could use a woman ill is known to the readers of Johnson from his well-known line—

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring.

The lady had, however, spirit enough to resent her injuries, and prudence enough to allow Lord Hervey to record her wrongs in a letter to the Prince.—

“Considering the manner in which I have lived with your Royal Highness, I think I might, without being thought very impertinent, begin this letter with complaining that, when you have anything to say to me, your Royal Highness should think an ambassador necessary to go between us ; and though a harsh or unkind thing, I must own, would always be little consistent with what I think I have deserved from your Royal Highness, yet it would sure want no such additional weight as the letting another convey it, and consequently be acquainted with the little regard or concern you retain for me. That your Royal Highness is going to be married I may repine at ; but I appeal to you if ever I was so unreasonable as to reproach you with it, or to imagine that my interest was to be put in competition with the interest of England, or that what was right for your affairs was not to outweigh every consideration of mine. But that your Royal Highness should break with me in the most shocking way ; that you should not be content to abandon me without banishing me, nor take yourself from me without driving me from every other friend, relation and acquaintance, and depriving me of those comforts at a time when I shall want them most, is sure an aggravation to my bad fortune and unhappy situation which you are as much in the wrong to ask me as I should be myself to comply with. Your Royal Highness need not be put in mind who I am, nor from whence you took me ; that I acted not like what I was born, others may reproach me ; but if you took me from happiness and brought me to misery, that I might reproach you : that I have long lost your heart I have long seen and long mourned : to gain it, or rather to reward the gift you made me of it, I sacrificed my time, my youth, my character, the world, my family, and everything that a woman can sacrifice to a man she loves ; how little I considered my interest, you must know by my never naming my interest to you when I made this sacrifice, and by my trusting to your honour when I showed so little regard, when put in balance with my love, to my own. I have resigned everything for your sake but my life ; and, had you loved me still, I would have risked even that too to please you ; but as it is, I cannot think in my state of health of going out of England far from all friends and all physicians I can trust, and of whom I stand in so much need. My child is the only consolation I have left. I cannot leave him, nor shall anything but death ever make me quit the country he is in. Your Royal Highness may do with me what you please ; but a Prince who is one day to rule this country will sure, for his own sake, never show he will make use of power to distress undeservedly ; and that one who has put herself without conditions into his hands has the hardest terms imposed upon her, though she never in her life did one action that deserved anything but your favour, your compassion and your friendship ; and it is for these reasons I doubt not but your Royal Highness will on this occasion, for your own sake if not for mine, do everything that will hinder you from being blamed and me from being more miserable than the reflection of what is past must necessarily make one who has known what it was to be happy, and can never expect to taste that \* \* \* again. I know how vain it would be to think reproaches could ever regain a heart which kindness could not keep ; and for that reason I will add nothing more than to assure your Royal Highness I shall ever wish you health, prosperity, and happiness, and shall ever be, with unalterable affection, &c.”

Walpole's influence and management will be better understood from the following short passage in Lord Hervey, than from fifty pages in Coxe's *Life of Sir Robert*.—

“All this summer (1734) the Queen used to see Sir Robert Walpole every Monday evening regularly, and at other times casually ; but at every conference she had with him (as he told me), though she always said he had convinced her, and that she

would give in to the accommodation, yet day after day, for three weeks together, she made him put off the setting on foot those measures which ought to have been taken in consequence of that conviction. And what is very surprising, yet what I know to be true, the arguments of Sir Robert Walpole conveyed through the Queen to the King, so wrought upon him, that they quite changed the colour of his Majesty's sentiments, though they did not tinge the channel through which they flowed. When Lord Hervey told Sir Robert he had made this observation, Sir Robert said it was true, and agreed with him how extraordinary it was that she should be either able or willing to repeat what he said with energy and force sufficient to convince another without being convinced herself. However, said Sir Robert Walpole, 'I shall carry my point at last; but you, my Lord, are enough acquainted with this Court to know that nothing can be done in it but by degrees; should I tell either the King or the Queen what I propose to bring them to six months hence I could never succeed. Step by step I can carry them perhaps the road I wish; but if I ever show them at a distance to what end that road leads, they stop short, and all my designs are always defeated.'

The king's fondness for his consort is curiously illustrated by a last request, the truth of which Mr. Milman attests in a brief communication to Mr. Croker.—

"George II., as the last proof of his attachment, gave directions that his remains and those of Queen Caroline should be mingled together. Accordingly, the two coffins were placed in a large stone sarcophagus, and one side of each of the wooden coffins withdrawn. This was a tradition at Westminster Abbey, of which I myself have seen the confirmation, in my opinion conclusive; and as the royal vault in Westminster Abbey may never be again opened, it may be curious to preserve the record. On the occasion of the removal, in 1837, of a still-born child of the Duke of Cumberland (*King of Hanover*) to Windsor, a Secretary-of-State's warrant (which is necessary) arrived empowering the Dean and Chapter to open the vault. I was requested by the Dean to superintend the business, which took place by night. In the middle of the vault, towards the further end, stands the large stone sarcophagus, and against the wall *are still standing the two sides of the coffins which are withdrawn*. I saw and examined them closely, and have no doubt of the fact. The vault contains only the family of George II."

In these days when the rights of the people and the power of the Crown are matter of so much discussion, and new forms of government are attempted in established monarchies, it is amusing to read what a masculine-minded woman (which Queen Caroline certainly was) had to say upon such grave matters of inquiry.

"I have heard her at different times speak with great indignation against assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despute, the humble servant of the Parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court those who were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. And once added, that a good deal of that liberty that made them so insolent, if she could do it, should be much abridged; nor was it possible for the best prince in the world to be very solicitous to procure benefits for subjects that never cared to trust him. At other times she was more upon her guard: I have heard her say she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. '*Mon Dieu!*' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government! It is its excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know that what they get nobody can take from them; it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money hither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it: and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince, who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the

greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' added she, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England, if the government was the same. *Qui diable* that had anything else, would take you all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but, for the figure it would make in Europe, it would be of no more consequence here in the West than Madagascar is in the East: and for this reason—as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty—your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them—a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home.”

The following verses, which gave, as Lord Hervey tells us, great offence to the King, will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires and lampoons of those days were composed:—

“ You may strut, dapper George, but ’twill all be in vain;  
We know ’tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—  
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.  
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,  
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.”

Of the liberty of unlicensed printing, take the following examples recorded by the courteous pen of the noble historian:—

“ An old lean, lame, blind horse was turned into the streets, with a broken saddle on his back and a pillion behind it, and on the horse’s forehead this inscription was fixed:—

“ Let nobody stop me—I am the King’s Hanover Equipage, going to fetch his Majesty and his \* to England.”

At the Royal Exchange, a paper with these words was stuck up:

“ It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring.”

On St. James’s gate this advertisement was pasted:—

“ Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James’s Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence* reward. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown.”

Laurel in his *Troubles* records several pasquinades of this kind pasted on posts and gates by those jeering wits, the London apprentices; and all readers of English history will remember the famous “three things to be seen,” which were stuck on the gates of Lord Clarendon’s house in Piccadilly. A collection of English political pasquinades and of the best of our political songs would make a curious and instructive work.—Here, however, we must part (for the present) from two most readable volumes; which even Sir Robert Walpole—who is said to have called all history a lie—would perhaps have admitted to be nearer the truth than many works making greater pretensions to historical accuracy. We may not improbably, however, return to them again, for a further gleanings.—*Athenæum*.

*Voltaire. From Lamartine's Girondins.*

IT was at this period that the Assembly ordered the removal of Voltaire's remains to the Pantheon; philosophy thus avenged itself on the anathemas that had been thundered forth, even against the ashes of the great innovator. The body of Voltaire, on his death, in Paris A. D. 1778, had been furtively removed by his nephew at night, and interred in the Church of the Abbey of Sellieres in Champagne; and when the nation sold this Abbey, the cities of Troyes and Romilly mutually contended for the honour of possessing the bones of the greatest man of the age. The city of Paris where he had breathed his last, now claimed its privilege as the capital of France, and addressed a petition to the National Assembly, praying that Voltaire's body might be brought back to Paris and interred in the Pantheon, that Cathedral of philosophy. The Assembly eagerly hailed the idea of this homage, that traced liberty back to its original source. "The people owe their freedom to him," said Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, "for by enlightening them, he gave them power; nations are enthralled by ignorance alone, and when the torch of reason displays to them the ignominy of bearing these chains they blush to wear them, and snap them asunder."

On the 11th of July, the departmental and municipal authorities went in state to the barrier of Charenton, to receive the mortal remains of Voltaire, which were placed on the ancient site of the Bastille, like a conqueror on his trophies; his coffin was exposed to public gaze, and a pedestal was formed for it of stones torn from the foundations of his ancient stronghold of Tyranny; and thus Voltaire when dead triumphed over those stones which had triumphed over and confined him when living. On one of the blocks was the inscription, "*Receive on this spot, where despotism once fettered, the honours decreed to thee by thy country.*"

*Removal of his remains to the Pantheon.*

THE next day, when the rays of a brilliant sun had dissipated the mists of the night, an immense concourse of people followed the car that bore Voltaire to the Pantheon. This car was drawn by twelve white horses, harnessed four abreast; their manes plaited with flowers and golden tassels, and the reins held by men dressed in antique costumes, like those depicted on the medals of ancient triumphs. On the car was a funeral couch, extended on which was a statue of the philosopher, crowned with a wreath. The National Assembly, the departmental and municipal bodies, the constituted authorities, the Magistrates, and the army, surrounded, preceded, and followed the sarcophagus. The boulevards, the streets, the public places, the windows, the roofs of houses, even the trees, were crowded with spectators; and the suppressed murmurs of vanquished intolerance could not restrain this feeling of enthusiasm. Every eye was riveted on the car; for the new school of ideas felt that it was the proof of their victory that was passing before them, and that philosophy remained mistress of the field of battle.

The details of this ceremony were magnificent, and in spite of its profane and theatrical trappings, the features of every man that followed the car wore the expression of joy, arising from an intellectual triumph. A large body of cavalry, who seemed to have now offered their arms at the shrine of intelligence, opened the march. Then followed the muffled drums, to whose notes were added the roar of the artillery that formed a part of the cortege. The scholars of the Colleges of Paris, the patriotic societies, the battalions of the national guard, the workmen of the different public journals, the persons employed to demolish the foundations of the Bastille, some bearing a portable press, which struck off different inscriptions in honour of Voltaire, as the procession moved on; others carrying the chains, the collars and bolts, and bullets found in the dungeons and arsenals of the state prisons; and lastly busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, marched between the troops and the populace. On a litter was displayed the *procès-verbal* for the electors of '89, that *Hegyra* of the insurrection. On another stand, the citizens of the Faubourg Saint Antoine exhibited a plan in relief of the Bastille, the flag of the Donjon, and a young girl, in the costume of an Amazon, who had fought at the siege of this fortress. Here and there, pikes surmounted with the Phrygian cap of liberty arose above the crowd, and on one of them was a scroll bearing the inscription—"From this steel sprung liberty."

All the actors and actresses of the theatres of Paris followed the statue of him who for sixty years had inspired them; the title of his principal works were inscribed on the sides of a Pyramid that represented his immortality. His statue, formed of gold and crowned with laurel, was borne on the shoulders of citizens, wearing the costumes of the nations and the times whose manners and costumes he had depicted; and the seventy volumes of his works were contained in a casket, also of gold. The members of the learned bodies, and of the principal Academies of the kingdom surrounded this ark of philosophy. Numerous bands of music, some marching with the troops, others stationed along the road of the procession, saluted the car as it passed with loud bursts of harmony, and filled the air with the enthusiastic strains of liberty, the procession stopped before the principal theatres. A hymn was sung in honour of his genius, and the car then resumed its march. On their arrival at the *quai* that bears his name, the car stopped before the house of M. de Villette, where Voltaire had breathed his last and where his heart was preserved. Evergreen shrubs, garlands of leaves, and wreaths of roses decorated the front of the house, which bore the inscription, "*His fame is every where, and his heart is here.*" Young girls dressed in white and wreaths of flowers on their heads, covered the steps of an amphitheatre erected before the house. Madame de Villette, to whom Voltaire had been a second father, in all the splendour of her beauty, and the pathos of her tears, advanced and placed the noblest of all his wreaths, the wreath of filial affection, on the head of the great philosopher.

At this moment the crowd burst into one of the hymns of the poet Cherrier, who, up to his death, most of all men cherished the memory of Voltaire. Madame de Villette and the young girls of the amphitheatre descended into the street, now strewn with flowers, and walked before the car. The théâtre Français, then situated in the Faubourg St. Germain,



had erected a triumphal arch on its peristyle. On each pillar a medallion was fixed, bearing in letters of gilt bronze the title of the principal dramas of the poet; on the pedestal of the statue erected before the door of the theatre was written, "*He wrote Irène at eighty-three years; at seventeen he wrote *Edipus*.*"

The immense procession did not arrive at the Pantheon until 10 o'clock at night, for the day had not been sufficiently long for this triumph. The coffin of Voltaire was deposited between those of Descartes and Mirabeau,—the spot predestined for this intermediary genius between philosophy and policy, between the design and the execution. This apotheosis of modern philosophy, amidst the great events that agitated the public mind, was a convincing proof that the revolution comprehended its own aim, and that it sought to be the inauguration of those two principles represented by these cold ashes—intelligence and liberty. It was intelligence that triumphantly entered the city of Louis XIV. over the ruins of the prejudices of birth. It was philosophy taking possession of the city and the temple of Sainte Genevieve. The remains of two schools, of two ages, and two creeds were about to strive for the mastery even in the tomb. Philosophy who, up to this hour, had timidly shrunk from the contest, now revealed her latest inspiration—that of transferring the veneration of the age from one great man to another.

### *Voltaire's Character.*

VOLTAIRE, the sceptical genius of France in modern ages, combined, in himself, the double passion of this people at such a period—the passion of destruction, and the desire of innovation, hatred of prejudices, and love of knowledge: he was destined to be the standard-bearer of destruction; his genius, although not the most elevated, yet the most comprehensive in France, has hitherto been only judged by fanatics or his enemies. Impiety deified his very vices; superstition anathematised his very virtues; in a word, despotism, when it again seized on the reins of Government in France, felt that to reinstate tyranny it would be necessary first to unseat Voltaire from his high position in the national opinion. Napoleon, during fifteen years, paid writers who degrade, vilify, and deny the genius of Voltaire; he hated his name, as *might* must ever hate *intellect*; and so long as men yet cherished the memory of Voltaire, so long he felt his position was not secure, for tyranny stands as much in need of prejudice to sustain it as a falsehood of uncertainty and darkness; the restored Church could no longer suffer his glory to shine with so great a lustre; she had the right to hate Voltaire, not to deny his genius.

If we judge of men by what they have done, then Voltaire is incontestably the greatest writer of modern Europe. No one has caused, through the powerful influence of his genius alone, and the perseverance of his will, so great a commotion in the minds of men; his pen aroused a world, and has shaken a far mightier empire than that of Charlemagne, the European empire of a theocracy. His genius was not *force* but *light*. Heaven had destined him not to destroy but to illuminate, and wherever he trod light followed him, for reason (which is light) had destined him to be first her poet, then her apostle, and lastly her idol.

*His War against Christianity.*

VOLTAIRE was born a plebeian in an obscure street of old Paris,\* whilst Louis XIV. and Bossuet reigned in all the pomp of absolute power and Catholicism at Versailles; the child of the people, the Moses of incredulity, grew up amidst them; the secrets of destiny seem thus to sport with men, and are alone suspected when they have exploded. The throne and the altar had attained their culminating point in France. The Duc d'Orleans, as regent, governed during an interregnum—one vice in the room of another, weakness instead of pride. This life was easy and agreeable, and corruption avenged itself for the monacal austerity of the last year of Madame de Maintenon and Letellier. Voltaire, alike precocious by audacity as by talent, began already to sport with those weapons of the mind of which he was destined, after years, to make so terrible a use. The regent, all unsuspecting of danger, suffered him to continue, and repressed, for form's sake alone, some of the most audacious of his outbreaks, at which he laughed even whilst he punished them. The incredulity of the age took its rise in debauchery and not in examination, and the independence of thought was rather a *libertinage* of manners, than a conclusion arising from reflection. There was vice in irreligion, and of this Voltaire always savoured. His mission began by a contempt and derision of holy things, which, even though doomed to destruction, should be touched with respect. From thence arose that mockery, that irony, that cynicism too often on the lips, and in the heart, of the apostles of reason; his visit to England gave assurance and gravity to his incredulity, for in France he had only known libertines, in London he knew philosophers; he became passionately attached to eternal reason, as we are all eager after what is new, and he felt the enthusiasm of the discovery. In so active a nature as the French, this enthusiasm and this hatred could not remain in mere speculation as in the mind of a native of the north. Scarcely was he himself persuaded than he wished in his turn to persuade others; his whole life became a multiplied action tending to one end, the abolition of theocracy, and the establishment of religious toleration and liberty. He toiled at this with all the powers with which God had gifted him, he even employed falsehood (*ruse*) aspersion, cynicisms and immorality: he used even those arms that respect for God and man denies to the wise; he employed his virtue, his honour, his renown, to aid in this overthrow; and his apostleship of reason had too often the appearance of a profanation of piety; he ravaged the temple instead of protecting it.

From the day when he resolved upon this war against Christianity, he sought for allies also opposed to it. His intimacy with the King of Prussia, Frederic II, had this sole inducement. He desired the support of thrones against the priesthood. Frederic, who partook of his philosophy, and pushed it still further, even to atheism and the contempt of mankind, was the Dionysius of this modern Plato. Louis XV. whose interest it was to keep up a good understanding with Prussia, dared not to show his anger

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\* It has been generally understood that Voltaire was born at Chatenay, near Paris in February, 1694.—H. T. R.

against a man whom the King considered as his friend. Voltaire, thus protected by a sceptre, redoubled his audacity. He put thrones on one side, whilst he affected to make their interests mutual with his own, by pretending to emancipate them from the domination of Rome. He handed over to Kings the civil liberty of the people, provided that they would aid him in acquiring the liberty of conscience. He even affected—perhaps he felt—respect for the absolute power of Kings. He pushed that respect so far as even to worship their weaknesses. He palliated the infamous vices of the Great Frederic, and brought philosophy on its knees before the mistresses of Louis XV. Like the courtesan of Thebes, who built one of the pyramids of Egypt from the fruits of her debaucheries, Voltaire did not blush at any prostitution of genius, provided that the wages of his servility enabled him to purchase enemies against Christ. He enrolled them by millions throughout Europe, and specially in France. Kings were reminded of the middle ages, and of the thrones outraged by the Popes. They did not see, without umbrage and secret hate, the clergy as powerful as themselves with the people, and who under the name of cardinals, almoners, bishops or confessors, spied or dictated its creeds even to courts themselves. The parliaments, that civil clergy, a body redoubtable to sovereigns themselves, detested the mass of the clergy, although they protected its faith and its decrees. The nobility, warlike, corrupted, and ignorant, leaned entirely to the unbelief which freed it from all morality. Finally the *bourgeoisie*, well informed or learned, prefaced the emancipation of the third estate by the insurrection of the new condition of ideas. Such were the elements of the revolution in religious matters. Voltaire laid hold of them, at the precise moment, with that *coup d'œil* of strong instinct which sees clearer than genius itself. To an age young, fickle, and unreflecting, he did not present reason under the form of an austere philosophy, but beneath the guise of a facile freedom of ideas, and a scoffing irony. He would not have succeeded in making his age think. He did succeed in making it smile, he never attacked it in front, nor with his face uncovered, in order that he might not set the laws in array against him; and to avoid the fate of Servilius, he, the modern *Æsop*, attacked under imaginary names the tyranny which he wished to destroy. He concealed his hate in history, the drama, light poetry, romance, and even in jests. His genius was a perpetual allusion, comprehending all his age, but impossible to be seized on by his enemies. He struck, but his hand was concealed, yet the struggle of a man against a priesthood, an individual against an institution, a life against eighteen centuries, was by no means destitute of courage.

### *His devotion—his deficiencies.*

THERE is an incalculable power of conviction and devotion of idea, in the daring of one against all, to brave at once, with no other power than individual reason, with no other support than conscience, human consideration that cowardice of the mind, masked under respect for errors; to dare hatred of earth and the anathema of heaven, is the heroism of the writer. Voltaire was not a martyr in his body, but he consented to be one in his

name, and devoted it during his life and after his death. He condemned his own ashes to be thrown to the winds, and not to have either an asylum or a tomb. He resigned himself even to lengthened exile in exchange for the liberty of a free combat. He isolated himself voluntarily from men, in order that their too close contact might not interfere with his thoughts.

At eighty years of age, feeble, and feeling his death nearly approaching, he several times made his preparations hastily, in order to go and struggle still, and die at a distance from the roof of his old age. The unwearied activity of his mind was never checked for a moment. He carried his gaiety even to genius, and under that pleasantry of his whole life we may perceive a grave power of perseverance and conviction. Such was the character of this great man. The enlightened serenity of his mind concealed the depth of its workings; under the joke and laugh his constancy of purpose was hardly sufficiently recognised. He suffered all with a laugh, and was willing to endure all, even in absence from his native land, in his last friendships, in his refused fame, in his blighted name, in his memory accursed. He took all, bore all for the sake of the triumph of the independence of human reason. Devotion does not change its worth in changing its cause, and this was his virtue in the eyes of posterity. He was not the truth, but he was its precursor, and walked in advance of it.

One thing was wanting to him, the love of a God. He saw him in mind, and he detested those phantoms which ages of darkness had taken for him, and adored in his stead. He rent away with rage those clouds which prevent the divine idea from beaming purely on mankind; but his weakness was rather hatred against error than faith in the Divinity. The sentiment of religion, that sublime *resume* of human thoughts, that reason which enlightened by enthusiasm, mounts to God as a flame, and unites itself with him in the unity of the creation with the Creator, of the ray with the focus—this, Voltaire never felt in his soul. Thence sprung the results of his philosophy; it created neither morals, nor worship, nor charity; it only decomposed—destroyed. Negative, cold, corrosive, sneering it operated like poison—it froze—it killed—it never gave life. Thus it never produced—even against the errors it assailed, which were but the human alloy of a divine idea—the whole effect it should have elicited. It made sceptics, instead of believers. The theocratic reaction was prompt and universal as it ought to have been. Impiety clears the soul of its consecrated errors, but does not fill the heart of man. Impiety alone will never ruin a human worship; a faith destroyed must be replaced by a faith. It is not given to irreligion to destroy a religion on earth. There is but a religion more enlightened which can really triumph over a religion fallen into contempt, by replacing it. The earth cannot remain without an altar, and God alone is strong enough against God.

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### III.—THE ESSAYIST.

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*Trifles ; an Essdy on things too trivial to be mentioned.*

A very unimportant subject the reader may imagine, but he is mistaken if he think so. It is one of the most important and exceedingly difficult to treat as it ought to be treated. The general peace and tranquillity of nations may be dependent upon great matters, but the happiness of individuals, which is the real happiness of mankind, depends upon trifles—trifles, too, so very insignificant, that you are ashamed to mention them. It is said of a luxurious king of Nineveh, that even a stray feather on his couch annoyed him, so soft and effeminate was he. But even the rough ploughman and jolly farmer may say the same of himself ; for in taking his forty winks after dinner or supper in his arm-chair, if he happens to sit even on a crease of his *nethers*, or if one leg be not laid over the other in a comfortable fashion, he hitches and shifts and works himself into position, with as much earnestness of mind and seriousness of manner as a general himself would exhibit in the midst of a battle, or a King of France in the midst of a Parisian émeute. The trifles are all-important to him for the time, and that time is perhaps an hour, or perhaps only half an hour ; but it is a comfortable half hour to which he looks forward with satisfaction as to a solace, an important item in a day's list of pleasure which makes life itself more sweet and its burdens endurable.

You might make a man's life wretched ; you might drive him to suicide by overwhelming him with trifling annoyances. Give him fleas and musquitoes to sleep with, and cats on the tiles to serenade him by night, or give him a nagging wife to lecture him when awake, and to punch him for snoring when he falls asleep ; or take away his night-cap and shirt to the washing without laying out another ; forget to make his bed ; take away his soap or his towel, so that when he has washed his face in the morning and looks for something to dry it withal, he finds nothing, and is compelled in haste to take his pocket-handkerchief, or a duster, or the bed linen, or the counterpane. Then when he comes down stairs to breakfast, let him find his tea full of leaves and tea dust, or his coffee made with cold water, and his toast smoked or covered with ashes and small cinders ; his egg boiled too hard, or not hard enough ; his egg-spoon just as he left it yesterday, gilt with yolk : no milk in the house, the milk-man has not called, the servant just gone out for it ; “ Bring my boots, then ; ” “ Not cleaned yet, she'll be in immediately.” If a man be in the habit of swearing, such trifles are sure to set him agoing ; and if he be of a sulky disposition, they not only make him miserable for the day, but they fester in his mind, and disqualify him for his ordinary employment. A constant repetition of such annoyances would destroy the finest temper, and make life a burden. And yet there is none of these which is not in itself regarded as a trifle, and the whole series is merely laughed at as a source of annoyance.

These trifles have a certain weight—a weight that may be felt by all ; but there are many that seem to be quite imponderable and imperceptible except to the sensitive, who are rendered miserable by them. We have met some persons in private life, and have received letters in our editorial capacity from many, who are suspicious of every smile upon the lips of those who approach or even look at them. Many years ago, we used to pass a workman, in the suburbs, going to breakfast as we were going into town ; and we happened at that time to be often in a cheerful or merry mood, smiling, and even laughing, at our own thoughts—not even thinking of the workman, and seldom even perceiving him. It so chanced, however that those occasional smiles of ours became sources of great annoyance to this man, and irritated him exceedingly ; so that at last he screwed up his courage to challenge us for our insolence and demand satisfaction. He stopped us on the highway, and said, “ I have often remarked, sir, that I never pass you on the road without perceiving a smile on your countenance. How that smile should come on just precisely at the time when I pass, without an intentional insult to me, is more than I can understand. I’d have you look to your manners after this ; for, by—, I won’t stand it no longer.” What could we answer to such an accusation ? We, of course, protested that we were not smiling at him, but at our own thoughts. But this was to no purpose ; he only became the more positive and vehement, and swore that if we ever smiled again in his presence, he’d make us smart for it. To avoid this sensitive and dangerous neighbour, we took another road, and avoided him ever after. No doubt he tells the story in his own way, as a proof of his own success in checking the insolence of impertinent gents.

Smiles are not always pleasant. If you smile at the wrong time—when you ought to look serious—if you give even the most imperceptible, but still discernible, smile, when a man is making a statement, or labouring with an argument, or quoting a verse of poetry, or using a Latin phrase, or speaking of his own courage, prudence, skill, respectability, or influence, then you have committed a blunder that may rankle in his breast for life ; for it is too trifling for him to mention, however acutely he may feel it, and he notes it down in his memory as an affront to be avenged. You may feel the effects of it afterwards, when you know nothing of the cause. Nothing is more common than to hear of people speaking of the enmity of certain persons to whom they have given no provocation ; that is, of which they were conscious. But enmity never exists without a cause and a reason ; and we know not how often we may offend the sensitive feelings of others, even when actually making an effort to please them. Such persons of course, are very troublesome to deal with ; but who is not ? We have heard of a young lady who conceived an insuperable dislike for her lover, because he picked his teeth at the dinner-table ; and she had not the courage to tell him of it. The gentleman, of course, never knew the primary cause of the rejection of his suit. She would find many other causes of dislike afterwards ; for this was merely the breaking of the spell, and when once the spell of love is broken, the bandage comes off the eyes. But this first alienated her heart ; for he had abstained from the habit in the time of respectful deference, and only returned to it when he found himself at home and thought himself secure.

If a man with a lollipop, or a plum-stone in his mouth, comes and leans over the back of the sofa where you are reading, and peeps over your shoulder, sucking and smacking his lips all the while, like a great lubberly schoolboy, it makes you fidgetty and miserable. If you have any nerves at all, you cannot endure it. In fact, it would argue a want of taste or sensibility, if you could bear such conduct, which thick-skinned bears and bulls are very apt to be guilty of because they want delicacy of feeling. It is also very uncomfortable to feel a shoe kicking, however gently or delicately, the chair on which you are sitting, or tapping the bottom of it right beneath, as Yankees, they say are very apt to do; for they are "up to" all sorts of restless, unmannerly habits, especially with their nether extremities. The two moral editors of the *Daily News's* model cheap paper—the pattern for all other papers, and the only respectable cheap weekly, (because it was printed at the same office as the *Daily News*)—quarrelled over a trifle of this description, and published it afterwards, in a circular to the public. S. and H. sat together at the same table; and S. very often, purposely or not, gave it a kick with his foot. H. requested S. not to do so, for it was very annoying. Then S. did it again. H. complained of the rudeness and the disturbance it gave to his thoughts. S., in reply, gave another kick; and at last they parted. The model cheap paper is now no more. Whether the statement was true to the letter or not we have no means of determining; but it is very evident that two editors never could agree together at the same table, if such conduct were perpetrated by either. We do not wonder at the result, and the sudden extinction of the *model*. In fact, if man and wife were to treat each other so at the tea-table, they would soon separate. It would be as good as a bill of divorce; and yet it seems a mere trifle to begin with; but a trifle which magnifies itself enormously in the mind, where it rankles and begets enmities innumerable. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A spark may set a city on fire.

Lover's quarrels are notorious for their trivial origin—the more trivial the more dangerous. Matters of importance in love are easily got over. But trifles are mountains. If you see two lovers go out to take a walk, you may wager a penny they will have a tiff before they come back. Something crosses their path; one says it was a rabbit, the other says it was a hare. They argue the point, and come to no conclusion. The lover thinks the sweetheart ought to yield, as men know more about such subjects than women. The sweetheart is determined not to yield, for she is sure it was a hare. Thus they quarrel, and perhaps they are not fully reconciled again for weeks. Sometimes, also, an article of dress will set them at variance. The lord prefers one kind of flower, the lady prefers another; and instead of wearing the favourite colour of the lord, she wears her own. This puts the lord out of humour, and he makes the lady as miserable as himself. So the clouds come over the face of the sun, and the weather of love becomes dull and stormy for a week or two. All this is as Nature has ordained. Love is a species of weather, and weather is changeable, in this rainy land especially. In Egypt, where there is eternal sunshine, it is otherwise; but there it scorches, and puts out the eyes. It is better to have a succession of changes.

The primary source of this quarrelling is not, as is often imagined, badness of temper, but a passion for perfect sympathy and unity. Even difference of opinion or taste is painful to the highly-refined, sensitive, and imaginative lover. He aims at perfection. The more cultivated the nature, the more fastidious the taste. A boor would never quarrel about such things. It would not matter to him if his sweetheart dressed like a parrot, in yellow, red, and green—whether she wore gloves or mittens, or red, blue, or white flowers in her hair. He has no taste, no preferences, no nerves. She is at perfect liberty to dress and do as she pleases. Fastidiousness is the result of taste, sometimes of temper also ; but even then it allies itself with taste, if only for an apology for its captiousness and rudeness. Pure taste, however, is fastidious, and would certainly interfere with an unsuitable dress, and take great offence if its judgment were despised or disapproved of. Now this offence, when it results from pure taste, is not an evidence of bad temper, but the necessary and unavoidable result of that desire for unity of sentiment and perfect sympathy of feeling between lovers which constitutes the happiness of love. The charm seems broken when this sympathy is lost. The object of love is immediately divested of half its beauty. It was expected to confer a sort of unclouded happiness, but here is a cloud and a very dark one, and one too which is likely to be the harbinger of many more. A storm is overhead, and love shrinks and cowers beneath it like a drenched crow. .

The quarrels of neighbours and relations are very often quite as trifling in their origin as those of lovers. Friendships very seldom last for life, or even for many years. Families are always changing their intimates. And the causes that lead to the change are infinitely various. Sometimes they are even imperceptible. The habit of visiting has been discontinued by absence from town, by family privations, or an excess of new acquaintances ; and coldness ensues, and perhaps offence is taken. The parties themselves could perhaps scarcely enumerate the causes or reasons, they only feel the result. Sometimes a positive offence is taken. They are not invited to a rout, or a dinner, or a pic-nic, and some one else was invited whose acquaintanceship is more recent, but whose rank is greater. This touches the apple of the eye, a most delicate and sensitive place, and cannot be forgiven. Yet no offence was intended. It is only suspected, and cannot be mentioned—it is too trifling even to notice. It rankles within the breast or in the bosom of the family, and would even be denied, most energetically denied, were an apology made for the omission. Country people are particularly prone to such quarrels. The farther from town, the more formality in many respects there seems to be. Even in villages and rural districts, such sources of annoyance are frequent and vexatious, the more so, perhaps, that everybody knows what everybody is doing ; and when the rich give a rout, if you are not there you are talked of as one of the excluded. All the village gossips know it ; and if you are very sensitive and imaginative you feel what they are saying, though you do not hear it, and you blush like one of our late correspondents, at what you hear within yourselves of the clatter of the neighbourhood. In London there is little of this, at least until you rise to the very highest circle, which is comparatively small ; and there the same annoyances are experienced by those whose names are not published in the list of fashion-



ables who figured at the *soirées* of the great. But in the sphere below the greatest, whose lists are not published, there is comparative ease of mind upon this subject, for nobody knows who is giving parties, and who was there.

Brothers and sisters, also, must not be forgotten. They are generally tiresome creatures. Our young lady correspondents often complained of their tiresome brothers, who find fault with them for everything, call them stupid, awkward, impudent and everything but ugly—they dare not do that. Then they call their writing mere scratching, their spelling shameful, their grammar wretched, and their ignorance deplorable. All superlative expressions—no kind words. And this is all the thanks they get for darning their stockings, sewing on their shirt-buttons, and hemming their cravats. These are not trifles certainly. They are mountains of offence. But we must trace them to their origin. They begin in trifles. Tom shakes his foot when sitting beside Mary. Mary touches the table when Tom is writing. Tom shakes his pen on Mary's dress. Mary cries and calls Tom a good-for-nothing jolt head, and throws a hassock on his manuscript; and so it goes on till kindness is subdued, and the tones of criticism, banter, and reproach, become the usual tones of conversation between them. It is very seldom that quarrels begin with any thing else but trifles—trifles which lead to other trifles greater than themselves; and last of all, to mountains of offence—chasms also, deep chasms, which separate friends and relations for ever. They are therefore of immense importance, and should not be wantonly played with when seen to irritate and give offence; for offence, once taken and seriously felt, makes the temper more susceptible to other offences ever after. The spell is broken, and, like the China vase that is once fractured, it cannot be mended without leaving a scar for ever. It is very questionable whether serious quarrels of any description are ever afterwards thoroughly made up. We suspect that they are only mended like the porcelain vase. A deep offence can never be forgotten. But it may be sometimes useful in correcting the errors of previous conduct, and thus rendering the two parties more endurable to one another. Quarrels are good teachers—they reveal the faults of both parties to themselves respectively; and, if we be willing to learn from the dictates of experience, they certainly supply excellent counsel for the future regulation of the conduct. They increase our prudence and discretion, but they destroy the bloom and the tenderness of early affection.

This leads us to the moral use of the study of trifles. They are said to amuse weak minds, but they irritate strong ones, and they are not unworthy the attention of great ones. Indeed, the greatest of moral teachers have always taken their illustrations from the most commonplace every-day occurrences. It is the province of true wisdom to turn these to account in the cultivation of the mind and the temper, and the promotion of personal, domestic, and social happiness. It is rather an evidence of weakness of mind to overlook trifles and busy oneself only about mountains. Such men are not fit for refined society, whose pleasures are derived from the smallest, the most delicate, and almost imperceptible niceties. Even the wing of a midge is a matter of importance when it goes into the eye; and refined society is all eye, and everything that is said or done is felt in its sphere of acute sensibility.

We shall never get rid of the irritation occasioned by trifles ; nor is it desirable that we should. It is not only the evidence of our sensibility, but it is the sensibility itself, and criterion of taste, the test of excellence, or the primary cause of improvement in personal behaviour and in social etiquette. We are careful of our own manners, because we know from experience what it is to be offended with those of others. We study the niceties of behaviour, because of the pleasure which from experience we know they are capable of affording to our fellow creatures. We should forget all our good manners if we forgot the offence of rude behaviour ; and we should never even learn to clothe our language, our tones of voice, or our actions with the polish of an elegant demeanour, if we were not acutely sensible of the pain which is inflicted by coarseness of speech and incivility of conduct. Pain of this description is the stimulant to improvement. The most delicate nerves are those that are most accutely sensitive to pain and to pleasure. Pleasure without pain is a natural impossibility, except through the instrumentality of good manners and perfect moral government. These shield us from the evil ; but the potential or possible evil exists for ever as a caution to prevent our relapse into bad behaviour.—*Family Herald*.

*The Gallic Cock, or Commotion in the Poultry Yard of Europe.*

THE cock is a very conceited creature. It is reported that a cock actually believes that it dispels the darkness by means of its crowing. Milton, with the capacious creed of every genuine poet, has adopted this idea in his "Allegro," or "Merry-man," where he informs us that this affected consequential vanity—

" With its lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thence."

Then when the sun rises, the conceited animal actually believes it has risen by command of the lord of the poultry-yard. Then it gets up on a barrel or a pailing, a wicker-basket, or its own favourite heap of corruptible matter, and crows enormously. It seems as if it would go into convulsions with vanity. The crowing is more like a fit than a spontaneous movement. The same sort of fit takes place if, after defying the creature, you turn your back upon it and retire. It then thinks it has defeated you, and up it raises the shrill gallicant. This is to tell all the hens how well it has defended them, and that the enemy is put to flight.

When a hen has laid an egg, a similar spirit seems to take possession of her. She does not care about the dawning of the day, or the rising of the sun. These are subjects of inferior importance to a hen. "See what an egg I've laid—cuck-uck-uck-awe!" &c. The animal goes into perfect convulsions. It becomes possessed. It is not a voluntary act, the cackle ; it is a powerful fit which almost chokes the creature. The cock, too, is as proud as the hen on this occasion. No sooner does it hear the cackle, than it knows at once the meaning of it, and up it jumps on the wicker, or the heap of straw and other substances, and announces to all the habitable world that an egg is laid ; chant answers to chant—cackle to crow. The fools ! for no sooner does the cock hear of it, than she goes and secures the egg for her custard pudding.

One cock answers to another cock over all the land. Even in this Cockney land where we now write—so far from rusticity, that it takes us about an hour to walk out of the din of civilisation—we hear cock answering to cock almost every night. It is an error to suppose that the animal begins to crow only at the dawn. It crows at intervals during the night, and particularly about midnight, when it seems to weary for the sun ; we often hear it at half-past eleven, before or after going to bed, and no sooner does one begin than at least a dozen are heard immediately succeeding. The one electrifies the other. They rise from their perches, flap their wings with great vehemence, hold up their necks, and make the whole neighbourhood resound.

This bird represents the French nation, and with great propriety has the symbol been chosen. It has been imposed upon it by the name of Gallia or Gaul. Gallus is the Latin word for a cock, and France being the chief or most influential portion of old Gaul, it alone has preserved the name. The name has no doubt suggested the emblem. Nor could the French have found, in the whole vocabulary of natural history, a better emblem of themselves than this, which was merely suggested at first by a Latin pun. It is their favourite emblem too, if we may judge from their mouth-piece, Lamartine, who says in his *France and England*, that the cock “has shown his neighbours that his crow can wake them up, and that he can see further off than the horizon of his dunghill, preserve his generous habits, and wipe out the recollection of the imperial eagle’s haughty carriage.” When the French cock crows the other cocks begin to crow also. When the French people has laid an egg, the cackling is universal. The convulsion seizes hold of all the pullets, and there is quite a commotion in the coop. What an extraordinary thing a French egg is ! “Peace and liberty born in one day in France !” a most remarkable occurrence—“cuck-uck-uck-awe—cuck-awe,” &c.

The first great egg that the hen laid was a monster. There was a mighty noise about it, and wonderful things were expected of the young bird ; but it turned out a crocodile, and alarmed even the hen itself. Hens are generally very much afraid when they bring forth ducks, and see them run into the water ; but to bring forth young crocodiles, with huge jaws, four feet, and neither wings nor feathers, is still more frightful. The hen went back to her nest in sorrow. She laid once more, and once more the convulsion seized her and all her neighbours. This egg was more harmless than the former ; but still it did not bring forth a young pullet, but only a snake, which took up its lodgment in the grass, and did a considerable amount of sly mischief. Another egg has now come forth, and all the poultry in Europe are a-cackling. What will come of this one it is hard to say. We do not pretend to be prophets. But the crowing and cackling are as loud and convulsive as ever. The same inflated, vaunting, golden-age-promising style of proclamation characterises this as the two former. A great deal of heart is visible in the movement—a generous desire to do something permanently advantageous is abundantly manifest. But the heart alone is incapable without the head ; and we suspect—however wickedly—that there is more will than power to realise the dream of universal liberty, equality, and fraternity in Christendom, or even in France. Mountains higher and more rugged than the Alps have to be overcome ;

a road more difficult than the Simplon has to be cut, to form a free communication between minds which have been separated for ages by the most impassable of all mountains—the mountains of prejudice. This cannot be done by the mere laying of an egg, or by turning William Smith and his family out of France, and compelling them to take refuge in the British isles.

Some of our Chartists in England and Scotland seem very anxious to follow the example of the French hen, and to lay an egg too. They seem to think that they would be the better for so doing. Wait a little till the French egg be hatched. If it turn out a good bird, then that will prove an encouragement to other birds; but in the meanwhile, as very serious commercial embarrassments attend a revolution in one leading nation of the world, it would be madness to get up two at the same time. We shall pay even for the French Revolution. Our fellow-countrymen are driven out of France even without their wages; they are just told to be off by the men of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and they are coming over here in hundreds, in the capacity of paupers. English capital in France is also much reduced in value; trade is considerably interrupted, and may be still more so. Banks are giving way and others are likely to follow; and such evils always press more heavily upon the poor than the rich; for the bankers and rich merchants, even when they fail, contrive, like cats to fall upon their feet; but their poor dependents are immediately discharged, and find themselves destitute; for they have not been able, out of a scanty remuneration for daily labour, to feather their nests. If this third French egg turns out well, all Europe will benefit by it; but not otherwise. We need not be afraid of losing the advantage; we shall even be in advance of the French. We gain their experience, without their bloodshed and confusion. We shall have all the social reforms that they are able to realise, without the social disorder by which they are purchased. The former Revolution—that is, of 1830—was the immediate cause of our own Reform. We obtained it very quietly without the loss of a single life. The French, who crowed and cackled over their egg, got no reform at all; but merely made a leap, like an uncomfortable fish, from the frying-pan into the fire. We have been going on reforming ever since—doing little, we allow, for the sensible or perceptible benefit of the population; but the French have been going back—obliterating even the traces of former liberty, destroying even the municipal rights of the nation, restraining the liberty of the press, and curtailing the list of constituency. It may be so again—we know not; but it is quite as probable now as in 1830, that we shall gain more in a quiet way by the French Revolution than the French themselves; for they are a theoretical, we a practical, people,

There is one thing to be remarked amid all this crowing—that the principal objects—liberty of speech and writing, and liberty of public meeting which are tantamount to the reign of the people—are already attained in this country without a revolution. We must confess, however, that it was not without a great and violent struggle. Our press liberty is as great as it possibly can be. The government interferes not at all. No public writer ever has the fear of the censor upon him whilst he is using his pen. The only censor that we have is the public; and a severe censor the public is.

We are sure to be rebuked, if we commit an indiscretion ; and punished, if we commit a fault. Every reader that we have is a censor ; and every correspondent exercises a certain amount of moral influence over us, to keep us in check. This combined influence is not only more conducive to order than any censorship which the government can exercise, but it is also more agreeable to the mind of the writer ; for it does not assume the form of individual tyranny, but merely that of the spirit of the age—a personage against whom it is useless to complain, and whom it is folly to defy.

No continental nation has yet established this liberty as we have it. Within the last few days they have had it in France and perhaps elsewhere ; but it has not as yet become a permanent feature of the country. It is long since a government prosecution of the press took place in England, and the government then lost so much more than it gained by the irritation produced, that it has been deemed inexpedient to persist. When Hone was prosecuted in 1817, for parodying the Liturgy, and giving it a political and satirical character, he was defended by the nobility and gentry themselves. The Duke of Bedford, head of the Russell family, subscribed 100 guineas for his defence. The Earl of Darlington the same, and the Earl of Sefton the same. A member of the House of Lords, who called himself only an enemy to persecution, subscribed £100 ; the Earl of Tavistock £50 ; Sir Francis Burdett £100, &c. The subscriptions were very large, and yet such a publication as that of Hone's would not take the fancy of the present free generation. It would be condemned at once by the public taste. It is merely such a thing as is sometimes cried, sung or chaunted in the streets by the very sediment of the population. The parody of the Lord's prayer, as published by Hone, may suffice as a specimen—"O Lord, who art in the Treasury, whatsoever be thy name—thy power be prolonged—thy will be done throughout the empire as it is in each session. Give us our usual sops, and forgive us our occasional absences on divisions, as we promise not to forgive them that divide against thee. Turn us not out of our places, but keep us in the House of Commons, the land of pensions and plenty, and deliver us from the people. Amen." Such stuff would not make any favourable impression on any one class of the people—it could only tickle the fancy of those who are fond of ribaldry. But if you set up a man on a pedestal for publishing such things, you make him notorious, and give immense circulation to that which you wish to suppress. Silence in a government, therefore, is the best policy. The public censor begins to act whenever the government censor is discharged. But so long as the government keeps a censor in pay, the public censor is mute, and gives encouragement even to that which it would otherwise condemn. By means of censorship the kings and the dukes of the Continent have thus been giving encouragement to those very doctrines which they endeavoured to suppress. Socialism and communism, which have not taken in this land of liberty, are so widely spread in countries where the censorship has been in operation, as to threaten the very existence of the throne and the altar.

Governments are thus well punished for their folly, and become the unconscious nurses of those very passions which they are anxious to allay.

It is the same with parents who act a severe and illiberal part to their children. They first destroy confidence. The child then begins to elude the vigilance of the parent, to deceive, to scheme, to lie, and finally to rebel. Immorality is thus produced by an extraordinary effort to produce the opposite—the reaction prevails—the dam gives way—and a torrent ensues. Moreover, this torrent is always dangerous and ruinous, although indispensable in the given circumstances. It always desolates a large amount of land, carries away goods and chattels, uproots trees and fences, and sweeps away houses and cottages. This is a great loss to a country, as well as to the individual sufferers, and therefore the damming or restrictive system is bad, for it collects an overwhelming force of waters which must one day be let out. We have not adopted it in this country, though we have tried it. Happily for the nation, those who attempted it were beat and compelled to give way; the waters now flow freely; men speak what they think, and meet when they please, and they are never interfered with, so long as they do not break windows or destroy property, which no public meeting has any moral right to do. Even the French when they make a revolution are not guilty of such petty larceny, or outrage.

The propagation of social principles in Christendom since the first great outburst of the French revolution, in 1792, has considerably affected and modified the character of the present revolution. It has even been called a social revolution. Communism is largely mixed up with it. This is too *ultra*, however, to be practical in any circumstances. Fourierism has infused a large portion of its spirit into it. We see from the journals, that the French paper, *La Presse*, has resolved to adopt the Fourierite principle of copartnership with all engaged on the paper. That principle is to divide the profits into twelve parts, and those connected with it into three classes, representing capital, talent, and labour, and to give three parts to the one, four to the other, and five to the remaining class, thus dividing the twelve parts amongst them; a rule that may apply very well in some trades, but certainly not in all, for in some the labour is all, in others the talent is all. It is too arbitrary for a universal rule, but the principle may be adopted without a slavish adherence to the proportions. Only the danger is, that, on varying the proportions, capital or talent should take advantage of labour, as they are very apt to do. Thus a theatrical star will run away with all the profits of a theatre, and very often with more, and leave labour with scarcely shoes to its feet; whereas if a rule were adopted, labour would be protected from such aggressions. In mining, however, where labour and capital are everything,—if talent, which might all be concentrated in one individual directing a hundred men—the reward might be rather disproportionate. However, such experiments are about to be made in France, and the world will know by the results their practical utility.

The sociality of the Revolution promises well for peace; for such experiments can never be made in a time of war, when everything is done in a sort of hap-hazard style. But the want of experience is somewhat unfavourable to the hope of a speedy solution of the problem. All social experiments on a small scale have hitherto failed. It was replied, in answer to those who urged this fact as an objection to the truth of the principle,

that supreme power was necessary for the effectual working out of the principle. Now they have supreme power. But that will not be supreme enough, for the mass is too huge and lubberly to be moved and actuated by the principle. But no doubt something will be done; and that something will be a starting-point for future experiments. All the world looks on when a nation experimentalises. It will now be seen whether the theorists were in advance of the world, or the world of them. We in this land, however, should be quiet, and congratulate ourselves that we do not belong to the revolutionary land, where everything is turned topsy-turvy in a night by a row in the streets. With all their revolutions, the French are no better off than we are ourselves. Beggary stalks abroad over all France. Paris contains some fifty thousand persons whose mode of living is unknown even to the most vigilant of all police; and France contains about two millions of persons who live upon chesnuts, which they shake from the trees—creatures as poor as the Irish themselves; for they have not even beds to lie upon, nor bed-clothes to cover them—they lie down on a sort of dried heath, in their day-clothes. Such a land requires reform; but, as the water-carrier said, when he heard the cry of “Liberty and equality!” “All gammon! What! do they mean to say that they are willing to become water-carriers!”—*Ibid.*

#### IV.—THE ARTS.

##### *On the ancient Buddhist Architecture of India.\**

To obviate as far as possible the difficulty arising from the extreme complexity of the subject, I propose confining what I have to say this evening to the Buddhist architecture only, rejecting for the present all other styles. It is the most ancient and most easily circumscribed, besides being, I think, the one most generally interesting to Europeans; and if I can define to you correctly its position, in time and space, so as to give you a clear idea of when it arose, and in what part of India, I shall not despair communicating to you some interesting information on the subject.

Before, however, proceeding to do this, there are one or two points to which I would wish to call your attention. The first is to beg of you to discard from your minds all idea of the primeval antiquity of Indian monuments, though you have seen this asserted in every treatise that has hitherto been written on the subject. There is no fact in the whole range of the subject so clear to my mind as that the Buddhist monuments are the most ancient, and the founder of the religion died only 543 B.C.; but even this is too early, for the religion did not become the religion of that state till more than three centuries from the time, when Asoka, the greatest of Indian monarchs, was converted to it; and the earliest monuments of any sort that we have in India belong to his reign, or are subsequent to the year 250 B.C. This I look upon as an indisputable, and hitherto undisputed fact:—of course monuments of an earlier date may hereafter be

discovered, but it is scarcely likely : at all events, I know that no one that I have seen or heard of, has any pretension to an earlier date. That the people were civilised, and had buildings before that time, is equally certain, but they must have been slight, and constructed of wood ; and, indeed, all the earlier caves shew how little they had advanced beyond wooden construction at the period they were constructed, as I shall have occasion to shew in the sequel ; and besides this, we have the collateral evidence, though only negative it must be confessed, of the silence of the Greeks, who surely would not have omitted all mention of them had any buildings of importance existed at the time they were so familiar with that country.

There is another generally received dogma I must beg of you to banish from your minds, that there exists any similarity between Egyptian and Indian architecture. I believe it to have arisen only from the error just pointed out regarding the supposed antiquity of the Indian monuments, and consequently having two styles very old and very mysterious, and of one of which, at least, writers knew very little, it was natural that they should be classed in the same category, and a resemblance assumed, till further knowledge pointed out the fallacy. Had architectural criticism, however, been conducted on more philosophical grounds, the error never could have existed, for men would then have known that when architectural similarities exist, we may predicate similarities of race as certainly as we are in the habit of doing from similarities of language ; and that when two distinct races occupy the different countries, similarities of architecture are as inseparable as those of language. But of this more hereafter.

There is still one other point I must bring to your notice before proceeding to the architecture, which is this : that from the earliest times, India has been inhabited by two distinct and separate races ; the one, as far, at least, as we know, aboriginal, inhabiting nearly the whole of the southern part of the peninsula, and forming the substratum of the population even in the northern parts : who they are we do not know, for no affinity for their language has been discovered among any other people in the world. So far as we yet know, they stand utterly alone, and though I think I can trace some slight resemblance, as I am not going to speak of their buildings, I shall not trouble you with them now.

The other, a Brahminical race, came into India as strangers and conquerors, I believe about 3000 B.C. They came across the Indus, and gradually extended their settlements all along the valley of the Ganges ; and, as the superior and more civilized people, the influence of their arts, literature, and institutions is felt down to Cape Comorin, though their language *is*, or rather only *was*, spoken to the north of the Vindhya mountains. This I have endeavoured to express on this map.

Whatever difficulty we may have regarding the affinities of the other race, we have none regarding this one, as they are a branch of the same Indo-Germanic family to which we ourselves belong ; and if you draw a straight line on the map of the world from the mouth of the Ganges to Iceland, it will pass directly through the centre of these settlements, leaving Persia, Greece, and Rome on the one hand, and Russia and Scandinavia on the other, all which belong to this great family of the human race.



The Buddhist religion, as we now know it, is essentially a religion of the Sanscrit or Indo-Germanic race, and seems at an early period to have extended through the greater part of these tribes, though, by a strange fatality, it is not professed by a single nation of that great family at the present day; and there does not exist in India proper, an individual, certainly not one establishment of Buddhists, but it is still the religion of China, Siam, Burmah, and Thibet, and of almost all the Tartar race. But even among them, though their language has no affinity with Sanscrit, the Buddhist scriptures are preserved in the old Pali of India, which is merely a dialect of the Sanscrit, and I myself have heard the priests of Buddha in China, repeat their prayers and hymns in this extinct tongue without their understanding one syllable they were saying.

It is more than probable that Buddhism, or something very like it, existed long before the age of Sakya Sinha, but at all events no distinct trace of it is found in India till his time. He was the son of the king of a petty principality, at the foot of the Himalayas, one of the last of a long race of kings who had held supreme power in that region, and we have, even now, the names of 120 of his forefathers who succeeded one another on the throne of Ayodya; his race, however, had fallen into decay, and been superseded by another who had usurped the power, when Sakya Sinha—that was his proper name—left his father's court, became an ascetic, and after preaching and teaching for forty-five years, died at Rajagriha, 543 B.C. Perhaps it will fix the date better in your minds, if I state that he was contemporary with Confucius in China, Cyrus in Persia, Solon in Greece, and the Tarquins in Rome; in short, of all those great men who ushered in that great epoch of the world's history which we know as that of the Greek and Roman civilization.

As I said before, his religion languished for more than three centuries from the time of his death, sometimes in favour with the people and princes, sometimes neglected, perhaps persecuted, till Asoka did for it what Constantine did for Christianity—he made it the religion of the state. This Asoka was the grandson of Chandragupta, who is identical with the Sandracottus of the Greek and Roman historians, and who usurped the throne of India, vacant apparently in consequence of the defeat of Porus by Alexander the Great, or at least of some internal convulsion occurring at that time.

His conversion, in the eleventh year after his accession and the seventh after his inauguration, is one of the most celebrated events in the history of this religion: and he himself signalized it by inscribing fourteen edicts, containing the principal doctrines of the faith, on a rock in Orissa; and a second copy, slightly varied, of them, on another rock in Guzerat, and a third copy has lately been found in Afghanistan: besides these he set up pillars or laths, in various parts of his dominions, at Delhie, Allahabad, in Tirhoot and other places, inscribed with short edicts, to the same effect. Some five or six of which still exist. In the rock edicts, one of them mentions his having engaged his allies, Ptolemy, Antiochus, Alexander, and Megasthenes, to tolerate, if not to favour his doctrines in their countries, a circumstance which not only fixes his date with certainty, but, coupled with the spread of the edicts, proves the extent of his power and alliances at that period.

When first promulgated, no religion could have been more free from idolatry or polytheism, or materiality of any sort, than this one; indeed, so much is this the case, that it has often been called atheistic, and by those who were well acquainted with its tenets, though this has been disputed by others.

It is true, images of Buddha and Saints afterwards became very common, but only in modern times. In the more ancient buildings nothing of the sort exists, and there is no more certain proof of antiquity than their absence; and, on the contrary, the more frequent and prominent they become, the more modern the building is certain to prove; till at last the religion sank into a polytheistic idolatry, almost as corrupt as that of the Hindoos themselves, and perished in toto, after being the religion of India for nearly 1000 years, or from B.C. 250 and A.D. 750: it existed some time longer, it is true, but in a languishing condition, and about the period of the Mahometan conquest disappeared altogether.

One of the earliest forms of Buddhist worship is that of relics, which gave rise to the other principal forms of architectural utterance. One of the most celebrated of these relics now is the left-eye tooth of the founder, which immediately after his death was conveyed to Cuttack, and kept there for some eight centuries; on the country being invaded, however, by some strangers, the daughter of the king concealed this most precious treasure in her hair, and escaped with it to Ceylon, where it was received with all due honour, and enshrined in a magnificent casket. When we got possession of the island, we immediately took charge of the palladium, a guard was appointed to watch over it, and the key of the chamber where it was kept was never out of the possession of the chief commissioner of Kandy. As you will see by the last papers from the East, we have got tired of the charge, and the new governor, Lord Torrington, has handed over possession of it to the priests, to take care of for themselves.

These relics were always enshrined and kept in topes or dagobas, of one of which I have a drawing here. A tope is a tumulus or, to speak more correctly, it bears the same relation to a tumulus that a stone altar does to a stone coffin, or sarcophagus,—the one is meant for the burial of a body, the other is a simulated tomb meant to contain a relic, which may be a bone, or a whole skeleton, or a vessel, or bit of cloth—any thing, indeed, that has become particularly sacred.

A tope consists always of three parts—first, a circular base or *drum*, a *dome*, and lastly, a *tee*, or ornament on the top, supporting an umbrella of state, sometimes there are nine of them. These often vary in height, the oldest being the lowest, and the tendency being always to make them taller and taller as we descend in the series.

The principal relic is always deposited in a small chamber, exactly under the centre of the buildings, at the height of the springing of the dome. Sometimes a second and third deposit has been found, one above another, which led the celebrated German geographer Ritter, to propose the theory that the topes were like the Chinese towers, built in three, six, or nine stories, a conjecture that shewed he was in the right path of inquiry, though I believe that he was mistaken, the true explanation being, that when a second similar relic was found, instead of building a new tope,

it was placed in a chamber on the top of the old one, and a new casing added to the whole, in this manner, and so on, with a third or fourth if requisite. This was the conclusion M. Masson arrived at, from his extensive researches among the topes in Afghanistan,—and in Burmah such is even now the current belief of the priests. I have here, for instance, a drawing of the famous pagoda of Rangoon, said originally to have been a small building, but increased successively, to contain the staff of one Buddha, the water dipper of a second, the bathing garment of a third, and eight hairs from the head of the last.

When the great tope at Manikyala-Taxila, in the Punjab, was opened by General Ventura, the principal deposit was found surrounded by coins of a king, known to have lived about the Christian era: an upper one was surrounded by those of the Assacidæ. The principal relic was contained in a small gold cylinder, inclosed in a copper one, and consisted of some fragments apparently of amber, in a brown liquid, though it has never been correctly ascertained what they were.

In all the larger structured topes, the tee has been destroyed, but we have abundance of representations of them in the sculpture of the caves and their paintings, and also in the rock-cut topes, to know what they were. In the oldest caves they consisted of a cubical basement, supporting one or three discs, or umbrellas of wood; one of these still exists at Carli, though probably from fifteen to eighteen centuries old. At Ajunta we have the same form repeated in stone, and a model of one was found in the chamber of a tope in Afghanistan, now in the museum of the India-house, with nine discs. Afterwards the tee became all-important, the domical basement having gradually gone out of use, and the nine-storied towers, such as the famous porcelain tower at Nankin, are merely exaggerated tees, without the topes they were once meant to adorn. I have not drawings here sufficient to point out all the steps of this transformation, but I have seen every step of it, and have here a drawing published some years ago by the Asiatic Society, in which you will see a tope surrounded by a nine-storied tee of almost the exact form of those in China.

The circular inclosure that surrounds, or at least did always surround, these topes, is another peculiarity, I must not omit to mention. In the instance I have selected for illustration, that at Sanchee: it consists of upright pillars, about 11 feet high, joined at the top by a transverse piece, and between each pillar there are inserted three bars of stone,—a peculiarity, as far as I know, that does not exist in any other structural building *now standing*, but it must have been very common, for, as a moulding, this singular form exists in every ancient cave or building I am acquainted with, and is by far the most common moulding found.

Owing to the facility with which it can be removed, this inclosure is not found in any of the topes in Afghanistan; but in Ceylon, where topes are still respected, almost all of them have it. The pillars, however, are not generally joined at top, but stand in one, two, or three concentric rows, round the monument. In some instances almost more important than the monument itself, as in this one of the Thupuramaya.

Sometimes these circles became the principal or only object at an Amravati, on the Kistna, which is only a large circle of large sculptured stones,

some of which are in the India-house,—in the centre of which there is now a tank, but whether that is the original design or not, I cannot say.

Another peculiarity of the Buddhist religion is their veneration for sacred places, to mark which they frequently erected towers, similar in form to topes, but in the ruined state in which they are now found it is difficult to detect the difference till after the trouble is taken to open them, when, no relic existing in the centre, the explorer, after all this vain trouble, discovers that he has been working on a stupha, which is the proper name of these monumental towers, while dagoba is the one that, were I not afraid of multiplying hard names, should be applied to those that contain relics.

The gateways are another peculiarity of this monument deserving notice, as they are the only ones now standing in India, and from their top-heavy form it is wonderful they have stood so long. From their form, it is evident they must be copies of wooden erections; indeed among the frescoes of Aunta there is represented a wooden one, very similar in form to this. The wooden one, however, may be merely a cheaper form of accomplishing the object wanted, in which case this must be considered as an elaborate Trilithon.

They are all covered with sculpture of the most elaborate kind, representing emblems and the objects of Buddhist worship, but, owing to their antiquity, no images of Buddha himself.

One of the four has fallen, and as it contains historical bassi-relievi, representing among other things, a siege of a town, in which the dress of the warriors and their arms, as well as the forms of the houses, and other interesting peculiarities, exist, I wish much it could be conveyed to England, as it would convey a very different idea of Indian art to the public than anything that has yet been brought to this country.

Be this as it may, these gateways are the originals of the Pailoos of the Chinese, or, as they are usually called by Europeans, triumphal archways, which generally stand in the market-places of towns in China.

Another class of Buddhist monuments to which I must now call your attention are the chaityas, or churches of that religion. In India we know them only as caves, and in consequence I will always call them chaitya caves. The finest and most perfect one in India is that at Carli, of which I have here a plan and section; it is 102 ft. 3 in. in length internally, and 45 ft. 7 in. in width. Like all these caves, it bears a striking resemblance in disposition to the choir of old Norman churches—consisting always of a centre and two side aisles, terminating in a semicircle, in the centre of which is placed the altar, which, in this instance, is always a tope or dagoba: whether these rock-cut examples contained relics or not I cannot say, certainly not in their interior, for if the rock were once opened, the fracture could not be concealed. But they all shew traces of being covered with woodwork and ornaments of some sort, and the relic may have been placed in a chasse of some sort in front of the dagoba. In the most modern ones, a figure of Buddha stands in front of it, but the existence of this is a certain sign that we are arrived at an age when idolatry had superseded the more purely Buddhist doctrine of relic worship.

To the chaitya caves I shall return presently when speaking of their construction, and shall therefore now pass on to the only remaining class

of monuments with which I will now trouble you, and these are viharas, or monasteries, which always accompany these chaitya caves. Generally there are three or four, or more monasteries to each church, and often the monasteries exist alone, without any chaitya cave in the series, though the converse is, I believe, never the case.

The earliest of these viharas are mere cells, cut in the rock, where one or two ascetics might dwell—one of the most singular being the tiger cave at Cuttack, which is a rock cut into the form of a tiger's head, the expanded jaws forming the verandah, and a doorway where the throat should be, leading to the cell.

In the next stage they became a long cell, with a long verandah ; then gradually the cell became a hall, supported by four, twelve, sixteen, or twenty-four pillars, with the cells arranged around them. In this case, however, opposite the entrance is always placed a sanctum, in which is a figure of Buddha, as an object of worship : and in the more modern times side-chapels are also provided, in which are statues of inferior saints. Generally speaking, the walls and roofs of all these monasteries are decorated with fresco paintings, representing either historical subjects, as battle pieces or great ceremonials, or scenes from the life of Buddha, or of the peculiar saints to whom the Vihara may be more particularly dedicated.

The Dagobas, Stuphas, Chaityas, and Viharas, mentioned in the first part of my communication, are the four principal forms of Buddhist architecture, and the only ones it is necessary, or that I have time, to particularise. But I must now say a few words regarding the architectural forms and peculiarities of the buildings themselves.

First, then, with regard to the pillars. All pillars in India were originally square, and set up as such ; the angles are then cut off at a certain height, so as to make them into octagons ; the operation is again repeated, so as to make sixteen sides. Sometimes I have seen thirty-two introduced ; but more often when this is attempted this division becomes circular, and remains so. Another peculiarity is the bracket capital, which is universal, and does not exist in any other style that I am aware of, though for tra-beate architecture it is, I feel convinced, not only decoratively but constructively a great improvement in the mode adopted by the Egyptians or the abacus of the Greeks.

The entablatures are generally only repetitions of a wooden beam, serving as an architrave ; and in the caves the whole wooden construction is generally repeated.

Another peculiarity is the entire absence of an arch of construction, not only in these Buddhist, but in all Hindoo buildings down to a very late period. When first I saw their curvilinear forms, and what I could not but think were discharging arches over all the openings, I felt convinced that the knowledge of the arch must have extended to this country at a very early period ; further researches, however, have convinced me that such was not the case, but that they are all copies of curvilinear-roofed wooden buildings ; indeed, in the oldest caves the wood used actually remains, as at Carli, though of course used only as an ornament ; and in the modern caves we have identically the same forms repeated in the rock, but so minutely copied that even the mortices, dovetails, and pins of the carpentry are minutely copied. Even in the present day, after the long ex-

perience of the arch-building Mahometans, the Hindoos never willingly use an arch, though they frequently cut the faces of their stones in the form of arches; and in some of the oldest Mahometan buildings it is quite curious to observe, where they employed Hindoo builders, how they constructed the large pointed arches their style required on their own horizontal principles. I have seen an arch 20-feet wide and 40 feet high so built. I need scarcely add, it is now very much crippled, and most of those around it have fallen in. Had the Hindoos had their own way, they would have laid one long stone-beam across the opening, which, constructively, would have been the best form; but the Moslems required their own pointed form; and as the rude warriors would not, or could not, be their own masons, they were obliged to put up with what their conquered subjects could do for them.

Another peculiarity, the last I shall mention, is the mode in which these caves are lighted. At first I was inclined to believe it was a peculiarity of cave architecture, and arose from the necessities of that mode of making temples; but now I am convinced that it was also used in the structural originals from which they were copied. In the Chaitya caves the whole light is introduced through one great semicircular or horse-shoe opening or window immediately over the entrance. To a person approaching the cave this is partially concealed, if it was not wholly so, by an external screen, which originally supported music-galleries, and was covered by woodwork and wooden ornaments. From its exposed situation this has in every instance perished, but the mortices and holes are almost sufficient to enable us to restore it. Sometimes, I have reason to believe, the space between the inner and outer screens is at least partially roofed, so that a votary approaching and entering the temple would always stand in comparative gloom and shade, when a strong flood of light would from some unseen opening be thrown from behind and above him on the altar and the priests that served it. Even now, in their denuded and ruined state, the effect is most magical; and when all the arrangements were complete, I am convinced it must have been the most artistic mode of introducing light hitherto invented.

One of the most perfect specimens of lighting is universally acknowledged to be the Pantheon at Rome; it has the advantage, like the caves, of having only one opening, and that high enough not to catch the eye; but it admits the rain, and, besides, the light is a wandering light, sometimes resting on one altar, sometimes on another, and often on the devotee himself, which it never should do.

Owing to the difficulty of managing such large openings in our northern climate with the means they had at their command, our mediæval architects missed this invention, and dispersed their openings almost equally over their buildings. For the display of painted glass they were right,—for white light this Indian one is a far better plan.

I mentioned above that if we are to look for synonyms for Indian architecture, it must be among similar races, speaking the same language and professing the same religion—not among the Coptic Egyptians, whose system and race differ so totally from that of the people we have just now been talking about. It would take long to enter fully into this subject,

but there are one or two points I would like to bring to your notice, if only to shew the direction in which I conceive such researches should extend.

The first is the similarity of our own Stonehenge to the monuments I have just been describing. That building consisted originally of an outer circle of stone, about 100 feet in diameter, encompassing an inner choir, of a horse-shoe form; between these two is a circle of smaller stones of a different character, and within the inner circle a fourth of like nature; the great circles consisting of the usual Sarsen stones of the neighbourhood; the smaller circles are of porphyry, or indurated potstone, that must have come from Cornwall or some distant locality; and it must further be remarked, that while the two great circles are perfectly symmetrical and regular, these do not seem ever to have been completed, or to be symmetrical with themselves or the monument in which they are placed.

Beyond the outer circle, in front of the principal and the western entrances, are detached stones, either alone or in pairs, too distant to be shewn here.

When I first visited this monument, after my return from India, the whole appeared to me so clear and intelligible, on the supposition of its being a Buddhist monument, that I have in my own mind no doubt whatever of the fact, though it may not appear to others so clear as it does to myself.

The outer circle I take to be just such an enclosure as surrounds the tope at Sanchee, with its gateways and stambas; the inner I take to be a Buddhist choir, like that at Carli and everywhere else in India; the intermediate circles, I take to be *danams*, or *donums*—gifts or offerings to the temple; and I should mention that, not only at Sanchee, but elsewhere in India, almost every pillar of the circles bears a short inscription, importing that the column or pillar is the gift of so-and-so; as Samanerasa danam—the gift of Samanera; Dhamagaliksasa mata danam—the gift of the mother of Dhamagaliksa, &c.

According to the same theory, the detached stones in the avenues and opposite the gateways not only become intelligible but necessary; indeed, there is no point about it that does not appear to me intelligible at once.

It may be asked what proof have we that Buddhism ever reached these shores; and though I cannot enter into this question now, I may mention what I believe is scarcely doubted, that the Woden of the Scandinavians is the Buddha of the Indians, from whom our Wednesday takes its name; and that the religion extended to and existed in the North, from whence the Teutonic element of our population came, and if they brought their language, it is not to be wondered at that they brought their religion also.

Had I been wishing to illustrate this point only, I could have brought forward examples much more like Stonehenge than anything I have yet alluded to, for there exist in India rude circles of large stones which present no recognisable difference from those in this country, as well as the simple but elaborate circles such as that of Amrabati, to which I have above referred—but I merely mention it incidentally, and have not, therefore, thought it worth while to get any drawings for the purpose.

The other and last point to which I will allude, does not strictly belong to Buddhist but to Jaina architecture, which, however, is only corrupt

Buddhism, and so similar to it in many respects, that the difference is scarcely recognisable. It is their mode of forming domes, which is always done by placing eight pillars in the angles of a regular octagon; the angles are then cut off by additional architraves, so as to make a polygon of sixteen sides. Sometimes this operation is repeated, so as to reduce it to thirty-two; but in small domes, a sixteen-sided polygon is near enough a circle for all practical purposes; and the dome is raised on this by concentric layers of stones, laid in horizontal bands, projecting beyond one another till they come to a point.

The eight pillars, however, are never allowed to stand alone, but the plan is reduced to a square by the addition of one pillar at each angle, and, generally, the figure is further extended by the addition of two or of four pillars on each face, and again of two, and so on. By this means the building obtains a central point under the dome of great magnificence, which is approached by four aisles, broader than the others in the ratio of 10 to 7, or of the square to the hypotenuse of a right angled isosceles triangle, which, as far as my experience goes, is the most pleasing proportion yet hit upon. In Gothic buildings, when the centre aisle is twice as high as the side ones, the proportion 2 to 1 is more suitable, but here they are all of the same height, and, consequently, such a proportion would be displeasing.

You will see that the arrangement is that adopted by Sir C. Wren, in his famous interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and so far as he followed accidentally this Indian type, he was successful. The defects of that beautiful building arise from his not fully appreciating the elegancies to which the plan he was using might lead. His dome is too large—the walls parallel to the colonnades—and there is a want of harmony in the design between the different parts, which has often been remarked, and certainly hurts the general effect.

It is not, however so much to refer to this, that I have alluded to this mode of building, but to point out the similarity that exists between this style and that of a tomb at Mylassa, in Asia Minor, which must be familiar to you all from the illustrations contained in the *Ionian antiquities* of the Dilettanti Society. So identical is it in construction and form with these Indian buildings, that if its details—which are Greek, or rather, Roman—were so time-worn as to be undistinguishable, had I found the building on the banks of the Ganges, instead of the shores of the Mediterranean, I would have sketched it without remarking that there was anything peculiar or unusual about it.

It may, perhaps, be suggested that I am going far to look for a similarity, which, like that of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, may be accidental; but this is not the case, for Mylassa is on the borders of Lycia, and the only buildings known which at all resemble those singular hog-backed tombs brought to light by Sir Charles Fellows, are a class of buildings common in India, but not such as I could easily have collected had I known of their existence when I was in that country. Indeed, all these chaitya caves are rock-cut copies of buildings, with curvilinear wooden roofs, exactly similar to those of these tombs, and about as far removed from direct imitation of their wooden originals as these are. A curvilinear form for a wooden roof is in itself so singular, that when we find it so prevalent in this country,



I think we are entitled to guess, at least, at some similarity or common origin.

But what renders this view of the matter still more probable is the fact, that Mr. Sharpe, in his admirable "Essay on the Lycian Language," in the appendix to Sir C. Fellows' work, clearly proves that the language of the inscriptions on the Lycian monuments is Zend, or, at least, a dialect of Sanscrit, not further removed from the original tongue than the Pali, in which the inscriptions on these Indian monuments is written. When the subject is more fully investigated, I have no doubt but that it will be fully proved that we have, at these two extremes of Asia, similar buildings erected by tribes of the race who, emanating from one common centre, spread over the whole ancient world, east and west, and are now the dominant race among mankind.

It is not by a hasty assumption of primæval antiquity, and of ill-defined generalisation of styles—which have no connection except both being equally ill understood—that we can arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this subject,—but by carefully investigating similarities, such as those I have alluded to ; and when this is done, I believe it will be found that architecture may be as usefully, and as extensively used to determine the affinities of races as language, and that the history of the world is written in most legible characters in the stone and mortar of its monuments. Viewed in this light, the study of architectural antiquity rises to a dignity it has not hitherto been able to assume.

J. FERGUSSON.

—*The Builder*, 2d March 25.

### *Lord Ellenborough's Plate.*

THE magnificent service of plate presented to the Earl of Ellenborough, as a mark of respect and esteem by his friends and admirers in India, has been an object of much interest during the last fortnight to many visitors to Messrs. Hunt and Roskells, the successors of Storr and Mortimer, in their famed manufactory and shop in Bond-street ; and, as a production of taste and art, it is well worth the attention it has excited, for we have not seen 7,000 ounces of metal (silver) converted by the skill of the designer and modeller (in this case Mr. Frank Howard and Mr. Alfred Brown), into more appropriate and elegant forms. These are a grand centre-piece, two candelabra, four ice-pails, two dessert-stands, and two ornaments for the ends of the table, besides plates, &c., to the total value of £6,000. The centre is necessarily the most striking work ; it exhibits Asia crowning Britannia on a noble pedestal, at the base of which are three figures, a captive Affghan, a captive Chinese, and a British Sepoy, and the whole upborne by recumbent elephants. The effect is splendid, and the accessories all in keeping. The ice-pails are composed to a certain degree in a similar style, with three characteristic Indian figures at the angles of each. The candelabra also are supported by three figures, representing different corps of the British army, and the branches are magnificently carved. The end ornaments are emblematical of the Ganges and Indus, one with a camel, and the other a rhinoceros, and the whole resting on Brahminic bulls. And the dessert stands are worthy of their companions, bearing each a single Hindoo girl, or a fruit-seller, disposed under the shade of an

Indian tree. There is a fine and artistic feeling in all the combinations, and their minor parts are chosen with excellent judgment, and executed in beautiful style. The flowers, fruits, attitudes, unwrought patterns, and all those lesser niceties which give effect to the larger ideas, do infinite honor to Mr. Howard's invention; and the design altogether is realized in a manner to do much credit to this branch of the arts in England; and we the more rejoice in this from knowing that its cultivation has been neglected, and, consequently, that it has fallen short of elder times, even within living memory, and that, in the place of sound principles having of late been applied to it, it has been debased by trifling and spurious performances, just neat, and fanciful enough to please the common eye, but without a merit to call forth the admiration of the true connoisseur. We have plenty of pretty knick-knacks, but forms of real grace are exceedingly rare, and you may inspect half the gay shops in London without finding one article (except, perhaps, an old one), to satisfy, and not outrage, the sense of fitness and effect. We consider this Ellenborough plate to be one of the most successful examples of modern talent and workmanship, and the noble lord may well be proud of his rich and handsome gift.—*Lit. Gaz.*

*The Sutlej Medals.*

THE Medals ordered by her Majesty for distribution amongst the officers and soldiers of her Majesty's and the Company's Service, who took part in the late campaign in the Punjaub, have at length been completed. The design, which is by Mr. W. Wyon, R.A., of the Mint, is one of great beauty. It is appropriate, and marked by classical feeling. The obverse gives an excellent profile of the Queen, with the name; while the reverse represents a figure of Victory, holding out a wreath to the army of the Sutlej in one hand, and in the other she bears a palm branch; at her feet are military weapons, tastefully grouped. In the exergue, are the names of the battles in which the particular wearer took part. Medals have been sent to the several regiments at present in England; and 20,000 have been forwarded to India. It is expected that about 43,000 will be struck. The tie is a blue ribbon, with a red border. As in the case of the Waterloo Medal, there will be no distinction made in the value of the decoration; all will be of silver.—*From Illustrated News.*



THE SUTLEJ SILVER MEDAL.

## V.—NATURAL HISTORY.

### *A Familiar History of Birds; their Nature, Habits, and Instincts.*

*By the Bishop of Norwich. pp. 480. J. W. Parker.*

It was but lately (*L. G.* page 68) that we noticed, with much praise, Mr. Shuckard's translation of Bechstein's *Chamber Birds*, with its ample instructions for their rearing, and interspersed with traits of their habits under various circumstances. But if that volume derived much of its interest from the latter division, what shall we say of the present publication (a fourth edition by the way), which is as full as it can hold of curious and remarkable anecdotes of bird instincts and doings? The historical and scientific portion of the work is equally complete, and a more useful and entertaining miscellany of ornithological information cannot be imagined than that here given to the world by the President of the Linnæan Society. Though (for fearing of *repeating*) we rarely extract from productions whose merits have called for such frequent *repetition*, we cannot help affording a taste of the Bishop's qualities as a Bird Fancier:

"That some guess may be formed of the possible extent of good or evil occasioned by small birds, we annex the result of our own observations on the precise quantity of food consumed by certain birds, either for their own support or that of their young; remarking, at the same time, that the difference observed in the instances may be partly accounted for by the different quantity of food required by young birds at different periods of their growth.

"Sparrows feed their young 36 times in an hour, which, calculating at the rate of 14 hours a day, in the long days of Spring and Summer, gives 3,500 times per week: a number corroborated on the authority of another writer, who calculated the number of caterpillars destroyed in a week to be about 3,400.

"Redstarts were observed to feed their young with little green grubs from gooseberry-trees, 23 times in an hour, which, at the same calculation amounts to 2,254 times in a week; but more grubs than one were usually imparted each time.

"Chaffinches, at the rate of about 35 times an hour, for five or six times together, when they would pause, and not return for intervals of eight or ten minutes: the food was green caterpillars.

"The Titmouse, 16 times in an hour.

"The comparative weight consumed was as follows:—A Greenfinch, provided with 80 grains, by weight, of wheat, in 24 hours, consumed 79; but of a thick paste, made of flour, egg, &c., it consumed upwards of 100 grains.

"A Goldfinch consumed about 90 grains of Canary-seed in 24 hours.

"Sixteen Canaries consumed at the average rate of 100 grains each, in 24 hours.

"The consumption of food by these birds, compared with the weights of their bodies, was about one-sixth; which, supposing a man to consume food in the same proportion to his weight, would amount to about 25 pounds for every 24 hours!"

Again:

"Certain birds of similar habits will naturally, under peculiar circumstances, act very differently; we have an instance of this, in the singular departure of the Magpie from its usual custom of building its nest. Everybody knows that where trees abound, that which is loftiest, or most difficult of access, is chosen; but in parts where there are no trees, instead of retiring to high rocks, and choosing places not easily approached, they will take possession of bushes close to the very doors of

houses, particularly in those countries where, instead of being persecuted, they are preserved, from an opinion that it is unlucky to kill them. Accordingly, in Sweden and Norway, travellers are struck by their surprising numbers and tameness, their nests being built in some low bushy tree close to the cottage-doors, where they are never disturbed.

"The following instance, which fell under the observation of a gentleman when making an excursion in a remote and barren part of the north of Scotland, not only corroborates the statement from Norway and Sweden, but is attended with many other interesting particulars of the sagacity shown by a pair of Magpies. Observing them hopping round a gooseberry-bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was, who informed him that as there were no trees in the neighbourhood, they had for several years built their nest, and brought up their young, in that bush. And that foxes, cats, hawks, &c., might not interrupt them, they had barricaded not only the nest, but the bush itself all around, with briars and thorns, in a formidable manner. The materials in the inside of the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch, but all round, on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge-knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier, from the outer to the inner edge, being above a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young. One day, one of the parent-birds attacked a rat, but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken, and carried it to the top of the house to eat it, where the hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down in her beak; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the Magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while its mother was carrying it down. These Magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years, never suffering either the young when grown up, or anything else, to take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every Spring, with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united forces, if unable to effect the object alone. To this tameness and familiarity the Magpie will sometimes add a considerable degree of courage, and not satisfied with driving away intruders from its premises, has been known to attack animals much its superior in size. One of them was seen pursuing a full-grown hare, making frequent and furious pounces upon it, from which the animal at last escaped only by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, without being observed by its pursuer. No cause could be assigned for this assault.

"A favourable trait in their character occurred in Essex, where some boys, having taken four young ones from a Raven's nest, placed them in a waggon in a cart-shed. About the same time, they happened to destroy the young of a Magpie, which had built its nest near the cart-shed; when the old Magpie, hearing the young Ravens cry for food, brought some, and constantly fed them till they were given away by the boys.

"Generally speaking, these birds prefer our northern climates, though they are very plentifully spread over the world. In some spots they are, however, very scarce, without any apparent reason. Thus, a traveller, who had been through Turkey, remarked that he never saw a single bird of this species, and had seen very few indeed in the adjoining countries."

Again :

"The Nightingale is usually supposed to withhold his notes till the sun has set, and then to be the only songster left. This is, however, not quite true, for he sings in the day, often as sweetly and as powerfully as at night; but amidst the general

chorus of other singing birds, his efforts are less noticed. Neither is he by any means the only feathered musician of the night. The Woodlark will, to a very late hour, pour forth its rich notes, flying in circles round the female, when sitting on her nest. The skylark, too, may frequently be heard till near midnight high in the air, soaring as if in the brightness of a Summer's morning. Again we have listened with pleasure long after dark to the warblings of a Thrush, and been awakened at two in the morning by its sweet serenade. The Sedgebird and Grasshopper-lark may also be heard long after sun-set.

"Light, however, seems to be, in most cases, a regulator of their song; for in the case of the Skylark and Thrush, as it occurred in the middle of June, there was a strong twilight, and we have listened in vain for the Skylark's note beyond the hour above mentioned; though in the northern part of Scotland, and the Shetland Islands, still further northward, where in Summer it is scarcely ever dark, they are heard throughout the night singing; and again, to use old Izaak Walton's words, ascending higher into the air, and then for a time ending their heavenly employment, becoming mute and sad to think they must descend to the dull earth, which they would not touch but from necessity."

### The Titmouse:

"Another pair of the same species established themselves in a still more singular, though certainly less frequented spot, neither more nor less than in the mouth of the skeleton of a man who had been hung in chains for murder. Another pair of a different species (*Purus major*) had wisely fortified themselves in the centre of an old Magpie's nest, where, surrounded by a prickly defence of thorns, &c., they had built their little warm nest without fear of molestation."

"The interior of a skull, as well as the interior of a Magpie's nest, were (however singular) at least better suited to the sedentary life of a bird when sitting on her eggs, than the noisy work-shop of a brass founder's factory; yet in such an unlooked for place did a female Water-Wagtail once build her nest, within a foot of the wheel of a lathe, in the midst of the din of hammers and braziers. There unmolested and unconcerned, she hatched four young ones. The cock, not reconciled to such a scene, instead of taking his part in feeding the nestlings, carried the food he collected to a spot on the roof, where he left it till the hen fetched it when wanted. She became quite familiar with the men who were constantly employed in the shop, and flew in and out without showing signs of fear; but if a stranger approached she immediately flew off her nest, or, if absent, would not return until he had departed.

**Hawks.**—"Wild and shy as Hawks are, it will scarcely be credited, that at one time the common Gledes or Kites were numerous in London streets. This happened in the time of Henry VIII, when it seems that they were attracted by the offal of butchers' and poulterers' stalls; and as, on account of their use in removing so offensive a nuisance, they were not allowed to be killed, they became so fearless as actually to mingle with the passengers, and take their prey in the very midst of the greatest crowds. Few people are, indeed, aware of the numbers of Hawks existing at this day in London. On and about the dome of St. Paul's, they may be often seen; and within a very few years, a pair, for several seasons, built their nest and reared their brood in perfect safety between the golden dragon's wings which formed the weather-cock of Bow Church, in Cheapside. They might be easily distinguished by the thousands who walked below, flying, in and out, or circling round the summit of the spire, notwithstanding the constant motion and creaking noise of the weather-cock, as it turned round at every change of wind."

### Dear affectionate little Ducks:

"A clergyman had a very fierce and noisy house-dog, within the length of whose chain it would have been dangerous for a stranger to have ventured; but notwithstanding his apparently savage disposition, a brood of Ducklings, reared in the yard in which he was kept, soon became so fond of him, that whenever, from his barking

they apprehended danger, they would rush towards him for protection and seek shelter in his kennel.

"A farmer's wife had a young Duck, which by some accident was deprived of its companions, and from that moment seemed to concentrate all its affections on her. Wherever she moved, it followed her so closely that she was in constant fearing of treading upon and crushing, it to death. As it grew older, its affections seemed to strengthen rather than diminish; it laid itself by the fire and basked on the hearth, and when noticed, seemed delighted; this continued till some other Ducks were procured, when, being constantly driven out of the house, it gradually associated itself with its more natural companions.

Hundreds of similar extracts might be made, but these indicia may suffice to speak of their amusing nature; and we have only to add that many woodcuts illustrate them and the habits of birds.—*Lit. Gaz.*

*The Cat-and-Jackall-Pup. Communicated.* A correspondent has kindly communicated to us a curious fact in Natural History: "A common domestic cat of a particularly gentle nature had a litter of four kittens. One morning a stranger was discovered amongst them, which was a young Jackall pup of about the same age,—she had evidently been foraging; and having fallen in with a desolate Jackall, thus increased her maternal obligations. The old Jackall has carried it off more than once, but the cat regularly fetches it back again. That it has imparted some of its wild nature to the kittens, seems probable, for they are the wildest set possible, and useless as domestic animals. Strange to say the Jackall is the only one of this "happy family" that remains with the mother, and is now being brought up tame by one of the servants. It is intended to get a cross with a terrier, and the progeny are expected to turn out real *varmint*."

## VI.—SCIENCE.

*Concluding Sections, 17th Meeting of the British Association.*

[Abridged for the Picnic Magazine.]

SUB-SECTION D.—ETHNOLOGY.

*President*—Professor H. II. WILSON.

*Vice Presidents*—Sir C. MALCOLM, Dr. PRICHARD, Dr. HODGSON, Dr. R. G. LATHAM.

*Secretary*—Prof. BUCKLEY.

"On the affinities of the Malay and Polynesian languages," by J. CRAWFORD, Esq.

"On the aborigines of India," by Genl. BRIGGS.

We regret there was no report either on these or the following papers:

"On the relation of Ethnology to other branches of knowledge," by Dr. PRICHARD.

"On the results of Egyptian Philology on Asiatic and African Ethnology," by CHAS. BUNSEN.

"On the investigations of the late Dr. Tutschek on the Galla, Fozaglo, and Tumali languages."

"On the probable affinities of two of the Doctor's Vocabularies," by Dr. LATHAM.

"On the origin of the Gallas," by Dr. BEKE. It is well known that the Galla tribes, who, for three centuries have overrun Abyssinia, entered from the south, but it is not yet known from what part of Africa they came. The traditions agree that the country of the Gallas lay to the *East* of a large lake or river, situate far South of Abyssinia, probably in an unknown mountainous country, in continuation of the high table land which is to the East of the Nile. The Gallas, not less than the Meremongas, are skilful smiths and cutlers, and the principal consumers of brass wire, which they wear twisted tightly round their arms, from the wrist to the elbow. And in Shoa, whose inhabitants are essentially Gallas, the same custom prevails. From all these circumstances Dr. Beke infers that the country of the Meremongas is most probably the original seat of the Gallas.

"On a new dialect of the Berber language," by Prof. NEWMAN.

"On the primitive inhabitants of Scandinavia," by Prof. NILSSON.

"On branches and affinities of Celtic Races," by Dr. MEYER.

"On Semitic and Indo Germanic languages," by Prof. JARRET.

"On aboriginal languages in India," by Dr. M. MULLER.

"On the French language," by Dr. LANE.

"On the Ethnology of France," by M. De VERICOUR.

There were no reports on any of the above—nor

"On the Tribes between India and China," by Prof. WILSON.

"On the Chepceewyan Indians," by Mr. ISBESTER.

"On certain New Data in the Ethnographical Philology of America," by Dr. LATHAM.

"On the Alentian Indians," by Dr. TWINING.

"On the Bureats and Tongusians," by Dr. RICHARDSON.

"Remarks on journey from Whydah to Adafoodia," by Mr. DUNCAN.

"On the present state of African Ethnographical Philology," by Dr. LATHAM.

"On the distribution of the Danish, Firisian, and Germanic population in the Cimbric Chersonese," by Dr. N. SHAW, contained a great quantity of interesting matter, the heads of which only are reported.

#### SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

*President*—Mr. H. E. STRICKLAND.

*Vice Presidents*—Sir W. C. TREVELYAN, M. P., B. DUNCAN, R. BROWN, Prof. HANSLOW, Sir J. RICHARDSON.

*Secretaries*—Dr. LANKESTER, Mr. T. V. WOLLASTON, Dr. MELVILLE.

Mr. J. E. GRAY gave an account of two new species of Cetacea,—our present knowledge is very imperfect, as few points of generic or specific value had been noted—even artizans knew that the whalebone from Greenland was superior to that from the Cape or the South Seas, though naturalists had not yet distinguished the species.

Dr. SCORESBY observed that the distribution of whales was determined by their food. They travelled slowly, not more than 6 or 8 miles an hour. The young differed from the old ones.

Dr. MELVILLE read a paper on the whale *Ziphius Sowerbii*. He regarded it as a male *delphinus micropterus*, in which Prof. OWEN concurred.

Mr. W. THOMPSON "on additions to the Fauna of Ireland," of 50 species chiefly invertebrate animals.

Mr. BUSK "on the application of Gutta Percha to modelling." He thus obtains his moulds:

"It is to be rolled out on a smooth surface in sheets of any convenient size suitable to the object to be taken, and also varying in thickness. For small objects  $\frac{1}{16}$ th or  $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch is thick enough. The sheet is dipped for a moment or two into boiling water, and placed warm upon the object, upon the surface of which it is to be carefully pressed with the finger point, or a convenient elastic finger pad, so as to insure its close and uniform adaptation.

In moulding soft objects it is of course necessary that they should possess elasticity or resiliency, as is the case with living or recently dead animal bodies. The Gutta Percha will not do for fragile bodies—such as some fossils, &c., but the most delicate objects, if firm, may in the plaster cut be removed from the matrix without any difficulty, when the latter is softened by momentary immersion in hot water.

Mr. JERDON stated that there was a white and a black Gutta Percha, the former was best for modelling. An unlimited supply may be obtained from Borneo.

Mr. CRAWFORD said it was not hard till after it was submitted to the heat of boiling water, it was pronounced Gutta Pertsha, which was a Malay term for ragged gum.

Mr. WARD "on growing plants in closed cases," both for transportation to another climate, or for growing them under circumstances where they could not be exposed to the atmosphere, were perfectly successful. To secure the proper growth of plants in these cases they should have moisture, be planted properly in soil, and exposed to the light. Among many others the lower Marine Algae could be thus grown by means of salt water artificially prepared.

Dr. DAUBENY had found the ventilation insufficient to get rid of the oxygen gas. Therefore it was desirable not to exclude a free admission of air.

"On the Forests of Spain," by Captain WIDDRINGTON. They possess varieties of the oak, ash, birch, alder, beech and pines, and chesnuts, which is the chief food in some districts.

The PRINCE OF CANINO "on four new species of Bats." He also made some remarks on the classification of Mammalia.

Dr. A. G. MELVILLE "on *Lepidosiren annectens*," differing from Prof. OWEN, he classed it among Amphibia. But Prof. OWEN thought the mere possession of double nostrils would not be sufficient to place it among reptiles, it had scales like a fish. The circulation was not decidedly reptile, finally from the osteological characters of the head he also concluded *Lepidosiren* was a fish and not a reptile.

Prof. ACLAND exhibited a specimen of a living *Proteus*, which he believed to be a new species.

The Revd. L. JENYNS exhibited some wood which had been attacked by the larva of an insect called *Callidium Bajulus*, answering to our Indian white ant, *termes*, and destructive in a similar manner.



Mr. SPENCE stated that other insects had the same habits, one species *Anobium* did great damage in the neighbourhood of Brussels.

"On the structure of the Larva of certain Acari," by Prof. ALLMAN, also "on Locomotive Larva of *Plumatella fructicosa*," and "on the development of *Notodelphys*."

Mr. A. HEMFREY read a paper on the structure of the stems of Monocotyledons, in which he came to the conclusion that these stems do not increase by additions to the centre, as is ordinarily thought, but from the structure of Sparganium and other plants, he believed these stems were truly exogenous.

A conversation took place on the potatoe disease, Mr. WESTWOOD had observed it in some of his plants, he denied that the disease arose from the attack of an insect. Mr. SMEE had stated that it was caused by a new *Aphis*, which he called *Vastator*, but this was far from being new, being a very common insect on decayed plants.

Mr. J. E. GREY had compared some specimens of *Aphis Vastator* with species in the British Museum, and found that Mr. Smeec had included 3 or 4 well known species under that name.

Dr. LANKESTER drew attention to a bundle of potatoe stalks which gave every sign of the disease, and not an *aphis* could be found on them. One fact of this kind was sufficient to prove that the disease had no dependence on this insect,—he had heard from Manchester that potatoe sown in new soil were free from disease whilst those sown in old soil all had it, which looked as if the inorganic constituents of the soil or potatoe were the sources of the disease.

Mr. BABINGTON found that wherever the leaves were affected, there was evidence of disease in the roots. He believed the root was first at fault.

Sir W. JARDINE said, that, from accurate chemical investigations in Edinburgh, he had found that potatoe grown on moss soil were more free from disease than others.

It did not depend on the newness of the soil, as he had some potatoe entirely spoiled, which were planted in an orchard recently turned up. He had seen the stem and root very much affected without the leaves being diseased at all.

Mr. HOGAN drew attention to a method he had pursued of preventing the disease by growing the potatoe from seed.

Mr. C. DARWIN had brought the seed from Peru, and the tubers grown from it were quite as much affected as any other. Some members had heard of the plants being diseased both in Ceylon and in New Zealand.

The Revd. N. YOUNG exhibited some potatoe leaves affected by the *aphis*.

Thus it would appear that Mr. Smeec is as likely to be in the right as any other of the members, who spoke on this *vexata questio*.—We have seen since an account in the paper of the disease being caused in one night by a wind—That it is in fact, a blight.

Mr. MURRAY communicated a paper "on the vitality of the potatoe seeds." Seeds which had remained 15 years in the ground, and then when the soil was turned up they vegetated and produced a crop.

A paper was read from Dr. ILIFF, "on some experiments on the roots of *Canna Indica* with reference to their value in an economical point of view."

The DEAN of WINCHESTER has succeeded in cultivating it in the open air; upon which Dr. Iliff recommends its cultivation in England, for the purpose of procuring arrowroot.

"On the structure of *Nautilus Pompilius*," by Prof. VANDER HOVEN, of Leyden, in which he differed from Prof. OWEN on many points.

The Professor replied that the difference only proved that there was a range of variation in this respect.

Mr. H. E. STRICKLAND pointed out that the Dodo was an aberrant genus of the family *Columbidae*, and had no connection with vultures. He argued from the form of the beak, the position of the nostrils, the form of the palatine bones, and of the nasal fissures, shape of the feet, &c., all closely resembling the genus *Treron*.

Dr. MELVILLE had lately made a minute examination of the head and foot of the Dodo, and drew attention to some additional characters confirming Mr. Strickland's views.

The PRINCE OF CANINO was convinced, the Dodo was neither a vulture nor an ostrich, nor a pigeon. He believed it to be a *Gallinacea*. The stones found in the gizzard did not prove it a pigeon,—the sternum resembled a gallinaceous bird.

Mr. P. DUNCAN stated that the notices of the habits of the Dodo were quite opposed to the notion that it was a pigeon. It was evidently not a frugiferous bird, as when first taken its flesh was so distasteful and smelt so badly that no one would attempt to eat it. He believed it a bird *sui generis*.

We regret we cannot spare room for a longer notice of this section, in which Prof. E. FORBES read a paper "on the Families of British Lamellibranchiate Mollusca," which he divides into Dymnaria and Monomyaria with their families; but the length at which we have reported the transactions of this meeting precludes us from doing more than glancing at the remaining sections.

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#### SECTION E.—PHYSIOLOGY.

There is no report on this section beyond the names of the papers which were read.

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#### SECTION F.—STATISTICS.

*President*.—TRAVERS TWISS.

*Vice Presidents*.—Sir C. LEMON, Mr. H. HALLAM, Lt. Coll. SYKES, Mr. G. R. PORTER.

*Secretaries*.—Mr. T. DAWSON, F. NEILSON, Revd. W. H. COX.

Mr. PORTER read a paper communicated by Mr. R. VALPY "on the Resources of the Irish Fisheries."

The following papers by Col. SYKES are of most general interest, "on the Revenue Statistics of the Agra Government," showing that the land tax had not produced the evils ascribed to it, because that all the ordinary elements, which are taken as indices of the prosperity of a country have given evidence of progress in the Agra district.

Two questions arose, first, whether the Agra district was a fair specimen of British India, which was controverted by General BRIGGS, who cited instances of oppression in the levying of the land tax : and the second, whether Col. Sykes'

tests of prosperity were decisive indications of progress, which was denied by Prof. HANCOCK.

Col. SYKES then read his other paper, "on the prices of Cerealea and other edibles of India and England compared."

The author's chief object was to shew, that India, in cases of dearth in England, could be looked to with confidence for a supply of bread stuffs—and India having the advantage of its principal crops ripening in January and February, the moment a failure of a crop should be known in England in August orders for supplies, from the following January crops of India could be sent, and the supplies landed in England even by the route of the Cape of Good Hope two or three months before the ripening of the crops in England. Col. Sykes furnished average prices for years from various parts of India; but he enumerates very many grains, cheap, nutritive, and in general consumption, which do not appear in the price lists, and whose names even are unknown in Europe, except to the learned. The first price list gives an average from 1827 to 1845 at seven markets in the Deccan under the Bombay Presidency, the ultimate result is shewn in the following table.

	Avoirdupois weight of Grain for 2s.		Price per Quarter, English.
	lb.	oz	
Wheat ...	64	5	14-11
Rice ...	36	13	$\frac{3}{4}$ l. per lb
Grain ...	60	5	15-11
Bajra ...	82	10	11-7
Jowaree ...	100	8	9-6

Now these 100 lb. weight of Jowaree, for 2 shillings, are sufficient for the support of a man for two months at the least. But in 1828 and 1843 at the market of Kullus, the average price of Jowaree was 204 lbs. for two shillings, or more than two lbs. for a farthing; so that in these parts a man, could live for less than a farthing per diem for meal. Colonel Sykes gives various other tables of prices at fifty-three military stations in Bengal, in Goojrat, &c., particularly one from the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories from 1831 to 1840, and from 1843 to 1846. In 1843 wheat sold at 167 lbs. avoirdupois for 2 shillings; and at seven markets enumerated the price per quarter English varied only from 5s. and 6d. to 6s. 8d. The Bengal tables independently of the bread stuffs, gave the prices of Beef, Mutton, Fowls, Salt, Sugar, &c. From these it appeared that at some places a bullock could be bought for 10s., a sheep for 1s. and 20 fowls for 2s. Salt varied exceedingly in price, from 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. for 2s. at Calcutta, to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. at Cuttack, the average being 20 lbs. 9oz. for 2s. The Government sold the monopoly salt at from 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. to 25 lbs. for 2s. and a curious fact was elicited from the tables, that out of the limits of Bengal proper and beyond Allahabad, the retail price of salt was lower than the wholesale Government price; the wholesale price of Cuttack salt, being 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. and the retail price out of Bengal proper 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. shewing that there must be sources of supply, independent of the Government monopoly salt. At a labourer's wages of 6s. per mensem, a third of a month's wages would supply him with a sufficiency of salt at the different stations varying from three months in Calcutta to thirty-five months at Kheir, in the Deccan, and forty-five months at Bombay.

The following Table exhibits the final results.

	Wheat.		Rice.		Grain.		Flour.	Peas or Dhall.		Jowaree.		Bajra.	Sugar per Cwt.	Salt per Cwt.
	Lb. for 2s.	Per Quarter.	Lb. for 2s.	Per Cwt.	Lb. for 2s.	Per Quarter.		Lb. for 2s.	Per Quarter.	Lb. for 2s.	Per Quarter.	Lb. for 2s.		
London, Nov. 6th 1846,	17	57	10½	22	.....	.....	11	19	52	..	..	..	53-50 49-45	
Ditto, June 1st 1847,...	9-4	102	9-1	24-6	.....	.....	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	
Ditto, June 18th —, ...	10½	92-2	10-9 to 6-6	34 to 20-6	.....	.....	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	1-9 to 2-4½
Bengal, 1845 and 1846,	57½	16-8	25 to 45	5 to 9	65½	14-7	31	40½	23-6	..	..	..	33	9 to 10-11
Deccan, averages of } years, .....	64½	14-11	36½	6-1	60½	15-11	.....	..	..	100½	9-6	82½	11-7	3-1
Saugor, ditto, .....	143 to 174	5-6 to 6-8	34 to 76	2-11 to 6-5	77 to 234	4-1 to 2-5	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	
Nagpoor, ditto, .....	60½ to 113	8-6 to 15-10	35½ to 66	3-4 to 6-4	73½	13-10	.....	60	16	..	..	..	.....	18
Goojrat, ditto, .....	23½ to 73	13-2 to 40	28½ to 71	3-2 to 5-9	22½ to 51½	17-7 to 42-6	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	
Hoshingabad, ditto, ...	40 to 192	5 to 23-10	35 to 63	3-3½ to 6-5	65 to 269	3-7 to 14-9	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	
Bombay, July 1845, ...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	..	..	..	..	..	.....	2-2½
London, 1846 to 1837,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	18½ to 10	..	..	..	..	..	.....	

The prices in Goojrat are those of a year of great scarcity, 1846.

DR. TAYLOR said if Colonel Sykes' valuable records had the effect of inducing English grain merchants to enter into regular trade with India, then it would probably be found that Hindustan would exhibit available and increasing resources. However, prices gave a very unsafe indication of a certain supply, because the appearance of any new purchaser in the market would certainly raise the price of grain to an indefinite extent.

"On the imports of Indian Cotton, as compared with American Cotton," by Prof. F. ROYLE. He began by describing the experiments made to improve the cultivation of Cotton in India by American planters invited to India at the expense of H. E. I. C.—These, seven in number, conducted their experiments over a wide extent of country, varied in soil and climate, in the three Presidencies in 1840. The most favourable country was Bundelcund, but two years of drought led to a failure. The next was tried at the foot of the Himalayas, but hosts of insects destroyed the plants. In Coimbatore, however, they were successful; better kinds of cotton were introduced, and it was perfectly cleaned by the American Sawgin. The cotton brought a good price in Liverpool. It appears that 4,000 square miles are applicable to the growth of American Cotton in the Southern Provinces of India. Since a new system of assessment has been introduced, at from 8 to 14 annas per acre, the cultivation of cotton by the natives has largely increased. Mr. Elphinstone has recently produced even better cotton than any of the American kinds, by hybridizing the native plant. The continued decrease of the price of American Cotton is a fact of some importance: at the beginning of the century the price was 18*d.* per lb. and has fallen to 6*d.*, a natural result of the increase of production. The demand for Indian Cotton is generally dependent on the price of American Cotton, and is subject to marked fluctuations. To this uncertainty Prof. Royle ascribed the weak state of the cotton commerce of India.

Gen. BRIGGS detailed several experiments which had been made in 1816—and attributed the failures to a bad choice of soil. He also stated that there was a large demand for uncleaned cotton in India, and that this cause disinclined the natives to clean their cotton.

Mr. NEILSON read a paper "on Education and Crime in England and Wales in 1834-44."

Mr. J. FLETCHER read an elaborate paper "On the Statistics of Education and Crime."

"On the variations in the supply of Silver Coin in Ireland during the operations for the relief of distress in 1846-47 by Prof. HANCOCK.

#### SECTION G.—MECHANICS.

The most interesting papers have been given in Section A. in our former Nos., leaving nothing to report on in this section.

#### *The Lunar Theory.*

The Astronomer Royal has communicated to the British Association, the following, on a most important and interesting discovery of the present year:

"In the Lunar Theory, a very important step has been made in the course of the past year. When near the beginning of the present century, a considerable number of the Greenwich lunar observations were reduced by Bürg for the purpose of obtaining elements for the construction of his Lunar tables, and

generally for the comparison of the moon's observed place with Laplace's theory, it was found impossible to reconcile the theoretical with the observed, except by the assumption that some slowly varying error affected the epoch of the moon's mean longitude. From the nature of the process by which the errors of the elements are found, the conclusion upon the existence of this peculiar error is less subject to doubt than that upon any other error. So certain did it appear, that Laplace devoted to it one entire chapter in the *Mécanique Céleste*, with the title "on an inequality of long period by which the moon's mean motion appears to be affected." Guided by the general analogy of terms producing inequalities of long period, he suggested as its probable cause an inequality whose argument depends upon a complicated combination of the longitude of the earth's perihelion, the longitude of the moon's perigee, the longitude of the moon's node, and the moon's angular distance from the sun. But he made no attempt to calculate its theoretical effect. He also suggested an inequality depending on a possible difference in the northern and southern hemispheres of the earth. Many years elapsed before the suggested inequalities were carefully examined by physical astronomers. At length the introduction of new methods enabled Poisson and Lubbock successfully to enter upon the investigation of the theoretical values; and they proved that inequalities depending on the arguments suggested by Laplace could not have sensible values. The theory was left now in greater doubt than ever; and suspicion felt even on the accuracy of the reductions of the observations.

A few years since as is well known to the members of the British Association, the British Government at the representation of the Association sanctioned the complete reduction on an uniform plan of all the observations of the moon made at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich since the year 1750; and the immediate superintendence of this work was undertaken by the Astronomer Royal. The reductions are now printing in all necessary detail; and the press work is at this time very far advanced. In the last summer the corrections of the elements of the moon's orbit were generally obtained; and the errors of epoch in particular at different times were found with great accuracy. These results confirmed those of Bürg, and extended the law of the inequality to a much later time. In this state they were exhibited by the Astronomer Royal, to Prof. Hansen, of Gotha, who was known to be engaged in the Lunar Theory. Prof. Hansen immediately undertook a search for their theoretical causes. His perfect knowledge of the state of existing theories, enabled him at once to single out the class of disturbances produced by the action of the planets, as that in which the explanation of this inequality would probably be found. In the course of a systematic search many inequalities of long periods were found; but none of sensible magnitude. At length two were found both produced by the disturbing force of Venus of a magnitude entirely unexpected, one depends upon the circumstance, that eighteen times the mean anomaly of Venus diminished by sixteen times the mean anomaly of the Earth increases at very nearly the same rate as the mean anomaly of the Moon: its co-efficient is  $27''$ , and its period 273 years. The other depends upon the circumstance that eight times the mean anomaly of Venus increases at very nearly the same rate as thirteen times the mean anomaly of the Earth: its co-efficient is  $23''$ , and its period 239 years. The combination of these two explains almost perfectly the error of epoch which had so long been a subject of difficulty. The discovery of these two inequalities, whether we regard the peculiarity of their laws, the labours expended upon their investigations; or the perfect success of their results, must be regarded as the most important step made in Physical Astronomy for many years."—*Ibid.*

*Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole surface of the visible Heavens commenced in 1825. By Sir John Herschel, Bart., K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh.*

[As the expensive work, lately published by Sir John Herschel, will not be seen in this country; we take the opportunity of an article in the *N. B. Review* to lay some more extracts before our readers.]

IN the history of Astronomical Discovery there shine no brighter names than those of Sir William and Sir John Herschel—the father and the son. It is rare that the intellectual mantle of the parent lights upon the child.\* By no culture, however skilful, and no anxieties, however earnest, can we transmit to our successors the qualities or the capacities of the mind. The eagle eye, the active limb, the giant frame, and the “form divine,”—the gifts of our mortal being, are frequently conveyed by natural descent, and may be numbered even among the rights of primogeniture; but the higher developments of reason and fancy, the bright coruscations of the soul, have never been ranked among the claims or the accidents of birth. The gifts of fortune which we inherit or acquire, have been placed more immediately at our disposal, and in many cases have been handed down unimpaired to distant generations; but Providence has reserved for its own distribution, those transcendental powers which give omnipotence to genius, and constitute its possessor the high priest of nature, or the vicegerent of Heaven. In a destiny so lofty, the father and the son have been rarely associated; and in the very few cases in which a joint commission has been issued to them, it has generally been to work in different spheres, or at different levels. In the universe of mind, the phenomenon of a double star is more rare than its prototype in the firmament, and when it does appear we watch its phases and its mutations with a corresponding interest. The case of the two Herschels is a remarkable one, and may appear an exception to our general law. The father, however, was not called to the survey of the heavens, till he had passed the middle period of life, and it was but a just arrangement, that the son in his youth and manhood, should continue and complete the labours of his sire. The records of Astronomy do not emblazon a more glorious day than that, in which the semidiurnal arc of the father was succeeded by the semidiurnal arc of the son. No sooner had the evening luminary disappeared amid the gorgeous magnificence of the west, than the morning star arose, bright and cloudless in its appointed course.

It has long been a subject of regret to the astronomical world that in our language no extended account has yet been published of the life and discoveries of Sir William Herschel. With the exception of a short Biographical Memoir,\* and a popular abstract of his astronomical observations on the nebulae and double stars, and on the bodies of our own system,†

\* *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, April, 1823, vol. viii. pp. 209-226.

† *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Astronomy*.

no suitable account of his labours has appeared even in our larger treatises on astronomy, and general readers have, therefore, no adequate idea of the value and extent of his discoveries.\* Though his scientific studies did not, as we have already stated, commence till he had reached the middle period of life, yet he pursued them, under difficulties of no ordinary kind, with all the ardour of youthful devotion, and with that dauntless and indefatigable perseverance, which never fails of success. Every step indeed of his astronomical career was marked with discoveries equally interesting and unexpected. New planets and new satellites, were successively added to our own solar system. Thousands of nebulae and double stars were discovered in the sidereal firmament, and in those remote regions of space where the imagination had hitherto scarcely dared to wander, and where the stars in countless multitudes seemed to be fixed in absolute immobility, the physical astronomer was directed to new systems of worlds,—binary, ternary, and multiple,—exhibiting the general phenomena of annual and diurnal rotation, and rendering it probable that the law of gravitation extended to the remotest corners of space. His invention of instruments, and of new methods of observation, was no less surprising than the wonders which they disclosed. Obstacles that other men had found insuperable he speedily surmounted. The telescope which Galileo held in his hand as a toy, became under Sir William Herschel's direction a stupendous machine, which supported the astronomer himself, and even his friends, and which mechanical power was requisite even to move. There was in short no continuity between his inventions and discoveries, and those of preceding astronomers. He ventured upon a flight which left them at an immeasurable distance, and he penetrated into regions where the ablest of his successors have had some difficulty in following him.

As “the telescopic survey of the whole surface of the sidereal heavens,” contained in the great work of Sir John Herschel, which is now before us, is a continuation and completion of the labours of his father, we shall endeavour to give our readers a brief and general account of the discoveries of Sir William, interspersed with a few notices of the principal events of his life.

Sir William Herschel was born in the city of Hanover on the 15th November 1738. His father, who was a professor of music, educated his five sons in the same art; but William, who was the second, after exercising his profession for about five years, in Hanover, resolved to push his fortune in England, where he arrived about the end of the year 1759. Although he was enthusiastically devoted to his profession, and pursued it with such success, as to draw from it an income considerably above his wants, his ardent mind was occasionally devoted to still higher objects. When he was resident at Halifax he acquired, by his own application, a considerable knowledge of mathematics, and having studied astronomy and optics, in the popular writings of Ferguson, he was anxious to witness with his own eyes the wonders of the planetary system. Having received

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\* A very interesting and valuable account of the Life and Works of Sir W. Herschel, by M. Arago, was published in the *Annuaire* for 1842. It contains a full and critical analysis of his discoveries, and is distinguished by the eloquence and learning which characterize the writings of that illustrious philosopher.



from a friend the loan of a telescope, two feet in focal length, he directed it to the heavens, and was so delighted with the actual sight of phenomena, which he had previously known only from books, that he commissioned a friend to purchase for him in London a telescope with a high magnifying power. Fortunately for science, the price of such an instrument greatly exceeded his means, and he immediately resolved to construct a telescope with his own hands. After encountering the difficulties which every amateur at first experiences in the casting, grinding, and polishing of metallic specula for reflecting telescopes, he completed in 1776 a reflecting instrument, *five feet* in focal length, with which he was able to observe the ring of Saturn and the satellites and belts of Jupiter. This telescope was completed when he resided at Bath, where he acquired by degrees, and at his leisure hours, that practical knowledge of optics and mechanics which was necessary for such a task. His experience in this scientific art was of the most remarkable kind. He had constructed for himself several two-feet, five-feet, seven-feet, ten-feet, and twenty-feet Newtonian telescopes, besides others of the Gregorian form of eight-inches, twelve-inches, two-feet, three-feet, five-feet, and ten-feet focal length. His way of executing these instruments, at this time, when the direct method, of giving the figure of any one of the conic sections to specula, was yet unknown to him, was to cast many mirrors of each sort, to grind and polish them as accurately as he could, and then, after selecting and preserving the best of them for use, he put the rest aside to be repolished. In this way he executed no fewer than *two hundred* specula, seven feet in focal length, *one hundred and fifty*, ten feet in focal length, and about *eighty* twenty feet in focal length, besides a great number of specula of the Gregorian form, and of the construction of Dr. Smith's reflecting microscope. His mechanical labours were contemporaneous with his optical ones. He invented a great number of stands for these telescopes, contriving and delineating them of different forms, and executing the most promising of the designs. "To these labours," he himself informs us, we "owe my seven-feet Newtonian telescope stand, which was brought to its present convenient construction about seventeen years ago (in 1778,) a description and engraving of which I intend to take some future opportunity of presenting to the Royal Society. In the year 1781, I began also to construct a thirty-feet aerial reflector, and after having invented and executed a stand for it, I cast the mirror which was moulded up so as to come out thirty-six inches in diameter. The composition of my metal being a little too brittle, it cracked in the cooling. I cast it a second time, but here the furnace which I had built in my house for the purpose gave away, and the metal ran into the fire."\*

Furnished with instruments so numerous and powerful, Mr. Herschel had now the means of surveying the heavens, which were possessed by no other astronomer in any of the fixed observatories of Europe. With the earnings of a profession not the most lucrative, and by the energy of his own mind, and the labour of his own hands, had this private individual done more for the prosecution of astronomical discovery than all the sove-

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\* No account of the aerial stand here mentioned, or of the stand of the seven-feet reflector, was ever published by their inventor.

reigns of Europe combined ; and many years had not elapsed before he had outstripped in discovery men educated in all the mysteries of science, and supported by all the munificence of princes. The earliest of his observations which he deemed worthy of being published, were made between 1776 and 1780, and related to the *Periodical star  $\alpha$* , in *Collo Ceti*. They were communicated to the Royal Society by Dr. Watson, junior, of Bath, and read on the 11th May 1783. This star was discovered in 1596 by Fabricius, and was described as appearing and disappearing periodically seven times in six years, (its period being three hundred and thirty-four days) continuing in the greatest lustre for fifteen days.

In these observations, which are not of very great importance, Mr. Herschel measured with a micrometer the distance of the periodical star from a very obscure telescopic star which preceded it, and he used a power of 449, his usual power being only 222.\* This paper was accompanied by another, read at the same meeting, "*On the Mountains of the Moon*," in which he draws the conclusion, that the height of the Lunar Mountains has, in general, been greatly overrated, and that, with the exception of a few ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles high), "the generality do not exceed half a mile in their perpendicular elevation."†

The next communication of our author to the Royal Society, was a letter to Dr. William Watson, entitled, "Observations on the Rotation of the Planets round their axes, made with a view to determine whether the Earth's diurnal motion is perfectly equable." In these observations, by which Jupiter's diurnal rotation was found to be 9h. 51' 19", and that of Mars, 24h. 39' 23", Mr. Herschel employed a twenty feet, a ten feet, and a seven feet Newtonian reflector ; and he obtained his time with a brass quadrant of two feet radius, carrying a telescope, magnifying forty times, and by two very good time-pieces, one having a steel pendulum rod, and the other a compound pendulum of brass and iron.

In the year 1781, Mr. Herschel was engaged in a series of observations "*On the Parallax of the Fixed Stars*," in which he used magnifying powers of 227, 460, 932, 1536, and 2010, and on the 13th March, when he was examining the small stars in the neighbourhood of *H Geminorum*, he discovered what he thought to be a comet, and after observing it till the 19th of April, he communicated "An account of a Comet" to the Royal Society on the 26th of the same month. In this paper, he gives its distance from certain telescopic stars in its vicinity, and by means of a *micrometer* for taking the angle of position, described at the end of the paper,

\* This very extraordinary star, known by the name of *Mera*, has a reddish yellow colour, which has been supposed to vary with its magnitude ; but Captain Smith always found it to be reddish when viewed through his telescope. It has a companion, distant 116 seconds, of a pale lilac colour, whose angle of position is  $88^{\circ} 9'$  ; its variations being from the second magnitude to invisibility, and its place  $2^{\text{h}} 11' 16''$  R. ascension, and  $3^{\circ} 42' 39''$  S. declination. Count De Hahn thought he saw another companion. Sir W. Herschel conjectured that a rapid change had taken place between the two stars ; but Captain Smith is inclined to think that there has been little or no movement beyond what may be ascribed to the proper motions of  *$\alpha$  Ceti* in space.—See SMITH'S *Celestial Cycle*, vol. ii. pp. 59, 60.

† It has been since proved that there are several mountains nearly twice the height of Mont Blanc.

he obtained measures of its angle of position with the same fixed star. Although M. Messier, to whom Mr. Herschel communicated his observations, and who had with some difficulty observed it, speaks of it in his reply as *a star* or a comet, yet neither of them suspected it to be a planet. Mr. Herschel, indeed, himself speaks of it as "a moving star, which he was happy to surrender to the care of the Astronomer Royal and others."

Before the close of the year 1781, Mr. Herschel, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, announced to the Royal Society, that, "by the observations of the most eminent astronomers in Europe, the new star which he had the honour of pointing out to them in March 1781, is a primary planet of our Solar System;" and in gratitude to his Majesty George III., "to whose unlimited bounty he owed every thing," he gave it the name of the *GEORGIUM SIDUS*, a compliment which astronomers in every part of the world have refused to pay. La Lande, and others, gave it the more appropriate name of *Herschel*; but the uniformity of astronomical nomenclature demanded another name, and the appellation of *Urenus*, sanctioned by more recent discussions, was given to the new planet.

This important discovery, by which the limits of the Solar System were extended to nearly double their former amount, was hailed by the astronomers of every country, and the highest expectations were formed of the future labours of Mr. Herschel. The Royal Society of London elected him a Fellow of their body. His Majesty George III. did himself the honour of granting him a salary of £300 a year, so as to enable him to devote his time to astronomical research; and all the scientific bodies in Europe successively admitted him into the list of their members.

With the fine telescopes in his possession, Mr. Herschel began in October 1781, to make a series of observations on the light, diameter, and magnitude of the new planet; and in his paper on this subject read at the Royal Society on the 7th December 1782, he described the *dark* and *lucid disc* and *periphery micrometers* by which these observations were made. With this apparatus, by means of which one eye, looking into the telescope, throws the magnified image of a planet or comet upon, or near, lucid discs seen by the other eye, he found the diameter of the Georgium Sidus to be four seconds; and from the distance of the planet from the Sun, as calculated and sent to him by La Lande (18·913—that of the Earth being 1), he found its diameter to be 4·454 times that of the Earth.

The researches of Mr. Herschel on the Parallax of the Fixed Stars, which we have already mentioned, were chiefly of a speculative nature, and the result of them was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1782. The method first pointed out by Galileo, and followed by Flamsteed and Bradley, of measuring the zenith distances of two stars, was regarded by Mr. Herschel as liable to various sources of error; and he was of opinion that though Bradley regarded the maximum parallax as not exceeding 1", yet "the stars of the first magnitude might still have a parallax of several seconds." The method which he substituted, and which had been originally suggested by Galileo, in his *Systema Cosmicum*, consisted in employing two stars as near to each other as possible, and differing as much in magnitude as could be found, and determining their exact place at the two opposite points of the earth's annual orbit. The parallax of the stars was

then to be computed by a theory founded on probabilities, and involving the two postulates : 1. That the stars are, "one with another, about the size of the sun ; and, 2. That the difference of their apparent magnitudes is owing to their different distances ;" so that a star of the second, third, or fourth magnitude is two, three, or four times as far off as one of the first. This method, ingenious as it is, has not led to any results on which confidence can be placed. The postulates which it involves were contrary to all analogy, and have been completely disproved by the only measures of parallax which have been recently obtained. But like many other speculations, the attempt to prove or to apply them led to results more important than those which they directly contemplated. In searching for double stars suitable for his purpose, Mr. Herschel was led to the formation of those magnificent catalogues of double stars by which he enriched astronomy, and those interesting results respecting the movements and periods of binary systems, which now form the most interesting portion of sidereal astronomy.

To us who are in possession of the researches on double stars, which we owe to Mr. Herschel and his son, to Sir James South, and M. Struve, it is interesting to mark the first steps in this great inquiry.

"I took pains," says Mr. Herschel, "to find out what double stars had been recorded by astronomers ; but my situation permitted me not to consult extensive libraries, nor indeed was it very material. For as I intended to view the heavens myself, Nature—that great volume—appeared to me to contain the best catalogue upon this occasion. However, I remembered that the star in the head of Castor, that in the breast of the Virgin, and the first star in Aries, had been mentioned by Cassini as double stars. I also found that the nebula in Orion was marked in Huygens' *Systema Saturnium* as containing seven stars, three of which (now known to be four) are very near together. With this small stock I began, and, in the course of a few years' observations have collected the stars contained in my catalogue. I find, with great pleasure, that a very excellent observer, (Mr. Pigott,) has also, though unknown to me, met with three of those stars that will be found in my catalogue ; and upon this occasion, I also beg leave to observe, that the Astronomer-Royal showed me, among other objects, a *Hercules* as a double star, which he had discovered some years ago. The Rev. Mr. Hornsby also, in a conversation on the subject of the stars that have a proper motion, mentioned  $\pi$  *Bootis* as a double star. It is a little hard upon young astronomers to be obliged to discover over again what has already been discovered. However, the pleasure that attended the view when I first saw these stars, has made some amends for not knowing they had been seen before me."\*

Mr. Herschel's first *Catalogue of Double Stars* was read at the Royal Society on the 10th January 1787. It contains 269 double stars, 227 of which had not been noticed by any other person. It gives the comparative size of the stars, their colour, their distances (as measured by a *Lamp*

\* After his catalogue was in the possession of the Royal Society, Mr. Herschel received the fourth volume of the *Acta Academiae Theodoro-Calatinae*, containing a paper by Tobias Mayer, giving "a pretty large list of double stars," some of which were the same with those in his catalogue, while 31 were not contained in it.

*Micrometer*,\* exhibiting two moveable lights, with whose distance seen by the unassisted eye the distance of the stars seen in the telescope was compared,) their angle of position, and the dates of the observation. The catalogue, which is divided into six classes, contains not only double stars, but also those that are triple, double-double, quadruple, double-triple, and multiple.

Mr. Herschel had now removed to Datchet, near Windsor, where he carried on his observations under the immediate patronage of the King, with new zeal and corresponding success. Towards the end of 1782, he completed his interesting paper—“*On the proper motion of the Sun and the Solar System, with an account of several changes that have happened among the fixed stars since the time of Mr. Flamsteed.*” In this paper, he notices, 1. The stars that have been lost or undergone some capital change since Flamsteed’s time; 2. Those that have changed their magnitude; 3. Those that have newly become visible; and the results which he obtained were drawn from a review of all the stars in Flamsteed’s catalogue, as far as the twelfth magnitude, “to the amount of a great many thousand of stars.” Those changes which arise from a proper motion of the star, and a variation of magnitude, he suspects may be owing to every star in the heavens being more or less in motion; some, especially in slow motions arising from their revolving round a *large opaque body*—the stars undergoing occasional occultation, or presenting to us large spots in their rotatory movements. Hence he is led to believe, what Tobias Mayer had previously maintained, that the Sun and Solar System have analogous motions, and are advancing to a certain part of the heavens; and he found that this part was in the constellation Hercules, near the star  $\lambda$ , or a point somewhat farther to the north.

Having finished, in the year 1783, a very good twenty-foot reflector, with a large aperture, he employed it in studying the remarkable luminous spots at the pole of the planet Mars; and he published the results of his observations in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1784. By means of these spots, he found that the axis of Mars was inclined to the ecliptic  $52^{\circ} 42'$ , and that its node was in  $17^{\circ} 47'$  of Pisces, and he determined the ratio of its polar and equatorial diameters to be as 15 to 16.

Towards the end of 1784, Mr. Herschel completed a second catalogue, containing 434 double stars; and in June 1784, and February 1785, he communicated to the Royal Society two papers “On the Construction of the Heavens.” By means of his twenty feet telescope, with an aperture of  $18\frac{7}{10}$  inches, and placed meridionally, he resolved into stars the nebulae discovered by Messier and Mechain, and also part of the Milky Way; and he discovered no fewer than 466 new nebulae and clusters of stars, which were not within the reach of the best common telescopes then in use. In pursuing these observations, he was led to the remarkable speculation, founded wholly on optical considerations, that as the Milky Way “seemed to encompass the whole heavens,” it might be regarded as an immense cluster of stars; and that our sun, with his system of planets, was in all probability placed within it, but “perhaps not in the very centre of its

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\* Described in the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1782, p. 163.



thickness." In order to determine the sun's place in this sidereal stratum, he *gaged the heavens*, or ascertained the quantity of stars, or the thickness of the stratum, in various directions. In his paper of 1785, he gives a long table or star-gages; and supposing the stars to be nearly equally scattered, and their numbers in a field of view of a known angular diameter to be given, he determines the length of the visual ray, and gives a section of the Milky Way, nebulae, or (resembling a fish with a long open mouth,) to which our system belongs, and near the centre of which it is placed. We regret that we cannot allow ourselves to adopt this noble and ingenious speculation;\* and there is sufficient evidence to induce us to believe, as the celebrated Russian astronomer, M. F. G. W. Struve, has stated, that Mr. Herschel himself was obliged to abandon it. He found even with his largest telescope, that the Milky Way could not be sounded; and as the same uncertainty prevails respecting the limits of the visible stars in all other directions of the celestial vault, M. Struve draws the conclusion, that "if we regard all the fixed stars that surround the sun as forming a great system—that of the Milky Way—we are perfectly ignorant of its extent, and cannot form the least idea of this immense system."† Having, therefore, no visible limits, it cannot be regarded as a nebula,‡ according to the hypothesis of Mr. Herschel. But though the Milky Way is a system whose form and extent is not, and probably never will be, determined, yet as Struve observes, there is evidently a certain law of condensation towards a principal plane, which law he has endeavoured to determine. Lambert had imagined that the deviation of the Milky Way from the form of a great circle, was owing to the lateral position of the sun within it. M. Struve, however, rejects this explanation, and is of opinion that the most condensed stratum of the stars does not form a perfect plane, but rather a broken plane, (*plan brisé*), or perhaps this stratum occurs in two planes inclined 10° to each other, and whose intersection is placed nearly in the plane of the celestial equator, the sun being at a small distance from this line of intersection towards the point 13 h. of the equator.§

In 1786 Dr. Herschel, who had been honoured with the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford, communicated to the Royal Society *A catalogue of 1000 new nebulae and cluster of stars*, which he had observed since 1783, with his twenty feet reflector; and this was followed, in 1789, with another *Catalogue of a second thousand nebulae*. In these remarkable memoirs he regards the round clusters and nebulae, in which there is an apparent condensation towards a centre, as clusters or nebulae in the act of formation. He supposes that a central power resides in the brightest portion; that the clusters which have the most perfect spherical forms have been longest exposed to the action of these forces; and that we may judge of the relative age and maturity of a sidereal system from the disposition of its component parts: while what he

\* See our Review of *Kosmos*, No. VII pp. 228-30.

† In his memoirs of 1811 and 1817, Mr. Herschel abandons altogether his postulate of the equal distribution of stars in space.

‡ *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, par F. G. W. Struve. St. Petersburg 1847, p. 63.

§ *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, par F. G. W. Struve. St. Petersburg, 1847, p. 82.

calls planetary nebulae, where the compression is more equal, may be regarded as very aged, and approaching to a period of change or dissolution.

These views, ingenious though they be, have not been confirmed by subsequent observers. The nebular hypothesis to which they led, and which has been carried to such an unwarrantable extent in our own day, has been refuted by the discoveries of the Earl of Rosse; and there is reason to believe that it has been renounced by Sir John Herschel himself.\*

The interesting subject of the Construction of the Heavens was pursued by Dr. Herschel during the rest of his life, and his observations are recorded in ten Memoirs published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1791, 1794, 1796, 1799, 1802, 1806, 1811, 1814, 1817, and 1818.

Having already, in other Articles, given an account of the great 40 feet telescope constructed by Dr. Herschel, and of the various discoveries which he made respecting the planets and satellites of our own system,† we must bring to a close this brief notice of his sidereal labours. In the year 1816, when in the 79th year of his age, the Prince Regent presented him with the decoration of the Guelphic Order of knighthood. In 1820, he was elected President of the Astronomical Society, and in their Transactions, in 1821, he published an interesting memoir, *On the places of 145 double stars*. This paper was the last which he lived to publish. His health had begun to decline, and on the 24th August 1822, he sank under the infirmities of age, having completed his 84th year. He was survived by his widow Lady Herschel, by his sister Miss Caroline Herschel,‡ and by an only son, the present Sir John Herschel, whose labours and discoveries in sidereal astronomy we shall now proceed to lay before our readers.—*N. B. Review.*

(To be continued.)

### *St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta.—Freemasons of the Church.*

Mr. Stothard, with permission of the Rev. D. Wilson, M. A., Vicar of Islington, and son of the Bishop of Calcutta, submitted the following particulars of the rise and progress of St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta.

The site comprises seven acres, and was presented by the Hon. East India Company, in addition to a grant of 15,000*l.* towards the erection of the building. The estimated cost of the whole of the cathedral was 40,000*l.*, and the outlay has been about 50,000*l.* The bishop and his committee experienced great difficulty, owing to the distance of Calcutta from England, in obtaining the services of an experienced architect. The Governor-General of India calculated the probable expense attendant upon having an architect would be 14,400*l.* (?) presuming that his services would be wholly required for eight years. Their limited funds appeared an insuperable barrier to their progress, until Lieut.-Colonel Forbes, of

\* See *N. B. Review*, No. VI., p. 477, and No. VIII., p. 490.

† No. III., pp. 183-189; No. VII., Art. VIII. *passim*, and No. XI., Art. VIII. *passim*.

‡ Miss Caroline Herschel died at Hanover on the 9th of January, in the 98th year of her age.

the Bengal Engineers, who has acted as architect to all the principal buildings in Calcutta during the last twenty-five years (among which may be named the Mint), offered his services gratuitously, which were accepted, and he has been engaged in superintending the construction of the cathedral for eight years.

The style of architecture selected for the cathedral is perpendicular, with several modifications to suit the climate. The tower and spire are after Norwich Cathedral, with improvements suggested by that of Canterbury, while most of the details, external and internal, are from York Minster. The building has been constructed with bricks of a peculiar kind, specially prepared for the purpose, and with dressings of Chunar stone, and well covered, inside and outside, with chunam, which takes a polish like marble. The limited means at the command of the committee would not allow of the entire use of stone.

The extreme length of the cathedral, including the buttresses, is 248 feet, the width 83 feet, and the height of the spire 206 feet. The funds precluded the possibility of a regular nave, consequently a western vestibule occupies its place, being 36 feet by 22 feet. The entrance by the western carriageway is 61 feet by 21 feet, and 15 feet high, over which is a library of the same dimensions and 25 feet high. There is a staircase in the western entrance leading to the western vestibule, in which are steps to the tower and library. Inside the building, under the lantern, a view is obtained of the entire length of the choir, 140 feet, with its east window; also the north and south transepts, each being 44 feet by 28 feet. In the north transept is placed the font, which is 8 feet 6 inches square. The view towards the west from under the lantern extends 100 feet (including the vestibule and covered carriage entrance), and displays the great west window. The choir is 127 feet by 61 feet, covered with an iron trussed roof 47 feet high. The chancel is 20 feet by 40 feet; which, with the middle aisle, is to be paved with the finest Italian marble. The choir will ultimately seat 1,000 persons, the stalls and pews about 400, the middle aisle about 100, the space between the altar and the pews about 200. It is proposed to remove the covered entrance and western vestibule, and add a nave to the building 150 feet by 61 feet.

The subject of the stained and painted glass in the large east window is the Crucifixion, painted by the late Sir B. West, P.R.A. and originally designed for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1787; it cost 4,000*l.*, and was presented by the Queen.

The beautiful colossal statue of the late Bishop Heber, by Chantrey, has been placed in the north transept; it formerly stood in the open entrance of the old cathedral, where it was exposed to injury from the weather.

The following is a detailed account of some of the expenditure, viz. :— The cathedral, 39,894*l.*; the pulpit, communion-table, pews, stalls, chairs, and general internal fittings, 2,289*l.*; the clock, by Vulliamy, cost 675*l.* 10*s.*; five bells, 448*l.*; bell-frame, 231*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*; great windows in the towers cost 971*l.* 17*s.*; organ, 1,500*l.*; the freight, package, and insurance of clock, bells, windows, and organ, cost 397*l.* 10*s.*

The whole edifice is not larger than many parish churches in this country, such as Saffron Waldon, Halifax, Southwell, and Manchester. In



the Bodleian Library may be seen an alabaster model of the cathedral, executed in Italy, 5 feet long and 2 feet high; this was given to the University of Oxford by the Bishop. Although the building does not claim any pretensions to architectural proportions, and perhaps not to many strict architectural decorations, still in point of construction it may be creditable, especially as there were several difficulties to encounter: one of these existed with regard to the nature of the soil. One season was allowed for the works to settle before the roofs were put on; the settlement of the whole building during that period was 16 inches, which it is, said, was previously calculated upon by Colonel Forbes.\*—*The Builder*, March 25.

*On the Form of Sea Walls.—Institution of Civil Engineers.*

At a meeting on the 14th inst., Mr. Joshua Field, president, in the chair, the paper read was "An Account of the Effect of the Storm of the 6th December, 1847, on four Sea Walls of different forms, on the coast near Edinburgh, as illustrating the Principles of the Construction of Sea Defences." By Mr. W. J. M. Rankine.

The principal example given was the sea wall of the Leith branch of the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway, finished in 1837, built by the author from Mr. Walker's design. Just after it was completed a violent storm occurred, which injured almost every similar work within its range, but produced no ill effect upon that structure. On the 6th December, 1847, a still more violent storm occurred, which did great damage all round; but the railway wall still escaped without injury. The total length of the wall was about 750 yards, its height was  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the beach at the highest point, diminishing to about 6 feet at the ends. The height of the top was 4 feet above equinoctial spring tide level. Its least thickness was 5 feet, and its greatest 10 feet; the back was vertical, but the face had an inclination at the lower part of 5 inches in the foot, gradually becoming curved as it rose upwards, until at the stop it overhung slightly. The foundation of course was composed of large flat stones, laid horizontally, 4 feet below the surface of the beach, upon a stratum of fine sand and gravel, firm when dry, but moveable when wet. The face was of hammer-drest ashlar, about two feet thick; the back of rubble, 18 inches thick. The interior was filled with concrete. The coping was composed of stones each weighing about half a ton, connected by means of cast-iron dowels. The stone used was Craighleith sandstone. The face joints were laid in cement for a depth of 4 inches. The foundation was protected by a pitching of trap boulders, laid on the natural level of the beach. They were partially disturbed by the storm referred to, and the author ascribed this to their weight being insufficient to resist the vertical oscillation of the waves.

The second example was a vertical sea wall near Trinity, the foundation of which was protected by a dry stone bulwark, sloping at angles of from 30 deg. to 40 deg. The wall was uninjured by the storm, but the pitching was breached at several points. The third example was another wall near

\* It seems distressing that 50,000*l.* should be spent upon a building, and that the utmost its friends can say of it is, that "in point of construction it may be creditable."

Trinity, of a hyperbolic section. The lower part had a slope built dry up to a little below high water mark ; at this point there was a sharp curve, and the upper part was nearly vertical, and laid in mortar. The waves extracted the stones of the curved portion, and the upper part being undermined, was destroyed to a great extent. The last example was the bulwark of the Granton Railway, the lower part of which sloped at about 20 deg. ; the upper portion was curved, and was covered by a heavy projecting string course and parapet. It was built dry, and the stones of the lower part weighed not less than half a ton each. This bulwark suffered damage to a slight extent in its upper portion.

These examples were stated to confirm the following principles :—That the principal action of the waves in front of a sea wall was a vertical oscillation, produced by the combination of the direct and the reflected waves : that a sloping bulwark gave rise to a sloping oscillation, tending to overturn any portion which projected above the line of slope : that where the strength of a sea wall depended on the pressure of the superincumbent masonry, and the adhesion of mortar and cement, the position of greatest stability was vertical :—and that where the strength depended on the weight of the individual stories, the position of greatest stability was a very flat slope. In the discussion which ensued, instances were adduced of the duration of vertical walls, under the attacks of heavy seas, and on the other hand of their destruction, when flat slopes had effectually resisted the waves : and it was agreed that in this as in all other cases of engineering, no empirical rules should be laid down, but that the skill of the engineer should be exerted to adopt such forms of construction as were best adapted to the locality and the circumstances.—*Ibid.*

### Construction of Granaries.

IN the January number of the *Westminster Review*, the means of preserving corn is discussed, and the following remarks are made on the construction of granaries :—

“Three conditions are essential to the process of putrefaction ; viz. heat, moisture, and still air. With wind, moisture is carried off ; with cold, the decomposing process is checked, as may be seen by the carcasses of animals that lie through the winter in snowy mountains, and dry up to glue. Without air, every thing is locked up and remains *in statu quo* ; as reptiles have been buried for ages in blocks of stone or ancient trees, and then resumed their vital functions, unchanged by time.

In direct opposition to these principles are the granaries of Great Britain and other countries constructed. Their site is generally the bank of a river, or the sea-side. They are built of many floors at a vast expense. They are provided with many windows, each floor being the height of a man, yet not permitting more than twelve to fifteen inches depth of grain on each floor for fear of heating, unless in the case of very old samples. Men are continually employed to turn the grain over, to ventilate it, and clear out the vermin ; and the weevil is naturalised in every crevice, as surely as bugs in neglected London beds, or cock-roaches in West Indian sugar ships. It is the admission of air that permits this evil, that promotes germination, that permits the existence of rats and mice. *In the exclusion of air is to be found the remedy.*

The practicalization of this is neither difficult nor costly: on the contrary, close granaries might be constructed at far less proportional cost than the existing kind. They might be made under ground as well as above ground, in many cases better. They might be constructed of cast-iron, gasometer tanks; or of brick and cement; or of brick and asphalt, like underground water-tanks. It is only required that they should be air-tight, and consequently water-tight. A single man-hole at the top, similar to a steam-boiler, is all the opening required, with an air-tight cover. The air-pump has long ceased to be a philosophic toy, and has taken its place in the arts as a manufacturer's tool; and no difficulty would exist as to that portion of the mechanism. Now, if we suppose a large cast-iron or brick cylinder sunk in the earth, the bottom being conical, and the top domed over: an air-pump adjusted for exhausting the air, and an Archimedean screw pump to discharge the grain, we have the whole apparatus complete. If we provide for *wet* grain, a water-pump may be added, as to a leaky ship."

The advantages of air-tight chambers for many other purposes than the preservation of corn would be great. Gutta Percha would seem to afford the means for making the joints of openings, &c., air-tight, at small expense. Few people, however, think of adapting new materials. Routine enslaves us all. We cannot see beyond our noses.—*Ibid.*

*On the use of Gutta Percha in Electrical Insulation, by Professor Faraday. From the Phil. Mag. for March.*

I HAVE lately found gutta percha very useful in electrical experiments. Its use depends upon the high insulating power which it possesses under ordinary conditions, and the manner in which it keeps this power in states of the atmosphere which make the surface of glass a good conductor. All gutta percha is not, however, equally good, as it comes from the manufacturer's hands; but it does not seem difficult to bring it into the best state: I will describe the qualities of a proper specimen, and refer to the differences afterwards. A good piece of gutta percha will insulate as well as an equal piece of shell-lac, whether it be in the form of sheet, or rod, or filament; but being tough and flexible when cold, as well as soft when hot, it will serve better than shell-lac in many cases where the brittleness of the latter is an inconvenience. Thus it makes very good handles for carriers of electricity in experiments on induction, not being liable to fracture: in the form of thin band or string it makes an excellent insulating suspender: a piece of it in sheet makes a most convenient insulating basis for anything placed on it. It forms excellent insulating plugs for the stems of gold-leaf electrometers when they pass through sheltering tubes, and larger plugs supply good insulating feet for extemporary electrical arrangements: cylinders of it half an inch or more in diameter have great stiffness, and form excellent insulating pillars. In these and in many other ways its power as an insulator may be useful.

Because of its good insulation, it is also an excellent substance for the excitement of negative electricity. It is hardly possible to take one of the soles sold by the shoemakers out of paper or into the hand, without exciting it to such a degree as to open the leaves of an electrometer one or

more inches ; or if it be unelectrified, the slightest passage over the hand or face, the clothes, or almost any other substance, gives it an electric state.

Some of the gutta percha is sold in very thin sheets, resembling in general appearance oiled silk ; and if a strip of this be drawn through the fingers, it is so electric as to adhere to the hand or attract pieces of paper. The appearance is such as to suggest the making a thicker sheet of the substance into a plate electrical machine for the production of negative electricity.

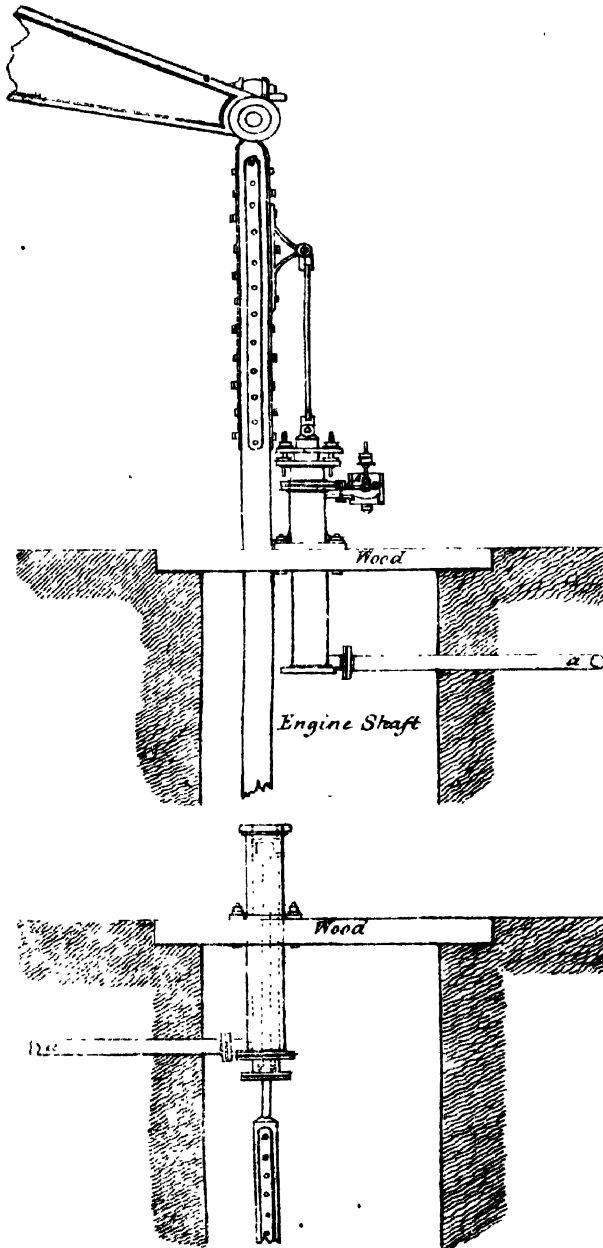
Then as to inductive action through the substance, a sheet of it is soon converted into an excellent electrophorus ; or it may be coated and used in place of a Leyden jar ; or in any of the many other forms of apparatus dependent on inductive action.

I have said that all gutta percha is not in this good electrical condition. With respect to that which is not so (and which has constituted about one-half of that which, being obtained at the shops, has passed through my hands,) it has either discharged an electrometer as a piece of paper or wood would do, or it has made it collapse greatly by touching, yet has on its removal been followed by a full opening of the leaves again : the latter effect I have been able to trace, and refer to a conducting portion within the mass, covered by a thin external non-conducting coat. When a piece which insulates well is cut, the surface exposed has a resinous lustre and a compact character that is very distinctive ; whilst that which conducts has not the same degree of lustre, appears less translucent, and has more the aspect of a turbid solution solidified. I believe both moist steam-heat, and water-baths are used in its preparation for commerce ; and the difference of specimens depends probably upon the manner in which these are applied, and followed by the after process of rolling between hot cylinders. However, if a portion of that which conducts be warmed in a current of hot air, as over the glass of a low gas flame, and be stretched, doubled up, and kneaded for some time between the fingers, as if with the intention of dissipating the moisture within, it becomes as good an insulator as the best.

I have soaked a good piece in water for an hour ; and on taking it out, wiping it, and exposing it to the air for a minute or two, found it insulate as well as ever. Another piece was soaked for four days, and then wiped and tried : at first it was found lowered in insulating power ; but after twelve hours' exposure to air under common circumstances it was as good as ever. I have not found that a week's exposure in a warm air cupboard of a piece that did not insulate made it much better : a film on the outside became non-conducting ; but if two fresh surfaces were exposed by cutting, and these were brought into contact with the electrometer and the finger, the inside portion was still found to conduct.

If the gutta percha in either the good or the bad condition (as to electrical service) be submitted to a gradually increasing temperature, at about  $350^{\circ}$  or  $380^{\circ}$ , it gives off a considerable portion of water ; being then cooled, the substance which remains has the general properties of gutta percha, and insulates well. The original gum is probably complicated, being a mixture of several things ; and whether the water has existed in the substance as a hydrate, or is the result of a deeper change of one part or another of the gum, I am not prepared to say.—*Mechanic.*

*Hydraulic substitute for the Flat Rods in Mining Machinery.*



WE quote the following account of a singularly ingenious and useful contrivance from the *Mining Journal* of last week :—

“ We have frequently in our mines, arising from unavoidable circumstances, horizontal or flat rods, as we term them, for the purpose of communicating power from the engine to some other part, or parts, of the mine for pumping ; and on some occasions, to a great distance. These rods are invariably a considerable impediment to the engine, causing great friction, and preventing the carrying out the principle of expansion of steam—so very desirable as regards the economy of fuel—and also very frequently causing hindrance, and thereby considerable loss, to the mine. In order to do away with these things, it has occurred to me that water should be substituted, as per sketch\*—it being exceedingly simple and effective, and may be applied to any situation—consequently, to any angle or curve. The plan, you will observe, is to have two pumps—one to be worked by the engine, and the other over the shaft or pit, where the power may be required in any part of the mine, and to be worked on the direct-action principle. The pipes leading from pump to pump, to be about one-quarter the area of the pump—the weight being lifted on the out-door's stroke of engine, will not, I think, require larger ; and, in order to prevent any inconvenience on the in-door's stroke, I would have a small valve, as at *a*, to admit air, provided the water should not flow fast enough on the in-door stroke of engine, which air would be forced out on the return of the water, and the valve will be shut by the rising of the water. The same valve should also take in such quantity of water as may be a sufficient compensation for any loss by leakage. The advantages to be obtained by this mode of working are, that the whole of the work in any other part of the mine, to which it may be found necessary to communicate power, would be done by water-pressure, similar to a hydraulic or water-pressure engine—the spare power of the steam-engine acting as the column of water. The principle is easily rendered available underground, or on the surface, in whatever position it may be required ; no risk of accidents by the derangement of flat rods, bobs, &c. ; and the engine to be worked, as regards expansion, as if doing the whole of the work in one shaft only.

“ Redruth, Feb. 25, 1848.”—*Mechanic's Mag.*]

“ JAMES SIMS.”

### *Lord Rosse's Telescope.*

AT the meeting of the Dublin Royal Academy, on March 17th, Dr. Robinson gave an account of the present condition of Lord Rosse's telescope. Dr. Robinson found that the speculum (whose figure, as he had formerly stated, was not quite perfect), as well as a duplicate one, had been polished by the workmen ; and as he apprehended no difficulty in the process, it was repeated. An unexpected difficulty, however, occurred, which made much delay, till Lord Rosse discovered the cause. The success of the operation requires that it be performed at the temperature of 55°. In winter this must be obtained by artificial heat,—which, however, increases the dryness of the air, so that the polishing material cannot be kept on the speculum. In this case the surface is untrue, and gives a confused image. This was verified by the hygrometer, and remedied by a jet of steam so regulated as to keep the air saturated with moisture. The result was immediate ; and at the first trial the speculum acted so well that it was unnecessary to try any further experiments. Three additions had been made to the telescope :—1. The movement in right ascension is given from the ground by machinery intended to be connected with a clock movement which is in progress. 2. To obviate the difficulty of finding objects, an

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\* The under figure is supposed to be a continuation towards the right-hand side of the upper one.

eye-piece of large field and peculiar construction is connected with a slide, so that it can be replaced by the usual one in an instant. It magnifies 208 times, and employs nearly four feet of the speculum, the same as Herschel's 40-foot; thus giving the power of trying what that instrument might show. 3. The micrometer is peculiar,—a plate of parallel glass, with a position circle attached. Light admitted at its edge cannot escape at the parallel surfaces, except they be scratched, and a scale of equal parts engraved on one of them with a diamond—luminous in a field absolutely black. The exceedingly unfavourable state of the weather subsequently prevented much from being done; in fact, there was but one good night, the 11th ult. In the moon he observed the large flat bottom of the crater covered with fragments, and satisfied himself that one of the bright stripes, which have been often discussed, had no visible elevation above the general surface. In the belts of Jupiter, streaks like those of Pyrrhus's cloud were seen; and the fading of their brown colour towards the edge is evidence that they are seen through a considerable and imperfectly transparent atmosphere. A similar shade in the polar regions, where little cloud is to be expected, seems to indicate that the brighter bands are cloudy regions, and the more dusky show the body of the planet. Several nebulae were examined,—and, as formerly, all were resolved. That of Orion is most remarkable. Even before the mirror was perfect, and in bad nights, that part of it which presents the strange flocculent appearance described by Sir John Herschel is seen to be composed of stars, with the lowest power, 360. But Dr. Robinson's eye required 830 to bring out the smaller stars, amongst which these are scattered. Having seen them, and known the easiest parts, they were seen with the 3-feet and 500. Dr. Robinson has seen a recent notice in which this nebulae is said to have been resolved by the observers of Harvard University, U.S., with a Munich achromatic of from 15 to 16 inches' aperture. He has often seen it with Mr. Cooper's of 13.5, a difference easily to be allowed for, but never saw any trace of resolution. He does not in the least dispute the observation; for a precise knowledge of the place (which Dr. Nichol had mentioned) with a purer atmosphere and sharper eyes than his are sufficient to account for it; but he cannot refrain from remarking that the epithet "incomparable," which they apply to their telescope, would be less extravagant if—in addition to the two stars of the trapezium which were discovered by the telescopes of Dorpat and Kensington—they had seen the other two which the 6-feet showed at the first glance, after its polish was completed. Another interesting object is the planetary nebulae, h. 464, situated in the splendid cluster, Messier, 46, and probably a part of it. It is a disc of small stars uniformly distributed and surrounded by the larger. Messier, 64, is a singular modification of the annular form seen obliquely. The opening seems black as ink, and at its margin is one of those interior clusters of bright stars so often noticed before. But the most remarkable nebular arrangement which this instrument has revealed is that where the stars are grouped in spirals. Lord Rosse described one of them (Messier, 51) in the year 1845; and Dr. Robinson found four others on the 11th, of which he exhibited drawings, h. 604 (seen by Herschel as a bi-central nebulae), Messier, 99, in which the centre is a cluster of stars. Messier, 97, looks with the finding eye-piece like a figure of eight; but the higher powers

show star spirals related to two centres, appearing like stars with dark spaces round them,—though probably high powers in a fine night would prove them to be clusters. Another fact deserves to be noted, from its bearing on Struve's 'Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire.' In that admirable book, among other curious matters, he infers that the 18-inch telescope of Herschel penetrated into space only one-third of what was due to its optical power. He explains this by supposing the heavenly spaces imperfectly transparent. In computing the limit, however, he assumes that the Milky Way is in its greatest extent "unfathomable by the telescope." Dr. Robinson, however, chanced to observe it when it is deepest at 6-4, and is certain that its remotest stars were very far indeed within the limit of the 6-feet, and very much larger than those of the nebulae of Orion.—*Athenæum*, April 8.

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*Remarkable Halos and Parhelia, seen on the 29th March.*

THESE optical phenomena were seen by many persons in England, Guernsey, Jersey, and the Isle of Wight, between 11h. A. M. and 5h. P. M. on Wednesday, March 29. We have received many descriptions of the phenomena, which, although complicated and difficult to describe, confirm each other in a very remarkable manner. We have selected one drawing for engraving furnished to us by a correspondent in Guernsey.





The circle D was large, white, and brilliant, parallel to the horizon, and passing through the sun. Two smaller circles, shown by A, were situated near the sun, and intersecting each other, as well as the circle D. At the latter intersecting points were two parhelia, shown at B. Parts of the smaller circles exhibited the prismatic colours very vividly. C, C, C, C, are arcs accompanying the obscured coronas.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### *Arts and Sciences.*

**ROYAL SOCIETY.**—*January 13.*—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—“On the Disruptive Discharge of accumulated Electricity, and the Proximate Cause of Lightning,” by Mr. Isham Baggs; communicated by Mr. S. Hunter Christie, Sec. R.S. The author proposes to inquire into the principal causes of the violent and disruptive union of opposite electricities which constitutes the electric discharge; and to apply the knowledge thus gained to the explanation of natural phenomena, and the further proof of the identity of frictional and voltaic electricities. He describes two instruments which he employed for the purpose of regulating the discharges of a Leyden jar, or battery, by adjusting with precision the distances between two brass balls, forming a communication between the inner and outer coatings; allowing of their being charged only to a limited degree of intensity, by carrying off all the electricity beyond that extent; and thus guarding the glass from the dangers of fracture from an excess of charge. He is led to the conclusion, that with a given dielectric, such as glass, the limit to the intensity of the charge it can receive varies directly as the cube of its thickness, being in the compound ratio of the resistance it presents to the discharge, which is simply as the thickness, and of the square of the distance of the two charged surfaces, such being the law of electric action. When a number of insulated Leyden jars, arranged in a consecutive series by connecting the outer coating of each with the inner coating of the next, is charged by means of an electrical machine, the tension of the charge diminishes in each jar as they follow in the series, that of the terminal jar being exceedingly small. On the other hand, when each jar has been charged separately in the same manner and to an equal extent, and then quickly arranged in a series, the jars not touching one another, but the knobs connected with the inner coating of each jar, after the first, being placed at a certain distance from the outer coating of the preceding jar, which, in such an arrangement is charged with an electricity of an opposite kind to that of the knob adjacent to it, the author found that the tension of the electricities was greatly augmented, giving rise to violent explosions whenever a discharge occurred. He considers a battery thus constituted as bearing the same relation to a single Leyden jar as the voltaic pile does to a single galvanic circle; and as affording in like manner the means of exalting, to any assignable degree, the electric tension.

Adopting the views of Mr. Crosse as to the constitution of a thunder-cloud, namely, that it is formed of a number of concentric zones of electricity, alternately positive and negative, the central one having the highest intensity, and the tension diminishing in the successive zones surrounding the innermost, till it became inappreciable in the one most remote; the author considers this condition of the cloud to be analogous to that of the battery above described, and the phenomena of the former to receive complete illustration from the experimental results obtained with the latter.

*January 20.*—Mr. George Rennie, Treasurer, in the Chair.—“On the Heat disengaged during Metallic Substitutions.” By Thomas Andrews, M.D., M.R.I.A., Vice-President of Queen’s College, Belfast, &c.; communicated by Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. In a paper which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1844, the author deduced from the experimental inquiry there recorded the general law, that when one base displaces another from any of its neutral combinations with an acid, the heat evolved or abstracted is always the same, whatever that acid element may be, provided the bases are the same. Extending a similar inquiry to salts with metallic bases, he establishes, as the result of the investigation of which an account is given in the present paper, the general principle, that when an equivalent on one and the same metal replaces another in a solution of any of its salts of the same order, the heat developed is, with the same metals, constantly the same, the expression “of a solution of the same order” being understood to mean a solution in which the same precipitate is produced by the addition of an alkali, or, on one view of the composition of such salts, in which the metal exists in the same state of oxidation. The metallic salts, in the precipitation of which by other metals the evolved heat was ascertained, were those of copper precipitated by zinc, iron, or lead; of silver, precipitated by zinc or copper; and of lead, mercury and platinum, precipitated by zinc; and the acid elements were either the sulphuric, hydrochloric, acetic, or formic acids. From the last series of experiments the author deduces, that if three metals, A, B, and C, be so related that it is capable of displacing B and C from their combinations, and also B capable of displacing C, then the heat developed in the substitution of A for C will be equal to that developed in the substitution of B for C; and a similar rule may be applied to any number of metals similarly related —*Lit. Gaz.*

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*March 31.*—W.R. Hamilton, Esq., V. P., Treasurer, in the chair.—Dr. Williams, ‘On the Chemistry of the Sea.’ Dr. Williams commenced by demonstrating, by means of an apparatus contrived for the purpose, the effects of pressure on fishes at definite depths beneath the surface of the sea. Having shown that a gold fish, when the water in which it was placed was subjected to a pressure of four atmospheres, became paralyzed, Dr. Williams stated the following conclusions as deduced from his own experiments:—1st. That round fishes, having an air-bladder, cannot, without injury, be exposed to a pressure of more than three atmospheres. 2nd. That the use of the air-bladder is not so much to regulate the specific gravity of the animal as to resist the varying force of the fluid

column, and thus to protect the viscera and abdominal blood-vessels against excess of pressure. 3rd. (Though in this case the results are less striking) flat fish exhibit a limited capacity only for sustaining pressure. From these observations, Dr. Williams inferred that the condition of pressure regulated the distribution of fishes in depth. Referring to the experimental researches of Prof. E. Forbes, he expressed his conviction that pressure would be found the most important element in the problem of submarine organic life. He observed that the lower animals evinced a tolerance of pressure peculiar to each species and determining its zone of depth. The laws of oceanic temperature were next explained. It was experimentally demonstrated that the expansion of sea-water is considerably greater than that of pure water under equal increments of heat. It was, however, established by the aerometer that density did not diminish in exact proportion with the increase of volume. It was argued that this experiment went to account for the expansion of crystals by heat, as noticed by Mitscherlich; and that it also proved that in the case of two strata of water of dissimilar temperature overlying each other in the ocean the tendency to intermixture by vertical molecular attraction was greater than would be the case if the sea consisted of distilled water. It was also contended that it was in accordance with the principles developed in this experiment that the warm water occupying the greatest depths in the sea (as discovered by Sir James Ross) rose to the surface and escaped under the form of vapour, which by diffusing warmth through the atmosphere mitigated the rigour of polar cold. Referring to the stratum of water of uniform warmth observed by Sir J. Ross, the lecturer stated that he had ascertained by experiment that water acquires a considerable increase of temperature under great pressure, and that he thought that the temperature of the deep sea could only be satisfactorily accounted for by the condensation of bulk which the "air of water" underwent. The increase of temperature measured downwards from the stratum of uniform warmth to the sea bottom was noticed as proving that the latent heat of the dissolved air was rendered sensible as the pressure, *i. e.*, the depth, increased. Dr. Williams concluded by referring to the maximum density of water, the laws governing the solution of air in water, and by explaining the influence of those conditions on the existence and distribution of plants and animals in the sea.

*April 8.*—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V. P., in the chair.—'On Shooting Stars and their Connexion with the Solar System,' by Prof. Baden Powell.—Luminous appearances moving through the sky have been commonly known and described under various names, according to their apparent size and nature—as shooting stars, bolides, fire-balls,—and the fall of matter from the atmosphere in different forms, sometimes connected with luminous meteors, sometimes apparently without such appearances, has been in like manner recorded from ancient times under the names of thunderbolts, meteorites, aerolites, &c. Records of such phenomena have been given by Chladni and others (see *Edin. Phil. Journal*, No. 2). Masses of great size and weight have been alleged to have fallen; some, well authenticated, are of great density and composed almost of pure metal—others less metallic, and earthy; some light and porous, soft or spongy, or even in the state of

fine dust, and sometimes like mere dry fog or haze (see Arago 'On Comets,' 1833). Sometimes they have fallen hot or burning (as at the Cape of Good Hope), (Phil. Trans., 1839, i.), and in other instances distinctly proceeding from a *luminous* meteor: but if falling by *day*, the *light* might not be seen—if by *night*, the falling *matter* would not be discovered. The matter has been often alleged to be produced by the *explosion* or *bursting* of a solid mass—but of this there appears no proof: the detonation sometimes heard as only a sound which may be produced, as thunder, without any solid matter. The pieces which fall are, in many instances, distinct *rounded masses*, not angular fragments—as in the meteorite at Ancona, May, 1846, and in that at Launton, 1840. From the Cape meteor, 1838, the masses appear partially rounded, but broken in the fall. For luminous meteors, the greater number of which are probably unconnected with any fall of matter, we have the numerous observations collected by Quetelet (who has given the most complete catalogue of older observations in the Mem. Acad. de Bruxelles, 1842), Colla of Parma and Coulvier Gravier (Brit. Assoc. 1845), Orlebar (Bombay Obs. 1845), Lowe (Atmos. Phen. 1846), Petit (Comptes Rendus, 1846), and many others. These observations have determined, in many cases, the height, velocity and direction of meteors—which are all very various: the heights from the lowest to 600 miles above the earth—the velocities from 20 to 220 miles per second—the direction often affected by perspective, but in some cases serpentine. The size cannot be accurately determined; but any estimates can only apply to the *luminous* disc, which is not necessarily that of any *solid body*. The relation of luminous meteors to electricity has been supported in many instances by the appearance of *coruscations* and flashes of light: a connexion has, also, been made out, in some cases, with Auroras and thunder (by Quetelet, Cappoci, Wartman, Poisson, &c.). Their height is often far above our atmosphere, but the earth's electricity may probably extend far beyond the atmosphere—and on both points various estimates have been formed. Auroras have appeared far beyond the height of the atmosphere. The occurrence of *star showers* at certain epochs has been verified by numerous observations, from early records collected by Sir F. Palgrave (Phil. Trans. 1840) and M. Chasles (Comptes Rendus, March 15, 1841), and more recently, by Quetelet and C. Gravier, who have collected observations from all parts of the world, especially America, substantiating *periodic* star showers, returning for a series of years, about Nov. 12 and Aug. 10; the latter the most constant; the former appear of late years less marked. Observations of these may often have failed from their occurring in day-time or in cloudy weather. These discharges have been found to be directed to a *fixed point in the heavens*, through a considerable portion of the night,—thus showing their *cosmical* nature. In some instances, instead of a shower a single large meteor has appeared. Were the minute bodies collected into a large one? On the nature and laws of these appearances there have been various theories. For an able exposition of the chief of them, see Mr. Galloway's paper (Astron. Soc. Rep. vol. 5). According to Chladni, innumerable small bodies rotate in the solar system. Messier, in 1777, saw a number of small bodies pass the disc of the sun. Many of these must often encounter the earth, unless, as Mr. Strickland suggests, they are converted into satellites,—an idea which has lately been

verified by M. Pettit, who conceives he has identified one which performs its revolution in  $3^h 20^m$  (Comptes Rendus, Oct. 12, 1846, and Aug. 9, 1847). Sir J. Lubbock suggests the idea that such bodies, whether satelitary or planetary, shine by reflected light and disappear on entering the earth's shadow. (*Phil. Mag.* Feb. and March, 1848). But for the generality of small meteors, and especially for the *periodical* showers, these views will hardly apply. We can better suppose rings of diffused matter circulating through the planetary spaces, analogous to the zodiacal ring and to the matter of comets,—all which are probably portions of the primitive nebulous matter out of which the solar system was condensed, and which are gradually undergoing condensation. Out of a ring of such matter, probably, the asteroids have been condensed,—and not formed by explosion, as supposed by Lagrange and others; and to such condensations comets probably tend: of which a striking instance has been afforded in Biela's comet—separating into two, but only that each may condense to a nucleus now clearly ascertained by the observations of Mr. Main (see Greenwich Observations, 1846); while the recent speculations of M. Leverrier (Comptes Rendus, Dec. 20, 1847,) suggest that periodical comets have been fixed in our system by the action of the planets. A continuation of the same analogy leads us to imagine portions of such diffused matter revolving, and either encountering the earth and becoming satelitary to it, and in a high state of electric tension,—and thus, on coming within its electric action, a discharge takes place and matter is consolidated, the metallic portion reduced, and, if within the atmosphere, combustion and fusion may ensue,—and if previously tending directly to the earth, such matter falls as an aerolite, whether solid or in a diffused form—not from breaking up or bursting, but from consolidation; or if beyond the atmosphere or only moving through it, there may be merely an electric flash or detonation, accompanied by sparks or a train. Where a large aggregation of such divided matter thus comes within the sphere of the earth's electricity, an apparent *shower of stars* takes place, such masses may move in orbits with a period equal to that of the earth to produce *annual* showers, either about the sun or earth—but must, in any case, be subject to great perturbations from the moon and planets.—*Athenæum*, April 15.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—*March 27.*—A paper, 'On the Jordan and Dead Sea,' by the late Lieut. Molyneux, of H. M. S. Spartan, commenced at the last meeting, was concluded at this. On the 20th August last Lieut. Molyneux landed at Acre, taking with him three volunteer seamen and an interpreter; and having hired camels, horses, and attendants, he started early the following morning with the ship's dingey, *en route* to Tiberias. For the first two hours the road was excellent. On nearing the village of Abilin its character altered; the country became hilly, and some awkward passes were encountered. The village of Taran was reached the same night, after ten consecutive hours of travelling. On the following day the party arrived at Tiberias, where they encamped outside the walls of the town and near the edge of the lake. Immense herds of camels were seen feeding in different directions. From the hills overlooking Tiberias the prospect was magnificent;—Djebel Sheikh, smothered in clouds, was distinctly seen to the

left, bearing N. N. E. ; in front were the blue waters of Tiberias, surrounded by fine ranges of hills ; and to the left of Djebel Sheikh the white ruins of Safed.—On the 23rd, they embarked on the lake, which is described as being of greater size than is generally laid down ;—from Tiberias to the eastern shore not less than 8 or 9, and from the entrance of the Jordan on the north to its exit at the south end, 18 miles : the latitude of the northern extremity of the lake is  $32^{\circ} 49' 9''$ , about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south of the point usually marked. The Jordan is described as shallow and crossed by numerous weirs, which greatly obstructed the passage of the boat. In many places it might have been crossed by stepping from stone to stone without wetting the shoes ; its waters are muddy and full of fish ; its course tortuous in the extreme, and some waterfalls were found. Great reluctance was manifested by the natives towards the purposed descent of the river, and every possible obstacle thrown in the way. The Sheikhs demanded in some cases exorbitant sums for permission to pass through their provinces ; and altercations, annoying and incessant, were generally terminated by a display of fire-arms, and the threat to shoot them unless they allowed the party to proceed.—On the 3rd of September Lieut. Molyneux embarked on the Dead Sea. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite enough sea for the dingey : steering about south by west, large patches of white frothy foam were several times passed ; and as the sea got up there was heard a most unusual noise something like breakers ahead. At 2 A. M. on the 4th, considering they must be approaching the south end of the sea, they hauled to the wind and stood over towards the western mountains ; and at daylight were about five miles from the peninsula. From Rasel Feshkah to the north, nearly down to the peninsula to the south, the mountains on the western side rise, almost like a perpendicular wall, to the height of 1,200 or 1,500 feet. The peninsula is connected with the main land by a low neck, so that at a distance it would be considered an island. Having arrived at what was thought to be the deepest water, soundings were obtained at 225 fathoms ; the arming of the lead was clear, with some pieces of rock-salt attached to it. Two other casts of the lead were taken at different times ; one gave 178, the second 183 fathoms, with bluish mud or clay. The water throughout the Dead Sea is of a dirty, sandy colour, resembling that of the Jordan ; it is extremely destructive to everything which comes in contact with it, particularly metals, and produces a very unpleasant, greasy feel, when allowed to remain on the skin ; it has also a very obnoxious smell. At noon on the 5th they returned to the tent whence they had embarked, thoroughly done up and thankful for having escaped. Every thing and body in the boat was covered with a nasty shiny substance from the water ; iron was corroded, and looked as if covered with coal tar. No fish or any living thing was found in the water of the Dead Sea. A broad strip of white foam running nearly north and south throughout the whole length of the sea was observed, not commencing where the Jordan empties itself, but some miles to the westward ; it appeared to be constantly bubbling and in motion, and over this, on both nights, was a white line of cloud far above the surface. Having disembarked, the dingey was secured upon the backs of two camels, and the party proceeded to Jerusalem—within the walls of which town entered the boat of a British ship-of-war. Lieut. Molyneux returned by way of Jaffa ; and died shortly after his return to his ship.—*Athenæum*, April 1.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

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*Rise in the Soil of Egypt.*—During the course of the cadastral operations lately ordered by Mehemet Ali, it was shewn that the soil of Egypt is rising each year very perceptibly in consequence of the continued deposit left by the Nile. This elevation is calculated at 30 feet during the last century for the provinces adjoining the river—*Galignani*.—*Year Book of Facts* 1848.

*Central Fire in the Earth.*—The increased temperature found at increased depths in digging Artesian wells, more particularly that of Grenelle in France, has been adduced by M. Arago and other philosophers, as a proof of Central Fire in the Earth. Commander C. Morton, of the Royal Navy, known as the propounder of the “*electrical origin of hail-stones*,” and the vegetable origin of the basaltic columns of the Giant’s Causeway and those of Staffa, merely regards the increased temperature at increased depths as the natural consequences of the increased pressure of the atmosphere, and as much a matter of course as the increased cold or diminished temperature found to exist on ascending mountains according as the atmospheric pressure diminishes in the ascent. The beautiful simplicity of this theory may, perhaps, induce the conviction of its alliance with nature. In corroboration, we may justly remark, that the artificial compression of air does elicit heat.—*Ibid*.

*Gun Tow applied to Blasting.*—A manufacturer of gunpowder, in the west of Scotland, who has of late turned his attention to the manufacture of Gun Tow and Gun Cawdust for blasting purposes, has experimented on some whinstone rocks of the most solid description, at the Lady Mill Quarry in the presence of Professor Penny, and a number of other scientific gentlemen. The first experiment was in a bore of three feet in length and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches diameter, which was charged with nine ounces of Gun Tow, (three pounds of gunpowder would be required to fill the bore necessary to blast. The effect was the bringing down all the rocks adjacent, to the extent of about ten tons. The second experiment was with a bore of three feet four inches, and two half inches diameter, and was charged with eleven ounces of Tow and Cotton mixed (four pounds of gunpowder would be required. The effects were fully more apparent of its strength than in the previous case, bringing down from thirteen to fifteen tons weight.—*Ibid*.

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*Warming with Ice.*—In common language, anything is said to be warmed or cooled, when the temperature thereof is made lower or higher, whatever may have been the temperature when the change commenced. Thus, it is said that melted iron is cooled down to a sub-red heat; or mercury is cooled from the freezing point to zero, or far below. By the same rule solid mercury, say, fifty degrees below zero, may, in any climate or temperature of the atmosphere, be immediately warmed and melted by being imbedded in a cake of ice.—*Scientific American*.

*Organic Bodies in Hail-stones.*—Dr. Waller has communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine*, No. 200, some additional observations on hail, and the Organic Bodies contained in Hail-stones; and thence we obtain the following information:

A Hail-stone, perfectly white, when examined under the microscope, presented the usual appearance of being composed of minute particles of ice, some spherical, others of a more regular shape; and many bubbles of air escaped as it melted. The organised substances contained in the drop of water which resulted were numerous. Most of them were of an irregular shape, with angular outlines. Others were globular, and some of these were completely black, with a nucleus in the centre. With higher magnifying powers were seen green globules about  $\frac{1}{300}$  of an inch in diameter, which were either collected in clusters, or adhering together in single lines like the beads of a rosary. The drop of water, secured in an apparatus nearly air-tight, was found the next day unaltered in size, but the organised matter had entirely changed its character. Some of the organised particles had given off filaments in various directions, presenting the appearance of hollow tubes jointed at intervals; with a few branches or subdivisions, generally arising at the joints. One or two infusoria were likewise seen moving about with great rapidity. When at rest their form was oval; but when in motion, their anterior extremity became elongated. Their organisation was extremely simple; no filaments nor appendages of any kind were to be detected about them. Their interior had a granulated appearance. All these characters indicate that they belong to the genus *Uvella* of the monadinæ, and probably of the species *Uvella glauca* (Elenenberg). On the second day, the vegetable filaments had greatly increased in number. Small elongated cells could be seen at various places, as if forming the first elements of the tubulous branches spread out around them. The *infusoria* had likewise greatly increased in number. The next day again the same appearances were presented. Scarcely any alteration could be detected in the vegetable or animal bodies, the last were as active in their movements as before. Dr. Waller purposed to continue these observations every day, in order to ascertain their future changes; but unfortunately, by some accident, one of the slips of glass belonging to the apparatus was broken, and in consequence the water quickly dried up; so that when next examined the *infusoria* were found to be dead. The further addition of water was ineffectual to restore the vegetable particles to life.—*Phil. Mag.*

#### FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE, FEBRUARY.

*A Description of Active and Extinct Volcanos, of Earthquakes, and of Thermal Springs*; with remarks on the causes of these Phenomena, the Character of their respective Products, and their Influence on the past and present condition of the Globe, by CHARLES DAUBENY, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Second Edition, greatly enlarged, 8vo. pp. 734. R. and I. E. Taylor.

As a sequel and context to Dr. Whewell's lectures at the British Institution, reported in our number of Jan. 29, nothing can be more opposite and conclusive than this volume by Dr. Daubeny. From the first edition philosophical readers are cognizant of his universal views, and the



details of their working out; whence he deduces those great hypothesis on which his explanation of the phenomena are based. The strength of his reasoning is of a convincing force; but according to the reference we have just made it would signify little whether it is demonstrably true or largely false. Out of the elements he has elicited, the truths of nature would be equally elaborated. For our parts much as fire and water and heat and cold may have done towards forming past and present conditions of our earth, we are fully convinced that other agents have done much; and that volcanos, not to speak of electricity, have played a very important part in this mighty mundane drama. But, however, it may have been or be, Dr. Daubeny's book is one of infinite research and great worth. A book to be valued wherever science is studied.—Independently of the grand question it involves, the particular portions relating to volcanic products are exceedingly interesting, in short, it is itself an admirable product of the press, handsomely illustrated, and full of high intelligence.

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*Oceanic Currents.*—Lieut. Maury, Director of the National Observatory at Washington, notifies a current of warm water, which appears to flow from the coast of China to the North West coast of America. He says that three years ago, a Chinese junk by the influence of this current arrived on the American coast; its speed seems to be 60 miles per day. He states likewise that the trade winds are stronger on the East coast of America, than they are on the West coast of Africa.

*A Substitute for Quinine.*—M. P. Duchassaing, a medical man at Guadaloupe, where intermittent fevers are so common, employs the bark of *adansonia digitata*, instead of the high-priced Sulphate of Quinine. He states that by extensive experience he has proved the efficacy of this medicament, which is less costly, of an agreeable taste, without action on the nervous system, and favourable to the digestive functions by reason of its mucilaginous principle; and that it has succeeded in several cases in which stronger doses of quinine were exhibited without effect. An ounce of this bark boiled in a quart of water until reduced to one-third, often suffices, according to M. Duchassaing, for the cure of these deadly fevers.

*A New Process of Engraving.*—M. Poitevin has invented a method of transferring designs or engravings to silver, or to plated copper, and of preparing the latter for yielding impressions in the manner of wood-cuts or of engraved plates. The process is to expose an engraving to the vapour of iodine, which deposits itself on the black only (there is paper which produces the opposite effects). Then lightly press the iodized print upon a plate of silver, or of copper silvered and polished as for a daguerreotype. The black parts of the print yield the iodine to the silver, and are thus transferred to the plate as an iodide. Plunge the plate for a few moments into a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, connected with a battery of a small number of elements, the other pole being platinum. Copper is deposited only with the parts not covered with the iodine, and corresponding with the whites; and thus is obtained a perfect representation of the

print, the copper representing the whites, and the iodized silver the blacks. Care should be taken that the plate remain in the sulphate bath, but for a short time, or the whole would be covered with copper. Wash carefully and immerse in a solution of hyposulphite of soda to dissolve the iodide of silver. Wash well in distilled water and dry. Then heat the plate to a temperature sufficient to oxidize the surface of the copper, which takes successively different tints, stopping at the sombre brown. Let it cool, then amalgamate the silver laid bare, heating the plate slightly to facilitate the operation. The mercury not combining with the oxide of copper, the amalgamated parts represent the blacks, and the oxide of copper the whites. Again cover the plates with two or three gold leaves, and evaporate the mercury by heat. The gold will then adhere only to the blacks of the design. The gold not adhering is then to be raised with a scratch-brush. This done, dissolve the oxide of copper with a solution of nitrate of silver; then attack the silver, as well as the copper underneath with weak nitric acid.

The traces of the design protected by the gold not being attacked, allows to a required depth corresponding to the whites of the engraving, may be obtained. This latter operation finished, the plate is fit to yield impressions as wood-cut blocks.

To obtain with the same designs plates engraved, a copper plate covered with gold must be operated upon. In the bath of sulphate of copper, the parts corresponding to the whites will be covered with copper. Remove the iodine, or the compound of iodine formed with hyposulphite; oxidize the layer of deposited copper, and amalgamate the gold, which may then be taken off with nitric acid, dissolving at the same time the oxide of copper. In this preparation the white parts are evidently preserved, and the hollows represent the blacks as in——an engraved copper-plate.

*Electric Light.*—Numerous experiments have lately been made in Paris with regard to electric light; the objects of which were to give the electric spark a continuous light which would admit of its being employed for the lighting of public buildings, theatres, work-shops, &c., by means of a tube constructed upon a new principle, a placard placed at the distance of a kilometre was perfectly legible. On the stage of the Palais Royal, an electric spark was thrown upon one of the worst of the scene pieces, and produced a light equal to that of day, and completely overcame that of the lamps. Great results are anticipated from this discovery when the regulating of the fluid shall have been mastered.

#### FROM THE ATLAS FOR INDIA, 24TH APRIL.

*Analysis of Railway Accidents.*—By an analysis of the returns recorded in this department, it appears of the 110 persons killed and 74 injured, on all the railways of Great Britain and Ireland during the six months ending 31st December 1847, there were 5 passengers killed and 39 injured from causes beyond their own control; 3 passengers killed and 3 injured owing to their own misconduct or want of caution; 9 servants of companies, or of contractors killed and 8 injured from causes beyond their own control; 56 servants of companies or of contractors killed and 19 injured

owing to their own recklessness or want of caution ; 36 trespassers and other persons neither passengers nor servants, killed and 5 injured by improperly crossing or standing on the railway ; 1 suicide. Total 110 killed, 74 injured. And for the same period the number of passengers amounted to 31,734,607.

*Railway Travelling.*—A New Locomotive has been running on the Midland Railway between Rugby and Leicester, with three carriages attached to it, at an average speed of 75 miles per hour.

*A Pictish Cup.*—A Cup supposed to be Pictish, made of granite and fluted on the outside, has recently been discovered at Brickkige, Caithness. In that neighbourhood there are a number of Pictish remains to be seen.

*Chloroform at Constantinople.*—*The Medical Times* says the Sultan has ordered a quarter cask of Chloroform for the use of the ladies in his harem.

*The Conway Rail Tube.*—The Conway tube, weighing 1,300 tons, was raised 14 feet on Monday morning during a storm of hail, only 10 men were employed in the operation, and the presses were found to answer admirably. The rising was at the rate of twelve feet per hour.

*Tribute to Mr. Adams.*—The members of St. John's College, Cambridge, have raised a fund amongst themselves for the purpose of honoring the labours of Mr. Adams by some permanent memorial. "It is intended," a cotemporary says, "to institute a triennial prize in connexion with his name," in testimony of their sense of the honour which he has conferred on his College and the University, by having been the first among the Mathematicians of Europe to determine from perturbations the unknown place of a disturbing planet exterior to Uranus. "The prize is to be awarded to the author of the best essay, on some subject of pure Mathematics, Astronomy, or other branch of Natural Philosophy."—*Athenæum*, April 15.

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#### FROM THE BUILDER FOR MARCH.

##### *Fire-proof and Rot-proof Houses.*

SIR,—In connection with a recent inquiry as to the prevention of rot in houses, I would direct your attention to a plan of building by Mr. Grimsley. He builds houses without any wood whatever, except for doors and window frames : his roofs are self-supporting, and so are his floors. The roof is turned with a brick arch, with bricks of a peculiar form, made to support each other and firmly put together with cement about five feet apart. The floor is supported with wrought iron girders placed five feet apart, arched in proportion to the width, and the space between the girders is filled by arched brickwork, also laid in cement. These bricks both for

floors and roofs are hollow and light as timber. Any one who is about to build in a damp situation, or wishes for a fire-proof house at a moderate cost would do wisely to visit Oxford, where he can see both the University, Record Office and St. Paul's School, both built on this plan.—T. C.

### *Use of Cement in Construction.*

SIR,—The late melancholy occurrence and loss of life at the Euston-square Station arising from the non-settling of the cement used, has induced me to read with much attention the evidence reported in your paper (see our last No.) I perceive Mr. Hardwick's opinion to be "that had the work been proceeded with in a dry season, in all probability the accident would not have occurred, and that it arose from the non-induration of the cement owing to the excessive wet weather." I entirely differ with him on that point, knowing, as I do from experience, that good cement is never so much in its element as when used in damp weather! and I am prepared to support and prove the correctness of my opinion either to Mr. Hardwick or any other architect or builder, by joining together with good Portland cement and sand, a given number of wet bricks, and keeping them moist for ten days or longer, and establishing at the end of the time, that the bricks cannot by any fair means be disconnected at the joints from the cement; on the contrary the bricks will break, while the cement will remain hard and firm in the joints. I observe one of the jurymen stated as his opinion, "that had the work been done in April or May, the cement might have been set in a few days, but at this season of the year it would not set in several weeks." This gentleman is evidently unacquainted with the nature and power of the material. The truth is, the failure of the works at Euston-square was entirely owing to the bad quality of the cement used; the columns at the station having been set in cement, would not, had it been good, have broken as described in the evidence, nor until coming in contact with the ground, and then only into the three or four pieces, arising solely from the breaking of the bricks. I differ also with Mr. Hardwick in opinion, "that good cement should at all times be used immediately after it is prepared, and that by being left long, its adhesiveness is destroyed, and it becomes crumbly." The fact is, good cement never becomes crumbly. I have kept cement for 4 or 5 years, and afterwards, on its being exposed to the atmosphere, it has set twice as hard as when fresh from the manufactory. Having been practically connected with cement works and building, and made numberless experiments with good Portland cement and brick, from my childhood, I assert without fear of contradiction, that a cube foot of sound brick, set in good cement for ten days is capable of sustaining a weight of 50 tons. It matters little which way the bricks are laid, if the material be good; provided the work be well walled and grouted, the structure will be one solid mass.

Apologising for this lengthened intrusion on your valuable columns, induced by nothing but a desire to serve the public, and not to prejudice any individual cement manufacturer, being, as I am, entirely ignorant by whom the cement was supplied for the building at the station,

I am, &c.

WM ASPDIN.

*The New White Paint*, of which a temporary mystery was lately made, and the basis of which was anticipated to be either antimony or bismuth (the latter a metal proposed by Reynault to be classed with antimony itself) formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. Forrest, the discoverer, at the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, on Monday, last week, when he announced his intention to make a present of it to the public, intimating, at the same time, that it consisted of white oxide of antimony (argentine flowers, as it used to be called by the old chemists,) and that it had many advantages as an excellent body paint, superior to white lead and much cheaper, inasmuch as antimony might be obtained in abundance for about £12 a ton, whilst lead costs £24 10s. He then pointed out its greater permanence of colour, and its capability of being spread over a much larger surface than an equal weight of white lead. Indeed it is not only lighter but may be made more subtle; and it was its superiority in these and other respects that led us to regard it as a likely substitute for lead. It is rather singular, too, that the old chemists called antimony *their* lead, maintaining that in some of its properties, it bore a near affinity to lead.

### *Smoky Chimneys.*

SIR,—From observation and practice I find the cause of smoky chimneys to be the descent of air down the flue, which is often attempted to be cured by placing cowls of different shapes on the tops of the flues, and at other times by placing horizontal pipes under the floors and under the hearth-stones to bring in air; this frequently fails, as the weight of air down the flue is too powerful for that introduced by the horizontal pipes. I have always found that to effect a certain cure, the draft to the fire must be powerful, and I have cured the most obstinate smoky chimneys by the following method, viz. by introducing an air trunk of zinc, wood, &c. from the top of the chimney stack, down to the side of the fire-place. In new buildings preparations could be made at the commencement, by forming a second and smaller flue by the side of the smoke flue. This would save expence and prevent the deformity of the house by cowls.

WM. ROWE.

*To Transfer Engravings to White Paper.*—Place the engraving for a few seconds over iodine vapour. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and when dry in a weak solution of oil of vitriol; when dry, lay the slip upon the engraving and place them for a few minutes under a press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing on the black parts or ink of the engraving, and not on the white. This important discovery is yet in its infancy.

### *An Ointment and Induration of Plaster, Stone, Cement, and Pasteboard.*

—A patent has been granted to Mr. Wm. Hutchison, of Barnsbury-park, Middlesex, marble merchant, for a foreign method of rendering plaster, pasteboard, porous stone, and other substances, impervious to wet, frost, vermin, or other destructive agencies; and for mashing paper rags, hemp

ropes, and even hay, and straw, and preparing them into substances useful for sheet-roofing, pipes, tiles, &c. The plaster porous stone, mashed hay, &c., are first shaped as may be desired, then perfectly dried, so as to be highly absorbent; then boiled in a mixture of resin and oil, grease, &c. or pitch and coal tar for a time, varying according to their thickness or bulk, and then dried again and finished off by polishing, &c. according to the nature and purpose of the article. The absorbent mixture may be tinged with various mineral or vegetable colours, or the substance be prepared of a black or other dark colour, as with the pitch, &c. Chalk, alabaster, busts, and even soft and porous wood, may be also treated in the same way, but all must first be dried, so as to ring like metal, and be afterwards boiled in the unguent till it is thoroughly absorbed.

#### FROM THE MECHANIC FOR MARCH.

*The Ventilometer.*—A new instrument under this name, invented by an officer of the French navy, has been recently submitted to our Lords of the Admiralty. Hitherto winds have been supposed to be caused chiefly by changes in the density of the atmosphere; but the inventor of the Ventilometer professes to have discovered that they originate entirely from “electrical changes,” though perhaps influenced secondarily by the pressure, more or less, of the atmosphere; nay that their approach may be as truly predicted by the magnetic needle as the degrees of deviation from a vessel’s course from due north. The instrument in fact exactly represents an ordinary ship’s compass. The Ventilometer forms itself (we quote a description which is going the rounds of the press) “into the centre of a certain undefined circumference, but the extent of whose influence does not exceed a space of twenty-four hours; any change taking place within this circle is notified, so that suppose a vane to be pointing north, but that the Ventilometer at the same moment points to south; then within the twenty-four hours, most certainly the south wind will blow; but the ordinary change is from twelve to eighteen hours, and should the Ventilometer remain for hours, or days at the same point, the same wind will continue to blow; but when it changes within the twenty-four hours the wind will change also. This instrument is not influenced by the lighter breezes; when a strong wind blows, the needle or indicator, is horizontal, but as the winds or atmospheric changes gradually increase in violence, the point is elevated by the weight of the atmosphere, and thus not merely pre-indicates the wind that is to blow, but its exact strength and duration.” We hope all this may prove true; but in the absence of any sufficient reason for the wonderful effects ascribed to the instrument, we must needs have our doubts. The Lords of the Admiralty will of course order it to have a fair trial.

*The Archimedian Screw*—Although it is said to have been invented by Archimedes, and has long been named after him, there are circumstances that render it probable that those writers were mistaken who attribute it to the great philosopher of Syracuse. There is no evidence that Archimedes himself ever claimed its invention; and his countryman Diodorus Siculus, who lived two hundred years after him, admits that it was invented in

Egypt. Again Vitruvius who was contemporary with Diodorus, and had therefore equal opportunity of ascertaining the history of the invention, never once ascribes it to Archimedes, although he evinces a laudable anxiety throughout his work to trace every invention to its true author.

### *The Atmospheric Railway System.*

Continued failures on the South Devon Railway.

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated statements of the complete success which has attended the working of the atmospheric system on this line, as made by two provincial journals—evidently the organs of the engineers,—it is clear that the longitudinal valve, with its accompanying sealing material, can never be relied on for regular railway transit. The failures, which are constantly occurring are, as much as possible, glanced over, and kept from the press and the knowledge of the public; but such failures do continually occur; and the constant attendance of a locomotive engine in readiness on the line for the purpose of propelling the trains when the vacuum cannot be kept up, proves that the promoters themselves have no faith in their own system, but are determined as long as possible to throw dust in the eyes of the shareholders, and bolster up the principle to the last. We have been informed, (whether true or false, we leave to the parties interested to explain) that during a dry and windy day, a short time since, above twenty men were employed in keeping the valve in a situation to seal,—the dust blowing on to the grease, rendering its surface dry, and absolutely useless, without such attendance. We have before us numerous dates when the train has been propelled by locomotives—the monstrous stationary engines blowing their hardest to obtain a vacuum—thus employing two systems to do the work of one, and a Sunday or two since, a train was propelled by the men in the Company's employ pushing it along at the rate of half a mile per hour. These things must be explained to the satisfaction of those who have put their faith in the system, and shewn it by investing their capital in the undertaking. We believe the system of atmospheric propulsion to be sound in principle, and much honour is due to the inventor of even the valve principle, but it is evident it is not calculated for practical working.—*Mining Journal.*

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## VII.—TALES.

*The Heirs Expectant.—By Mary Howitt.*

## CHAPTER VII. •

As Mrs. Ashenhurst had said to her daughter nothing is altogether smooth in this world; and so they continually found. Bright and untroubled as their lot seemed at a distance, it was but as the distant sunny view of mountains, where even the desolation gives beauty; a nearer approach, a more intimate knowledge, shows the barrenness, the unsightliness—caves of savage creatures—difficulty and painfulness for the wayfarer. All this was an exact type of their fortunes. The external polish and extreme courtesy of the General's manner veiled cold selfishness, capricious humours, and the most inordinate passion for power,—all which a very short time served to make known to his relatives. Old feelings and old habits they were called upon to sacrifice; they had much to bear and much to forbear; they were no longer free agents; nothing could be done, said or scarcely felt, without considering in the first place how far it might be agreeable to the General. True, he was willing to purchase their submission by the most unbounded liberality, by every indulgence of outward ease and splendour; but Jane soon found that these were but poor compensation for independence of action, thought, and feeling. Mrs. Ashenhurst, whose natural independence of character was much less than her daughter's, and whose love of state, of wealth, and the influence and indulgence it commands, much greater, felt the conditions less painfully. Whatever was expedient she converted into a duty; it was expedient to maintain her present position, therefore it was her duty to accede to the General's terms; and whatever she could not thus reason away was made endurable by her commonplace wisdom of things never being altogether smooth in this world, or that she had invariably found the rough and the smooth go together.

Besides all this, three months made them aware of other peculiarities in the nabob than those of temper. He was, spite of his seeming, an unhappy, unsatisfied man. Occasionally he was deeply agitated by unexplained causes, and at times moody and silent, apparently incapable of receiving pleasure even from all the multiplied sources of it which he had gathered about him! and many hours of each day were passed within his own chamber, with barred doors, whence the servants reported sounds of human agony to have issued as if he inflicted bodily penance, or underwent mental scrutiny for some untold sin; and, as confirmation strong, he was said to wear a hair-shirt under his delicately fine linen. All these things, the common topic of the servants' hall, were reported to the ladies by Betty, who regarded him as a most awful personage. An immense iron chest too was reported to be kept under his bed, in which it was supposed his treasure was contained,—treasure for which it was surmised he endured that mental or bodily anguish; and, strange to say, this chest, which was reported to be immovable to other hands, was heard to be drawn forth by the nabob with the utmost ease. Stories too were told of glimpses that had been had of jewels so mysteriously splendid that the famous carbuncle must have been dim in comparison.

All this Mrs. Ashenhurst affected to hear with the utmost indifference, as the idle fancy of idle domestics; and Betty, though artfully encouraged to tell all she knew, was chidden for ignorant credulity, her lady the while resolving with herself to watch the nabob narrowly, and to get a peep into his mysterious chamber, which had become as fascinating to her imagination as the forbidden closet in the castle of Blue-beard was to his wives.



Days and weeks passed on, and Sir Harbottle went and came from Denborough Park as if it had been his home; and the country rang with the strange news that Sir Harbottle Grimstone was to marry Miss Ashenhurst, after all the bad feeling there had been between him and General Dubois. Even Mrs. Ashenhurst herself began to fear that her daughter was destined by the General for the bride of Sir Harbottle, and much was the casuistry she employed to persuade her natural love of refinement, and her affection for her daughter, that it certainly was, as far as rank and fortune went, not a bad connexion:—that, after all, Sir Harbottle was a good-natured man, and most likely would make an excellent husband. But she could not altogether succeed; on the contrary, she even at times questioned if there was not a duty she owed to her daughter more imperative, more sacred, than that which she owed even to the General. Poor Mrs. Ashenhurst, she was completely thrown upon both horns of the dilemma! As for Jane herself, she felt that there was a want of self-respect and delicacy in receiving those attentions from Sir Harbottle which she could not pretend to misunderstand. Still she was summoned to his presence by her uncle, and told by him that she must receive him well. Her soul rebelled against it, and she continually showed Sir Harbottle how unpleasant his attentions were; yet she dared not disobey her uncle by offending him; reserving to herself the privilege of refusing him, come what would, whenever his addresses became definite.

Many were the thoughts Jane sent after Mrs. Burgoyne and Brian Livingstone. Why did not the dear old lady write? why did not Brian visit them as he had intended to do? Her intercourse with the rude, free-spoken and jovial Sir Harbottle only made the memory of Brian Livingstone more delightful to her, were it but from the force of contrast.

"Everybody would think and feel the same as I do, even without my particular reasons for liking him," were Jane's reflections as she sat before her glass one morning while Betty was arranging her hair; and as if in confirmation of the thought, Betty, who had been attempting to bring in the subject for the last ten minutes, was now forced to drag it in head and shoulders, to use her own phrase.

"Oh! Miss Jane, if I might but speak my mind!"

"To be sure—what have you to say?" was Jane's encouraging answer.

"Why, it is not for such as me to interfere, if you like him better Miss Jane; but, dear me! I think Sir Harbottle Grimstone is not to be named in the same month with Mr. Livingstone!"

"He is not!" said Jane.

"Laus a-me, to be sure not! And as for being called my lady, if I may be bold to say it, it's nothing to being Mrs. Livingstone; and only see what a nice handsome gentleman he is!"

"I cannot understand what all this means," said Jane.

"I hope you are not angry, Miss Jane," said Betty, determined nevertheless to speak her mind; "but ay dear! doesn't everybody believe you are to be married to Sir Harbottle?—more's the pity!—and poor Mr. Livingstone just a-coming, as one may say."

Jane scarcely breathed, and the waiting-woman went on.

"I know it is not my place to talk to you in this way; but, oh! Miss Jane there's a deal in a word, and a word is soon spoken; and if so be you had promised to Sir Harbottle before the other came, it might be the death of him, so ill as he has been; and you might live to repent it all the blessed days of your life!" And Betty, touched by her own earnestness, wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Ill!" said Jane; "has Mr. Livingstone been ill?"

"Ay dear, yes, ma'am; but Thomas Thackeray says he's better again."

"Thomas Thackeray?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Livingstone has taken him as his servant, now that he has got the rectory; and he came last night to see me," said Betty, hesitatingly; "seven-and-thirty-miles, it's a good way; and he came in his new livery, not as grand as what they wear here, but very handsome. And I should not wonder if Mr. Livingstone comes here before he is many months older; he has been very ill, Thomas says; and Mrs. Burgoyne and Miss Augusta are gone to live at Bath."

Nothing could have shown Jane so forcibly as this information, how far removed, how entirely alienated they were from their old friends. "All this had happened: Brian had been ill—he was now rector of Collington-Magna; and her friends were living at Bath. Mrs. Burgoyne had not written! Ah, that shewed how entirely changed all things were now!" So thought Jane, in astonishment and sorrow of heart; while poor Betty thought, "it was the strangest thing in the world that Miss Ashenhurst should care no more about Mr. Livingstone than nothing, and only see how easy she seemed to take it!—Well, for her part, she might just as well take up with Mr. John, instead of Thomas Thackaray; as if such a thing was possible! as Miss Jane like Sir Harbottle better than Mr. Livingstone!"

At this very time Sir Harbottle rose from his bed "with" as the old song says, "his heart full of love."

"By jingo! I'll know what's what," said he, "this day, or my name is not Grimstone!"

Sir Harbottle dressed himself three times that morning;—first in his riding-suit, which was his favourite, and in which he flattered himself he looked most irresistible,—at all events, he looked most unlike the nabob.

"I've a good leg," said he, as he stretched it out to his admiring gaze, after he had finished his toilet, "a well-made leg—and I'm not altogether an ugly fellow, either!"

Thus well satisfied, he ordered his horse to be saddled with the new saddle, and his groom to be ready to attend him precisely at twelve, not a minute later.

Scarcely was breakfast over when he altered his mind—he would go in his phaeton; the order for the horses was countermanded. The nabob had ridiculed him in his hunter's suit, and for this one day he would be on his good behaviour.

Again he performed his toilet, and habited himself somewhat in the fashion of the nabob himself, in a damson-coloured coat lined with rose-coloured silk, and embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, and white silk stockings. Sir Harbottle was the pink of fashion; he contemplated himself in his mirror, and saluted himself with an oath—"he looked a devilish deal better in his other dress! women like something manly, and not such finikin finery as this!" said he, as he again unrobed, and assumed his proper habiliments.

Again the order in the stables was changed.

"Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed the groom; "when will master know his own mind!"

The horses were at the door to the minute, and Sir Harbottle, in his new boots, mounted into his new saddle, and, attended by his servant, rode up to Denborough Park.

General Dubois was sipping his chocolate; Mrs. Ashenhurst was sitting at a work-table, seeming to work rather than doing so; and Jane was accompanying herself on her guitar, to that very song of Brian Livingstone's which he had given her when they parted.

The three were thus occupied when Sir Harbottle Grimstone was announced. A shade of vexation passed over every countenance, but the General rose and received him with courtesy. Mrs. Ashenhurst did the same; Jane set down her instrument, and stood looking at a parrot, without seeming to see Sir Harbottle.

"Come, Miss Ashenhurst," said her uncle, "you must give Sir Harbottle that song,—Sir Harbottle is an excellent judge of music."

Jane felt as if it were profanation to sing it before him, but in obedience she took up her guitar, and blushing over brow and bosom, she sang—

Heart, what mean these hopes and fears ?  
Eyes of mine, why flow these tears ?  
Grief with my few-number'd years  
Hath no right to grow !

Pr'ythee, dear heart, tell me why  
Thou art sad, although thou try  
Joy to win ? In times gone by  
It was not so !

It is love, sweet love, doth keep  
In thy heart's heart sure and deep !  
Not for grief is 't thou dost weep,  
But for joy's excess !

Hast thou love within thy breast,  
Hold him fast, let go the rest,  
Houses, lands,—supremely blest  
If love thee bless !

"My niece has tolerable execution," said her uncle when she had finished.

"Divine, by Jove !" shouted Sir Harbottle. "Nay, Miss Ashenhurst, you have not done," said he, coming to her side, and looking unutterable things in her eyes, while he sang in his rude voice the words of the song,

Hast thou love within thy breast,  
Hold him fast, let go the rest,  
Houses, lands ———

Jane looked towards her uncle, to see what he wished her to do.

"Certainly oblige Sir Harbottle ! Can't you make a pretty love-scene out of it, and reply,

——supremely blest,  
Thee love shall bless !"

There was the keenest derision in the tone in which the General said these words ; and, utterly confounded and mortified, Jane laid down the guitar. Sir Harbottle was wild with exultation.

"Egad ! my dear General," said he, "you are an emperor. By Jove ! you've hit the right nail on the head ! Here am I come this blessed day to tell Miss Ashenhurst in plain downright English how I adore her ! My dear Miss Jane, will you permit me ?" said he, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his lips.

"Sir Harbottle Grimstone !" exclaimed three voices at once, in tones that made even the ecstatic Sir Harbottle feel strange.

"Sir Harbottle Grimstone, will you please to explain yourself?" said the General, rising in such cool wrath as at once silenced and terrified the ladies, and made the baronet stand on the defensive.

"What the deuce is all this ?" asked Sir Harbottle.

"What the deuce is this, indeed ! Why, that you are not to take liberties with my niece !"

"Bless my life ! General Dubois, have I not had your encouragement to pay attention to Miss Ashenhurst ? Miss Ashenhurst, I hope to God you are my friend ! Mrs Ashenhurst, will not you say one word for me ? Upon my soul, I love Miss Ashenhurst—I adore her ; and here I am come for no other earthly purpose than to offer her my hand. You will not be so cruel, Miss Ashenhurst !"

"Sir Harbottle Grimstone, there are three descriptions of persons my niece shall never marry : a widower, a fox-hunter, and a parson !"

"You are not to decide between Miss Ashenhurst and me," said Sir Harbottle, with an earnestness which might pass either for anger or emotion. "Speak, Miss Ashenhurst ! Egad, I would not affront you ! I have a good fortune, Miss Jane ; what I am you see !"

"Oh ! Sir Harbottle," said Jane, "say no more ; I cannot accept your offer !" and overcome almost to fainting by the words of her uncle, she leaned on her mother's arm.

"Sir Harbottle," said the General, triumphantly, "you have lived to see the day when a woman has refused you ! My God ! did you think it was only to ask and have ? I thought it was strange if I could not find a woman who would refuse you !"

Mrs. Ashenhurst saw at once what had been her brother's designs. Sir Harbottle glanced furious anger on his enemy, but he continued to plead with Jane.

"Miss Ashenhurst, why should you be overruled by others ? I have a good fortune, Mrs. Ashenhurst ; my estate is four thousand a year !"

"You have heard what the General has said," observed the politic Mrs. Ashenhurst, "it is our pleasure, as well as our duty, to abide by his will !"

"Oho ! that's it—is it ? Heaven and earth ! is General Dubois to come between you and me, Miss Jane ? On my soul, I love you ! General Dubois has known it long, and what the devil would he forbid it now for !"

"My niece shall marry neither fox-hunter nor parson !" again exclaimed the General, looking on with as much triumph as anger.

"Let me leave the room !" said Jane Ashenhurst.

"By your permission," said her mother, putting her hand to the door against which Sir Harbottle had placed his burly person.

"Ladies," returned he, "I never imagined that my devotions had been other than agreeable to you !"

"They were always extremely disagreeable, sir," replied Mrs. Ashenhurst ; "and whatever is needful to be said farther on the subject, my brother will say it."

"My dear Miss Jane Ashenhurst," persisted he, addressing Jane, "you cannot be so cruel !"

"I am extremely sorry for what has happened, Sir Harbottle," she replied, with great agitation ; "but your attentions never did and never can give me pleasure !"

"Mighty pretty, upon my word !" exclaimed the angry Sir Harbottle, leaving the ladies at liberty to make their exit,—"*mighty pretty !* And why the devil then was I made a fool of ? General Dubois, you have behaved villanously !"

"Sir !" exclaimed the General.

"You have behaved in a rascally manner—in a d——d shabby way, sir !"

"Will you please to leave the house ?" said General Dubois.

Sir Harbottle seized his hat and riding-whip, and overturning two stands of flowering plants, and setting the parrots and other birds all in an uproar of fright, went out of the apartment, swearing that the old nabob should live to repent it.

General Dubois' rage rose to its height at the confusion and havoc Sir Harbottle had made ; servants were summoned to set things right again, while he wished he had the offender at Furnapore, where, he swore, he had shot many a much better man for a less cause !

Unjustifiable as both mother and daughter felt the General's conduct to have been throughout this affair, it was still a relief to know that Jane was not destined for the wife of Sir Harbottle Grimstone. Nevertheless, Jane freely censured her uncle : she had been made a tool to pique Sir Harbottle, or to revenge

an old affront ; there had been no regard had for her feelings—it was an unprincipled, selfish piece of cunning , and with great warmth Jane declared that both she and Sir Harbottle had been very ill used.

“ Bless me, my dear, how you talk !” replied Mrs. Ashenhurst ; “ to name yourself and Harbottle in the same breath ! Why, sure, love, you had no partiality for him !”

“ If I had,” said Jane, “ I do not see that any regard would have been had to my feelings. But in truth I had not ; I detested Sir Harbottle. Yet my uncle saw me daily distressed by his vulgar attentions, which I cannot pretend to have misunderstood, and repeated over and over again that it was his pleasure I should receive him well. This was unfeeling towards me, especially when, after all, Sir Harbottle was to be repulsed.”

“ My dear,” remonstrated her mother, “ how can you talk in this way ?”

“ Then as to Sir Harbottle,” continued Jane, “ how could he expect such a rebuff ? Disguise it as you will, mamma, it has been an unfeeling, not to say a treacherous conduct !”

“ Dear love,” again said Mrs. Ashenhurst, “ I would not for the world that your uncle heard you say so ! Your uncle, you must remember, stands in the place of a father to you, and you must bear with his peculiarities. For my part, I shall think it my duty to study his wishes and his pleasure as much as I can : we cannot, my love, have everything our own way in this world.”

“ I think we were much happier at Harbury than ever we are likely to be here,” sighed Jane.

“ Oh, love, if you are thinking of Mr. Livingstone, and what your uncle said, I must take his part there. All people, you ought to remember, have their prejudices ; and there is nothing uncommon in gentlemen who have lived so long abroad thinking but lightly of the clergy.”

“ As to him,” said Jane, blushing deeply, “ he is nothing to me ; but I really think, after my uncle had neglected us so long—nor ever, it is my opinion would have inquired after us—it is hardly right that he should interfere with connexions that might have been formed before he took any thought about us. I do not mean that his determination against my marrying a clergyman can ever signify to me : still, you know, it might have signified, and I do not suppose either your feelings or mine would have been consulted.”

“ Well, love,” returned her mother, “ after all I do not think Mr. Livingstone exactly the husband you might look for now. I mean no imputation on him—he is an excellent young man : besides, I dare say his attentions meant nothing. Mrs. Burgoyne loves to talk dearly, and I have no doubt she would be glad that her nephew did so well !”

Jane looked at her mother in amazement. “ Nay,” said she, “ Brian Livingstone is not a man to feign feelings ; nor would poor Mrs. Burgoyne say anything she did not believe.”

Mrs. Ashenhurst felt reproved ; but she added, with apparent gaiety, “ Well, love, when Brian Livingstone comes to pay his addresses to you, perhaps your uncle may make an exception in his favour. Your uncle is a good, kind creature, and I must not have you think hardly of him ; for you may depend upon it, out of a thousand men of his wealth and standing, you would find nine hundred and ninety-nine far more unreasonable than he.”

However much Mrs. Ashenhurst endeavoured to persuade herself of the General's perfection, she could not help feeling that her daughter spoke with some show of reason ; and though she by no means was disposed to quarrel with her present position, even if General Dubois required greater sacrifices than those of feeling and opinion, still she thought it as well to show, or to make the trial at least of independent feelings, as well as to discover, if possible, how far they might reckon upon Denborough Park as their permanent home.

Accordingly, as the General appeared in a remarkably condescending humour, a few days afterwards, she took the opportunity of remarking, "that she must now begin to think of her return to Harbury."

"My dear madam," said he, "I hope your residence here is made perfectly agreeable—my servants give you no cause of complaint?"

"Nothing in the world could be more entirely to my satisfaction," she replied.

"Then I cannot part with you."

"But, my dear sir," continued Mrs. Ashenhurst, satisfied as to the subject most at heart, "my house at Harbury awaits my return, and even now, I hear the persons I left in charge of it wish to be at liberty."

"What need for your having a house at Harbury at all? I am not disposed to part with you. I have not yet got my niece married."

"By-the-bye," observed the lady, though it was not quite true, "I cannot understand your behaviour to Sir Harbottle Grimstone."

"What!" exclaimed he, raising himself from his couch, "are you among the worshippers of this fox-hunter, who is hardly better than a barbarian!"

"Good Heavens! my dear General, how could you think of such a thing?—the man always was my aversion!"

"Sir Harbottle Grimstone," returned the nabob, "is a boasting fool; he has bragged in my presence that the woman did not live who could refuse him! He is a vulgar coxcomb—a man whom I hate, and I have humbled him!—Mrs. Ashenhurst, whatever I do, I do with a design—Sir Harbottle is humbled!"

"But, my dear sir, you should consider the feelings of your niece."

"God bless my soul! has the simpleton fallen in love with that brute?"

"No, sir, no! You entirely mistake me; my daughter had the utmost aversion to him. But you must pardon me, my dear General, it is like playing with edge tools—suppose she *had* loved him?"

"Well, then, my good lady, she must have taken the consequences! But as to young ladies' affections, I think them pretty much like their dresses—put on, and off at pleasure. However, I mean to get her well married, if it's only to annoy this Sir Harbottle! But I would have you understand one thing—she marries neither fox-hunter, widower, nor parson. I have my reasons for what I do, and from you and my niece I look for acquiescence. Had the fox-hunter, instead of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, been his Majesty himself—if the parson were to appear in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the widower as a prince of the blood, Jane Ashenhurst should have none of them!"

"My dear sir, you are infinitely good and generous," said Mrs. Ashenhurst; "but with respect to my residence at Harbury?"

"Ah, let it be disposed of. Your home for the future is with me. I owe you something, my dear lady, for apparent neglect; but upon my word, I had no idea that I had such agreeable relatives."

Mrs. Ashenhurst was flattered and satisfied.

"Whatever you want, ask me freely for it," continued the General; "and to make you less immediately dependant upon me, I will secure to you and to my niece each a thousand a year for your own private expenses, to be paid quarterly, beginning with a payment this day: you shall want for nothing!"

Mrs. Ashenhurst certainly at that moment felt that she did want for nothing; she was the most fortunate, the most grateful of women, and in this happy state of feeling left the General to his siesta.

Mrs. Ashenhurst looked round her in proud yet calm complacency: whatever her eyes met of grand or rare would one day be her daughter's. Where would there be an heiress like Jane Ashenhurst? No, no, she must never marry poor Brian Livingstone! The General was entitled to his whims, and it was their duty to acquiesce with his will and wishes, whatever they might be.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"To be sure, Jane can never marry Brian Livingstone, and it is my duty to counteract any such attachment. The idea of her marrying a country parson is quite ridiculous!"

Such was the substance of Mrs. Ashenhurst's thoughts as she entered their own apartments, and found a letter lying on the table; a letter from no other than Brian Livingstone, addressed to her daughter, and bearing the Wood Leighton postmark. "How lucky it is," she exclaimed, "that Jane is absent!" for that her daughter should receive the letter would be, in her opinion, a most unadvised thing. Mrs. Ashenhurst knew it would be much easier to crush the attachment in its present state than after the lovers had exchanged sentiments, even knowing, as they would, existing impediments. "But it shall not come to that," was her fixed determination, as she eyed critically the well-known and scholar-like handwriting of the once admired Brian Livingstone, and remarked internally that his seal was handsome and well cut. Mrs. Ashenhurst could conjecture perfectly well how the whole affair stood: her letter to Mrs. Burgoyne—the only one she had written to her from Denborough Park—had had the desired effect; it had silenced, perhaps offended her; but that was of little consequence. No doubt also it had given much pain to her nephew; it was possible that Jane too might be thought accessory; neither was that of importance. Certain it was, the intended visit and the declaration of love had both been withheld, and in all probability there would have been an end of the affair, but for the inopportune death of the old rector of Collington-Magna, which had thus placed Brian in a sufficiently independent state to renew his suit.

"But it shall never be!" exclaimed the cogitating lady—"my daughter shall match with an equal in fortune, or a superior in rank!" And with these words, hastily glancing over the epistle which overflowed with the eloquence of love, she consigned it to the flames—a far different destination to what the writer had hoped for it!

Having thus taken the affair into her own hands, it behoved her to finish it. A ready plan suggested itself; and, as if fortune played the game for her, who should be announced at that moment but Lady Cornbury. Of this right honourable personage we must be permitted a few words.

Lady Cornbury had taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burgoyne; she was Mrs. Ashenhurst's most favoured and most admired friend—in fact, she was the most elevated in rank of all her acquaintance.

Lord and Lady Cornbury lived at Wilton Hall, ten miles from Denborough Park. They had exchanged visits with General Dubois, but not until Mrs. Ashenhurst had become his inmate, did the acquaintance advance beyond etiquette. Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter pleased even them; and her ladyship, dignified, cold, and generally inactive as she was, made extraordinary exertions and unheard-of efforts to do them honour. It was enough for Mrs. Ashenhurst, lover of rank as she was, that her friend was the wife of a peer, and was in herself the representative of a noble line. Nothing more was needed—Mrs. Burgoyne, the only tried friend of many years was dethroned, and the coroneted lady took her place.

A thousand pities it was that Lady Cornbury had no son; a thousand more that the heir of Wilton and the title had quarrelled with them a dozen years ago. Poor Mrs. Ashenhurst had no patience with him; though her ladyship, too indolent to be a good hater, seemed herself already to have forgotten the cause of offence, and spoke of him with kindness, though she persisted that they never should be friends again. Still, Mrs. Ashenhurst consoled herself that Jane's honourable and noble husband elect would come through the hands of the Cornburys.

Her ladyship was between fifty and sixty years of age; short and plump, fair and smooth, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, and quiet to a miracle. She had never spoken fifty, nor half fifty consecutive words at one time in the whole course of her life; nor had ever walked a hundred yards, where it was possible by any human contrivance to introduce either carriage or chair; she never read because it tired her eyes; nor did any kind of work, because she had never been used to it. That a being so nearly approaching a nonentity could ever have been in a passion, was a moral impossibility; an equally impossible thing was it, that she could ever have laughed—laughed in the real sense of the word—a side-shaking laughter. Yet there was at all times, and on all occasions, an ever-enduring smile or semblance of a smile on her yet red and perfectly-formed lips, which made the world call her the sweetest-tempered woman in the universe. Care and trouble and anxiety were things that had never come near the smooth current of her existence. As to their darker shades, sorrow and disappointment and anguish, mental or bodily, such things were so far out of her ladyship's comprehension, that nobody could have thought of her sympathising with them. Her nature could only be emblazoned by a polished steel mirror, bright, and reflecting back images of splendour or happiness, itself cold and impassive the while.

Lord Cornbury was her counterpart. Public life, its perplexities, its annoyances, and its activities were not for him; he took his seat in the House, but was scarcely seen there again. The greater part of his time he spent at his favourite residence of Wilton: he planted, he farmed, he bred cattle, and audited his steward's accounts; besides this, he ate, he drank, he slept.

Mrs. Ashenhurst, with her quiet gentlewomanliness, yet profound veneration for rank, was a prodigious favourite with them, and especially, as after the first advances all activity of friendship,—no, certainly that is not the term—of intimacy, was performed by her: she made four calls for her ladyship's one—went twice a-week invariably—took them all the passing county news: she talked, and they listened.

That Lord and Lady Cornbury were the most insufferably dull people in the world, was an opinion Jane entertained in spite of her mother. Still Wilton was a grand old place, less ostentatious than Denborough Park; there was a repose and dignity in its old carving and gilding, its old furniture, its old pictures, and its old sober domestics, in their demure murrey-coloured livery, which she preferred to the new magnificence and costly decoration and officious ministration of her own home. Besides this, she was more perfectly at liberty there; was there free to act and think for herself; Lady Cornbury neither wishing nor asking her to talk, sing, read, or play.—She loved, as she told Mrs. Ashenhurst, to look at Jane: she sat so well, and walked so well, and was really such a lovely creature, that it was quite a comfort to have her there. Lord Cornbury said the same.

Could anything have been more fortunate than that her ladyship should come this very morning to request Jane's company for a week or ten days? "For," said she, "they tell me the park is looking so well!—but for my part I never notice such things." Mrs. Ashenhurst declared herself delighted with the proposal, and Jane entering at that moment, was informed of the pleasure that was offered her. "I know you love to be with her ladyship, my dear, and the change will do you good."

Jane assented with sincere willingness; for she thought of the rambles she should have in Wilton-Park, unattended even by servants if such were her pleasure;—how she could indulge there her own speculations and fancies, and even perhaps forget that there was such a person in the world as Sir Harbottle Grimstone; and, moreover, she should be ten miles nearer to Collington-Magna.



In a few hours she took her seat by the side of the placid Lady Cornbury ; and as she was driven away from Denborough Park, through the fine gloom of an autumnal day, the annoying and soul-sickening memory of the baronet, and of her uncle's prohibitions, gradually gave way before the fair and rose-coloured visions of hope. Little did the poor girl think she was conveying herself away from the very being whom of all others she desired to see ;—from the very being who cast a glory over these heart-creations, like the sun over the clouds of his setting.

That was a weary day for Brian Livingstone : the morrow, however, brought the answer to his letter.

"Mrs. Ashenhurst begged the honour of an hour's conversation with the Rev. Brian Livingstone.

It was with an anxious and foreboding heart that he entered the noble demeane. The grandeur of Jane's new home, her unquestionably altered fortunes, fell upon his senses like a crushing weight. It requires no ordinary philosophy to resist the influence of these things ; but the man were unworthy of a woman's love who, with an internal consciousness of his own worth—his honourable, upright intentions, would not pass through even a more trying ordeal than this spirit-crushing one. Brian was a man to dare all things, to endure all things ; still he had received too ominous a summons not to be alive to all discouraging impressions.

Mrs. Ashenhurst received him with a show of civility, and inquired after Mrs. Burgoyne and his sister. He told of their removal to Bath. She affected no surprise, for her manner was intended to prove that circumstances had placed every one connected with him out of the range of the Denborough Park sympathies. Brian felt the intended sentiment ; and assuming a coldness equal to her own, said he was there by her own request, but that he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Ashenhurst."

"My daughter, sir, left home yesterday, to spend a few days with our friend Lady Cornbury," was her reply.

"Am I to understand that she left home in consequence of a letter I had the honour of addressing to her ?" asked he.

"You are at liberty, sir, to form your own conjectures. My daughter knows her duty. I shall not pretend ignorance of the purport of your letter, Mr. Livingstone ; and after what I said to Mrs. Burgoyne, I consider it a breach of propriety in you to address my daughter."

"You have seen the letter ?" asked Livingstone.

"My daughter did not show me your letter," was Mrs. Ashenhurst's reply : "but it is enough for you to know that such a connexion is undesirable."

Brian felt at this moment perhaps more indignant than a minister of Christ should have felt ; yet he condescended to remonstrate, informing Mrs. Ashenhurst that he was now in possession of the rectory of Collington-Magna ; therefore, perhaps, less presumptuous in declaring an attachment of which he had hoped she was aware before she and Miss Ashenhurst left Harbury.

"Neither my daughter nor myself," replied she, "are entirely at liberty to indulge our own predilections, even supposing they existed. General Dubois stands in the place of a parent to Miss Ashenhurst, and as such has a right to be consulted."

"Let me see General Dubois," said Livingstone, eagerly.

"You mistake me, sir ; my brother has certain peculiarities of opinion—prejudices I shall not call them—he is too liberal and noble-minded for prejudices ; but he has declared that his niece shall not marry a clergyman. I cannot entirely hold with him, because it might prevent my daughter connecting herself very properly, both as to rank and fortune ; still I do not see that we have any right to oppose his opinions—it is our duty to submit."

"A man who would adopt so unreasonable, not to say unchristian, a prejudice," replied he, warmly, "certainly would be very likely to exact implicit obedience."

"I beg, sir, I may hear no insinuations against General Dubois," returned Mrs. Ashenhurst, with equal warmth; "our greatest happiness is to fall in with his wishes."

"Was this declaration with respect to a clergyman made in consequence of my addresses to Miss Ashenhurst?" asked Brian.

"I cannot see, Mr. Livingstone, what right you have to make these inquiries."

"I have a right, and you are in duty bound to answer them, inasmuch as you are bound not to trample on the happiness of a fellow-being."

"It was not made with immediate reference to you," replied Mrs. Ashenhurst, impressed by the solemnity of his manner; "but as an unfolding of his views towards my daughter, when he rejected the suit of Sir Harbottle Grimstone."

"Ha!" said Brian; "Sir Harbottle is then rejected, thank God."

"There is no occasion to say much more on this subject, Mr. Livingstone. This you clearly understand. General Dubois will never consent to his niece marrying a clergyman, were it the Archbishop of Canterbury. This he has declared repeatedly. He is not a man to retract; and, I confess to you, Mr. Livingstone, he is not a man to displease with impunity. We owe this consideration to ourselves; and I must beseech of you, as a minister of the gospel, as a preacher of peace, and a maintainer of the unity of families, that you will never renew this subject. If you value my daughter's happiness, you will not do it."

"God knows," said Brian, "how dear, how sacred the happiness of Miss Ashenhurst must ever be to me! Still, I cannot calmly resign her on these grounds alone. Let me hear from her own lips that there is no hope for me, and I may perhaps then learn to submit without murmuring!"

"My dear sir!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, who began to be alarmed at the turn things were taking, "I have no wish to impose restrictions, or to place impediments in your way; but I will state the case, and then leave it to your honour. Jane could not marry a clergyman, were he the Bishop of London."

"But," said Brian, "I would willingly believe she might accept the rector of Collington-Magna, while she might reject a more dignified clergyman."

"I do not dispute it," was her answer; "but supposing you yourself the Archbishop of York, she could not marry you without forfeiting the favour of her uncle; and this she will not do—I know she will not, Mr. Livingstone: Jane is a high-principled girl, and will sacrifice her inclination to her duty, and even you must admire her for such conduct."

"You assure me, then, that I have still an interest in Miss Ashenhurst's heart!"

"I have no right to make confessions for my daughter, Mr. Livingstone; but, I assure you, her peace of mind would not be improved by such an interview, however much yours might; nor should I think it generous in you to persist in the wish."

"I would not for the world give Miss Ashenhurst pain, and yet——"

"And yet," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, interrupting him, "you would desire an interview which must of necessity occasion more uncertainty—more distress of mind than her present determination has cost her. Disguise it as you will, Mr. Livingstone, such a wish on your part is selfish, and, I will candidly tell you, must be fruitless: you would only distress and agitate her to no earthly purpose!"

Brian passed his hand across his brow, and for two seconds made no answer: at length he said,—

"It is strange, it is not like her usual consideration, to make no reply to my letter. Three months are not sufficiently long to have deadened a heart natu-

rally noble and generous as Miss Ashenhurst's was, or I could almost have suspected such a cause."

"For that matter, Mr. Livingstone, my daughter knew that all which it was necessary to say, I should say for her. We are not in the situation we were at Harbury; we are not now entirely free agents, as I hinted before. As to my daughter," added she, seeing him about to speak, "you may be sure I can have nothing but her happiness at heart; and when I state how much her equanimity must fruitlessly suffer from such an interview as you desire, I do it in the hope you will spare her the suffering. I leave it to your own good sense, Mr. Livingstone. I believe my daughter is dear to you; nor is there any one who wishes you better than I do, and could this interview serve any good purpose I would not oppose it. Having stated thus much, I leave it to your better judgment."

Mrs. Ashenhurst had strung all these professions together in her most candid manner and most kindly voice to prevent Brian replying, and at the same time to impose upon him a thorough belief in her good faith. He now sat silent and uncertain, his mind agitated by the most painful feelings—disappointment, love, and in some degree self-reproach.

"I have been miserably unfortunate," at length he said, "in delaying what ought to have been avowed before you left Harbury, and which would have been avowed save from sentiments of delicacy. I dreaded the sarcasm and scorn which you heaped on that fool Parkinson! Heaven knows, I ought to have had more self-respect! Certain visions too of romantic generosity made me willing to defer it: I was less sanguine in your expectations from General Dubois than I ought to have been. God knows, I have been punished!" said he, with a voice of the deepest heart-anguish. "I should have been the happiest of men to have offered Miss Ashenhurst a handsome independency had she been disappointed in her expectations!"

"It is useless, Mr. Livingstone, to imagine cases; we have only to do with actualities."

"Very true," said Brian; "but you must allow the man who has lost his all to indulge some regrets!"

"Again reverting to this interview, Mr. Livingstone, you surely cannot persist in desiring it?" urged Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"I have no reason to doubt your assurances," he replied; "and if I am certainly to believe Miss Ashenhurst by her own wish left this place to avoid seeing me, I have no right to desire it: your assurance of this will be enough."

"It was without any compulsion—by her own will that she embraced the offer of our friends at Wilton to accompany them."

Brian heard it as the criminal hears his sentence from the mouth of the judge. A shade passed over his brow, his lips quivered, and his hands were momentarily clenched. Mrs. Ashenhurst respected the suffering she had inflicted, and was silent. In a few moments he rose, and, without speaking offered her his hand.

"You are such as I believed you," said she, taking his hand with the utmost kindness; "you are a noble-minded, excellent man. I have no doubt, Mr. Livingstone, but your best days are to come."

"You are more flattering than my own heart," was his reply, in a suppressed tone of bitterness and agony, and, disengaging his hand, he hastily left the room.

This was too important an event to be concealed in the lady's own breast; nor did many hours elapse before the General was possessed of its detail. Of course the value of the sacrifice was heightened: he was called "an old and most highly-valued friend, the nephew of a friend equally dear; but he had been rejected entirely from a desire to conform to the General's wishes;" Mrs. Ashen-

hurst declaring that she never was so happy as when evincing her gratitude to her brother. At the same time, she besought him to conceal from Jane this rejection of a suitor to whom she had reason to believe her attached, as she wished by all means to spare her feelings: and she esteemed herself most fortunate, she averred, that the gentleman had come at a time of her absence.

There was something sinister in the General's eye as he professed himself her debtor, declaring that such a proof of attachment should not be forgotten, at the same time wishing she had introduced this gentleman to his acquaintance before she had taken this step, as in all cases he had much rather be consulted.

Upon the whole, there was something in his manner which was unsatisfactory; and poor Mrs. Ashenhurst, with all her plotting, fell thus much short in self-approbation.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

SURELY the heart is no sorcerer, or the days Jane passed at Wilton, gorgeous and calm as autumn days could be, had not slid on like an uninterrupted festival. At Wilton no events seemed ever to occur; it was a charmed land of untroubled rest; and from morning till night, from night till morning, Jane had full leisure to indulge her own visions and fancies. They were happy days, perhaps happier than most she had passed since she had left Harbury; therefore is it that I believe the heart to be no sorcerer.

Never had Jane been in a fitter mood than now to enjoy a sojourn in an old stately mansion like Wilton. She ranged over the house at will, through ancient chambers and galleries, and in imagination peopled them with their long-perished possessors. She made herself familiar with all the old family portraits and their histories; some bright fair histories, that the heart fed upon and took courage from; others dark and terrible, full of that fearful tragic interest which saddens and thrills the listener, and haunts him for days like a destiny. She turned over the old richly bound and coroneted volumes of the library; books which, by their appearance, had not been opened since the days of the Lady Jacquett as of fearful memory, and the Lord Ernests of olden and darker days. She feasted on Milton and Shakspeare, those treasures of poetry, and heart-philosophy which is the substance of poetry—on the very pages she had so lately turned over with the friend who first opened her soul to their knowledge; she heard, as it were, his deep, thrilling voice read passage after passage—their full meaning unfolded before her—her soul seemed exalted and ennobled by their sublime imaginings, or the depths of her heart laid open before their subtle and truth-searching spirits. Never did Jane know till then how that beloved friend made a part of her soul's existence, how love and poetry had grown together, and how they created those holy and ennobling sentiments which it was her greatest happiness to indulge. All her reading, however, was not poetry in its accepted sense, though certainly poetry in its spirit: here she found Froissart, that grand old chronicler, who united the matter-of-fact observer so wonderfully with the poet, and who has left a Chronicle more valuable for its picture of manners, costume, and feeling, and for its brave old chivalric spirit, than even for its circumstantial history. Here she found the old romances, *Amadis de Gaul*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Charlemagne*, and the quaint but fascinating stories of Chaucer; and here again these old divines, Jeremy Taylor, South and Barrow, who, in the earnest eloquence of their high right-mindedness, wrote less to produce effect than to touch the heart with eternal truths, and have left works which will be read and read again when more ambitious writers are lost in oblivion, and sects and parties are forgotten.

What a refreshment, what a strengthening of the soul sprang from these studies! The annoying memory of Sir Harbottle Grimstone seemed gone; and

even when the heart-wringing consciousness returned that a vow had been registered against Brian Livingstone by her proud uncle, and accorded to by her worldly-minded mother, if Jane wept, it was not as one who is utterly forlorn.

At the end of three weeks Jane returned home. Again things fell into their usual course; the leaves had kindled in the gorgeous colouring of autumn, and had then faded and fallen before the winds and frosts of the early winter. Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter had now been six months at Denborough Park. According to the feelings of the former, she might have lived there all her days, so completely did she fall into and adopt all the requirements of her situation. That she owed this great and perfect happiness to the accidental laming of a poor soldier, she was in a fair way of forgetting.

Daniel Neale had refused all offers of assistance, as far as fixing him at a park-gate or in a shrubbery-cottage went. He took up his residence at Wood Leighton; whence radiating as from a centre in all directions on his vagrant expeditions, he never presented himself at Denborough Park; and as the General invariably spoke of him with contempt and dislike, Mrs. Ashenhurst did not trouble herself farther about him than by throwing him a piece of money occasionally when he came in her way. Jane not satisfied with the indifference of her elders, would have evinced her gratitude in some substantial manner, but the bitterness with which he often spoke of her uncle, and the hints he dropped, "that if she chose he could tell her something," displeased her, and in this respect she so far imitated her mother as to hold no farther intercourse with him than by relieving him liberally whenever they met.

All this time Mrs. Ashenhurst had not let pass without narrowly watching her brother; endeavouring to fathom the hidden guilt, if such there were, that occasionally gloomed his spirit; or how those mysterious penances were performed of which such fearful rumours were abroad. But the General defied all her skill; she knew no more at the end of six months than she had known at the end of two, although the same alternations of spirit and temper remained, and the same portion of each day was spent in the privacy of his own chamber. Into that chamber she never got access, it was only entered by the General, who himself kept the key, and by his valet once a day, and that only while his master remained in a dressing-room or an adjoining apartment. The chamber was as mysterious and as impenetrable as ever. Mrs. Ashenhurst had once, in a propitious moment, as she thought, spoken of his jewels; but he had only glanced upon her his sinister eye, laughed, and assured her that she and her daughter already possessed the most valuable of them: and once she had ventured to speak of the iron chest, but that once sufficed; she would not again have perilled her abode at Denborough Park had she believed the chest and its contents would have been given up to her for her pains. Mrs. Ashenhurst was ever after contented to remain in ignorance, looking back to the time when she had dared so greatly with astonishment at her fool-hardiness. What, however, was the precise mode in which her curiosity was rewarded, she never divulged; we have told as much as ever descended to posterity.

Week after week went on, and the hope that was long deferred made the heart weary. "It is strange, it is passing strange," thought Jane; in proportion as Brian seemed voluntarily to have resigned her, did the consciousness of her uncle's prohibition lose its weight. She felt that it was unkind thus to give her up to her barren exaltation. What to her was this splendour of the present, or the promise of the future, deserted as she felt herself to be by the only being for whom it could be valued, or with whom it could be enjoyed? He could know nothing of her uncle's prejudices; why, then, was she less worthy of his love than formerly? How happy, how perfectly happy seemed the days of their abiding at Harbury! The unpretending drawing-room—the two quiet maid-servants—even the discarded India chintz gown, the first thing given up as

unworthy of their new fortunes—all seemed in her eyes to belong to a preferable order of things. To those days belonged the friendly gossip of the kind-hearted Mrs. Burgoyne; the frequent call from Brian Livingstone, — the walks taken with him through wood and meadow, and by water-side—dewy early morning-walks, fresh and full of the spirit of gladness, emblemizing so aptly hopeful and rejoicing youth,—or sunset strolls, when everything about them seemed visible poetry. There were the books they read together, the songs she sang for him, and learned to like for his sake; and over all was the perfect fellowship of mind and heart—the love understood though never formally acknowledged. And all this had been resigned for what?—for a splendour which already palled—for new friends to whom she could not give her heart—for some yet-to-be-found alliance, in which rank and fortune were alone made the requisites. And still more, Jane sorrowfully felt, though she was jealous of acknowledging it to herself, that the feelings and opinions of her mother had all undergone a change—she had sold herself for the possession of worldly greatness.

It was fortunate for Jane Ashenhurst that with deep sensibilities she possessed great strength of character; and when the melancholy fear that Brian Livingstone had voluntarily abandoned her, as time went on became conviction, she saw her duty before her,—to struggle with her own heart, and, with a woman's high principle and purity of sentiment, to eradicate those precious hopes, "which, it may be," argued the poor girl, somewhat against a lingering belief in his good faith, "he may have relinquished with all man's coldness and offended self-love." Jane was thankful that her duty was so plain and clear before her as to admit of no doubt, nor even to need asking counsel on; and the very idea showed her how forlorn she was—for of whom could she ask counsel and not be answered by worldly arguments or unreasonable prejudices?

Time still went on; and week after week passed as uneventfully even at Denborough Park as at Wilton Hall, spite of a round of Christmas visits, suppers and balls, all stately and dull. But now the grand event approached—the long-talked-of banquet, which was to be celebrated on the 12th of March, the General's birth-day, and was to astonish all the world by its magnificence and splendour.

Not a word had been heard of Brian Livingstone; he might have been dead, for any tidings of him that seemed to reach Denborough Park. But again on this long-lost topic Jane was destined to be enlightened by her faithful abigail; who, however, it must be understood, was about leaving Jane's service.

"Ay, dear me, ma'am! and such a preparation as there is! One would think the house was large enough and grand enough without all this altering and building," said Betty, meaning to make this banquet of which everybody talked an introduction to another subject.

"General Dubois means to surprise everybody; it will be a most magnificent entertainment," was Jane's reply.

"And if I could get your leave," said Betty, "I don't think I should be here to see it."

"How is that?"

"Why, ma'am, if it would make no difference to you, and I could go at the end of next week instead of the week after, I should be much obliged; and as you are to have the niece of Mrs. Ashenhurst's woman, I should think—nay, ma'am, I'm sure—she would come a week earlier; at least Carter says so."

"But I cannot conceive," said Jane, "why you are in such a hurry to leave."

"Why, Miss Jane,—but why need I make a secret of it, and so good as you always are?—but I'm going to be married;" and poor Betty looked infinitely ashamed of the confession.

"Married!—indeed!"

"Why, ma'am, Thomas Thackaray has been left Mr. Livingstone's service ever since November; or, rather, I didn't like he should go over seas,—you know it's such a risk—there's such a casualty, ma'am."

"You are going to be married, Betty?" said Miss Ashenhurst, with as much calmness as she could command. "Why, did you say Thackaray had left his place?"

"Why, ma'am, I could not let him go abroad, though it was with Mr. Livingstone! The rectory is given up to a curate, ma'am, and Mr. Livingstone has been gone ever since the end of November: it was a thousand pities, such a sweet place as it is!"

This information was so unlooked for, that Jane could not conceal her surprise: she busied herself, however, with her jewel-box, believing that Betty would continue the subject; and, as she expected, the waiting-woman resumed:—"Thomas has got a new service, to which he is to go just a month after we are married, Miss Jane, if so be you could set me at liberty."

"And you wish to spend the honeymoon together," said Jane, determined to exert herself: "but you will not like to part with your husband so soon."

"Oh, Miss Jane, no; we are to go to Harbury, to his friends and mine for the first month, and then we go into the same service—a place Mr. Livingstone got for us. I shall have washing to do, and get up the linen. We are to have a small house in the grounds with a pretty garden, Miss Jane, and a honeysuckle porch. It will be a very good situation—at Sir Robert Combe's."

"I will oppose nothing to your plans and wishes," said Jane, sympathising in her exultation: "Thackaray has been a faithful lover, and I am sure you will make him a good wife."

Betty blushed, and declared Miss Ashenhurst was too good to say so. "But, deary me!" said she, emboldened by her lady's kindness, "if you could but have liked Mr. Livingstone!"

Jane looked at her in silence; and Betty, stammering and ashamed, feared she had offended.

"I cannot imagine," observed her mistress, "what cause you have for connecting my name with Mr. Livingstone in the way you do."

"Dear me!" replied Betty; "Mr. Livingstone as surely loved you as ever gentleman loved a lady: everybody at Harbury knew it."

"They were a set of impertinent people there," was the lady's answer.

"Yes, ma'am, may be they were; and I've no business to talk in this way. But only to think of Mr. Livingstone going into foreign parts, and to leave that fine place at Collington-Magna! And Thomas says he was sure something was on his mind—he seemed so cut-up. But, to be sure, if you did not fancy him—Only Thomas says—"

"I desire that neither Thackaray nor you will make me, as connected with Mr. Livingstone, the subject of your conversation," said Jane, coldly.

"Oh dear, Miss Jane! to think of my offending you! Only," continued the pertinacious Betty, piqued at the little value her lady set on the remarks of her husband elect,—“only I should never like to see another Mrs. Livingstone, as is like enough, seeing the store Sir Robert's daughters set on him, and them all so handsome!"

"This is nothing less than impertinence," said Miss Ashenhurst, with unwonted dignity; "I cannot allow you to continue the subject, and I desire it never may be resumed."

Betty had far overshot her mark: she meant to serve Mr. Livingstone, but she had offended her lady, and, humbled to the very dust, she sat down in her own chamber crying bitterly, and wishing her tongue had been cut out before she had said any single word to vex dear Miss Ashenhurst. "Oh dear, oh, dear!" sobbed she, "I shall never forgive myself as long as ever I live!"

## CHAPTER X.

POOR Betty did, however, live to forgive herself: she did live to wear a wedding-cap trimmed by the fair hands of her dear lady,—to eat a wedding-dinner for which her lady paid the cost, and to receive from her ten golden guineas in a purse, over, and above her wages, to help in the furnishing of that cottage with the honeysuckle porch, and the pretty garden which seemed the paradise of the poor bride's imagination. A proud and a happy woman was Mrs. Thackeray the younger, and she spread the fame and glory of her late mistress throughout and round about the town of Harbury; yet, in spite of her gratitude and of her lady's prohibition, she did wish many a time that "Miss Jane could but have fancied poor Mr. Livingstone!"

And now came the time of the banquet. Great and anxious had been the general expectation for many weeks throughout the whole country as to *who* would be invited: it was given out that everybody with any claim to rank, family, fortune, or gentility, was to be invited; therefore many were the conjectures, many the secret wishes and fears, that agitated many an individual bosom and many a little circle. "Would Mrs. so-and-so and her daughters be asked?"—"would Mr. such-a-one and his wife be invited?" Many a restless, anxious night, full of dreams of perplexed disappointment, was spent by those who dwelt, as it were, on the border-land between the privileged and non-privileged classes. Everybody felt that it would be really a less honour to be invited, than an eternal dishonour to be excluded. "I shall never bear to go again into company," was the internal murmur of many a spinster and widow-lady of small income but great pretension, "if I am not invited to Denborough Park for the 12th of March."

The time for the banquet was now at hand. The whole house underwent a change: one entire suite of apartments was fitted up for a banquetting-room; the saloon was re-arranged, and a ball-room and orchestra were fitted up in the most expensive and gorgeous style, as if the place had originally been designed for purposes of public entertainment. An immense temporary building was erected, extending from the conservatories into which the saloon opened several hundred yards into the gardens, and into these were introduced whole groves and gardens of oriental and tropical trees and flowers; rich carpets covered the floors, and hangings of inconceivable splendour clothed the walls; couches and sofas the most luxurious that could be devised were placed everywhere; and all was lighted with shaded or richly-coloured lamps, which in burning emitted a fragrant perfume.

An awning of silk extended from the portico to the entrance of the shrubbery, illuminated with innumerable coloured lamps, shining out like stars from among the shrubs and trees which the awning inclosed, giving to them a magical effect, as if they were wrought in topaz, ruby, and chrysolite; while here and there shone out, in Nature's own adorning, the tall and quivering branches of the almond-trees, clothed over with their pale pink blossoms, that looked even paler in that illuminated atmosphere. A carpet of rich green, soft as moss and intended to represent it, covered the whole way, bordered on each hand with the real flowers of the season, snowdrops, crocuses, primroses, thickly set in a beautiful mosaic; it was the very entrance of an enchanted palace. Beyond this covered walk, at the commencement of which the company alighted, lamps were suspended in the trees through the whole windings of the carriage-road to the park-gates, producing a fine effect seen from any point, as if a chain of light undulated onward to the grand centre of attraction. The night was fine, but extremely dark, as if made on purpose to assist the general effect.

Of the immense number of delicacies furnished forth to the company it is useless to attempt speaking. Suffice it to say, that it was the most magnificent banquet that art or money could furnish; and that all the country round, who



had any pretension to rank, wealth, family, or fashion, were invited, and were there, saving and except Sir Harbottle Grimstone.

But before we dismiss the banquet, we must say, that nothing could surpass the delightful suavity of the nabob, nor the ease, perfect grace, and graciousness of Mrs. Ashenhurst, whose regal dress of purple velvet and ermine, with a tiara of silver tissue spangled with diamonds and plumed with ostrich-feathers, excited universal admiration; and that there was no young lady present so distinguished as Jane Ashenhurst for beauty and every other desirable female quality. Her dress was of the palest pink, of the nabob's own choosing, and she wore the renowned Furnapore diamonds. These important subjects dismissed, let us hasten now to what may be called the event of the night—the event, at least, in which our story has most concern.

In the course of the assembling of the guests, Jane was startled by seeing at a distance a figure so strongly resembling Mr. Livingstone, that for the moment she turned aside to conceal the emotion of which she was conscious. The figure was the same; the same style of person—tall, rather slight, but remarkably well-knit, with a general air rather of high breeding than fashion: the turn of the head, the mode of standing, all resembled Brian Livingstone.

In a while the whole crowd had shifted; he was gone. At dinner she discovered him at a lower table; for the nabob's family and his more noble and dignified guests occupied the dais of the banquetting-room, while he went from table to table paying attention to all alike.

"Who is the gentleman in black, whose back is to us, and to whom my uncle is now speaking?" asked Jane of Lady Cornbury, who sat near her.

"I cannot tell," said her ladyship; "it is so far to look."

Jane repeated her inquiry, but without success; no one knew him.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst; "he is very like a person I know."

"Can it indeed be Brian Livingstone?" thought she, without venturing to look at her mother; "and if so, why is he here?"

No sooner did the assembly break up, than Mrs. Ashenhurst, who felt no less agitation and anxiety than her daughter, mingled among the guests to discover who the stranger was. Jane watched her movements with intense interest, and, to her amazement, saw her after a while formally introduced to him, and, what was more, actually advancing with him towards the place where she stood. The resemblance to Brian Livingstone was but of manner and figure; for, strictly speaking, the countenance was much handsomer, and the expression more grave and thoughtful. He was introduced, "Mr. Vigors—a relative and guest of our friend Sir Willoughby Doyne," added the lady with a most gracious smile, which intimated to her daughter that she was at liberty to cultivate his acquaintance.

The evening passed away delightfully. As Jane looked on her new friend, her heart warmed towards him;—he, too, was equally charmed with his companion. As the amusements of the evening commenced, they were of necessity parted; but they met and met again as if drawn together by mutual attraction. His conversation was wonderfully captivating, full of earnest and deep thought, which, at times, leaving the place and people among whom they were, revelled on the subjects of art, literature, foreign lands and manners, and the wonders and beauties of our own country; while his mind seemed a perfect creation of original thought and observation, or of that which perhaps strikes the listener equally, the power of presenting accepted opinions and observations in new forms and with new combination: yet over all lay a shade of tender melancholy—a tone of voice, an expression of the eye, which irresistibly touched her heart, and assured her that he had experienced some deep sorrow which had tinged to sadness one of the most lofty and cheerful of spirits.

While she sang he stood near her, listening with that silent, profound attention, which is infinitely more grateful and flattering to a mind of taste and sensibility than the most extravagant and ecstatic praise. Jane meantime was

sensible that she played but for one listener, and never since the days when she played Brian Livingstone's favourite airs at Harbury, had she so completely devoted herself to please—so completely enjoyed the fascinations of sweet sounds as now.

Mr. Vigors did not dance, and so he told her, or he should have requested the honour of her hand. Jane wondered; "It was so charming an exercise, so beautiful in its figures—nay," said she, blushing at her own enthusiasm, "I have looked on a set of beautiful dancers, with their inimitable grace and harmony of motion, till it has thrilled me like a fine passage of poetry. I wonder *you* do not dance!"

Mr. Vigors made no reply; but he looked on her, while she spoke, with that admiring, affectionate interest, which the most delicate soul might receive without offence.

"What a singularly interesting man! what a strangely fascinating influence he seems to have over me!" thought she, as, thrilled and yet warmed into a sentiment of affection she turned from him to mingle with the fluttering triflers who surrounded her, to be courted, flattered, and annoyed by the fulsome tribute of the men, or to hear the flippant folly of the ladies, which at last drove her to take refuge under the shadow of the monotonous Lady Cornbury's wing, where she had leisure and silence to think how much the one she had shunned gained in comparison with all she had since seen.

The company began to disperse, and Mr. Vigors was again at her side. He assured her it was long since he had experienced pleasure such as that evening had afforded him, and hoped he might be permitted to renew the acquaintance thus happily formed for himself at an early opportunity. Jane blushed, and said she believed the General and Mrs. Ashenhurst would have much pleasure in his acquaintance.

Mr. Vigors heard the compliment without a smile, adding in the most impressive tones of his singularly sweet but touching voice, that he hoped Miss Ashenhurst would permit him to introduce to *her*, at an early time, the being most dear to him.

It was now Jane's turn to hear without replying; she knew neither what he meant nor what she ought to say. Mr. Vigors seemed not to expect an answer, but, glancing on her one of those peculiar looks of almost holy and affectionate interest, he took his departure.

"That's a fine young man!" said Lady Cornbury; and Jane, startled by such an unusual display of energy from her ladyship, was made aware of Mr. Vigors having left the rooms.

"What could he mean! Was he married?" The thought struck almost painfully upon her heart. She must be a happy woman who could inspire such a being with love; but to be the life-long—the life-loved companion of such a being, must truly be the perfection of human felicity! So thought Jane Ashenhurst—and let her not be misjudged for so thinking—while her jewelled dress was removed, and her long fair hair was smoothed down for the night's repose.

She awoke with the idea of Mr. Vigors' wife in her mind; she must be beautiful—she must be all that could make a woman the fit companion for the most intellectual, the most warm-hearted and high minded of God's creatures!

## VIII.—POETRY.

## FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONGS.

[Great interest having been excited of late by every thing relating to the important movement in France, we have been requested to give translations of the two great Revolutionary Songs. The versions with which the public are at present acquainted being very imperfect, we present the following, not as imagining them to be the best possible, but as being, at all events, nearer to the originals than any we are acquainted with.]

Of the Marseillaise Hymn we must, however, remark, that it belongs altogether to the First Revolution, and as such is connected in some degree with many dreadful scenes of outrage and bloodshed. It can only properly be sung in the present *pacific* Revolution, by giving a pacific and moral force construction to its very powerful words, and this has been probably felt, as it has been almost superseded by the “Mourir pour la Patrie,” a song very inferior in merit, but more appropriate to the spirit of the time.—Eds.]

## THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.\*

Come on, ye sons of France to glory,  
The day of freedom is at hand ;  
With flaunting banner stained and gory  
Against you comes the tyrant-band.  
Do you not hear by field and forest  
The murmur of the ruffian foe ?  
He comes your homes to overthrow,  
To fill your hearts with woe the sorest !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men !  
Unsheath the righteous sword !  
March on, march on ! the tyrants' blood  
Like waters shall be poured.

What seeks this horde, these sons of serfdom,  
These tools of kings' confederate-crime ?  
For whom are meant these bonds ignoble,  
These fetters forged in ancient time ?  
On us, is made this fierce aggression !  
Let righteous anger in us burn !  
'Tis we that they would dare to spurn,  
And bow beneath their old oppression !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men ! etc.

What ! shall the cohorts of the stranger  
Lay down the law within our home ?  
What ! shall the mercenary legions  
Our haughty warriors overcome ?  
Great God ! shall hands by chains degraded  
Have power to make us also slaves ?  
Shall we behold, by despot knaves  
Our fate controlled, our rights invaded !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men ! etc.

Ye tyrants tremble, false and cruel,  
Ye curse and shame of all mankind !  
Your parricidal schemes, ye crafty  
Their proper fate, at length, shall find !

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\* The original of this hymn appeared in our No. IV.

And if, in deadly contest closing,  
Our noble, youthful heroes fall,  
The earth fresh thousands forth shall call,  
And rouse herself your power opposing !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men ! etc.

As warriors, Frenchmen, brave and noble,  
Go forth ! and wisely strike the blow,  
Yet spare the abject slave, misguided  
Who is compelled to call you foe !  
But spare no despot-blood-polluted !  
Nor spare the tools of fraud and force,  
Those tigers who have no remorse  
By deeds of tyranny imbruted !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men ! etc.

Oh love of country, sacred passion !  
Do thou the arm avenging guide !  
And Liberty, dear mountain maiden,  
Go thou, and combat by our side !  
Oh make, oh make, our banner glorious !  
And aid with thy heroic tone,  
That as they die our foes may own  
Thy triumph, and our cause victorious !  
Arm, arm ! ye valiant men !  
Unsheathe the righteous sword !  
March on, march on ! the tyrants' blood  
Like waters shall be poured !

“MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE !”

FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE !

By the loud cannon's fierce commotion,  
France calls her children to the strife ;  
On ! says the soldier's warm devotion !  
Our mother 'tis that needs our life !  
For our country to die ! for our country to die !  
Is a glorious fate for which brave men may sigh !

For us, my friends, who poor and lonely,  
Who here unseen must yield our breath,  
For France, and for her freedom only,\*  
We can at least devote our death !  
For our country to die ! for our country to die  
Is a glorious fate for which brave men may sigh !

[*Howitt's Journal.*]

MAUDE ALLINGHAME ;

A LEGEND OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

—  
BY THE EDITOR.

—  
PART THE SECOND.

THERE'S a stir and confusion in Redburn town,  
And all the way up and all the way down  
The principal street,  
When the neighbours meet,

They do nothing but chafe, and grumble, and frown,  
 And sputter and mutter,  
 And sentences utter,  
 Such as these—"Have you heard,  
 The thing that's occurred?  
 His worship the mayor?  
 Shocking affair!  
 Much too bad, I declare!  
 Fifty pounds I've been told!  
 And as much more in gold.  
 Well, the villain *is* bold!  
 Two horse pistols!—No more?  
 I thought they said four.  
 And so close to the town!  
 I say, Gaffer Brown,  
 Do tell us about it."

"Thus the matter fell out—it  
 Was only last night that his worship the mayor,  
 Master Zachary Blair,  
 Having been at St. Alban's and sold in the fair  
 Some fifteen head of cattle, a horse and a mare,  
 Jogging home on his nag  
 With the cash in a bag,  
 Was met by a highwayman armed to the teeth,  
 With a belt full of pistols and sword in its sheath,  
 A murderous villain, six feet high,  
 With spur on heel and boot on thigh,  
 And a great black beard and a wicked eye;  
 And he said to his worship, 'My fat little friend,  
 I will thank you to lend  
 Me that nice bag of gold, which no doubt you intend  
 Before long to expend  
 In some shockingly slow way,  
 Or possibly low way,  
 Which I should not approve. Come, old fellow, be quick!  
 And then Master Blair heard an ominous click,  
 Betokening the cocking  
 Of a pistol, a shocking  
 Sound, which caused him to quake,  
 And shiver and shake,  
 From the crown of his head to the sole of his stocking.  
 So yielding himself with a touching submission  
 To what he considered a vile imposition.  
 He handed the bag with the tin to the highway-  
 man, who took it, and saying, in rather a dry way,  
 'Many thanks, worthy sir,' galloped off down a bye way."  
 The town council has met, and his worship the mayor,  
 Master Zachary Blair,  
 Having taken the chair,  
 And sat in it too, which was nothing but fair,  
 Did at once, then and there,  
 Relate and declare,  
 With a dignified air,  
 And a presence most rare,  
 The tale we've just heard, which made all men to stare

And indignantly swear,  
 It was too bad to bear.  
 Then after they'd fully discussed the affair,  
 To find out the best method of setting things square,  
 They agreed one and all the next night to repair,  
 Upon horseback, or mare,  
 To the highwayman's lair,  
 And, if he appeared, hunt him down like a hare.  
 Over no-man's-land\* the moon shines bright,  
 And the furze and the fern in its liquid light  
 Glitter and Gleam of a silvery white;  
 The lengthened track which the cart-wheels make,  
 Winds o'er the heath like a mighty snake,  
 And silence in that lonely spot  
 Hath undisputed empire got,  
 Save where the night-breeze fitfully  
 Mourns like some troubled spirit's cry;  
 At the cross roads the old sign-post  
 Shows dimly forth, like sheeted ghost,  
 As with weird arm, extended still,  
 It points the road to Leamsford Mill  
 In fact it is not  
 At all a sweet spot,  
 A nice situation,  
 Or charming location;  
 Even Robins himself, in despite his vocation,  
 Would deem this a station  
 Unworthy laudation,  
 And would probably term it "a blot on the nation."  
 In a lane hard by  
 Where the hedge-rows high  
 Veil with their leafy boughs the sky,  
 Biding their time, sits his worship the mayor,  
 Master Zachary Blair,  
 And my Lord Dandelion,  
 That illustrious scion,  
 And Oxley the butcher, and Doughy the baker,  
 And Chisel the joiner and cabinet-maker,  
 And good farmer Dacre,  
 Who holds many an acre,  
 And, *unsuper omnes*, bold Jonathan Blaker,  
 The famous thief taker,  
 Who's been sent for from town as being more wide awaker,  
 (Excuse that comparative, sure 'tis no crime  
 To sacrifice grammar to such a nice rhyme,)  
 And up to the dodges of fellows who take a  
 Delight in being born in "stone jugs," and then fake a-  
 way all their lives long in a manner would make a  
 Real Archbishop to swear, let alone any Quaker,  
 Wet or dry, you can name, or a Jumper or Shaker;

\* The name of a lowly common near Harpenden, formerly a favorite site for prize-fights.

And, to add to this list, Hobbs was there, so was Dobbs,  
 With several others, all more or less snobs,  
 Low parties, quite willing to peril their nobs  
 In highwayman catching, and such-like odd jobs,  
 To obtain a few shillings, which they would term bobs.

'Tisn't pleasant to wait  
 In a fidgety state  
 Of mind, at an hour we deem very late,  
 When our fancies have fled  
 Home to supper and bed,  
 And we feel we are catching a cold in the head ;  
 (By the way, if this ailment should ever make you ill,  
 Drop some neat sal-volatile into your gruel,  
 You'll be all right next day.  
 And will probably say,  
 This, by way of receipt, is a regular jewel ;)   
 To wait, I repeat,  
 For a robber or cheat,  
 On a spot he's supposed to select for his beat,  
 When said robber won't come's the reverse of a treat.

So thought the butcher, and so thought the baker,  
 And so thought the joiner and cabinet-maker,  
 And so thought all the rest except Jonathan Blaker ;  
 To him catching a thief in the dead of the night  
 Presented a source of unfailing delight ;

And now as he sat  
 Peering under his hat,  
 He looked much like a terrier watching a rat.  
 Hark ! he hears a muffled sound ;  
 He slips from the saddle, his ear's to the ground.  
 Louder and clearer,  
 Nearer and nearer,  
 'Tis a horse's tramp on the soft green sward !  
 He is mounted again : " Now, good my lord,  
 Now, master mayor, mark well, if you can,  
 A rider approaches, is this your man ? "

Aye, mark that coal-black barb that skins,  
 With flowing mane and graceful limbs,  
 As lightly onward o'er the lea  
 As greyhound from the leash set free ;  
 Observe the rider's flashing eye,  
 His gallant front and bearing high ;  
 His slender form, which scarce appears  
 Fitted to manhood's riper years ;  
 The easy grace with which at need  
 He checks or urges on his steed ;  
 Can this be one whose fame is spread  
 For deeds of rapine and of dread

My Lord Dandelion  
 Placed his spy-glass his eye on,  
 Stared hard at the rider, and then exclaimed, " Well—ar—  
 'Tis really so dark ! but I think 'tis the fellar."

While his worship the mayor  
Whispered, "O, look ye there!  
That purse in his girdle, d'ye see it?—I twigged it;  
'Tis my purse as was prigg'd, and the willin' what prigg'd it!"

Hurrah! hurrah!  
He's off and away,  
Follow who can, follow who may  
There's hunting and chasing  
And going the pace in  
Despite of the light, which is not good for racing.  
"Hold hard! hold hard! there's somebody spilt,  
And entirely kilt!"  
"Well, never mind,  
Leave him behind,"—  
The pace is a great deal too good to be kind.  
Follow, follow,  
O'er hill and hollow,—  
Faster, faster,  
Another disaster!  
His worship the mayor has got stuck in a bog,  
And there let us leave him to spur and to flog,  
He'll know better the next time,—a stupid old dog!  
"Where's Hobbs?"  
"I don't know."  
"And Dobbs and the snobs?"  
"All used-up long ago."  
"My nag's almost blown!"  
"And mine's got a stone

In his shoe—I'm afraid it's no go. Why, I say!  
That rascally highwayman's getting away!"

'Tis true. Swift as the trackless wind,  
That gallant barb leaves all behind;  
Hackney and hunter still in vain  
Exert each nerve, each sinew strain;  
And all in vain that motley crew  
Of horsemen still the chase pursue.  
Two by two, and one by one,  
They lag behind—'tis nearly done,  
That desperate game, that eager strife,  
That fearful race for death or life.  
Those dark trees gained that skirt the moor  
All danger of pursuit is o'er;  
Screened by their shade from every eye,  
Escape becomes a certainty.  
Haste! for with stern, relentless will  
**ONE RIDER'S ON THY TRACES STILL!**

'Tis bold Jonathan Bla-  
ker who sticks to his prey  
In this somewhat unfeeling, though business-like way.  
But even he, too, is beginning to find  
That the pace is so good he'll be soon left behind.  
He presses his horse on with hand and with heel,  
He rams in the persuaders too hard a great deal;



'Tis but labour in vain,  
 Though he starts from the pain,  
 Nought can give that stout roadster his wind back again.  
 Now Jonathan Blaker had formerly been  
 A soldier, and fought for his country and queen,  
 Over seas, the Low Countries to wit, and while there, in  
     Despite of good teaching,  
     And praying and preaching,  
 Had acquired a shocking bad habit of swearing ;  
     Thus, whenever, as now,  
 The red spot on his brow  
 Proved him "wrathy and ryled,"  
     He would not draw it mild,  
 But would, sans apology, let out on such  
 Occasions a torrent of very low Dutch.  
 One can scarce feel surprise then, considering the urgency  
 Of the case, that he cried in the present emergency,  
 "Ach donner and blintzen," (a taste of his lingo,)
 "He'll escape by—" (I don't know the German for "jingo.")  
     "Tausend teufel ! sturmwetter !  
     To think I should let a  
 Scamp like that get away ; don't I wish now that I'd ha'  
 Drove a brace of lead pills through the horse or the rider ;  
 Pr'aps there's time for it still—Mein auge, (my eye,)
 'Tis the only chance left, so here goes for a try."

Oh, faster spur thy flagging steed,  
 Still faster,—fearful is thy need.  
 Oh, heed not now his failing breath,  
 Life lies before, behind thee death !  
 Warning all vainly given ! too late  
 To shield thee from the stroke of fate.  
 One glance the fierce pursuer threw,  
 A pistol from his holster drew,  
 Levelled and fired, the echoes still  
 Prolong the sound from wood to hill ;  
 But ere the last vibrations die,  
 A WOMAN'S shriek of agony  
 Rings out beneath that midnight sky !  
 The household sleep soundly in Allingham Hall,  
 Groom, butler, and coachman, cook, footboy, and all ;  
     The fat old housekeeper,  
     (Never was such a sleeper,)
     After giving a snore,  
     Which was almost a roar,  
 Has just turned in her bed and begun a fresh score ;  
 The butler, (a shocking old wine-bibbing sinner,)
 Having made some mistake after yesterday's dinner,  
 As to where he should put a decanter of sherry,  
     Went to bed rather merry,  
     But perplexed in his mind,  
     Not being able to find  
     A legitimate reason  
     Why at that time and season  
 His eight-post bed chooses, whichever way he stirs,  
 To present to his vision a couple of testers !

Since which, still more completely his spirits to damp,  
He's been roused twice by nightmare and three times by cramp !  
And now he dreams some old church-bell  
Is mournfully tolling a dead man's knell,  
And he starts in his sleep, and mutters, " Alas !  
Man's life brittle as glass !  
There's another cork flown, and the spirit escaped ;  
Heigh ho ! " (here he gaped,)  
Then, scratching his head,  
He sat up in his bed,  
For that bell goes on ringing more loud than before,  
And he knows 'tis the bell of the great hall door.  
Footman tall,  
Footboy small,  
Housekeeper, butler, coachman, and all,  
In a singular state of extreme dishabille,  
Which they each of them feel  
Disinclined to reveal,  
And yet know not very well how to conceal,  
With one accord rush to the old oak hall ,  
To unfasten the door  
Takes a minute or more ;  
It opens at length and discloses a sight,  
Which fills them with wonder, and sorrow, and fright.

The ruddy light of early dawn  
Gilds with its rays that velvet lawn ;  
From every shrub and painted flower  
The dew-drops fall in silvery shower ;  
Sweet scents perfume the air ; the song  
Of waking birds is borne along  
Upon the bosom of the breeze  
Which lightly fans the waving trees ;  
The crystal brook that dances by  
Gleams in the sunlight merrily :  
All tells of joy, and love, and life—  
*All ?*—Said I everything was rife  
With happiness!—Behold that form,  
Like lily broken by the storm,  
Fall'n prostrate on the steps before  
The marble threshold of the door !  
The well-turned limbs, the noble mien,  
The riding coat of Lincoln green ;  
The hat, whose plume of sable hue  
Its shadow o'er the features threw ;  
Yon coal-black barb, too, panting near,  
All show some youthful cavalier ;  
While, fatal evidence of strife,  
From a deep hurt the flood of life  
Proves, as its current stains the sod,  
How man defiles the work of God.  
With eager haste the servants raise  
The head, and on the features gaze,  
Then backwards start in sad surprise  
As that pale face they recognise.

Good reason theirs, although, in sooth,  
 They knew but half the fatal truth ;  
 For, strange as doth the tale appear,  
 One startling fact is all too clear,  
 The robber, who on No-man's-land  
 Was shot by Blaker's ruthless hand,—  
 That highwayman of evil fame  
 Is beauteous Maude of Allingham !

## L'ENVOI.

" Well, but that's not the end ?"

" Yes it is, my good friend."

" Oh, I say !

That won't pay ;

'Tis a shocking bad way

To leave off so abruptly. I wanted to hear  
 A great many particulars : first, I'm not clear,  
 Is the young woman killed ?" " Be at rest on that head,  
 She's completely defunct, most excessively dead.  
 Blaker's shot did the business, she'd just strength to fly,  
 Reached her home, rang the bell, and then sank down to die."

" Poor girl ! really it's horrid ! However I knew it  
 Could come to no good—I felt certain she'd rue it—  
 But pray, why in the world did the jade go to do it ?"

" 'Tis not easy to say ; but at first, I suppose,  
 Just by way of a freak she rode out in man's clothes."

" Then her taking the money ?" " A mere idiosyncrasy,  
 As when, some months ago, a young gent, being with drink crazy,  
 Set off straight on end to the British Museum,  
 And, having arrived there, transgressed all the laws  
 Of good breeding, by smashing the famed Portland Vase ;  
 Or the shop-lifting ladies, by dozens you see 'em,  
 For despising the diff'rence twixt tuum and meum,  
 Brought before the Lord Mayor every week in the papers."

Why, the chief linen-drappers

Have a man in their shops solely paid for revealing  
 When they can't keep their fair hands from picking and stealing.

'Twas a mere woman's fancy, a female caprice,  
 And you know at that time they'd no rural police."

" Hum ! it may have been so. Well, is that all about it ?"

" No ; there's more to be told, though I dare say you'll doubt it  
 's being true ; but the story goes on to relate,  
 That, after Maude's death, the old Hall and estate  
 Was put up to auction, and Master Blair thought it  
 Seemed a famous investment, bid for it and bought it,  
 And fitted it up in extremely bad taste ;

But scarce had he placed

His foot o'er the threshold,—the very first night,

He woke up in a fright,

Being roused from his sleep by a terrible cry  
 Of ' Fire !'—had only a minute to fly

In his shirt, Mrs. Blair in her — Well, never mind,  
 In the dress she had on at the time ; while behind  
 Followed ten little blessings, who looked very winning  
 In ten little nightgowns of Irish linen ;

They'd just time to escape, when the flames, with a roar  
Like thunder, burst forth from each window and door ;

And there, with affright,  
They perceive by the light  
Maude Allinghame's sprite—

Her real positive ghost—no fantastic illusion  
Conceived by their brains from the smoke and confusion—  
With a hot flaming brand,  
In each shadowy hand ;

Flaring up, like a fiend, in the midst of the fire,  
And exciting the flames to burn fiercer and higher.  
From what follows we learn that ghost, spirits, and elves  
Are the creatures of habit as well as ourselves ;  
For Maude, (that is ghost Maude,) when once she had done  
The trick, seemed to think it was capital fun ;  
And whenever the house is rebuilt, and prepared  
For a tenant, the rooms being all well scrubbed and aired  
The very first night the new owner arrives

Maude's implacable spirit still ever contrives

Many various ways in  
To set it a blazing ;  
In this way she's done  
Both the Phoenix and Sun

So especially brown by the fires she's lighted,  
That now, being invited

To grant an insurance, they always say when a nice  
Offer is made them,

"Tis no use to persuade them,  
If a ghost's in the case, they won't do it at any price."

MORAL.

And now for the moral ! Imprimis, young heiresses,  
Don't go riding o' nights, and don't rob mayors or mayoresses :  
As to robbing your suitors, allow me to say,  
On the face of the thing 'tis a scheme that won't pay ;  
Though they sigh and protest, and are dabs at love making

You'll not find one in ten

Of these charming young men

Can produce on occasion a purse worth your taking ;

Don't refuse a good offer, but think ere you let a

Chance like that slip away, *that you mayn't get a better*

One more hint and I've done—

If by pistol or gun

It should ere be your lot,

(which I hope it may not,)

In a row to get shot,

And the doctor's assistance should all prove in vain,  
" When you give up the ghost don't resume it again."

If you *do* choose to "walk" and revisit this earth

To play tricks, let some method be mixed with your mirth.

As to burning down houses and ruining folks,

And flaring about like a fire-king's daughter,

Allow me to say there's no fun in such jokes,

'Twould far better have been

To have copied Undine,—

There's no harm in a mixture of *spirits and water !*

## THE SONG OF THE LOAF.

In a stifling room and small  
 I saw by an oven door,  
 A man who seem'd ready to faint and fall  
 On the flags of the heated floor :  
 His cheeks they were wan and pale ;  
 His eyes they were sunk and dim ,  
 And it seem'd as if nature ere long would fail  
 And earth be no more for him.

It was work, work, work,  
 Till his pulse grew weak and low ;  
 It was work, work, work,  
 Till his limbs could scarcely go.  
 No time had his body to gain  
 Delight from the summer skies ;  
 No spirit or strength had his mind to obtain  
 The knowledge that makes men wise.

His wife through the long long day  
 Sat sighing at home alone ;  
 Her heart as heavy as clay,  
 And her feet as cold as a stone.  
 It was wait, wait, wait,  
 While the glorious sun shone bright ;  
 And wait, wait, wait,  
 Through the shadows of gloomy night !

But time will a day disclose  
 When up the oppress'd shall stand  
 And justice be done to those  
 Who are slaves in a freeman's land ;  
 And then they will both rejoice,  
 The past, with its griefs, above—  
 She in the man of her choice  
 And he in the girl of his love !

And they'll walk, walk, walk,  
 In the green and the flowery fields ;  
 And they'll talk, talk, talk,  
 Of the pleasures the country yields ;  
 And they'll sit by their "ain fireside,"  
 And each other's features scan ;  
 And the Baker again, be his glad wife's pride:  
 A hearty and good-looking man !—J. P.

\*

*Family Herald, March.*

## IX.—CHESS.

NOTICES.—The President of the London Chess Club, is A. Mongredien, Esq.

G. Walker is the Chess Editor of the *Illustrated News*.

H. Staunton conducts the *Chess Chronicle*.—The *American Chess Magazine* is, we regret to hear, defunct.

Dechappelles used to declare that "every man organized for Chess, ought in a few days, to become a first rate player. Three sittings was all I required to learn the march of the game, to defend myself, and then beat the strongest players."—To which Mr. Staunton adds a note, that "to Chess players it is needless to say, that all this is ridiculous rhodomontade. No human penetration would enable a person by simply looking over others playing, even for months, to comprehend the powers of the pieces, much less their infinite combinations!

Sets of Chess type have been ordered from England, to enable us to give at least two of the splendid problems from each of the *Illustrated News* and *Chess Chronicles*. In the mean time, and until we see that Chess players support our efforts to please them, we must rest satisfied with giving only the two original problems on diagrams, and the rest in common type. All those contained in the present number are considered first rate, and will, we trust, beguile many a weary hour.

## DECISIONS.

1. It is customary for the player who gives the odds of the Rook, to Castle, if it suits him, on the side whence the Rook was taken.

2. A pawn that has not been moved can be played two squares, but if it pass an adverse pawn, that is in the position to capture it, if it were only played one square, then the opposing player may take it in passing, or permit it to pass two squares.

3. The move of Queen to her 5th at the eighth move of the defence to the *Muzio Gambit*, is not fully treated of in the elementary works, because it is known to be disadvantageous to the player.—*Illustrated News, April*.

## SOLUTIONS.

1. The Solutions to the problems from the Chess-player's Chronicle have not appeared even in the No. of that Journal dated 31st March.

2. We find the following solution given to Enigma, No. 273, which appeared in No. 4 of this Magazine, viz.

1. R to R 5; 2nd Kt. to Ks. 5th 3. B to K 7, which is considered very simple and pretty—*Mate*.

5. Solution to Problem 217 from *Illustrated News*.

## White.

1. R from Kt 5 to Q 5
2. Kt to K Kt 5 (ch)
3. Kt to K 3 (ch)
4. Kt to K 6 (ch)
5. B to Q R 6 (mate)

## Black.

- R takes R (best)  
K takes Root  
K takes Q P  
K to Q B 6

*(Chess Solutions continued.)*

The following Solution to Enigma 227 by M. Houwitz and Kling, in No. 3, has been sent to the *Hurkaru*.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 5	if K takes B	1. B to K 5	K to his 5th
2. K P 2	K to his 4th	2. R to R 3	K to his 4th
3. K to K 7 (mate)		3. R to K 3 (mate)	

We also find the following Solution to the next Enigma, No. 223, by H. J. C. Andrews, in No. 3, given in the *Illustrated News*.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 6	Q takes Q (best)
2. P to B 4 (disch)	R takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3 (mate)	

## PROBLEM NO. 218.

By C. STANLEY.—*Illustrated News*.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K R 4	K at K 4
Rs at K 7 and Q 8	B at K B 6
Kts at K R 5 and Q R 7	Kt at K 5
Bat Q Kt 5	Ps at Q Kt 2 ; Q B 4 ; K 3 ;
Ps at Q 2 and Q Kt 3	K Kt 4 and K B 5

*White to move and mate in four moves.*

## PROBLEM NO. 221.

By HERR KLING.—*Illustrated News, April*.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q Kt 5	K at Q Kt 8
Q at Q Bs 8	Ps at Q Kt 6 and 7 ; K Kt 2
B at K Kts 5	and K R 4
Ps at Ks R, 4 and K Kt 6	

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

PROBLEM NO. 17.

By MR. MCG—Y.—*Chess Chronicle*, March.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K B 7	K at Q 2
R at his Squ	B at Q Kt Squ
Bs at Q R 7 and Q B 4	Ps at Q B 2 ; and 4 ; and Q 5
Kt at K B 6	
Ps at Q Kt 7 ; Q 3 ;	
K Q ; and K Kt 4	

*White mates in three moves.*

PROBLEM NO. 19.

By C. E. R.—*Chess Chronicle*.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K 4	K at K B 3
Kt at K R 4	Ps at K 4 and 6 ; and Q B 4
Ps at K 2 ; Q Kts 2 and 3	
and Q B 4	

*White to mate in five moves.*

ENIGMAS OR ENDINGS OF GAMES.

No. 301.—By D. J. (AMERICA).—*Illustrated News*, April.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K B	K at Q B 5
B at K 5	P at Q 2
B at Q sq	
Kt at K 4	
Ps at Q B 3 ; and Q Kts 4	

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

No. 297.—By MR. HOWITT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K B sq	K at his 5
Q at Q Kt 8	
B at Ks Kt 8	
K at Q 4	

*White to play and mate in three moves.*



## No. 300.—BY HERR KLING.

WHITE.  
 R at Q 6  
 Q at K B sq  
 Kt at K 3; and Q 5  
 P at Q Kt 4

BLACK.  
 K at his 5th ♚  
 Ps at Q 2 and Q Kts 4

*White playing mates in two moves.*

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For the two following beautiful Enigmas we are indebted to the *Berliner Schachzeitung*.

## No. 292.

WHITE.  
 K at his Kt sq  
 Q at K B 2  
 Kts at K Kt 3 and Q 3

BLACK.  
 K at K R 5  
 Q at Q Kt 3  
 B at K R 4 and Q Kt sq  
 Kt at Q Kt 6  
 Ps at K Kts 2, and 4; K B 3;  
 K 4, and Q 5; Q B 6; and Q  
 R 2

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

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## No. 293.

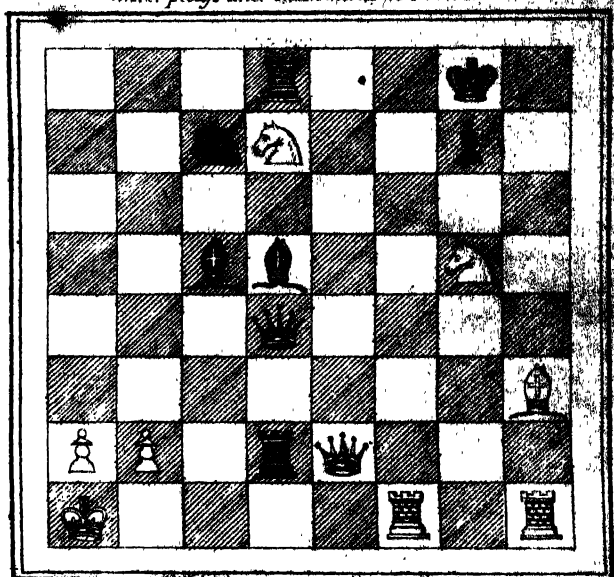
WHITE.  
 K at Q sq  
 B at Q 6  
 Kt at K 3, and Q B 3  
 P at Q 2

BLACK.  
 K at Qs 5

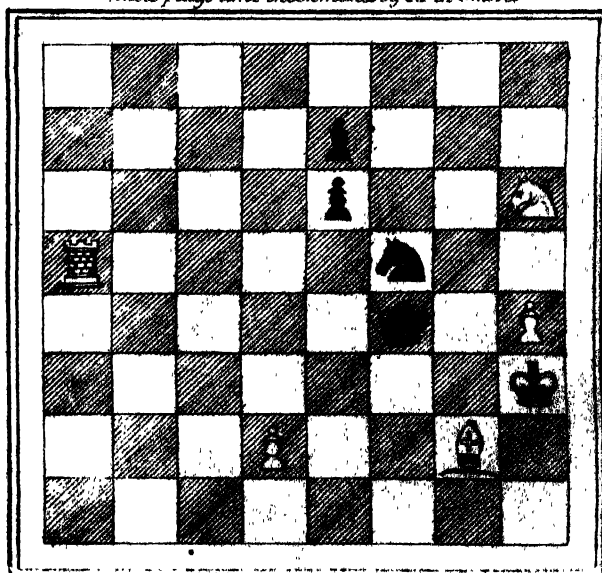
*White to play and mate in five moves.—Illustrated News, April.*

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**PROBLEM N°3**  
*by Moon shee Waris Ali*  
*White plays and Check mates in 5 moves*



**PROBLEM N°4**  
*by Moon shee Waris Ali*  
*White plays and Check mates by O.P in 6 moves*





## X.—DRAMA.

●*The original Hamlet, a Fat Actor.*

WE learn from several allusions in early works that Shakspeare's Plays met with great success, and were by no means so neglected by the public of his own time as some writers would believe. Yet this success does great credit to the popular taste of that age, for some of his Dramas are better fitted for the closet than for representation; and it is scarcely possible all his writings could have been thoroughly appreciated by those before whom they first appeared. It is, however, not improbable that the direction of public favour received an impulse from the excellent acting of Burbage, one of the greatest artists this country has ever produced. Shakspeare may have had him in view when he was writing some of his plays, and to the size of Burbage must be attributed the description of Hamlet, "He's fat and scant of breath," so discordant to all poetical taste. Mr. Collier has printed a poem, in which a description of Burbage's personal appearance is given nearly in the same words: and in confirmation of this opinion it may be observed how very seldom we are able to realize the persons of any of Shakspeare's creations except in the case of Falstaff and some of his comic characters. It is well remarked by Sir Edward Bulwer, comparing Shakspeare and Scott, two writers of quite dissimilar power, the latter chiefly eminent in description "few of us can picture the exterior of his great creations, while we intimately know their hearts, but who of us cannot image forth the swarth Templar and the stately Leicester."—*Halliwel's Life of Shakspeare.*

*Garrick from his Letters.*

IN Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's catalogue of a singularly copious and curious collection of autographs, the sale of which took place on Thursday and yesterday, there were forty-eight unpublished letters of David Garrick. They range from January 1732-3, when he was about 16 years old, to August 1776, and throw interesting light upon his early life. In 1734 he first alludes to theatrical affairs; and in 1735 we have his first poetical effort. In 1741 he has quitted the wine trade, and at the age of 25, October 19, there is, as the catalogue states, addressed to his brother Peter, "*A most important letter written the day of his appearance in London.*" He communicates his change of occupation to his brother, premising that since he had been in business he had "run out four hundred pounds, and found trade not increasing," and had now begun to think of some way of redeeming his fortune. "*My mind (as you know) has always been inclined to the stage; nay, so strongly so, that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. . . . Though I know you will be displeased with me; yet I hope when you shall find that I may have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be asham'd to own me for a brother.*" He makes an offer as to the transfer of his business, &c. "*Last night I play'd Richard the Third to the surprise of every*

*body*; and as I shall make very near £300 per annum of it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolv'd to pursue it." In a postscript, he adds, "I have a farce (*The Lying Valet*), coming out at Drury-lane on the 19th," but not finished and sent 'till the day following.

The next is October 17th, and is an affectionate letter, explaining and justifying his conduct in relinquishing his business and taking to the stage. After alluding to his want of success in business, he says, "As for the Stage, I know in the general it deserves your censure; but if you will consider how handsomely and how reputably some have liv'd, as Booth, Mills, Wilks, Cibber, &c., and admitted into and admired by the best companies; and as my genius that way (by the best judges) is thought wonderful, how can you be averse to my proceedings?" He alludes to his success, and the patronage he has received, and says, "Mr. Glover (*Leonidas* I mean) has been every night to see me, and sent for me and told me, as well as every body he converses with, that he had not seen acting for ten years before; in short, were I to tell you what they say about me, 'twould be too vain, though I am now writing to a brother..... I have not yet had my name in the bills, and have play'd only the part of *Richard the Third*, which brings crowded audiences." Throughout the letter he expresses the greatest concern lest his conduct should offend the various members of his family.

Nov. 10, 1742.—He regrets the aversion still entertained by his family for the profession he has chosen, with such prospects of success, that he is "certain to make his fortune by it, if health continues." Mr. Littleton and Mr. Pitt have been to see him, and have pronounced him to be the best actor the English stage has produced. He is in daily expectation of a visit from the Prince. He states his salary to be six guineas a-week, and a clear benefit, for which he has been offered £120. He concludes by inviting his brother to town to attend his benefit; and makes an equitable offer as to the wine business, from which he has retired.

Nov. 24, 1742.—He derives confidence from the assurance he has received from his brother, that, though he disapproves of the Stage, he will still regard him with affection. He says, "the best judges (who to a man are of opinion that I shall turn out—nay, they say I am) not only the best Tragedian but Comedian in England. I would not say so much to any body else, but as this may somewhat palliate my folly, you must excuse me. Mr. Littleton was with me last night, and took me by the hand, and said, he never saw such playing upon the English stage before." He concludes with allusion to their private affairs, and offers to assist his brother to the fullest extent his means will allow.

Feb. 22, 1742.—He sends a copy of "*The Lying Valet*," which, he says, is thought highly of; and during its performance, keeps the house in a "general roar from beginning to end."..... "You, perhaps, would be glad to know what parts I have play'd. King Richard—Jack Smatter, in *Pamela*—Clod, in the *Fop's Fortune*—*Lothario*, in the *Fair Penitent*—*Chamont*, in the *Orphan*—*Ghost*, in *Hamlet*: and shall soon be ready in *Bayes*, in the *Rehearsal*; and in the part of *Othello*..... Old Cibber has spoken with the greatest commendation of my acting. As to playing a *Harlequin*, 'tis quite false. Yates, last season, was taken

very ill, and was not able to begin the entertainment; so I put on the dress, and did two or three scenes for him; but nobody knew it but him and Giffard." The rest of the letter is occupied with liberal offers to his brother as to the wine business, and with other private affairs.

Others are of much interest, but we conclude with—

*Adelphi, March 21, 1776.*—He speaks of his retirement from the stage, and his contemplated visit to his native place. "'Till I have given my successors possession and received my money I can't stir from the property.....then I shall strike off my chains, and no culprit at a gaol delivery will be happier. I really feel the joy I used to do when I was a boy at a breaking up."

The whole were disposed of in one lot to a well-known collector, and we hear that they are likely to be published in a historical dramatic work coming down from the time of Garrick to our own. The price was £110.—*Literary Gazette.*

## XI.—MISCELLANEA.

The average number of volumes annually added to the Royal Library of Paris is stated to be 12,000; to that of Munich 10,000; of Berlin 5,000; at Vienna 5,000; of Petersburg 2,000; the Ducal library of Parma 18,000; the royal library of Copenhagen 1,000; the library of the British Museum 30,000.—*Atlas for India.*

A large piece of silver weighing about sixty ounces (called by the Portlanders "duckey stone") was found a few days since, on the Portland beach, by a poor man. A number of these lumps of silver have been found there at various times. It is thought there are a great many still left the remains of a wreck many years since,—*Ibid.*

*The New York Sun* says, a lady at Washington city profiting by the leap-year privileges of 1848, sent a gentleman of her acquaintance by way of valentine a marriage licence, with the names of the parties filled in.—*Ibid.*

*La Liberté* describes in the following terms a dialogue in a Paris Club. —A somewhat violent citizen: "I demand that the rich be expelled. I demand that we seize their possessions. I demand that we overthrow the Provisional Government; and I demand——" A citizen among the auditory: "I demand that the citizen be kicked out." Another dialogue. "Citizens, I come to ask your suffrages; I am a hair-dresser." A voice among the crowd: "There are no more hair-dressers—all are barbers." The orator: "I know what I am saying. I am a hair-dresser, because a hair-dresser pays less for his license than a barber."

*Doctor Edwards of Forfar* mentions in the "Lancet" the case of Euphemia Lindsay, known in that neighbourhood as "sleeping Effie." She frequently slept two or three weeks without waking. In the winter of 1820 she slept five weeks, and during the spring of 1825 six weeks.—*Atlas for India.*

*The six points of the people's charter*, are—first, universal suffrage; secondly, vote by ballot; third, no property qualification; fourth, annual parliaments; fifth, payment of members; sixth, equal electoral districts.—*Ibid.*

*The Prince De Joinville*, in his famous pamphlet, published in March 1844, recommends Newhaven, in Sussex, as affording the best landing for an invading army. By a singular coincidence his mother and father landed at Newhaven, March 1848.—*Ibid.*

A number of coloured persons, both free and slave, were arrested in New Orleans for the crime of assembling to worship God! A New Orleans paper mentions as an evidence of their criminality, that "one of them had a bible and three prayer books."—*Ibid.*

*The Limerick Chronicle* says, "since the reply of M. Le Martine to Mr. Smith O'Brian was received, a cooler was set upon the forge fires, and the braggart airs of the revolutionary gasconaders had been subdued." Even the repeal organ, *the Limerick Examiner*, admits the chilling effect of the reply of M. Le Martine. "It is," says that journal, "remarkable in point of policy for selfishness; in point of principle for silliness, perfectly absurd."—*Ibid.*

*The Revue Retrospective* is publishing the correspondence of Louis Phillippe found in the Tuilleries:

"The exact amount of the debts of the Civil list of Louis Phillippe is now said to be nearly 40,000,000*fr.* of which half is due to individuals, and the other half to the treasury. These debts cannot be discharged at present, the private domain being merely under sequestration, and the question of sale being reserved for the decision of the National Assembly. The private property represents an estimated value of 200,000,000 francs. The succession of Madame Adelaide, which has fallen to the Prince de Joinville and the Duke de Montpensier, is valued at 60 millions of francs besides 20 millions left to the Duke de Nemours. The succession of the Prince de Condé which came to the Duke de Aumale, is estimated at 100,000,000 of francs."—*Galvani's Messenger.*

*The Skull of St. Andrew*, the apostle, was lately stolen out of St. Peter's, where it was kept under three strong locks. The Eternal City was thrown into consternation by this piece of sacrilege, and a reward of 500 dollars, (a small sum for such a relic) was offered in the gazette. The skull was afterwards found buried in a sack of corn on board a schooner

laying ready to set sail ; when the schooner was impounded, and the crew imprisoned ; but, says a humorous correspondent of the *Daily News*, "the great vagabond has not been got at yet."

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*Our patriot ladies*, says the *Nation*, are really becoming *exigeantes*—one of them being entreated by her lover to demand any act of devotion at his hands, exclaimed bring me the head of Clarendon (the Lord Lieutenant). Pretty little Potiphar !

*A Roman Catholic Priest* in Van Deman's Land, lately refused to marry a gentleman who persisted in remaining a Freemason.

*Revolutionary Consequences.*—The quantity of plate taken to the mint to be exchanged for money, says the *Moniteur Du Soir*, is daily increasing. There are daily struck at the Mint 120,000 pieces of five francs, or 600,000 francs in amount. Respecting the conversion of plate into coin, the 'Times' correspondent says, "I have alluded to the sale of plate by the middle classes ; and that mode of raising money is not confined to them. The greater portion of the upper classes equally resort in astonishing numbers to the mint or the Silversmiths' with their plate to raise money. The matter is managed with admirable regularity. The plate is examined with a microscope to detect foreign, inferior, or improperly marked silver. When approved, it is thrown into the scale, weighed and tossed into a heap with incredible quickness, but with a degree of rudeness which causes the late owners many a pang. I saw a lady drive in her carriage last Saturday attended by three men servants, apparently a butler and two footmen, who carried a large hamper in which were *Surtout*, and *Epergne* Candelabra and other articles of plate of the rarest workmanship.—*Examiner*, April 15.

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*Jewish Calendar.*—In a lunar year which must be kept when the festivals depend on the moons, there is a deficiency. This deficiency the Jews fill up every 3rd, 6th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, and 19th years by an embolismic or 13th month, or double month of Adar, when the feast of Purim is twice held ; the first being the lesser, the second the greater Purim. This embolismic month is called Veadar. It is not one of the regular twelve months, but merely the double Adar, or 13th month. The present year has a Veadar ; it is embolismic with the feast of little Purim, in February or Adar ; and Purim in March or Veadar. The last embolismic year was 1845 ; and therefore it had 13 months also, as the present has. There are seven embolismic years of 384 days each in every lunar cycle ; that is, every nineteen years.—*Family Herald*, March.

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*Mahomet's Coffin.*—The suspension of this coffin in the air, has been generally regarded as a fiction ; but if we may credit a statement in Poncet's "Travels in Abyssinia," it is nothing more than has been accomplished in another case. He affirms that he beheld in a monastery in that



country a golden staff about four feet long, poised in the air, without any visible support ; and that to detect any imposition, he desired leave to examine it closely, which was accorded to him, when to "take away all doubt," he says, "I passed my cane over it, and under it, and on all sides, and found that this staff of gold did really hang of itself in the air."—*Mechanic's Magazine, March.*

*Noah's Ark* was in length six times its breadth, and in depth one tenth of its length. Most of our large steamers are built of the same proportions, and Mr. White asserts ("Treatise on Naval Architecture,") that for stability and security none better could possibly be selected. The ark was twice as long and twice as wide and deep as one of the West India mail steamers, and consequently it would take eight of them, considered as regular figures, to make a vessel as large as that which was freighted with the wreck of "the world before the Flood."—*Ibid.*

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON.—*April.*

### *Another Horrific Conundrum.*

Why is a deception of learning like the French flag ?  
Because it is a "trick o'lore."

THE Parisians have resolved to kill the fatted calf in honour of their Revolution. The banquet will be appropriately held in the Hotel de Veal.

ONE of the Chartist orators describes the Trafalgar square heroes as "picked men." We fear there were other things "picked" there besides men.

### *How to convert Coals into Diamonds.*

THE process requisite is very simple. We shall give it in a future number, for which we advise our readers to be upon the look out. There is no knowing how soon it may come.

### *The Latest Decree of the Provisional Government.*

"LIBERTY ! EQUALITY ! FRATERNITY !!!"

"In the name of the Republic, the Provisional Government decree as follows :—

"1st. That every Citizen shall possess an income of 50,000 francs, no more and no less.

"2nd. That every Citizen shall be exempt from influenza and colds in the head.

"3rd. That no Citizen shall cook his dinner, or brush his boots, but that a paternal Government shall do both for him.

4th. That all Citizens shall be equal in weight and height, as well as in political privileges.

*HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.*



*RESPECTABLE CITIZEN* Here's a kettle of fish To take my  
luggage for a barricade I'll never see that Portmantrau  
again

*HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.*



*LITTLE BOY — In the name of the Republic hand over your spoons*

*RESPECTABLE CITIZEN — But —*

*LITTLE BOY — Buts are no go. Jedru Rollin says our powers are unlimited*

## HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION



WOMEN OF THE HOUSE — Tell me, what have you  
to say?

SAY — Yes, my dear sister, I have much to say. I am  
a woman of the house, and I am not to be  
treated as a child.

## DREADFUL CRISIS



*Victim* "Hope you will not be offended, Sir, but I should be very glad if you could settle my little Bill up to Christmas"

*M<sup>r</sup> Dunno* "Offended, my dear Boy! Not in the least! But the fact is, I have 'suspended Cash Payments' for some time"

" 5th. That all Citizens, being workmen, shall be paid by the piece, and upon the principle that he who does least shall receive most.

" 6th. That any Citizen who has a good coat to his back is a tyrant and an oppressor, and ought to lose it.

" 7th. That Citizen Dumas having made great sums of money by writing novels, and the same being an infringement of liberty and equality, that all Citizens be empowered henceforth to write as good novels as Citizen Dumas.

" 8th. That Citizens Lemaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet having acquired great fame respectively by their acting, dramatic writing, and painting, and that the same being an infringement of the rights of man, which are naturally and eternally equal, that all Citizens be empowered to act as well, write as well, and paint as well, respectively, as Citizens Lemaitre, Victor Hugo and Horace Vernet.

" 9th. That, in order to carry out the wholesome principle broached in the circular of Citizen Carnot, no Citizen shall be eligible for a seat in the National Convention who can spell his own name.

" 10th. That every loaf shall be as big as two loaves.

" 11th. That any man under the Republic shall be as good as any three men under the Monarchy.

" 12th. That the future in general shall be, in France, one long unclouded holiday.

" Signed by the

" MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT."

" Hotel de Ville."

" *A Geological Excursion to Tilgate Forest; A. D. 2000. By Thomas Hood, Esq. (Anticipatory; for the 100th edition of the Medals of Creation.)*

Vincit omnia amor.—OVID.

.....hammer.—HOOD.

" Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities has he exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow upon their tales: but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous bouncers into what the French call *accomplished facts*. Look at the *Megatherium* or *Mastodon*, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have *Mantell*-pieces of their bones! The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere allegory on the banks of the Nile, is now the *Iguanodon*! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true. Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappists, grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparrers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and threemen beetles, banging, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows—hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now un-sextonizing a petrified bachelor's button—now a stone tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry-bush—now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologized into two-pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red-herring with a hard row of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*—or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they

go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater *Bonny-part* to exhume! Huzza! shouts Field-sparer, who will spar with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—no, he don't, says a fourth. Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—where's his caudal? What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable. 'Never you fear, zur—if he be FRIABLE, I'll eat un.' Bravo! there's his cranium—Is that brain. I wonder, or mud?—no, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop,—somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now, then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail! Huzza! there's his *femur*! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his *tarsus*! Work away, my good fellows—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, *we're all Columbuses*, every man Jack of us! but I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind: there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Mylosaurus*! but no—that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's a flying dragon. Huzza! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the village inn that has the St. George and the Dragon as his sign. Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter. Huzza! cries each schoolboy who has read the Seven Champions. Huzza! huzza! roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*. Huzza, huzza, huzza! chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The legends *are* all true, then! Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil osteology—Look at the teeth, they're *all molar*! he's a *Myiodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—What? what? what? they all exclaim—Why, on raw potatoes and undressed salads, to be sure!—*Athenæum*, April 8, 1848.

Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?—Because he's an ass.

The new possession of Sarah Wack (Sarawak), is considered an eastern balance to our Paddy Whack (Ireland) in the west.

"Had you, sir," said Harry Erskine to a dilatory tradesman, "been employed to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet."

An old Irishman, who was convicted of one of those agrarian outrages that constantly distract the sister isle, having been sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, bowed most profoundly to the bench, and thanked his lordship, "for, indeed," said he, "I did not think I had so long to live till your lordship told me."

The celebrated Dr. Adam Smith, who was a very logical thinker, hearing his servant complain of a pain in the small of his back, said to him, "The pain, John, is not in your back, it is in your mind." "Deed, sir," replied John, "gif ye'll tak' it oot o' ma back and pit it into ma mind, I'se be singularly obleeged to ye."

A SECRET FOR BACHELORS.—All the Arabs are astonished when I tell them the British sovereign is a lady. They have enough to do to believe it; indeed some of them do not, and think I am trifling with their credulity. It goes against the grain, and their grain especially, to be ruled over by a woman, though many of them, from my own personal knowledge, are entirely under the influence of their wives, *in private*, as all or most men are.—RICHARDSON'S *Travels in the Sahara*.

**A YANKEE PREACHER ON PREDESTINATION.**—Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry, next Thursday morning, at twenty minutes after ten o'clock; and suppose I know it; and suppose I am a free, moral voluntary, accountable agent—do you think I am going to be drowned? I should rather guess not! I should stay at home; and you'll never catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's ferry nohow, nor near the river neither.

**"IF HE HAD A HEART FOR WINDOWS FRAMED."**—Should the Chancellor of the Exchequer be compelled to take off the window-tax, we advise him to try chloroform, as the best adapted for a *paneless* operation.—*Punch*.

**POETRY AND PROSE.**—One day in spring, Sir Walter Scott, strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wandering they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are indeed delightful animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

**A WOULD-BE F.R.S.**—Mr. Babbage has calculated the cost of those letters which certain aspirants love to place after their names at a guinea per letter per annum. Here is a cheaper way of getting up a scientific reputation:—A learned physician, and fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the door of a paltry public-house, "The Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm Mac Tavish, M. D., F.R.S.," went in and severely took the landlord to task for this presumptuous insult on science. Boniface, with a respect, but firmness which showed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor that he meant no insult to science. "What right, then," asked he, "have you to put these letters after your name?" "I have as good a right to these," answered the landlord, "as you, having been *Drum Major of the Royal Scotch Fusiliers*."

### A Twister.

The highly curious poetical quotation which Dr. Johnson affixed to the word *twister*, in his large English dictionary, is well known, but its origin probably few are acquainted with, at least it has no doubt been long since forgotten. The following is said to be the origin of it:—

A French author wrote the following four lines as a specimen of the fluency and copiousness of expression in his native language, which being produced as such to an English gentleman accustomed to authorship, he translated them into English, and further added eight more lines on the same subject, showing thereby that the English was nothing inferior to the French language, but rather afforded greater variety of expression:—

Quand un cordeur, cordant, veut corder une corde,  
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;  
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde décorde,  
Le cordon décordant fait décorde la corde.

#### TRANSLATION.

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist,  
For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist;  
But if one of the twines of the twist does untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

#### ADDITION.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,  
He twirls with his twister the two in a twain;  
Then twice having twisted the twists of the twine,  
He twitcheth the twine he had twisted in twain.



The twain that in twining before in the twine,  
 As twins were intertwined, he now doth untwine.  
 'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,  
 He twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

"You Zeke!"—"Yes, ma?"

"Have you sanded your teeth and tallowed your hair?"—"Yes, ma."

"Tarred your boots and cerked your eye-brows?"—"Yes, ma."

"Then teazle your hat and go to meeting; we must be as fashionable as our neighbours."

The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "*a parcel of holes sewed together.*"

"Nothing will stay on my stomach," said an old toper, "but beefsteaks and Hodgson's ale; what do you think of my stomach, eh, doctor?" "Why I think your stomach is a very sensible stomach," was the unequivocal reply.

Curran, cross-examining a horse jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, until he retorted, "You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great *bite*."

A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that by way of browbeating her, he exclaimed, "Why, woman, there is brass enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And sauce enough in yours," she instantly rejoined, "to fill it."

**FASHIONABLE CHANGES.**—The use of chloroform has become so general that we should not wonder at cases of insensibility being brought up before the magistrates. How horrible it would be to read in the police reports—"Miss Tomkins fined 5s. for being found insensible under the influence of chloroform." A change has come o'er the spirit of our drams! We no longer drink—we only breathe. Drunkards are led away now literally by the nose. There is no more drunkenness—the word for it is "obliviousness." Father Matthew will have to start a "Total-Chloroform-and-Ether-Abstinence Pledge."—*Punch*.

**A MUFF.**—A muff is a thing which holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.—*Man in the Moon*.

**MATRIMONIAL MODE OF PROVING INNOCENCE.**—All who know young Sniffkins, (of New York, of course,) know that he married old Miss Betty Blotchett for her money, that he cannot touch it till she dies, and that he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and, in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he (Sniffkins) "had done it!" "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor, open her upon the spot, —I'm willing."

A farmer once planted his onions close to his poppies, and the consequence was that they grew so sleepy that he never could get them out of their beds.—*American Paper*.

Sergeant Jekill, perceiving at supper a large dish of trifle with the figure of a man, in sugar placed upon it, exclaimed, "I never saw so *candid* a man stand upon such a *trifle*."

On seeing Louis Phillipe about to quit the Tuilleries for ever, an English wag observed that his majesty had forgotten his umbrella. "Oh!" replied *our own correspondent*, "he has no further occasion for that; the *reign* is all over!"

In Scotland, as a teacher of the "young idea" was employed the other day in his "delightful task" of teaching a sharp urchin to cypher on a slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor—"Whare dis a' the figures gang tae fin they're rubbit oot?"

**OMINOUS.**—This is the second time that titles have been abolished in France, The rule in Lindley Murray says, "Two negatives make an affirmative;" but,

as the French are not particularly fond of English rule, there is still hope left for the French nobility.—*Punch*.

**BALANCING THE ACCOUNT.**—The following is a western editor's thanksgiving sermon:—"Since last year at this time we have licked one nation and fed another, of about the same population. We have killed a few thousand Mexicans, and saved the lives of ten times as many Irishmen; so that there remains a handsome thanksgiving balance in our favor."

Two lovers stood upon the shore  
Of Massachusetts Bay,  
Bidding a sad farewell before  
Seth tore himself away—

"I'll marry you, when I come back,  
My Mary Ann," says he;  
And then he took a little *smack*,  
And went away to sea.

**ONE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.**—A merchant, in a northern city, lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy Wanted." Next morning he found a band-box on his door step, with this inscription—"How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice, fat, chubby looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

"Do you love pies?" said I, in order to interest him.—"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, *apple* and *pie*, put together, spell *apple-pie*, don't they?"—"Yes, ma'am."

"By a like rule, *la* and *dy* spell *la-dy*—you understand?"—"Yes, ma'am."

"*Mince* and *pie* spell what, then?"—"Mince *pie*."

"Right! *Pumpkin* and *pie*, what?"—"Pumpkin *pie*."

"Then what does *l-a-l-a-d-y-dy* spell?"—"Custard *pie*!" said he, with a yell of delight at his success.—*New Orleans Delta*.

Hannibal worked his way through the Alps with vinegar, every soldier carrying a cruet full of the liquid in his knapsack. This feat gave rise to the saying that acid-uity will accomplish anything.—*Man in the Moon*.

### The Lost Game.

At cards a sly and an old man play'd  
With a nation across the sea;  
And ouths were taken and bets were made  
As to whose the game should be.  
They play'd so long, and they play'd so  
well,  
It was difficult to scan  
If the sly old man should the people "sell,"  
Or the people the sly old man.

The people were "flush" of "clubs" and  
And play'd as if in despair; ["spades,"  
And "diamonds" he had, in all their grades,  
But never a "heart" was there.  
The last "heat" came of the game I sing,  
And the people play'd *pele mele*; ["king,"  
But the old man lost, though he play'd the  
For he play'd the "knave" as well.

*Punch*.

Why should Louis Philippe not resume the teaching of languages?—Because he is not master of the French.

We met friend Caudle rather late the other night, and on asking him how he expected to escape a *curtain lecture* when he got home, he very quietly chuckled us in the ribs, and held up before our eyes a very minute speck of *sponge*! "Oh," said we, "chloroform!" "Yes, I become insensible in five minutes after lying down!" *Vive Chloroform*!

A professor, whose pupils made too much noise, let the following incredible *naivete* slip out:—"Gentlemen, if everybody will be silent, we shall be better able to distinguish who makes the row." This reminds us of a medical report, which began thus:—"There exists a great number of families in Dublin, who have died of the cholera."

A Pennsylvania paper contains the subjoined, which ought to satisfy any reasonable being:—"Amenable Honorable.—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut Street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. Hamilton having com-

plained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut Street Theatre, is *no-thing*."

During the protectorate, a Church of England clergyman, warmly attached to the house of Stuart, was wont to use the following prayer, which by proper emphasis was rendered significant enough:—"Oh, Lord, who has put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, put it into his heart also—to do thy will."

At a party in modern Athens, one of the guests observed her son Charles eating rather more voraciously than the laws of even northern etiquette allowed. She watched for an opportunity, and gave him one of those significant looks which only mothers and elder sisters can command; but instead of stopping Charles, he said to his mamma, "Oh, ye needna look and nod for me to stop. Ye ken this was washing day, and I got no dinner."

### *A financial question answered by Mr. Dunup.*

*Question.* A. has given a bill to B., and A. finds himself without a shilling when the bill has only two days to run. Now what is A. to do under such circumstances?

*Answer.* If the bill has two days to run, A. has, of course, two days to run also, and he had better run accordingly.—*Punch*.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE BADLY FOLLOWED.**—At the battle of Ivry, Henri IV. assured his followers that where the danger was greatest they would find his plume, the *panache blanc*. His descendant, Louis-Philippe, had a similar notion; in the moment of danger he showed the *white feather*.—*Examiner*.

### *"Looking A-Head." \**

The daughter of the Countess D——, was about to marry, in a few days, a very amiable gentleman, but whose years unfortunately numbered thirty-six, while his intended's only reached eighteen. Though naturally of a cheerful disposition, she had seemed sad for several days, which at last attracted the attention of the mother.

"My dear child," said the latter, one evening, "how serious you look—what are you thinking about so deeply?"—"Mamma," replied the miss, with a deep sigh, "I'm thinking that my future husband is just double my age."

"That's true—but no matter—you don't think him old at thirty-six?"—"No; it is not so bad now—but just think when I shall be fifty."

"Well, what then?"—"Why, then he'll be a hundred!"

### *Punch's Maxims Moralised.*

**A Miss is as good as a Mile.**—We know many a Miss whose tongue is better than a mile, for there is really no end to it.

**As the old Cock crows the young Cock learns**—We hope this may prove true in the case of the Gallic Cock, for the old one has been crowing a great deal lately, and the young one has much to learn for its future benefit.

**Cut your Coat according to your Cloth.**—Very good advice, no doubt; but if you have no cloth, you must cut your coat altogether.

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[No. 7.

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF  
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau. Three vols. Moxon.

THERE are two classes of travellers : the one who devote themselves mainly to the antiquities and arts of the countries through which they pass, such as Forsyth and Denon ; the other who set down, like Colonel Titmarsh and the author of *Eothen*, whatever memorable things they see and hear during the progress of their journeys, and make known to us the colours, shapes, and flavours of objects, just as they themselves encountered them on the road. With all proper reverence for those learned and worthy persons who investigate times past, enabling us to make acquaintance with Menes and Ramses, and to read the Phonetic character in subterranean tombs, we confess, for our own parts, that we prefer to travel with livelier guides, to look upon living men instead of mummies, and to bask in the sunshine and open air. In a word, we think that antiquities are properly subjects for a dissertation, and that a book of travels should deal with the things that *are*.

Miss Martineau, in her three most ably-written volumes, has sought to combine the two objects, the ‘Present and Past ;’ and indeed, if the union were desirable at any time, it would be in the case of this wonderful land of Egypt, where the humble Present seems merely subservient to the mighty Past, and where it is scarcely possible to observe that which lives and breathes without doing homage to the spirit that has departed. For Time, who is said to have spared nothing, has laid only a gentle hand on Egyptian temples. To quote an ancient saying, “All things dread time : but Time dreads the Pyramids.” And accordingly, as in proof of this, we see these prodigious edifices looking down upon us, as they looked down upon as wondering travellers in the days of Herodotus and Plato ; not less lofty or perfect now, than when they were raised, stone by stone, by the united efforts of thousands and thousands of men, in the times of Psammeticus or Cheops.

But our duty calls us at present to modern Egypt; and we feel no reluctance in quitting statements of Herodotus, or speculations of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, for the wayfaring narrative of our accomplished English authoress. To that narrative we shall chiefly restrict our notice; premising merely that for such as prefer disquisition, these volumes are also filled with very earnest and thoughtful matter. The greatest questions connected with antiquity are opened up in them, and discussed with the power and freedom of an original mind. Where we can least approve the views that are taken, we are impressed by the ability of the writer, and (according to her means of judgment) by her truthfulness and candour.

Miss Martineau's style is clear and flowing, and her descriptions are exceedingly graphic. The story of her travel halts indeed too frequently, to let in the criticism or conjecture, to which we have just referred, upon the antiquities of the land, or the creeds of forgotten races of men; but this defect, if such it be, is inseparable from the nature of her book. When she deigns to be familiar with us, and to relate her every-day adventures; when she tells us of her sailing down the Nile; of her journey to the Red Sea—to Sinai—to Palestine; of the purple sunsets; the morning march; the evening meal;—and all the wonders which disclose themselves only to those who venture amongst the sands, and rocks, and rivers of the East, we would not desire a more agreeable companion. Not even does the author of *Eothen* give us in such painter-like detail the minute tracery of the Desert; although we admit that we are more impressed when rising from her book, with the *general* effect which those blazing solitudes of sand would seem to produce upon the memory or imagination of every European traveller.

Miss Martineau commences her narrative with an account of her arrival at Alexandria, where she and her fellow travellers stay three or four days only, and then proceed, as usual, by the Mahmoudieh Canal to Cairo.

"On the 25th of November, we left Alexandria, rising by candle-light at six, and seeing the glorious morning break by the time we were dressed. Our days were now nearly eleven hours long: at the shortest, they would be ten. We were not struck, as we expected to be by the shortness of the twilight. Instead of the immediate settling down of darkness, after the disappearance of the sun, I found that I could read small print for half an hour after sunset, in our most southerly latitude.

"I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt;—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the Desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, every body knows; but I, for one, was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty, some time after the sun has departed and left all grey. This discharge of colour is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-coloured peaks become grey and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here, everything begins to brighten again in twenty minutes;—the hills are again purple or golden,—the sands orange,—the palms verdant,—the moonlight on the water, a pale green ripple on a lilac surface: and this after-glow continues for ten minutes when it slowly fades away.

"We proceeded in an omnibus to the Mahmoudieh Canal, where we went on board the boat which was to carry us to Atfeh, at the junction of the canal with the Nile. The boat was taken in tow by a smaller steamer, named by a wag 'the little Asthmatic.' We heard a good deal of her ailments,—the cracks in her boiler, and so forth; so that we hardly expected to reach Atfeh in due course. The villas in the

neighbourhood of Alexandria are pleasantly surrounded with gardens, and fenced by hedges or palings hung with the most luxuriant creepers ; but the houses are of glaring white, and look dreadfully hot. The villages on the banks are wretched-looking beyond description; the mud huts square, or in bee-hive form ; so low and clustered and earthy, that they suggest the idea of settlements of ants or beavers, rather than of human beings. Yet we were every few minutes meeting boats coming down from the country with produce,—various kinds of grain and roots, in heavy cargoes. Some of these boats were plastered with mud, like the houses ; and so thickly that grass grew abundantly on their sides. On the heaps of grain were squatted muffled women and naked children ; naked men towed the boats,—now on the bank, and now wading in the mud ; and muffled women came out of the villages to stare. To-day there seemed to be no medium between wrapping up and nakedness ; but it became common, up the country, to see women and girls covering their faces with great anxiety, while they had scarcely any clothing elsewhere."

After remaining at Cairo merely long enough to make their preparations for a journey to the Cataracts, they embark on the Nile ; reserving their inspection of the capital of Egypt until their return.

The scenery of the Desert, where it approaches the river, had evidently, Miss Martineau observes, great influence on the minds of the ancient Egyptians. "It plainly originated their ideas of Art," she thinks—

"The first thing that impressed me in the Nile scenery, above Cairo, was the angularity of almost all forms. The trees appeared almost the only exception. The line of the Arabian hills soon became so even as to give them the appearance of being supports of a vast table-land, while the sand heaped up at their bases was like a row of pyramids. Elsewhere, one's idea of sand-hills is, that of all round eminences, they are the roundest : but here their form is generally that of truncated pyramids. The entrances of the caverns are square. The masses of sand left by the Nile are square. The river banks are graduated by the action of the water, so that one may see a hundred natural Nilometers in as many miles. Then, again, the forms of the rocks, especially the limestone ranges, are remarkably grotesque. In a few days, I saw, without looking for them, so many colossal figures of men and animals springing from the natural rock, so many sphinxes and strange birds, that I was quite prepared for anything I afterwards met with in the temples."

The same thought enters into the following passage, in which Miss Martineau eloquently vindicates the beauty and grandeur of the old Egyptian works. She is now in view of the ruins of El-Uksur (Luxor.)

"I find here in my journal the remark which occurs oftener than any other ; that no pre-conception can be formed of these places. I know that it is useless to repeat it here : for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so ; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty ; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn ; and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously, I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought : and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down ;—unless indeed it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles and flog Arabs, and eat ostrich's eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone-heaps, and comes back 'bored to death

with the Nile,' as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the First Cataract;—perhaps without having even seen the Cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible. He may return gay and unworn; and so may the true philosopher, to whom no tidings of Man in any age come amiss; who has no prejudices to be painfully weaned from, and an imagination too strong to be overwhelmed by mystery, and the rush of a host of new ideas. But for all between these two extremes of levity and wisdom, a Nile voyage is as serious a labour as the mind and spirits can be involved in; a trial even to health and temper such as is little dreamed of on leaving home. The labour and care are well bestowed, however, for the thoughtful traveller can hardly fail of returning from Egypt a wiser, and therefore a better man."

It should be observed that during her journey to the Cataracts, Miss Martineau relates simply the occurrences of each day, and the impressions made upon her mind, from time to time, by the various points of view—the monuments, the villages, the rocks, and the adjoining desert where it approaches the river—and by the people whom she encounters in her way. The investigation of the various tombs and ruins is made as the party return towards Cairo. It is on her route upwards, however, that she is smitten by the beautiful Philæ, and duly impressed by that famous old Osirian oath,—“By HIM who sleeps in Philæ”—which has always appeared to us to exceed all others in solemnity and grandeur. She arrives at the sacred island in the evening, and records her first impressions in the following charming passage:

“At last, about seven o'clock, we set our feet on the Holy Island, and felt one great object of our journey accomplished. What a moment it was, just before, when we saw Philæ, as we came round the point,—saw the crowd of temples looming in the mellow twilight! And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propyla, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypæthral temple, all standing, in full majesty, under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without;—the awful oath ‘By Him who sleeps in Philæ.’ Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant Cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands scattered about the seas of the world: the very name is sweet to all ears: but no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were, this night, very still; and the more suggestive were they of the olden age when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers, who came from various parts of the mainland, with their lamps, and their harps, and their gifts, to return thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them coming in their boats, there where the last western light gleamed on the river: one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade: and one could imagine this great group of temples lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual offerers.—But the silence and desertion of the place soon made themselves felt. Our footsteps on the loose stones, and our voices in an occasional question, and the flapping wings of the birds whom we disturbed were the only sounds.”

We did not intend to have made any extracts from those parts of the present work which relate to the antiquities of Egypt, so much having been already written on the subject. There is always, however, a new way of looking at even the oldest objects, and the reader will, we believe, thank us for deviating from our resolution in the present instance. The travellers

are now on their return from Nubia, and are contemplating the temples at Kóm Umboo.

"When I was in the portico, looking up at the architraves, I saw into another ancient secret, which I should have been sorry to have overlooked. Some of the paintings were half-finished; and their ground was still covered with the intersecting red lines by which the artists secured their proportions. These guiding lines were meant to have been effaced as soon as the outlines were completed; yet here they are at the end of, at least, two thousand years! No hand, however light, has touched them, through all the intervening generations of men:—no rains have washed them out, during all the changing seasons that have passed over them:—no damp has moulded them: no curiosity has meddled with them. It is as if the artist had lain for his siesta, with his tools beside his hand, and would be up presently to resume his work: yet that artist has been a mummy, lying somewhere in the heart of the neighbouring hills, ever since the time when our island was bristling with forests, and its inhabitants were dressed in skins, and dyed their bodies blue with woad, to look terrible in battle."

On her return to Cairo, Miss Martineau sees the usual sights. She delights in Cairo itself and its "bewitching streets"—admires the mosques—visits two hareems (which she does *not* admire)—is present when the pilgrims return from Mekkeh (Mecca)—witnesses the failures of the famous Magician (which seem to exceed his successes), attributing his success, when it occurs, to mesmerism—and moralizes (generally very agreeably, and with much thoughtfulness and originality) on all that comes before her.

From Cairo to the Red Sea—Suez—Mount Sinai—Petra—through Palestine (taking of course Jerusalem and all other remarkable places in their way)—to Damascus—and Baalbec—our travellers proceed. Finally they cross the Lebanon, and embark at Beirout on their voyage home.

As some of our lady readers may enjoy a peep into a hareem, we must make room for a short passage, descriptive of one at Cairo.

"A party of eunuchs stood before a faded curtain, which they held aside when the gentlemen of our party and the dragoman had gone forward. Retired some way behind the curtain, stood, in a half circle, eight or ten slave girls, in an attitude of deep obeisance. Two of them then took charge of each of us, holding us by the arms above the elbows, to help us up stairs—After crossing a lobby at the top of the stairs, we entered a handsome apartment, where lay the chief wife, at that time an invalid.—The ceiling was gaily painted; and so were the walls,—the latter with curiously bad attempts at domestic perspective. There were four handsome mirrors; and the curtains in the doorway were of a beautiful shawl fabric, fringed and tasselled. A Turkey carpet not only covered the whole floor, but was turned up at the corners. Deewans extended round nearly the whole room,—a lower one for ordinary use, and a high one for the seat of honour. The windows, which had a sufficient fence of blinds, looked upon a pretty garden, where I saw orange trees and many others, and the fences were hung with rich creepers.

"On cushions on the floor lay the chief lady, ill and miserable-looking. She rose as we entered; but we made her lie down again: and she was then covered with a silk counterpane. Her dress was, as we saw when she rose, loose trowsers of blue striped cotton under her black silk jacket: and the same blue cotton appeared at the wrists, under her black sleeves. Her head-dress was of black net, bunched out curiously behind. Her hair was braided down the sides of this head-dress behind, and the ends were pinned over her forehead. Some of the black net was brought round her face, and under the chin, showing the outline of a face which had no beauty in it, nor traces of former beauty, but which was interesting to-day from her manifest illness and unhappiness. There was a strong expression of waywardness and peevishness about the mouth, however. She wore two handsome diamond



rings; and she and one other lady had watches and gold chains. She complained of her head; and her left hand was bound up: she made signs by pressing her bosom, and imitating the dandling of a baby, which, with her occasional tears, persuaded my companions that she had met with some accident and had lost her infant. On leaving the harem, we found that it was not a child of her own that she was mourning, but that of a white girl in the harem: and that the wife's illness was wholly from grief for the loss of this baby;—a curious illustration of the feelings and manners of the place!"

We had marked for extract some passages in the second volume, which show how the wives of Orientals enjoy themselves in their retreats at Damascus, but we cannot afford space for them, without sacrificing Miss Martineau's account of her travelling through the desert, which is necessary to convey to the reader a sample of this (not the least striking) part of her book.

The Desert is not monotonous, as many of us Occidentals suppose, but has its varieties of hill and dale, of rock and sand like other places, differing only in character, whilst its gorgeous skies at sunset, and its large clear-eyed piercing stars at night, are such as are nowhere else to be met with. The following extract will show at once the aspect of the Desert, and the mode of passing the day during a journey there:

"We were surprised at the variety of the scenery, this first day; but we were not long in learning that there is endless variety in Desert travelling. To-day we saw wide valleys of hard gravel, narrow defiles, water-courses tufted with low tamarisks and dwarf thorny acacia, traces of pools left by former torrents, yellow slopes and mounds, dark and abrupt hills, and limestone eminences, embrowned with the soil, sometimes lofty enough to be called in Egypt mountains. The Djebel Rhaiboon is a black hill rising from amidst white sands; and I was struck by the streaky character of some of the soil, on emerging from the White Valley upon the Wadee Beda,—resembling cloud-shadows so exactly that it surprised me to see that there was not a cloud in the sky.—The White Valley is a fine winding dingle, overhung by steep and imposing hills;—the very place for an assault from the Bedouens, if our troop had been less strong.

"We stopped this afternoon in the midst of undulating pebbly ground, where our tents were fixed, to our great satisfaction, further apart than at Bissateen, allowing us more liberty and domestic convenience than when we were all so huddled together that conversation was overheard from tent to tent and we could not stir out without stumbling over tent ropes. Of all the variety of ground on which we encamped during these weeks, we liked the pebbly soil the best. Hard sand was convenient; but there black beetles abound. Soft sand has usually large stones strewn upon it, under which scorpions and other reptiles hide. Of course rock will not do, as the tent pegs cannot be driven in. Short grass, on which we often encamped in Palestine, is pleasant; but then there are earwigs and ants. The prettiest perhaps was at Petra, where lilies were growing under my bed: but, on the whole, there is nothing like smooth pebbles,—our floor on this first night. On the Thursday, we encamped in the midst of a very wide valley, or plain, where hills rose in the east, purple in the sunset. From a distant rising ground the encampment looked beautiful,—the green and white tents, and the camels lying round them, diminished almost to dots, and the smoke from the fires of the Arabs rising like blue waving threads."

\* \* \* \* \*

"At four o'clock in the morning, or earlier, Alee brought a light into our tent. Our tin basins had been filled the night before, and a pitcher of water and tin cups placed on the table. I always slept in what is called Levinge's bag,—an inexpressible comfort. Without it, I believe, I should scarcely have slept at all; but, as it was, I lay down every night, absolutely secure from insects of every kind. The flies might hang in clusters, like bees, on the tent pole: the beetles might run over the floor, and the earwigs hide themselves under the counterpane, and fleas skip among

the camel furniture ; in my bag,—under its wide airy canopy, I was safe from them all, and from all fancies about them. It did not take me above five minutes in the day to put up and take down my canopy ;—a small price to pay for comfort and good sleep. As soon as we opened our tent door, while I was taking down my bag and the gimblets which, screwed into the tent poles, served us for pegs to hang our things on, Alee carried out our table and its tressles and the camp-stools, and Abasis laid the cloth for our open-air breakfast. We sat down to it at five or soon after, when the stars were growing pale, and the translucent dawn began to shine behind the eastern ridges, or perhaps to disclose the sheeny sea.—While we were at our meal, we saw one after another of the other four parties come forth from their tents, and sit down to table ;—the two bachelor companions being always the last. They were generally sitting down just when I was walking off in advance, with my cour-bash (hide whip) and bag,—containing map, book, note-book, goggles and fun. By this time the tents were down, in due succession ; the camels were groaning and snarling, and the Arabs loading them,—with an occasional quarrel and fight, for variety.—Having learned from Alee or the Sheikh which way I was to go, I wandered forth ; and many a glorious view I had of the sunshine breaking in among the mountain fissures, while the busy and noisy camp yet lay in deep shadow below. One by one the company would mount and follow, or Mr W. with his book, and Mr. E. with his chibouque, would set forth on foot. In a line, or in pairs or groups, the camels, with their riders, would step out slowly ; and then the two lively young ladies, Miss K. and Miss C., would rouse theirs to a fast trot, and pass us all by.—When the sunshine reached me, or I had walked enough for the present, I put on my goggles, pulled my broad-brimmed hat over my eyes, and signed to my watchful camel driver. Then, down went the beast on its knees, and my driver set his foot on its neck while I sprang on, and settled myself with my stirrup and between my cushions, and stowed my comforts about me. When I had firm hold of the peg before and the peg behind, the creature was allowed to rise, and I sustained its three jerks,—two forward and one backward,—as well as I could.

“ At eleven o'clock, Abasis rode up with his tin lunch-box, to supply each of us with bread, cold fowl, or a hard egg, and a precious orange. Or, as oftener happened, we looked out at that time for some shadow from a chance shrub, or in a rocky nook, where we might sit down to luncheon, while the baggage camels went forwards. That we might not be too far separated, we were not at first allowed more than twenty minutes for this rest. It was a pretty sight, the scattering about of the company among the patches and nooks of shade.

“ After three o'clock, the sheikh and dragomen began to look about, to choose our abiding place for the night. Where the sheikh points, or stands, or plants his spear, there it is to be. Then, as the camels arrive, they kneel down and release their riders. This was the time of day when I found the heat the most oppressive ;—in the half hour between arriving and taking possession of the tent. Within the tent too, it was often scarcely endurable till after dinner, though we looped up the sides, to obtain what air could be had. While the tent was preparing, I generally tried to sleep for a few minutes, on the sand or some neighbouring rock.—It required about half an hour to put up and furnish our tent. It was hard work to rear it, fix the poles, and drive in the pegs. Then Alee turned over every large stone within it, to dislodge scorpions, or other such enemies. This done, and the floor a little smoothed he brought in the iron bedsteads and bedding, and the saddle-bags which held our clothes. Next came the mats ;—two pretty mats, brought from Nubia, which covered the greater part of the floor. Then the table was placed in the middle, and four camp stools were brought ; and basins of water, and a pitcher and cup Mrs. Y. and I might now dress and refresh ourselves, while Alee and Abasis put up the other two tents.”

In that portion of the book which treats of “ Palestine and its Faith,” there are passages which we think injudicious in such a book, and ill adapted to the circle of readers it is likely to include. We wish that they had been omitted altogether ; but we can honestly thank Miss Martineau for unusual pleasure and an abundance of striking and suggestive thoughts imparted by her Eastern travel.

"The land of the East" is still unexhausted.—When Michael Angelo Titmarsh, at the party in 'Our Street,' with a slight but sure touch ran over the particoloured library of books recently devoted to its wonders, he dropped no hint of a work in any respect resembling the present. Yet it is among the most special and noticeable of the number. Miss Martineau has addressed the English public on so many occasions and such diverse subjects, that the nature of her gifts and their limit can now, we apprehend be estimated without unfair haste or presumption. It must be admitted that her consistency includes some inconsistencies. She is lofty and enthusiastic in aspiration; and so solicitous for truth as oftentimes to defend, if not to court, what is strange; seemingly because thereby she may give one evidence of sincerity—a readiness for martyrdom. Yet, while she is so free in her own speculations, she is given to assume that her conclusions are final and to stand amazed at the bare idea of question or denial on the part of others. As a writer, she is eloquent in description—vigorous in persuasion: as an artist, at once minute and comprehensive in noting traits of character, touches of humour, indications of the poetical element—sometimes, however, so over-exquisite in arranging these, as to present that which is *upon* and that which is *beneath* the surface in one and the same plane of her picture. Hence arises some danger of disappointment to such as possess less divining power than herself,—who, following her footsteps may prove unable to behold all that she has set down concerning a given place or state of society.

Let us make room for the last look southward,—being the termination of the Nile voyage.

"Our ride to the rock of Abooser occupied an hour and half. Thanks to the cool north wind, we highly enjoyed it. Our way lay through a complete desert, over sand hills, and among stony tracts, where scarcely a trace of vegetation is to be seen. In such places the coloquintus is a welcome object, with its thick, milky leaves and stalks, and its velvet blossom. The creeping, thorny coloquintida, too, with its bitter apples, is a handsome plant: or it looked so to us, in the absence of others. Here and there amidst the dreary expanse, or half hidden in some sandy dell, lay the bleached skeleton of a camel. The only living things seen were a brood of partridges and a jerboa,—a graceful and most agile little creature, whose long extended tail, with its tufted end, gave it a most distinctive appearance. Some of our people started off in pursuit, and would not give up for a long time, making extreme efforts to keep the little creature in view, and drive it in one another's way; but it baffled them at last, and got back to its hole. We rode to the foot of the rock of Abooseer, and then ascended it,—in rather heavy spirits knowing that this was to be our last look southwards. The summit was breezy and charming. I looked down the precipice on which I stood, and saw a sheer descent to the Nile of 200 feet. The waters were gushing past the foot of this almost perpendicular crag: and from holes in its strata flew out flocks of pigeons, blue in the sunshine. The scene all round under that wide heaven was wild beyond description. There was no moving creature visible but ourselves and the pigeons; and no trace of human habitation but the ruins of two mud huts, and of a white building on the Arabian shore. The whole scene was composed of desert, river, and black basaltic rocks. Round to the north, from the south-west, there is actually nothing to be seen but blackish, sand-streaked rocks near at hand, and sandy desert further off. To the north-east, the river winds away, blue and full, between sands. Two white sails were on it at the moment. From the river, a level sand extended to the soft-tinted Arabian hills, whose varied forms and broken lights and shadows were on the horizon nearly from the north round to the south-east. These level sands then give place to a black rugged surface, which extends to where two summits,—to-day of a bright amethyst hue,—close the circuit of vision.

These summits are at a considerable distance on the way to Dongola. The river is hidden among the black rocks to the south, and its course is not traceable till it peeps out, blue and bright, in two or three places, and hides itself again among the islets. It makes a great bend while thus hidden, and re-appears much more to the east. It has now reached the part properly called the Second Cataract; and it comes sweeping down towards the rock on which we stood, dashing and driving among its thousand islets, and then gathering its thousand currents into one, to proceed calmly on its course. Its waters were turbid in the rapids, and looked as muddy where they poured down from shelf or boulder as in the Delta itself; but in all its calm reaches it reflected the sky in a blue so deep as it would not do to paint. The islets were of fantastic forms,—worn by the cataracts of ages; but still, the outlines were angular, and the black ledges were graduated by the action of the waters, as if they had been soft sand. On one or two islands I saw what I at first took for millet-patches; but they were only coarse grass and reeds. A sombre brownish tamarisk, or dwarfed mimosa, put up its melancholy head here and there; and this was all the vegetation apparent within that wide horizon.—I doubt whether a more striking scene than this, to English eyes, can be anywhere found."

It was during a leisurely descent of the river to Cairo that the traveller studied the ancient Egyptian monuments. We shall merely, however, refer to this part of her '*Eastern Life*' as full to overflowing with impressive thoughts, eloquently recorded. A ride in Cairo is a more commonplace pleasure; but it furnishes a lively extract:—

"I like donkey-riding in Cairo. I never tried it out of Egypt, except for a few miles in Palestine: but I do not suppose it is the same thing anywhere else. The creatures are full of activity, and their amble is a pleasant pace in the streets. \* \* The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager, close by the hotel,—hustling each other to get the preference,—one displaying his English with '*God save the Queen ros bif*;' another smiling amiably in one's face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior-right, and must relieve us of encroachers.—Then off we went briskly through the Ezbekeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure;—past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine nargelehs;—past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber's lap;—past the veiled woman with her tray of bread,—thin, round cakes;—past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer;—past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse;—past Shepherd's hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chatting before the door;—past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their oriental tools, and in their graceful oriental postures;—and then into the bazars."

We have already adverted to the chapter on "*the Harem*." We need not mention Miss Martineau's theory with regard to the much-talked-of Magician, whose feats she witnessed, and whose present failures and past successes she harmonizes and accounts for in a manner which is thoroughly characteristic. Nor can we do more than refer to her account of the ascent and entrance of the Great Pyramid as a bright and cheerful illustration of "*the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*," earnestly to be commended to the *genus* Fine Lady. From Cairo, her party crossed to Jerusalem, taking Akaba and Petra in the way,—a journey not without its dangers and fatigues. One part of the route may be here "*laid down*" advantageously. The caravan was close upon the Gulf of Akaba:—

"As I looked back from the first promontory which turned us into the sea, I saw the troop scattered along the beach, and the last baggage camels pacing out from

among the bushes about our camp. Sometimes in the bays we had to go slowly over fields of sand; sometimes to cross the promontories by steep paths or shelves in the rocks; and oftener, to enter the water, guiding our camels as usual; for the water was as clear as the air. At last, we were brought to a stop, where we agreed that there were two roads, if any. The promontory before us jutted out too far to make it prudent to take the water without guidance; and there was besides only a stony wadee which looked as if nobody ever had passed through it, or ever would. So we made our camels kneel, and waited on our saddles. Others who came up did the same, till we were a curious kneeling party. Bishara passed us at length and led the way up the stony wadee. We little knew what we were entering upon: and if any one had told us that it was the pass to Wadee Negabad, the words would have conveyed to us no more than they probably now do to my readers. The ascending wadee narrowed to a pass of steeper ascent; and the pass to a mere mountain road; and then, the road to a staircase: a zigzag staircase of steep, irregular steps, so completely without pause that the great anxiety of everybody was to keep his camel going, because every one behind was in suspension,—hanging between two steps, so that any stoppage must be worse than inconvenient. Many would have been glad to dismount: but they must not stop even for that moment. The way was also too narrow for alighting safely. One lady jumped off; and then was in a great agony because her camel resisted being pulled forward; and there was not room for her to pass behind, to drive it. The next in the string applied his stick to good purpose; so that we were relieved from our hanging attitude. During that minute, I could glance behind me; and most striking was the picture of the sandy and stony areas below, with the long-drawn caravan winding far beneath and up the steep. Our position must have looked terrific to the hindmost. At the top, we found ourselves on a pinnacle;—a mere point, whence the way down looked more threatening than that we had passed. I could not allow myself a single moment here; for the camels were still tail to nose all the way down; and in the same way must they descend the tremendous zigzag before me. Most of the gentlemen contrived to slip off here; but there was no room or time for me, in the precise spot I occupied, to do so; so I set myself firm in my stirrups, and determined to leave it to my camel how to accomplish the break-neck descent. Only two besides myself rode down the whole way; and I believe we were all surprised that every one arrived at the bottom in safety. There were a few slips and falls; but no harm done. The ridge of a camel is a great height from which to look down on, not only the steepest turns of sharp zigzag on the side of a precipice, but long slippery stone steps, in quick succession. I depended altogether upon my stirrups; a pair hung short over the front peg of the saddle, which save the necessity of resting one's feet on the camel's neck in any steep descent, and are a great help in keeping one steady. I do not think such a pass as this could be accomplished without them."

Our space is running short; yet we must make room for some of the sights of Petra:—

"We were under weigh by six o'clock, and were presently among passes of wild fantastic mountains. In a glen, we came upon some oleanders, springing vigorously and some wild flowers. The ground was damp in patches, and there was dew upon the weeds. Never before did dewdrops look so bright to us. The rocks here were in towering masses, appearing distinct from each other, and most fantastic in their colours and surface. I should not have believed that any purely natural tinting could have been too bright for the eye of the lover of nature; but here, the colouring of the rocks is distressingly gaudy. The veining of the surface is singular. Every one cried out 'Mahogany!' and the veining is like that of mahogany; but the colours of this veining are like nothing to be seen anywhere else:—scarlet, maroon, sky-blue, white, lilac, black grey, and green! A stain of sky-blue and grey winds away in a ground of crimson; and a ribbon of scarlet and white in a ground of lilac; and so on. The stone is extremely friable, so that the mere rubbing with the finger end turns it into dust. The corrosion of the surface of the rocks by time and weather has so much the appearance of architectural intention, that it is at first difficult in Petra itself to distinguish the worn from the chiseled face of the precipices: and while approaching Petra, one seems to be perceiving the rudiments of the wonders of

the place to come. Alternating with these towering precipices, and at times surmounting them, are rounded eminences which look like downs, both from their forms and the greenish hue which is spread over them by their being strewn with the spines of the tamarisk. Tufted with blackish shrubs, they are not beautiful; but no characteristic of this singular scenery is more distinctive than the contrast between the gaudy precipices and the pale mountains behind.—At the summit of the first steep and slippery pass, we looked abroad upon a noble view of the billowy sea of mountains round about us, the partially sunned Desert stretching to the horizon, the sinuous and tufted wadees looking like desert paths among the sandhills and nearer rocks, and our camel train winding for a mile back among the pass and recesses below. \* \* Finding that we were not to arrive by the entrance which Laborde declares to be the only one,—the Sik,—I determined not to dismount, in order to ascertain whether there really was more than one entrance practicable for beasts of burden. I entered *Petra* first (after the guide), and can testify to the practicable character of this entrance, as I did not alight till we reached the platform above the watercourse. *Petra* might be said to begin from that first excavation. For nearly an hour longer we were descending the pass, seeing first, hints at façades, and then, more and more holes clearly artificial. Now red poppies and scarlet anemones and wild oats began to show themselves in corners where there was a deposit of earth: yet the rocks became more and more wild and stupendous; while, wherever they presented a face, there were pediments and pilasters, and ranges of door-ways, and little flights of steps scattered over the slopes. A pair of eagles sprang out, and sailed over head, scared by the noise of the strangers, and little birds flew abroad from their holes, sprinkling their small shadows over the sunny precipices. Nothing gave me such an idea of the vastness of the scale of everything here as those little birds and their shadows. What a life it must have been,—that of the men of old who gathered their comforts about them in such homes as these, and led their daily course among these streets and areas of Nature's making, where the echoes, still busy as ever, mingled the voices of men with the scream of the eagle and the gush of the torrent! What a mixture of wild romance with the daily life of a city! It was now like *Jinneé* land; and it seemed as if men were too small ever to have lived here. Down we went, and still down, among new wonders, long after I had begun to feel that this far transcended all I had ever imagined. On the right hand now stood a column, standing alone among the ruins of many, while on the left were yet more portals in the precipice, so high up that it was inconceivable how they were ever reached. The longer we stayed, and the more mountain temples we climbed to, the more I felt that the inhabitants, among their other peculiarities, must have been winged. At length, we came down upon the platform above the bed of the torrent, near which stands the only edifice in *Petra*."

Here, too, is a glimpse of the strange rock-city, animated by storm and life:—

"For some time we eluded the worst of the rain by running from cave to cave: but at last, by some accident, the party was scattered. One group had gone home early,—afraid of the damp: another was in a lower tier of caves. A third had found dry wood, and made a great fire. Two of the gentlemen and I found ourselves in a cave which was cold, without guide or dragoman, while the rain was coming down like a shower-bath. We waited and watched: and a very pretty thing it was to watch the little white torrents dashing down from the summits, here and there, as far as we could see. But these same water-falls were sending streams down the intervals of the slopes before us,—in some places already ankle-deep. The whole sky was one dark grey: and it struck me that, not only was there no prospect of its clearing up, but that we were too far from home to run the risk of further delay. My companions objected that we had no guide, and were quite ignorant of the way; whereas somebody would certainly be coming soon to look for us. I had a pocket-compass with me, however, and was quite sure of the general direction. I knew that the tents lay south-west, on the other side of the water-course. So, off we went, as straight as an arrow:—across gullies, over hills, through ankle-deep water,—for it was no time for picking and choosing our footing. One of my companions was lame that day; but on he must go over stone-heaps and through pools. We found a way down into the water-course,—walked many yards along it,—knowing now where we were,—and got out of it not

far from our platform. Within three minutes, before I had half put off my wet clothes, I heard a shout :—the torrent had come down. Down it came, almost breast-high,—rushing and swirling among the thickets and great stones in the water-course, giving us a river in a moment, where we had never dreamed of hoping to see one ! As soon as I could I ran out to the verge of the platform ; and I shall never forget the sight. It was worth any inconvenience and disappointment. We forgot the dripping tent, from which little rills ran upon our bedsteads : we forgot the lost hours of this last day, and our damp wardrobes, and all our discomforts. There was the muddy torrent,—or rather the junction of two torrents, which divided the channel between them for some way ;—the one which had come from the Sîk, and past the theatre, being muddy, and the other from the north-east, being clear. On came the double stream, bowing and waving the tamarisks and oleanders,—the late quarters of the Arabs who were now looking on from the opposite bank !—Just before sunset I went to look again. The white waterfalls were still tumbling from the steeps ; and the whole scene was lighted up by a yellow glow from the west, where the skies were clearing. The torrent was still dashing along, making eddies among the stones : and beyond it, in a thicket, under a wall of rock, was a group of Arabs round a fire, whose smoke curled up above the trees.—At night I went out once more ; and that was the finest of all. The torrent was too deep within its banks to be touched by the moon, which was now shining brightly. The waters could scarcely be seen, except in one spot where they caught a gleam from an Arab fire. But at this hour its rush seemed louder than ever. I was startled to see how many were looking at it with me. All along the opposite ridge, and on every point of the descent, were dim figures of Arabs ; and in the precipices there was quite an illumination. Row beyond row of the caves gave out yellow gleams ; and in the moonlight rose little pillars and wreaths of white smoke. The Arabs had come up from the whole country round, at the sound of the waters ; and I had seen Petra populous once more.

For the present, we must pause,—not even entering the Holy Land. Should we be prevented from returning to these volumes, we trust that the reader will bear our preliminary observations in mind. Though we have confined ourselves to Miss Martineau's pictures, we repeat that her's is no mere picture-book ; but one of the most substantial and interesting productions of recent seasons,—which may be deliberately pondered and will be widely discussed.—*Athenæum*.

*Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Oxford. Now first printed from Original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P., 2 vols. Bentley.*

WHEN the "Queen of Hearts" (the great Lady of the loo-tables, over which the versatile antiquarian of Strawberry Hill consumed "his midnight oil,") married a second time,—when the fascinating Duchess of Grafton, so gaily sung and celebrated in his earlier letters, became Countess of Ossory,—a change seems naturally to have passed over the relations betwixt "the sovereign" and her subject. Instead of their pursuing in company Pam from country-house to country-house, or sharing with Lady Mary Coke (Walpole's "other sovereign") the liveliest omnibus opera-box that wit ever brightened and scandal made instructive, the incomparable Horace commenced a sort of gazette, for Lady Ossory's edification, in a series of letters. They are now given to the public for the first time, in

number amounting to four hundred and two :—specimens of genuine Strawberry-ware, ranging between the years 1769 and 1797. These are not the “merry May-days” when we can afford to make light of such a present.

In some of their characteristics, however, these letters may be thought to differ from most of those already published. \*Their writer piqued himself on his court-breeding; and therefore, when addressing a noble lady and a beauty, assumed a style more Grandisonian than that of his kind, but bantering epistles to “holy Hannah” More, or of his affectionate and relation-like communications to Harry Conway’s “Lady Ailesbury.” Then, whereas The Duchess was so devoted to Loo as to neglect for its sake a great concert at Rome, and thus to escape being killed by the fall of a palace (as was recorded in a votive inscription thrown off by our Horace—

Pammio O.M.  
Capitolino  
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton  
Merito Incolumem.)

—we recollect no special mention of her wit in the Walpole Letters. She seems to have been an eager playmate and a sweet-tempered friend rather than strong in philosophy like a Du Deffand, or as rich in knowledge as a Montagu;—and accordingly to have been plied with fashionable and political gossip rather than with literary or antiquarian disquisition. The play-house figures in these Letters oftener than the picture-gallery or the printing-press,—the graver news of the moment is less elaborately treated than it was for the edification of Mann or Conway. Further, this series leads us more progressively and intimately than any former one through Walpole’s last years,—and justifies his own frank confession that he carried his desire, of growing old with grace and propriety almost to affectation, and recurred to the losses and changes wrought by Time with an over solicitude, which tried to mask itself under the guise of self-knowledge. Hence a certain monotony may be marked. But these niceties will be perceived only by fond students of the author:—and having stated them, the general reader will be best contented by the most liberal allowance of extract. There is small fear of our exhausting a collection so rich within any disposable limits.

How old all our freshest novelties are—is a remark which has been forced upon us again and again while plunging into this sea of gossip. We might console those who fancy that the present crisis includes strange combinations, strong emotions and singular presentiments, such as never before have “perplexed” men and “monarchs” “with fear of change” by applying to the letter-writer before us, James Montgomery’s lines from ‘The Common Lot;’—

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
Encountered all that troubles thee.

These epistles are full of comments on and coincidences with the events of our own strange times. But we will begin by tasting “the sack” first,—and enjoying the lively nonsense and important frivolity of our great grand-fathers and grandmothers, just as if *their* world had contained nought



beside. And, as we are in "the season," we will open our notice by a ball, with all its ladies' dresses, chronicled for the Loo-Queen.—

"The house was all arbours and bowers, but rather more approaching to Calcutta, where so many English were stewed to death; for as the Queen would dis-maid of honour herself of Miss Vernon till after the Oratorio, the ball-room was not opened till she arrived, and we were penned together in the little hall till we could not breathe. The quadrilles were very pretty: Mrs. Damer, Lady Sefton, Lady Melbourne, and the Princess Czartoriski in blue satin with blond and collets montes à la reine Elizabeth; Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Lord Carlisle, and I forget whom, in like dresses with red sashes, de rouge, black hats with diamond loops and a few feathers before, began; then the Henri Quatres and Quatresses, who were Lady Craven, Miss Minching, the two Misses Vernons, Mr. Storer, Mr. Hanger, the Duc de Lauzun, and George Damer, all in white, the men with black hats and white feathers flapping behind, danced another quadrille, and then both quadrilles joined; after which Mrs. Hobart, all in gauze and spangles, like a spangle-pudding, a Miss I forget, Lord Edward Bentinck, and a Mr. Corbet, danced a pas de quatre, in which Mrs. Hobart indeed performed admirably. The fine Mrs. Matthews in white, trimmed down all the neck and petticoat with scarlet cock's feathers, appeared like a new macaw brought from Otaheite; but of all the pretty creatures next to the Car-rara, who was not there, was Mrs. Bunbury; so that with her I was in love till one o'clock, and then came home to bed. The Duchess of Queensberry had a round gown of rose-colour, with a man's cape, which, with the stomacher and sleeves, were all trimmed with mother-of-pearl ear-rings. This Pindaric gown was a sudden thought to surprise the duke, with whom she had dined in another dress. Did you ever see so good a joke?"

This dear Mrs. Hobart was a favourite butt with the Wit of Strawberry. She must have been an inveterate dancer. Her "old fashioned cotillon" furnished him with the simile which points one of his best known passages regarding the grace of middle-age. Her agility, considering her great bulk—which led young Harry Conway to observe at Lord Stanley's ball "that he was sure she must be hollow,"—gives its point to another detail of a revel drawn up for Lady Ossory's benefit. Nay, so late as 1781, we find Horace hunting his old game on the occasion of a *fete* given in *her* Sans Souci—"a hut on Ham Common, where she has built two huge rooms of timber under a cabbage."

Other ladies fare little better than Mrs. Hobart:—*vide* this peep at Nuneham, its guest and its hostess.—

"Nuneham astonished me with the first *coup d'ail* of its ugliness, and the next day charmed me. It is as rough as a bear, but capable of being made a most noble scene. There is a fine apartment, some few very good pictures, the part of a temple acted by a church, and a flower-garden that would keep all Maccaronia in nosegays. The comfort was a little damped by the constant presence of Sir William Lee and Dame Elizabeth his wife, with a prim Miss, whose lips were stuffed into her nostrils. They sat bolt upright like macaws on their perches in a menagerie, and scarce said so much. I wanted to bid them *call a coach*! The morning and the evening was the first day, and the morning and the evening was the second day, and still they were just in their places! I made a discovery that was more amusing: Lady Nuneham is a poetess, and writes with great ease and sense and some poetry, but is as afraid of the character as if it was a sin to make verses."

And here is a last hit at "Elia Lelia Chudleigh;" which will amuse those who remember the inveteracy against the Duchess of Kingston displayed by Walpole in his former letters. The touch of *Mrs. Candour* in the prefatory compliment to Lady Ossory's charity is delicious.

"I am charmed with what you say, *that much will be said that she does deserve*, and *more that she does not*. One may always venture to bet that the world's ill-nature

will outgo any body's ill deeds ; and I am persuaded that Nero and Cæsar Borgia will, as well as Richard III., come out much better characters at the Day of Judgment, and that the *pious* and *grave* will be the chief losers at that solemnity. I have not yet heard the Duke and Duchess's will. She moved to town with the pace of an interment, and made as many halts between Bath and London as Queen Eleanor's corpse. I hope for mercy she will not send for me to write verses on all the crosses she shall erect where she and the horses stopped to weep ; but I am in a panic, for I hear my poor lines at Amphyll are already in the papers. Her black crape veil, they say, contained a thousand more yards than that of Mousseline la Sérieuse, and at one of the inns where her grief baited, she was in too great an agony to descend at the door, and was slung into a bow-window, as Mark Antony was into Cleopatra's monument."

Ere we have done with the gallantry of this Squire of Dames, we cannot resist a characteristic "serving up" of Dr. Johnson's and "little Burney's" "Blue Queen" for the edification of the Lady of *real* fashion.—

"I forgot to tell your ladyship that I met Mrs. Montague t'other night at a visit. She said she had been alone the whole preceding day, *quite hermetically sealed*—I was very glad she was uncorked, or I might have missed that piece of learned nonsense ! \* \* I was much diverted with your setting Mrs. Montague on her head, which indeed she does herself without the help of Hermes. She is one of my principal entertainments at Mrs. Vesey's, who collects all the graduates and candidates for fame, where they vie with one another, till they are as unintelligible as the good folks at Babel."

Every one has heard of *étourderie* of poor Mrs. Vesey, the deaf Lady in Clarge's Street, who kept a house open for persons of wit, taste and letters—and seems to have been laughed at by all of them. Here is one more anecdote :—

"Now I am sending coals to Ireland, I must add an excellent story I was told at the same place. That Lilliputian, Lady Newhaven, arriving at Tunbridge, desired Mrs. Vesey to explain to her and instruct her in the customs and news of the place. A man arrived ringing a bell—for what ? said my lady ; 'Oh !' replied Mrs. Vesey, 'to notify your arrival.' At that instant the man bawled out, 'At one o'clock, at Mr. Pinchbeck's great room, will be shown the surprising tall woman.'"

We are not sure that the following paragraph is in all its assumptions true ; while we fancy that its sentiment rings nearly as hollow as Mrs. Hobart herself—being unable to forget that Walpole was flattering an amateur singer. But as a piece of neat and resonant panegyric it may match some of Johnson's happiest efforts ;—and it furnishes a new quotation on a subject the stock praises of which have been worn desperately threadbare.—

"You will stare at a strange notion of mine ; if it appears even a mad one do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavours should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd ; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource will last their lives, unless they grow deaf ; it depends on themselves, not on others ; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles ; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism ; is susceptible of enthusiasm, without being priest-ridden ; and unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified even in Heaven."

Ere we have done with "tiffany topics" we will give a scene from a court ball at Paris in 1775. Marie Antoinette has not often been more gracefully touched in pen and ink than as follows :—

"Madame Clotilde was married on Monday morning, and at night was the banquet royal,—the finest sight *sur la terre*,—I believe, for I did not see it. I husband my

pleasures and my person, and do not expose my wrinkles *au grand jour*. Last night I did limp to the *Bal Paré* and as I am the hare with many real friends, was placed on the *banc des ambassadeurs*, just behind the royal family. It was in the theatre, the bravest in the universe; and yet taste predominates over expense. What I have to say, I can tell your ladyship in a word, for it was impossible to see anything but the Queen! Hebes and Floras, and Helens and Graces, are street-walkers to her. She is a statue of beauty, when standing or sitting; grace itself when she moves. She was dressed in silver, scattered over with laurier roses; few diamonds, and feathers, much lower than the monument. They say she does not dance in time, but then it is wrong to dance in time. Four years ago I thought her like an English Duchess, whose name I have forgotten *for some years*. Horrible! but the Queen has had the cestus since. \* \* There were but eight minuets, and, except the Queen and Princesses, only eight lady dancers. I was not so struck with the dancing as I expected, except with a *pas de deux* by the Marquis de Noailles and Madame Holstein. For beauty, I saw none, or the Queen effaced all the rest. After the minuets were French country dances, much encumbered by the long trains, longer tresses and hoops. As the weather was excessively sultry, I do not think the clothes, though of gauze and the lightest silks, had much taste. In the intervals of dancing, baskets of peaches, China oranges (a little out of season), biscuits, ices, and wine and water, were presented to the royal family and dancers. The ball lasted but just two hours. The monarch did not dance, but for the two first rounds of the minuets even the Queen does not turn her back to him; yet her behaviour is as easy as divine. \* \* On Saturday is to be acted, in the same great theatre at Versailles, the 'Connétable de Bourbon,' a new piece by Monsieur Guibert (author of the 'Tactique,') graciously indulged to the Queen, and not to be profaned, but there and at Fontainebleau, *car cela dérogeroit*; and, besides, his father is a *vieux militaire* who would not condescend to hear his son's play read even to the Queen! The Prince de Beauvan is to place me, and there end the spectacles, for Monsieur Turgot is *économiste*."

This play by M. Guibert is the piece the production of which is discussed as a life-and-death matter in the dismal, feverish, exhausting love letters of poor Mdlle. d'Espinasse.

But the reader will prefer to any continued remark of ours the series of pleasant passages we shall now proceed to extract for him.

#### NEW ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AND GOLDSMITH.

"I dined and passed Saturday at Beaucherc's, with the Edgcombess, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called the School for Wives, which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw any body in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half-an-hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act as speech in Cato with Goldsmith; that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?"

#### A PARTY AT BEAUCLERC'S.

"It's a young world, and I neither live in it, nor am acquainted with it. I know nothing worth knowing, I do nothing worth doing—of what can I write? My old friends die off, I cannot make new, for the fewer ties one has to a world one is going to leave, the better. I have been almost alone at Strawberry ever since your ladyship left town. I came yesterday, and return to-morrow. Had there been any news, I should have heard—nay, perhaps I did, for I called at Mr. Beaucherc's in the evening, where I found Lord Pembroke, Lord Palmerston, Garrick, Burke, the Dean of Derry, Lord Robert Spenser, and Mr Gibbon; but they talked so loud, (not the two last) and made such a noise, and Lord Palmerston so much more noise with trying to talk, that it was impossible to know what they said, under the distance of a mile from them. All I did learn was, that Miss Vernon is not married."

## WALPOLE'S OPINION OF GARRICK.

"I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents: yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Madlle. Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two actresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in Falstaff; King, in Lord Ogleby; Mrs. Pritchard, in Maria, in the Nonjuror; Mrs. Clive, in Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. Abingdon, in Lady Teazle. They all seemed the very persons: I suppose that in Garrick I thought I saw more of his art; yet his Lear, Richard, Hotspur, (which the town had not taste enough to like) Kiteley, and Ranger, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation, I confess, he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean, but then too the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion.

"I should shock Garrick's devotees if I uttered all my opinion: I will trust your ladyship with it—it is, that Le Texier is twenty times the genius. What comparison between the powers that do the fullest justice to a single part, and those that instantaneously can fill a whole piece, and transform themselves with equal perfection into men and women, and pass from laughter to tears, and make you shed the latter at both! Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his Sir John Brute give of a Surly Husband. His bayes was no less entertaining; but it was a Garretteer-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solid coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be.

"Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage, and then cried her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abingdon. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason for there was more spirit and originality in her Beatrice than in his Benedict.

"But if the town did not admire his acting more than it deserved, which indeed in general it was difficult to do, what do you think, madam, of its prejudice, even for his writings? What stuff was his Jubilee Ode, and how paltry his Prologues and Epilogues! I have always thought that he was just the counterpart of Shakspeare; this, the first of writers, and an indifferent actor; that, the first of actors, and a useful author. Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and who will see those of another modern idol, far less deservedly enshrined, Dr Johnson. I have been saying this morning, that the latter deals so much in triple tautology, or the fault of repeating the same sense in three different phrases, that I believe it would be possible, taking the ground-work for all three, to make one of his Ramblers into three different papers, that should all have exactly the same purport and meaning, but in different phrases. It would be a good trick for somebody to produce one and read it; a second would say, 'bless me, I have this very paper in my pocket, but in quite other diction; and so a third.'

## A PICTURE OF WILKES AT THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

"There too, you will see a delightful piece of Wilkes looking—no, squinting tenderly at his daughter. It is a caricature of the Devil acknowledging Miss Sin in Milton. I do not know why, but they are under a palm-tree, which has not grown in a free country for some centuries."

## WALPOLE'S OPINION OF MRS. SIDDONS.

"I have been for two days in town, and seen Mrs Siddons. She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *ton*, two or three of whom were in the same box with me: particularly Mr Boothby, who, as if to disclaim the stoic apathy of Mr Meadows in *Cecilia*, was all bravissimo. Mr Craufurd, too asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw? I said 'by no means; we old folks are apt to be prejudiced in favour of our first impressions.' She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or

she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion her arms are not genteel. Thus you see, madam, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs Siddons did good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say, that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil—and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. . . . Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode, and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute-money from Brookes's, he said she was not *manierée* enough. 'I suppose she was grateful,' said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play *Medea* and *Lady Macbeth*.—'No,' she replied, 'she did not look on them as female characters.' She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick; she said, 'he did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left.—In short,' said she, 'I found I must not shade the tip of his nose.'

#### FITZHERBERT'S SUICIDE.

"Poor Mr. Fitzherbert hanged himself on Wednesday. He went to see the convicts executed that morning; and from thence, in his boots, to his son, having sent At three, his son said, Sir, you are to dine at Mr. Buller's; it is time for you to go home and dress. He went to his own stable and hanged himself with a bridle. They say his circumstances were in great disorder. There have been deep doings at Almack's, but nobody has retired into a stable."

#### WALPOLE AND HIS DOG.

"My poor Rosette is dying. She relapsed into her fits the last night of my stay at Nuneham, and has suffered exquisitely ever since. You may believe I have too; I have been out of bed twenty times every night, have had no sleep, and sat up with her till three this morning; but I am only making you laugh at me: I cannot help it—I think of nothing else. Without weaknesses I should not be I, and I may as well tell them as have them tell themselves."

#### JOHNSON'S 'TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.'

"I have scarce been better diverted by Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Western Isles. What a heap of words to express very little! and though it is the least cumbrous of any style he ever used, how far from easy and natural! He hopes nobody but is glad that a boatful of sacrilege, a diverting sin! was shipwrecked. He believes in second sight, and laughs at poor Pennant for credulity! The King sent for the book in MS., and then wondering, said, 'I protest Johnson seems to be a Papist and a Jacobite!'—so he did not know why he had been made to give him a pension!"

#### WALPOLE PROPHESES HIS OWN DEATH.

"I am always thanking you, madam, I think, for kind inquiries after me; but it is not my fault that I am so often troublesome! I would it were otherwise!—however, I do not complain. I have attained another resurrection; and was so glad of my liberty, that I went out both Saturday and Sunday, though so snowy a day and so rainy a day never were invented. Yet I have not ventured to see Mrs. Jordan, nor to skate in Hyde Park. We had other guess winters in my time!—fine sunny mornings, with now and then a mild earthquake, just enough to wake one, and rock one to sleep again comfortably. My recoveries surprise me more than my fits; but I am quite persuaded now that I know exactly how I shall end: as I am a statue of chalk, I shall crumble to powder, and then my inside will be blown away from my terrace, and hoary-headed Margaret will tell the people that come to see my house,—

" 'One morn we miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill.'

When that is the case, don't take the pains of inquiring more—as I shall leave no body to return to, even Cagliostro would bring me back to no purpose."

## A SPECULATION ON FRANCE.

"In one point I perfectly agree with your ladyship : every morning when I wake, and France rushes on my mind, I think I have been dreaming ; nor can I at once conceive so total an inversion of a whole nation's character. Perhaps it is but a bloody fashion, momentary, like their other modes ; and when they have deposed their monarch, or worse, and committed ten thousand outrages, they will rebound to loyalty, and out of penitence, confer on whoever shall be their king, unbounded power of punishing their excesses."

## BURKE'S 'REFLECTIONS.'

"One word more about Mr. Burke's book : I know the tirade on the Queen of France is condemned, and yet I must avow I admire it much. It paints her exactly as she appeared to me the first time I saw her when dauphiness. She was going after the late king to chapel, and shot through the room like an aerial being, all brightness and grace, and without seeming to touch earth *vern incessu patuit dea* ! Had I Mr. Burke's powers, I would have described her in his words. I like 'the swords leaping out of their scabbard ;' in short, I am not more charmed with his wit and eloquence than with his enthusiasm. Every page shows how sincerely he is in earnest—a wondrous merit in a political pamphlet. All other party writers *act* zeal for the public, but it never seems to flow from the heart. That cordiality, like a phial of spirits, will preserve his book, when some of his doctrines would have evaporated in fume. Lord Stanhope's were the ravings of a lunatic, imagining he could set the world on fire with phosphorus. Lord Lansdowne, I hear, said there was some good sense in that rant. How fortunate that Price and his adherents were intoxicated by their own hopes, and flattered themselves that Europe was in so combustible a temper, that by throwing their farthing squibs from a pulpit, they should set even the country in a blaze, and like the wretches hanged last week for burning houses, should plunder some silver candlesticks from the altars in our churches, to which the *rights of men* entitle them. That proclamation of the 'Rights of Men,' is *ipso facto* a dissolution of all society, into which men entered for the defence of the rights of every individual. The consequence of universal equality would be, that the industrious only would labour, the idle not. Who then would be to maintain the inactive ? Must the produce of the labours of the laborious be shared with the indolent ? Oh, but there should be some government—then the governed would not be equal with the governors but it is idle to confute nonsense ! All the blessed liberty the French seemed to have gained is, that every man or woman, if *poissardes* are women, may hang whom they please. Dr. Price adopting such freedom, opened the nation's eyes—*Honi soi qui ma ly pense !*"

## THE QUARREL OF FOX AND BURKE.

"As to Mr. Fox, I own I think the tears he shed for having hurt Mr. Burke, are an infinitely nobler peace offering than a recantation could have been. Who weeps for his friend, feels ; who retracts his opinion, may be convinced, or from art or interest may pretend he is convinced ; and that recantation may be due to the public, without being due to his friend, as no friendship binds one to *think* exactly like one's friend on general topics ; and therefore to shed tears for having disagreed, was a greater sacrifice than retraction ; and in that light I admire Mr. Fox's temper more than Mr. Burke's. This is being very impartial ; for though with Mr. Fox I admire the destruction of despotism, I agree with Mr. Burke in abhorring the violence, cruelty, injustice, and absurdity of the National Assembly, who have destroyed regal tyranny for a short time, and exercise ten times greater themselves ; and I fear have ruined liberty for ages ; for what country will venture to purchase a chance of freedom at the price of the ruin that has been brought on France by this outrageous experiment.

We must stop for the present. But other passages on French affairs will be well worth quoting hereafter.—*Examiner*, May 6.

## ORIGINAL NOTICES.

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### *Dr. Hoffmeister's Travels, &c.—Thibet.*

THERE is a short review of this work in the *London Literary Gazette* for April.—We prefer however giving our own extracts in a fuller and more connected form.

Dr. Hoffmeister is a very pleasant and lively writer of travels, of which our readers have already had a specimen from his letters in our second No., in which mention was made of Alexandria, Ceylon, and Lucknow. The present work is a fuller account of his travels in this country, consisting of a trip from Calcutta viâ Gyah to Nepal, and thence to Agra, Delhi, Meerut and viâ Naine Thal, across the hills towards Thibet—thence his return to Simla, finishing with a detour to Ferozepore, and the actions of Moodkee and Ferozeshah, at which the lamented author fell, whilst accompanying his patron, Prince Waldemar of Prussia. In our present No., we intend accompanying the Doctor and his party in their four months' trip across the Himalayas' snowy range, to the borders of Thibet, commencing at the more interesting portion of his journey, after the first ascent of the hills had been overcome, and they had arrived at the village of Mookba; here false reports reached them of the difficulties of reaching the Thibet frontier:—

“Here at Mookba, all our preparations have been made for our further journey across the nearest frontier pass, that of the NEELUNG, into Thibet. Stores of meal and rice, and pack-sheep for their transport have been purchased, and an agreement has been made with the necessary number of coolies. It is indeed rumoured that the head Mandarin of the district which we shall first enter, has given orders to break down the bridges in the neighbourhood of the border villages; but we put no faith in such reports.”

Their departure from Mookba having been much delayed by native intrigues, they at length got fairly off:—

“In short, so many obstacles presented themselves, that His Royal Highness at length resolved, instead of penetrating by way of the Neelung Pass into Thibet, and advancing by a road which traverses that country into Kunawur, to proceed directly to that province by one of the mountain passes.”

Their ascent of the Himalayas was along the valley of the Goomty.—They fall in with a flock of wild sheep:—

“We were now on the left bank of the Goomty, once more climbing a steep ascent, and crossing a multitude of small rushing torrents. Many a smooth acclivity, overlaid with masses of travelled granite, added to the difficulty of the path. From the top of one of these we caught our last glimpse of the Ganges; then the forest grew thicker, and the ground more level. Hazel-nut trees, from three to four feet in diameter, were, with the birches, the most prevailing wood. The former are here called “*Sheroli*,” and bear short, rounded, thick-shelled nuts. We marked the traces of the plentiful nut-harvest, which the mountaineers had recently gathered in. A species of juniper,—“*Turoo*,”—from the berries of which an intoxicating drink is prepared, forms the underwood. After threading our way along one of the principal lateral glens, we halted upon a meadow covered with rich grass two feet in height, at a lovely and enchanting spot named BUNKARA. But even this resting-place did not satisfy us: we quitted the pleasant shade of the birches, and descended into the glen of the BOOTOO GADH. It is a rapid stream, full of rocky débris. Its icy-cold water reached up to our knees as we waded through. Immediately after crossing it, we

scaled an abrupt and boulder-covered height ; half way up, we reached the region of Alpine prairies clothed with tall grass and beautiful umbelliferous plants. One of these latter (the "*Eiullach*,"\*) is remarkable for its extremely spicy fragrance. Its sappy stalk is commonly eaten, and has a most agreeable flavour.

"Our tents were at last pitched on one of these elevated prairies above the limit of arborescent vegetation, which here gives place to an Alpine flora only at a height of eight thousand feet. Our encampment was surrounded by a perfect garden of sweet flowers,—splendid Anemones, beautiful varieties of *Potentilla*, *Epilobium*, *Lilium*, *Aster*, and, somewhat higher up on the rocks, the exquisite sky-blue *Papaver Alpinum*, of the Himalayahs. A lofty but gently rising mountain ridge, from which murmuring brooks innumerable trickle down, bounds this stretch of meadow-land, the name of which is FOOLAL DAROO. We had scarcely taken up our quarters there when there appeared, on the sun-lit hill at the foot of which our tents lay, a large flock, at least eighty head, of wild sheep ("*Bhural*").\* They were sprightly, active creatures, leaping merrily about ; among them were some rams with large and powerful horns. Not long afterwards, we observed a second, somewhat less numerous, flock, grazing still higher on the mountain pastures ; they seemed to have no shyness, and allowed the sportsmen to approach close to them. Unfortunately, not one was killed, and the report of the guns, which doubtless they had never heard before in their wild home, put to flight the whole flock ; swift as the wind they vanished behind the crest of the ridge.

"These animals, for which I had hitherto sought in vain, live close to the boundary of everlasting snow, and only visit the lower regions from time to time. They have a very thick, reddish brown fleece, with black shaggy wool on the breast, and horns twisted spirally, which, in the older rams, are inclined far outward. The Prince told me that he had seen one ewe, which had a lamb beside it, make the most tremendous bounds to drive away an eagle that had attacked its young one.

"We were much favoured by the weather at this place ; the air was clear, and, after the sun had set, we saw the peaks of the snowy mountains still glowing in the lingering radiance ; soon however it became sensibly chill.

"The height of this spot, obtained by thermometer, is eleven thousand two hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea."

Throughout their journey, they went by extraordinary tracks, many of which would appear to persons not under similar excitement and thirst for travel, impracticable to all but the mountain goats :—

"We scrambled up and down on the lofty masses of débris, forced, in the intervening hollows, to wade through the many tributary streams of the Goomty, keeping that river itself constantly to our left hand ; neither bridges, nor even trunks of trees to supply their place, are found here. The water of these streams is icy cold, and often flows so rapidly that we had difficulty in keeping our footing as we passed through.

"At length, after sliding down an abrupt declivity consisting of crumbling clay and loose fragments of granite, we reached the first bed of snow, which covers the Goomty for the distance of several miles. We crossed over it, and proceeded, on the surface of the snow, along the right bank of the river. The snow-bridges of the smaller streams having fallen in, we were soon obliged to return to the opposite side ; there our path, after traversing several mountain meadows, wound up to a great height, scaling a rocky acclivity.

"We were perpetually sliding back upon the wet grass, and a full hour of tedious climbing had passed away, ere we arrived half-way up the hill, at the base of an over-hanging precipice of granite, which, although the level space below was limited enough, afforded some slight shelter to our party from the ice-cold rain. We halted here. Our naked coolies cowered around us, shivering and their teeth chattering from cold. It proved however actually impossible, with our coolies and baggage, to pass the night on this platform of only ten feet square. There was not room sufficient to allow of pitching our tents, and not a spot was to be found in the neighbourhood bearing the most distant resemblance to level ground,—nothing but rugged acclivities and precipitous cliffs on every side.

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\* Mentioned by some authors as the Asiatic Argali, or *Ovis Ammon*.—Tr.



"Count O——, meanwhile, had gone in search of a better resting-place. The wind was every moment becoming colder and more piercing, and our limbs more and more benumbed; and still no messenger arrived to announce the discovery of an encampment-ground. Thus an hour passed away in dreadful discomfort and suspense; at the end of that time one of the guides returned, to conduct us to a spot which he had at length found.

"It was nearly dark from the heavy rain; we stumbled on,—following our guide, over the almost impassable mountains of debris,—so stiff from cold that, when we slid down, it was scarcely possible for us to rise up again, and our benumbed hands almost refusing to grasp our much-needed mountain poles. At length we reached the spot selected as our resting place, a somewhat less steep declivity, above the deep glen of the Goomty's parent stream. Our tents were pitched as well as could be managed, but the rain poured through them on all sides. Before our camp-beds could, with the help of large stones, be set up, another hour and a half had elapsed, and we had not yet got rid of our drenched clothes. As to establishing any thing like a comfortable abode, such a thing was not to be dreamt of for this night; and the wood we had brought with us was so thoroughly wet that it would not ignite. At length, after many vain attempts, a feeble flickering flame rewarded our perseverance, and, cherishing it into a small fire, we boiled our own chocolate, the cook being ill from the cold, and incapable of doing any work: but neither chocolate nor brandy,—in which last we indulged more largely than usual,—succeeded in thoroughly reviving the natural warmth of our frames.

"I was scarcely in a state to make any measurements of height by the thermometer, however the result of my calculations, such as they were, was an altitude of eleven thousand seven hundred and nineteen feet above the sea.

"The night was passed by no means in the most agreeable manner. At length however morning dawned, and the rain ceased. We now perceived that we were on the right bank of a large river, bridged over by beds of snow. It is the central parent stream of the Goomty; the confluent on the right-hand side descends from the "*Snow Lakes*." There also a path leads across; but it was not selected for our course, being reckoned the longest and most difficult. I was unable to obtain any accurate information as to what these snow lakes really are; we probably lost a great deal by not visiting them.

"A bright and serene day, with a sunshine most welcome at such an elevation, favoured our ascent of the pass which now lay before us. We soon arrived at the snow-bridge over the rapid river, beyond which we ascended without intermission over a naked waste, covered with travelled blocks, among which an argillaceous schist, with a ferruginous tint, chiefly predominates, though with a copious intermixture of fragments of quartz and of granite.

"As for plants, a very small remnant of soil, on the margin of the numerous rippling brooks, is all that is left for them. This narrow border is adorned with dwarf yellow *Potentillas*, and *Ranunculuses*; while the stones are clothed with mosses and with black-edged, yellow lichens.

"Not a living creature is to be seen in all this death-like solitude; no feathered songster enlivens, with his joyous warbling, these desolate and rugged cliffs, nor these wild wastes, whose dreary expanse is broken only by huge erratic blocks. From time to time indeed, I watched the flight of a few beetles, but their monotonous hum soon died away in the silent air, leaving only a more intense feeling of solitude behind.

At the end of one hour's march, we had already reached the first broad field of snow; before entering upon it we had to ascend a hill of travelled stones, from which we obtained a bird's-eye view of the broad valley through which we had just passed. To our right and left lay extensive moraines, those dirty glacier masses, loaded with argillaceous and stony fragments.

We now proceeded to traverse the immense and shining field of snow. In many places it was so soft that we sank in it up to our knees, and a most fatiguing march we found it. The ruined heaps of a fallen and shattered rock rise like an island in this ocean of snow; we halted upon it to rest ourselves and gather new strength.

The confluent of the Goomty, whose course we were following, had long ere now disappeared beneath immense glaciers and masses of snow. Only in some few spots, where deep crevices and formidable chasms were to be cleared, we heard the roar of its waters in the unseen depths below.

We overcame however all these obstacles, and reached the further end in safety ; but a long and toilsome ascent yet remained to be accomplished, before we could gain the summit of the pass. We were forced to scale the precipitous wall of a vast glacier, while the wild wind was continually pouring down upon us showers of small stones, from the lofty, needle-like pinnacles of rock, which, weathered and worn by friction, towered on our right from amid this sea of ice. At the end of four hours, the Prince, the guide and I gained the culminating point, without suffering much from the difficulty of breathing, and the feelings of indisposition caused by the "*mountain sickness*." A naked pyramid, consisting of broken masses of white granite, domineering high above all around it, forms the apex of the mountain ; making a wide circuit round a towering crest of snow, we scrambled up to its base. It consists entirely of huge rocky débris, and fragments of from three to four feet in diameter ; water was trickling down on all sides, although there was no snow lying upon its summit. From this point, our guide pointed out to us the path followed by the English traveller, Mr. Bailey ; it lies farther westward, tracing the course of the western tributary of the Goomty. The point on which we stood, on the other hand, had never yet been trod by any European explorer. According to my measurement, the head of this pass,—the name of which is LAMA KAGA,—is fifteen thousand, three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea ; the conical apex rising above it, I should estimate to be at least from three to four hundred feet more.

Nearly an hour and a half passed away before the van-guard of our troop of coolies, with their load of baggage, arrived at the head of the pass. They were in a deplorable condition, and suffering, as was also our interpreter, Mr. Brown, from headache, which they described as intolerably severe. Anxiety, debility and sickness are the other symptoms of the disease, known here by the name of "*Bish*," poison, or "*Moondara*." Travellers among these mountains ascending within the limit of eternal snow, are generally attacked by it. It showed itself among the coolies even half-way up the pass. They take, as an antidote, a paste prepared of the small sour apricots ("*Choaroo*," ) which I before described, the kernels being bruised, and mixed up with it ; it has an unpleasantly sour taste, from which it derives its name of "*Khutai*."

When, after long delays, the whole train of coolies was at last assembled at this point, the guides, who meanwhile had been exploring, with a view to our onward march, returned with the assurance that it was impossible to advance farther in the same direction, recent avalanches having formed a perpendicular precipice of from five to six hundred feet. We satisfied ourselves, by ocular demonstration, of the truth of their assertion ; the snow-field had fallen off abruptly towards the hollow on the opposite side. How then were we now to descend, with our half-dead coolies, into this profound abyss ? No expedient remained for us, but to clamber in a westerly direction, over the cone, and thence to endeavour, by traversing frightfully steep banks of snow and ice, to effect a descent.

We set out on the march, and had scarcely gained the highest point, when a chill and soaking mist, gradually changing into a violent hail-shower, enveloped us in a gloom so dense, that the pioneers of our long train were altogether cut off from the rest.

Everything however conspired to make us earnestly desirous of reaching the foot of the mountain with the least possible delay ; for the day was already on the decline, and it would have been utterly impracticable to pursue, amid the perils of darkness, a march itself so replete with danger. As little could we, without risking our lives, spend the night on these heights. Our guides, themselves apparently anxious and perplexed, were urged forward with the impatience of despair.

We arrived in safety at the base of the first snowy steep ; but here we found that the lowest, and unfortunately also the most abrupt declivity consisted of a smooth mass of ice, upon the existence of which we had by no means calculated. We forthwith began, axe in hand, to hew steps in it. It was a painfully tedious operation ; and, while engaged in our fatiguing labour, we were obliged, hanging over a giddy abyss, to cling fast with our feet and our left hands, lest we should lose our hold and slide down to the bottom. This did indeed all but happen to the Prince himself ; his pole however, furnished with a very strong iron tip, checked his fall. I too slipped, and darted down to a considerable distance but fortunately, with the aid of my "*alpenstock*," I contrived, in spite of its point being broken off, to keep myself in an upright position. Thus the Prince and I, accompanied by the guides, arrived pros-

perously at the end of the ice, and reached a less dangerous surface of snow ; but not a creature had followed us, and the thick rimy snow that darkened the atmosphere prevented us from casting a look behind, towards our lost companions and attendants. One of the guides was sent back in quest of them ; and it turned out that the coolies had refused to descend by this route. Neither money nor cudgelling seemed now to be of the least avail.

At length the snowy shower somewhat abated ; the curtain of mist opened for a moment, and we descried, standing in a line on the crest of the ridge, from which we had descended an hour before, the whole array of coolies. Not one of them could muster resolution to venture upon the icy way ; they looked down in despair. When they perceived us standing below, a few of the most courageous,—urged on by Count O — with voice and stick,—at length agreed to follow in our steps. They got on pretty well as far as the smooth icy precipice ; but here several of them lost their firm footing and slid down the steep descent with their heavy burdens on their backs. It was a frightful scene, and, to all appearance, full of danger, not one of them however met with any injury ; even Mr. Brown, whose shooting descent from the highest part filled us with terror,—as he slid down a distance of at least a hundred feet, into a crevasse, in which he was apparently engulfed,—was at last brought to us safe and sound with the exception of considerable excoriation and torn raiment. It cost half an hour, however, to hew a long flight of steps for him in this icy wall. During all these proceedings which occupied more than an hour, the Prince and I were standing at the foot of the declivity, up to our knees in snow, exposed to a freezing blast and to incessant sleet, but most heartily were we rejoiced, when at length all our people were gathered around us, without one broken neck or limb. The coolies had latterly given up the attempt to scramble down the fatal precipice of ice, and had glided down "*a la montagne Russe*," abandoning themselves to their fate.

The remainder of our downward way was through half-melted snow, and unattended with any considerable danger, until we arrived at the top of a mound of travelled blocks about three hundred feet in height, by which we must needs descend, to reach the glen below. Here our coolies seemed to lose every spark of courage ; some howled and wept aloud, others threw themselves prostrate, with their faces on the ground. What was now to be done ? Who could have brought himself, in such circumstances, to have recourse to blows with these poor, suffering creatures ? Our last expedient, to bring them to their legs again, was to relieve them of all the baggage, each one of our party carrying a share of the load on his own shoulders. It was no very arduous undertaking, for the most ponderous article,—to wit, our tent,—we had been under the sad necessity, as it had become thoroughly wet and very heavy, of leaving on the summit of the ridge. This good example produced the desired effect ; the bearers advanced immediately, and,—with the exception of a few who were extremely ill,—at a more lively pace ; thus the joyful prospect opened upon us, of reaching a night's quarter below the limit of perpetual snow.

This glen is choked up by a glacier, covered with a great quantity of travelled stones,—many-coloured scist, resembling sandstone, of every shade from a deep purple to a yellowish red, and often not unlike rotten wood. The side ramparts of the glen have a worn, broken, desolate air that makes one shudder. We proceeded down a gently inclined plane, traversing now solid, or partially melted snow,—now masses of ice,—furrowed with deep fissures and fathomless chasms. Streams of water had worked out for themselves channels on its surface, and were murmuring along at our feet, while we could catch the hollow roar of rivers in the depths below. I was much struck and surprised here by the sight of multitudes of dead locusts, strewn in masses on every side ; they must have lain there since last year, if not longer, for I sought in vain to recognize in them any one distinct colour.

After about an hour and a half, we reached a turn of the glen, where, gliding down a wall of ice covered with fragments of stone, we at last set foot on terra firma. This was the terminal moraine of the glacier, and we now perceived the river, about thirty feet wide, which, after flowing on beneath the superincumbent mass, rushes out furious and roaring from its vast prison, by a low-arched glacier-gate. We followed its course, along the left bank, on which here and there bridges of snow yet remained. At length, at a second turn of the glen, the cliff-embosomed valley of BISSAHIR suddenly lay stretched before us in the rosy illumination of a

splendid sunset, the snow-capped peaks veiled in an airy drapery of mist and golden vapour, through which their clearly pencilled summits shone forth in peerless majesty. We had now arrived at our resting-place.

After resting one day, he says.—

We were now compelled in the first place, on starting the following moraine, to make a circuit to the source of the impetuous *Buspa*,\* as there was no other means of gaining the opposite bank. We were therefore forced to bestow all our skill and pains on cutting out a path for ourselves, across the towering glacier from which it rises. Each one gave a helping hand in the arduous labour of hewing out steps and transporting the baggage. The passage occupied three hours, and was not without danger, especially on the highest spot, beneath which the main branch of the *Buspa* rages along; for there the loose blocks of stone might so easily have been dislodged from their positions on the polished heights of ice, that we could descend from the many little eminences only again "*à la Montagne Russe*." Soon after we had crossed this glacier, the rain recommenced; the people most to be pitied as suffering from its effects were the unfortunate bearers, who had to carry the tent, heavy with accumulated moisture. After an hour's march over level wastes of débris, we were detained by a new obstacle. A rapid and greatly swollen stream, flowing down from the lofty beds of snow on the right bank, cut off our path. We spent three hours in traversing the rugged mounds of loose blocks which form the ramparts of its little glen, before reaching the snow-bridge, which spans it higher up; having crossed it, we returned down the other side to the edge of the *Buspa*. It was not possible to transport our tent by this route; we were obliged to float it through the stream by means of ropes, and what little of it the rain had yet left dry, was in this transit completely soaked. The eight coolies too who had the charge of carrying it, were dragged through the river in a similar manner.

The valley now became wider, and the bed of the river flat and sandy: to counter-balance this improvement, we found ourselves in a perfect net-work of little brooks, in wading through which, the rushing ice-cold waters often reached up to our knees. They all belong to one group of springs, the name of which is *NITTAL NUDDY*. We crossed a larger brook by means of a hastily constructed, very frail bridge, formed of trees found on the spot. Beyond it the valley expands to a width of several thousand paces, bounded on either side by gently sloping hills: the snows on their summits were yet unmelting. Endless heaps of mountain-wreck, extending along these parallel ramparts in wild and sterile desolation, give to the scene a character of awe-inspiring melancholy. The bottom of the valley, along which we were proceeding, consists of a level bed of clay, clothed with fresh and verdant grass. One spot, where the river makes a bend, and a lofty impending precipice offers some shelter from the wind, appeared to us perfectly adapted for a comfortable encampment.

On the following morning also, (the 17th of July) our path was at first easy and pleasant, lying through beautiful meadow land: soon however the scene changed; the narrowed glen was now hemmed in between steep acclivities covered with débris and crowned with savage frowning rocks, broken into dark clefts and furrows. The snow and ice have committed fearful ravages here; the mountain summits appear as though all the mightiest powers of nature had vied with each other in the effort to shiver them into fragments!

We scrambled up the steep bank overhanging the river; suddenly, we beheld at our feet a yawning abyss, nearly a thousand feet in depth, apparently excluding all prospect of advancing farther. Evidently a huge mass of rocky wall had here given way, and precipitated itself into the deep below. It seemed impossible to descend without endangering our lives, for in no part did the rock afford a spot, on which to rest one's foot. A chamois would have found it a perilous path! But what was to be done?—we must find our way across. The guide first made the experiment, placing his foot warily on stones that projected here and there; we followed, one by one, with great caution, and actually reached the base without a single accident, although

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\* *Buspa* is the name given to this river in the maps; our guides called it *Kerzom Nuddy*.—W. HOFFMEISTER.

the fragments, constantly detached from the mass of loose blocks, were rolling down under our feet, and every gust of wind hurled down upon us showers of small stones.

"No form of rock among the mountains can be so difficult and irksome for the traveller to scramble over, as this loose erratic débris, in which granite, schist and pebbles, all conglomerated with very loose earth, form lofty mural precipices of the most treacherous kind. Rocks, be they ever so steep and high, may, if one is not a victim to giddiness, be scaled or descended in safety ; but on heights such as these, where all firm footing fails, where each projecting stone yields beneath one's tread, and rolls down with stunning velocity, every scramble is a most hazardous adventure.

"The conveying of our baggage down the side of this chasm cost us great labour ; we were once more forced to leave our tents behind us, now saturated and more heavy than ever with rain.

"The worst part however was yet to come,—a mound of boulders, along which we scrambled, at a height of some four hundred feet above the river, constantly exposed to the danger either of shooting down into the stream with the loose blocks, or of being buried beneath the perpendicular walls of crumbling stone and clay, which threatened to give way at the slightest touch.

"How thankful were we then, once more to set foot on a beaten path, how enchanted to welcome the first birchen bushes ! There yet remained indeed a great number of narrow deep-cut glens, where mountain-torrents must needs be passed either by throwing across them bridges, formed of trees dragged to the spot with great toil, or, where no wood was to be found, by wading through ; these hindrances were however more time-consuming than dangerous."

They arrived, however, safely at the village of Chetkool, which, with the costume of its women, is thus described :—

"Chetkool is a pleasant village, surrounded by terraced rocks, adorned with emerald crops of wheat. We already marked the thoroughly Chinese character of the architecture, both of the temple and of the houses ; and in fact this place has much intercourse with Tibet. Its temples are dedicated to the Lama-worship. That besides which we pitched our camp, stands upon a basement of stone, and has a broad portico, supported by beautifully carved wooden pillars ; a quantity of wood-carving, especially dragons' heads, adorn the corners of the roof, and a number of the twisted horns of the *Bhural* sheep are hung upon the walls. In front of the temple stands a smaller edifice, resting on nine pillars, and containing an idol-figure, which on our establishing ourselves beside it, was withdrawn. The houses, about twelve in number, are almost all built of wood, the narrow interstices only, between the beams, not broader than the beams themselves, being filled up with stones : the roofs are flat. On one side of the building, the trunk of a tree,—with steps hewn in it, leads up to a balcony with a balustrade of varied and fanciful wood-carving. From it is the entrance to the family apartments. Most of the dwellings have a sunk story, with small, low doorways, probably leading into the store-rooms.

"On the balcony of the first floor, we usually saw the women sitting, for here they do not conceal themselves, as is the universal custom throughout the valley of the Ganges. Their costume is a very singular one. Besides the round felt hat, they wear, fastened on the back of the head, a large bush of red wool, below which hangs a profusion of thick plaits, not indeed of hair, but of this same red wool. It is a species of peruke, similar to that worn by Fakeers. A wreath of everlasting is twined round the hat. A web of woollen cloth, of home manufacture,—red, brown, or white,—is thrown over the left shoulder, twice wound round the upper part of the body, and then twisted, on the back above the waist, into a knot, from which it hangs down like a scarf, in drapery reaching to the ankles. A brass clasp of very peculiar form confines the ample folds on the left shoulder, while the right is left uncovered. The lower end of the web, laid together in many plies, is bound round the waist by means of a girdle, and covers the rest of the figure. The whole dress is no less dignified and becoming, than it is elegant ; it were impossible to conceive a finer effect produced by such simple means. It bears some resemblance to the guise of a French shepherd in olden times. The physiognomy however is here marked by thoroughly Tartar features ; the women are, for the most part, extremely ugly ; but among the men we remarked a few, who, with their long flowing black hair and noble beards, were

tolerably good-looking. The men alone spin the wool, and go about, as at *Mookba*, spindle in hand, with their little basket on the arm. The women devote themselves to agricultural labour, and to the tending of the cattle. The breed of this place is a cross between the woolly-tailed *Yak* ox, and the common Indian cow; a pretty race of animals, rather high in the nape, and of a black colour. What a delicious treat for us once more to enjoy a drink of new milk!

Here, they were detained four days by native intrigue, and were at length obliged to content themselves with casting a longing look up the valley, along which stretches the path leading into Thibet. They therefore proceeded by another path on the right bank of the Buspa.

We now come to Sungla and its scenery—

"Sungla is situated upon a lofty terrace, which, jutting out at the foot of the mountains, is cleft by the brooks which flow down from them, into four separate parts. Farther down, on the same side of the Buspa, but on a level much higher than that of Sungla, stands upon a projecting rock the village of KAMERO.

"A walk through Sungla brought us into close contact with the inhabitants. The leading people among them had assembled for the evening on the open space in front of the temple. Among them were the "*Mookdiar*," or village chief, and his son, both distinguished by the elegance of their attire. Trowsers of blue and white striped cotton, drawn in tightly above the ankles, a long coat of white woollen stuff, with skirts turned back, and trimmed at the bottom with a border of red, a broad belt, elegant shoes and a brown cap, form their neat and pretty costume. The women wear a dress exactly similar to that already described at Chetkool, only prettier and finer in every respect. A small, singular-looking building, standing close to the temple, with a roof remarkable for its far-projecting, dragon-shaped points, contains two chests, with staves for bearing them: these reminded me by their form, of the scripture description of the Ark of the Covenant. Another edifice, standing farther back, attracted our attention by the wonderful paintings on its interior walls; representing, in pale brown and gray colours, symbolical figures of various sorts; the fish and the dragon occur repeatedly. On the path from the village to the "*Sungla*," stands a tiny house of prayer, rudely constructed of stones: a flag is stuck up on its top, but within, it contains only a niche, in which is placed a "*prayer-cylinder*." This little machine, which in form is exactly like a coffee-roaster, covered with hide, and resting on a moveable axle, is called a "*Manneh*," or, "*Lamake Manneh*." The passers-by may frequently be seen to stand still before the little oratory, and diligently to turn the cylinder, thus performing their devotions. In like manner they may be often seen to pass rapidly through their fingers strings of wooden beads, of Chinese workmanship, a species of rosary used in prayer.

"We quitted Sungla on the 24th of July, not very early, for it was a misty morning. Our path lay at first along the banks of the Buspa. We passed over the waters of a chalybeate spring, which gushes forth from under an immense block of granite, between fields of "*Phapur*," or "*Madua*," (species of *Fagopyrum*). The thick fog excluded all view, so that, on reaching the summit of a conical mountain, named STELLINGMUTIPAH, we could only see the grand outlines of the snowy peaks, peering dimly through over against us. The way was rendered toilsome by the numerous rocky chasms, where mountain torrents had cut their deep passage through the heights. After each one of these clefts we had a considerable ascent; three of them we had to cross before reaching the foot of the pass of HARUNG. We ascended in the first instance a spur of that mountain, distinguished by the name of TOKA: the partial opening of the mist occasionally revealed to us the fine view which it commands, extending over the pass of BRUANG, the towering snowy mountains on the other side of the river, and a number of small villages in the nearer distance. On the highest ridge of the pass, we found a small level space, almost entirely surrounded by pyramids of stone, for the most part of very complex architecture, and furnished with projections which serve as seats. This plateau is covered with a luxuriant Alpine flora, consisting of sky-blue poppy, red and yellow potentillas, beautiful grasses, and rhododendron."

They then arrive at the village of Mebbar or Mebur, and witness the process of obtaining the Cedar oil, and exhibit a little bit of gallantry, and make curious notes of the Lama worship.—

"This village stands upon an eminence above the SUTLEJ, not far from the place where it receives the waters of the Buspa; however, to obtain a view of the former river, we were obliged to pass over a rocky height partly overgrown with bushes.

"Not a living soul was to be seen in the village: the very fields seemed lifeless, though rich with crops of barley and "*phapur*" in full ear. The "*Mookdiar*" was however at length found, and dragged home by force. He made many apologies, and ended by supplying us, to the best of his ability, with meal, rice, butter and milk. The temple-court, surrounded by an open colonnade resting on six pillars, served here, as at Sungla, for our bivouac. Not far from our tent stood a species of altar, surmounted by ram's horns and an urn not unlike the monumental urns of the ancients.

"I had often before this been struck by the appearance of these urns, partly in their proportions, rudely formed of clay, painted white, and covered over with a roof. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain any information as to their meaning and use: the people, when we questioned them, were unwilling to give an account of the matter, and their replies were ludicrously evasive,—as for instance, that "the boys had made these urns," &c. &c. It is probable that they are intended to represent some sort of Lama incarnation.

"The sons of the "*Mookdiar*" of Sungla, who had accompanied us hither, now exhibited to us the process of obtaining the very highly valued cedar oil. Resinous cedar wood, cleft into many small pieces, is carefully squeezed into a new round pot, in such a manner that nothing can fall out when the pot is whirled round and round. It is then turned upside-down over a copper bowl set in a little pit, every opening being filled up with small stones and moss. Round about the pot, a heap of billets of wood is piled up so high as entirely to cover it, and kept burning for fully two hours. Next morning the little pit is opened, and the copper vessel removed, in which the cedar oil is found to have gathered, in the shape of a thin liquid substance resembling tar. It fetches a very high price here, and is used as a medicine, internally and externally, in cases of intestinal disease and in eruptions of the skin.

"There was at this place a lack of coolies, and many things required to be put in order, for which reasons we did not set out on our march very early on the morning of the 25th of July. A number of really pretty young girls were standing in readiness to transport our heavy baggage; at first we hesitated about accepting of them as bearers; however, we were assured that such was the custom here. So, reconciling ourselves with a good grace to so agreeable a change, we acquiesced in the appointment of this extraordinary retinue, which, particularly as contrasted with our former troop of filthy coolies, savoured not a little of the romantic. A few of these damsels had very beautiful eyes, and their characteristic costume,—the long cues of hair with the bushy tuft of red wool, the small, brown, felt cap lined with red, stuck in a most coquettish manner on one side, the graceful drapery, with the peculiar bunched knot behind, and the shining brass ornament fastening the folds on the clothed shoulder,—set off their beauty to the best advantage."

They pass through the village of Rogee and Barung, which lies in the heart of the Neoza Vine Region, and reach Pooree, which is beautifully situated, and make a further note of Lama worship—

"The situation of Pooree, embosomed amid vine-clad hills, where many a tall stem, loaded with rich foliage and exquisite grapes, has been trained into a shady bower, is romantic in the extreme. The village occupies the only bare and unfruitful spot in the neighbourhood, a bold rock jutting out into the bed of the Sutej, on which it is perched at a height of a hundred and fifty feet above the river's deep, dark pool. The high houses, neatly built of beams, with intermediate stones, stand so near each other as to leave only very narrow lanes between; their upper stories are adorned with balconies, and their doors guarded by long chains, which can be drawn tight and held firm by those sitting upon the balcony. At the entrance of the village stands a great Lama-Temple, with its small, pillared structure close beside it, in

which are kept the kettle-drums, and a sort of enormous trumpets,—instruments used here in religious ceremonies. Large prayer-cylinders, "*Munnehs*," are seen in every place; here they are made of wrought copper, and covered with Lama characters. Here too, we again saw, in great numbers, those white, rude, loam-built domes or urns, before which, as Lama worshippers, the inhabitants perform their devotions. We are told that written rolls from the grand Lama are placed within them; they are here called "*Chosden*" or "*Chokhuden*."\*

"From the top of a cliff, over against Poocaree, we enjoyed, for a long while, the pleasing view afforded by the groups of neat houses surrounded by smiling vine-bowers and verdant corn-fields,—the frowning rocks in the back-ground, crowned on their summits with dark cedar forests,—while the light clouds flitted across the silvery peaks of *Raldung*, ("*Reiddang*") in the far distance, and we were refreshed, after our day's fatigues, by the soft and balmy breath of evening. Already the valley was veiled in twilight, when the Lamas (Priests) of the temple appeared, with their long red mantles thrown round them in imposing drapery, and commenced, in honour of the Prince, a strain of melancholy singing; first, a leader gave forth the melody, as if intoning a Latin prayer; then the whole chorus, consisting of four other voices, joined in chanting the response, as in the "*Responsorium*" of a Roman Catholic church. The scene produced a wonderfully grand and solemn effect. It was long before we could summon resolution to quit this enchanted spot; and we did not return until a very late hour to the shady walnut trees under which our tents were pitched.

"Our next day's march (the 26th of July) began with the tedious passage of the Sutlej, here ninety paces wide, which was accomplished by means of the rope-bridge. We were bound by a woollen rope to the crooked piece of wood, and thus we moved slowly along to the opposite shore. We managed the matter tolerably well ourselves, but the transport of our baggage after this fashion occupied an immense time. It was most piteous to see the unhappy sheep,—our yet living victuals,—hanging by only one leg, and thus drawn across the raging stream. A large dog too, which ran up to us at Barung, and has followed us ever since, was sent across in the same manner, amidst tremendous howling; scenes which caused, as you may imagine, abundant laughter. The impudence of one of the coolies was however no matter of laughter to me; for I saw, from the other side, without any power of interfering, that he was coolly cutting off the new rope from my tin trunk, and pocketing it; the distance was so great that, though I could distinctly see the proceeding, it was impossible to recognize the thief's face."

### Arriving at Kongee, he describes a Lama Temple—

"The most considerable edifice at Kongee, is the "*Deval*," or Temple, of that peculiar style of architecture, universally prevalent in the higher mountain districts, which are peopled entirely by Lama worshippers. High walls surround a quadrangular court; contiguous to it, but without windows, are the actual temple buildings with flat slated roofs, supported by elegant pillars of cedar-wood. During Divine service,—if such a name can be bestowed on the chanting of the priests,—the interior of the temple is illuminated with lamps. The people themselves take no further active share in the matter, and indeed, with the exception of the turning of the prayer cylinders, I have witnessed nothing like a religious ceremony among them.

"In the middle of the court stands a diminutive wooden sanctuary, of thoroughly Chinese architecture which in the Kunawur district bears the name of a "*Chopal*." It is open on all sides, and contains a space of from fifteen to twenty feet square, the height being generally about fifteen feet. From eight to twelve elegantly carved, square, wooden pillars support a broad over-hanging roof, with four corners in the form of dragons, or other monsters of wonderful device, turned upwards and furnished with wooden bells. The floor is just sufficiently raised above the ground to allow of one's sitting comfortably upon its edge, and altogether the building affords a convenient resting-place for travellers, sheltering them at any rate from rain; and we were never hindered from taking possession of it; whereas the temples are invariably closed against foreigners. In the temple-court at Kongee stands a large baldachin of red silk, an abundance of gold and silver tinsel is hung round it, and on its highest



point, waves a large *yak-tail*.\* Within, there seems to be not an article save the silver vessels of the temple."

He gives an account of the speculation in the Grape trade at Simla, and the method of irrigating the terraces—

"Our path,—here very steep, and rendered slippery by the fallen leaves of the cedars,—soon led us above the wooded region, and we found ourselves upon a well-made and carefully kept-up road, the *dāk-road* to CHEENEE. It has been made, for the distance of at least a hundred miles, across the roughest mountain country, by a company of British merchants, simply on a speculation, for the sake of carrying grapes with the greatest possible expedition to Simla, from the few places where they are successfully cultivated; they arrive at that station fresh, and in excellent condition. A contract has been entered into with the authorities of the district, according to which the grapes are packed by people appointed for the purpose, and transported from one village to another. Each station is fixed, and the *Dāk* has scarcely arrived, when the Mookdiar makes his appearance with fresh coolies, ready to forward the grapes without a moment's delay. Thus they travel on from village to village, till they reach Simla. The baskets, in which they are carried, are long dosers, or back-baskets, pointed at the lower end. Cotton is sent up the country for packing them; in this the grapes, gathered not in bunches but singly, are packed in alternate layers. When they come to table at Simla, they have by no means the tempting appearance of a handsome, full-grown cluster, but rather resemble gooseberries; an immense quantity of them is however disposed of.

"In this grape trade, to which the Rajah of Bissahir presents no obstacle, a single English merchant is said to realize, in the course of each season, a profit of four hundred pounds sterling, and the demand for grapes is greater than the supply. It is strange that the Rajah knows all this, and yet it never occurs to him that he might carry on the traffic in this article with the low country on his own account, by which means he would make much larger gains, as the grapes are his own property.

"On this levelled road, still bordered for some distance with detached groups of pines and cedars, we advanced at a very rapid pace, so that within half an hour, the village of Cheenee presented itself before us. Well contrived water-trenches extend on every side down the slopes, for the purpose of irrigating the numerous cultivated terraces, or of turning little mills, called "*Pandcheekies*." The latter are at present in full activity. A "*Pandcheekie*" consists of a tiny house, scarcely large enough to admit of two persons standing in it. The water rushes with great violence from a wooden conduit, upon a wheel which moves horizontally, its broad felloes being placed obliquely like the wings of a windmill. The rudely fashioned axle bears, at its upper end, the circular mill-stone, which is kept in constant motion by the revolving of the wheel. In these mill-boxes,—for houses one can scarcely call them,—may generally be found an individual of the fair sex, busily engaged in removing the flour, and in pouring in the corn. The water-channels, formed of cedar-wood, are manufactured with extreme care. At the places where our road crosses their course, they are interrupted, in order to leave a free passage; but the current of the water is so rapid, and its impetus so great, that it shoots from one conduit to the other in a strong, unbroken line, like a ray of light, which struck me as a most singular appearance."

At Cheenee they expected to have found horses from Simla awaiting them for their further journey; but the treacherous natives were again too deep for them;—his opinion of them is not much better than Mr. Acland's—

"Cheenee was the place where we had hoped to find our horses awaiting us for our further journey; but one only of the "*chuprassies*" who had been despatched with

\* The English call this article of luxury "*cow-tail*." One would fancy, from such a name, only the greasy whisk of our own domestic cows. This, however, is the bushy, white tail of the *Yak-Ox*, which is in universal use throughout India at the tables of people of any distinction, as a weapon of defence against flies.—W. HOFFMEISTER.

them from Gowanna, made his appearance ; he alleged that he had left them all in the lurch to come on more quickly to meet us with part of our baggage. He was immediately sent back, to bring the horses. In all probability he had been endeavouring to advance his own interests by this manoeuvre, for it is impossible to place confidence in any of these Hindoos, when they are left without surveillance. They are all rogues, and never fail to pilfer when a good opportunity offers."

Hence they determined ascending the course of the Sutlej as far as they could possibly penetrate, and proceeded through Koshmee and Pangee which overhangs the river—

"Immediately below the village, at a frightful depth,—two thousand feet at least lower than the point on which we stood,—the Sutlej makes a bold sweep among the frowning crags. From time to time the thunder of its waters resounded even to this distance. Waterfalls leap down into its vortex from the opposite bank, shining like streaks of silver amid the sable woods. High above the gloomy forest region, we perceived a little village scattered among verdant terraces, on the face of a rugged, and prodigiously lofty cliff.

"It were impossible to describe the strange effect produced by these rock-built villages, when seen from a distance : they seem to hang among the crags, like swallows' nests under the eaves of windows. The narrow paths, by which their inhabitants ascend, appear like a vein of coal on the face of a smooth precipice. One can scarcely believe it practicable, in such situations, for men to till, to plough, to carry on labour of any sort, without tumbling,—plough, oxen and husbandman,—into the deep abyss. Yet there these simple mountaineers establish themselves, and pass the rest of their days over-hanging these chasms, the mere crossing of which seems a break-neck adventure. A water-spout, a snow-drift, or an avalanche, might annihilate dwellings and fields by one fell sweep.

"The appearance of these bold eyries is however on nearer inspection somewhat different from what one had expected ; there is in fact a sufficiency of firm ground for the building of half-caverned houses, for the laying out and cultivating of terraced fields. On the other hand, the villages on the opposite cliff appear from this side no less critically balanced, and their access no less impracticable.

"The village, whose picturesque position as viewed from Pangee led to this digression, is named POORDANEE."

We have a humorous scene with a burlesque Jemedar and a hit at smokers—

"Our "*Zemindar*,"—one of the most burlesque figures that can be imagined, exactly like Pantaloon in the pantomime,—was already bustling about in the greatest fuss, to drive, or rather to halloo forward, our coolies ; for his sonorous bass voice is the best part of him. During our whole mountain tour, he was continually to be heard shouting and blustering ; and evermore to be seen in a state of super-activity, as though our interests lay nearer his heart than words could tell ; nevertheless, we were abominably ill provided for by him ; for, in spite of his stentorian voice, he accomplished very little unless he was constantly watched.

"The conceit of the man was really prodigious ; he was vain in the first place, of his small foot, of which he made a perpetual parade in the most elegant, gold-embroidered ladies' slippers, courting admiration, and swallowing the most egregious doses of flattery, without a moment's doubt as to its being genuine praise ; then of his moustachios, from which he carefully twitched out every grey hair ; and lastly, of his snow-white garments of finest muslin, and his gracefully twisted turban. His vanity could fail not to meet with full many a rub from the heavy rains and the rough mountain-paths ; and indeed it was here peculiarly out of place. He loved to hasten forward some distance before us, that he might be able to smoke his pipe of tobacco at his ease, for which purpose alone he keeps two special servants ; one to carry his large hookah, the other, a vessel full of water, ready to furnish a supply for it at any moment, for water is not always to be found here.

"Tobacco-smoking is here, as in India, a universal custom : those who are unable to procure a hookah, even of the simplest form,—which consists of a cocoa-nut-shell with a small clay pipe fixed upon it,—supply the want by making a hole in the moist,

loamy soil, to serve as a pipe-bowl ; a pipe passes into it through the ground, the mouth-piece above being a stalk or hollow twig, through which they inhale the tobacco-fumes, with such violence indeed that they are often seized with fearful fits of coughing, and convulsive vomitings ; for they swallow every particle of smoke. Those who have not already an aversion to tobacco-smoking, would certainly acquire it here, on seeing this most abominable form of it."

Our attention is again called to the curious Lama worship of these mountaineers, and their superstitious customs—

"Not far from the village of Pangee,—the beautiful landscape of which was, alas ! entirely concealed in heavy mist when we quitted it,—my attention was again attracted by those curious, portly-shaped, loam-built urns,\* marking the dominion of Lama-worship. They are rudely formed lumps,—urns, or bells, or whatever else they may be designated,—sometimes oval, sometimes spherical, measuring from two to three feet in diameter, and painted white on the outside. They stand on a basement of masonry two feet high, and are covered with a roof made of boards. I made repeated and strenuous endeavours to discover whence they derive their origin ; but to every enquiry as to their signification, I received the laconic answer,—“God ;”—the same reply which invariably cuts short all investigations concerning their temples or other holy things. These urns are constantly met with on all the roads and in all the villages, and persons may be seen praying before them, as at the way-side oratories in Roman Catholic countries. That which appears to me the most likely to be true of all the contradictory statements made to me on the subject, is that they contain prayers written on scrolls, and signed by the Grand Lama at Teshoo Loomboo.†

"In some places, these urns are constructed of stones ; in others again, of a sort of basket-work of twigs ; but invariably they are plastered over with loam, and painted white. It was not till we advanced farther, that I saw them regularly arranged in rows of three, each urn having its own distinguishing colour ; one yellow, one grey, and one white. In ascending the Sulej, the first of these curious objects is met with not far from Cheenee, that place apparently marking the boundary of Lama-worship.

"No less stranger and mysterious than the *Chokhdens* are the "*Mannek Padde-hungs*," which begin about the same place : they are piles of stones regularly put together, in form somewhat like long, narrow altars, the upper surface being covered with polished pieces of slate, each of which bears the following inscription in Thibetan characters, "*Om man neh padeh ho hung*."‡ Some of these graven stones are

\* Their name was, at this place also, variously pronounced ; sometimes "*Chôkh-den*," sometimes "*Chesden*," with every intermediate gradation of sound.—W. HOFFMEISTER.

† Not the personage usually known as the *Grand* or "*Dalai*" *Lama*, the Pontifical Sovereign of Thibet, whose residence is at Lassa ; but the "*Teshoo Lama*," protected and worshipped by the Chinese Emperors of the present dynasty. The description given of his capital, its temples and monasteries by Captain Turner in 1783, indicates great spiritual power, but nothing like magnificence. The number of "*Gylongs*" or monks, in attendance at daily prayer in the great "*Goomba*," or temple, was said to amount to 3,700, the nunneries being on an equal scale. Until the Nepaulese invasion in 1790, the territories of Teshoo Loomboo enjoyed unbroken peace, without the protection of any armed force. Since that date, the bonds of dependence on the Celestial Empire have been greatly tightened.—TR.

‡ Properly these words are,—“*Om Mane Padma hom*.”

“Oh précieux Lotus ! Amen.”

These sacred and mysterious words are held in veneration not only by the Buddhists, or Lama-worshippers of Thibet and Kunawur, but by those of Bootan. Mr. Hamilton mentions that in the latter country they are inscribed on most public buildings, frequently also engraved on the rocks in large and deep characters, and sometimes even rendered legible on the sides of hills, by means of stones fixed in the earth so as to form the letters, and of so great a size as to be visible at a considerable dis-

perfect master-pieces of sculpture ; others are merely scratched, as though they were the productions of children. With few exceptions, they are all engraved with the same characters : the above-mentioned syllables contain the initials of all the principal divinities of the pantheon of Thibet ; however, even the priests could enlighten me only as to the "*Ma*," which is said to stand for *Mahadevi*, and the "*Pa*," which signifies *Parvati*. At all events, it is a very easy and passive mode of performing devotions ; for the prayer is entrusted to a stone, which lasts as long as the life of the worshipper, and is preserved and cherished as a memorial of his piety, long after he has mingled with his kindred dust.

"These accumulated masses of prayer-stones are regarded with the deepest veneration by the Lama worshippers, and increasingly so in proportion to their size. No one ever turns his left side towards one of these monuments as he passes by, but always studiously contrives to leave it on his right hand. For this reason there are always two paths made besides the little heaps, one for coming and the other for going. Just beyond Pangee, we were struck by seeing the first of these piles of stones. We did not find any again till we reached the other side of the pass, which we soon afterwards ascended."

Having reached the tiny hamlet of Jengera they are met by the persevering ambassadors of the Raja of Gurwal, with whom they changed presents—

"Our resting-place near the cow-houses of Jengera was not more than from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet below the pass, which we now saw rising before us in its naked and rugged grandeur. For some time, we forced our way through the thick and thorny bushes of juniper and cypress, till at last we entered upon the actual ascent of the pass. The lower part of it is a steep and difficult mountain-path ; soon however we reached a broad road through wild pastures, enamelled with the most beautiful, fresh, Alpine flora : here for the first time I saw gentianas, which I had missed on all our previous wanderings among the Himalayas, and near them, a rich profusion of red and yellow potentillas, dark blue forget-me-not, thyme of most aromatic fragrance, mint, and, last not least, hiding its charms under huge blocks of dark granite, that lovely cerulean Alpine-poppy of the Himalayas. Who could have imagined that those banks of primitive rock, so naked and desolate when viewed from beneath, would prove to be thus exquisitely adorned ! But we had been no less deceived, owing to the clear mountain air, regarding the nearness of the head of the pass : the sun had risen far above the icy needles of Raldung, and its burning rays had become very oppressive before we gained the nearest height. We had imagined that the ascent of the whole pass,—the name of which is ERRENGKHAL,—was now accomplished, when suddenly we beheld its culminating point in the distance before us ; for it was a mere out-post hill that we had climbed. During two hours more, we mounted higher and higher, on paths, most delightful certainly, and adorned with lovely Alpine flowers, but no less toilsome than charming."

"But what a surprise awaited us on reaching the highest ridge ! A single, sharply-drawn crest of white granite, destitute of all vegetation, (such are all the loftiest ridges of the Himalayas,—one cannot even walk along them), now rose before us ; at one spot only there is a passage broken through it, a narrow opening like a sort of gate. The instant we entered this, the most magnificent Alpine panorama, beyond

tance. They are moreover connected with another singular custom mentioned by the same author. He informs us that "a white silk scarf is an invariable attendant on every intercourse of ceremony in Bootan and in Thibet, and is always transmitted under cover with letters. The manufacture is of a thin texture, resembling that sort of Chinese stuff called '*pelong*,' and is remarkable for the purity of its glossy whiteness. This scarf is commonly damasked, and the sacred words are usually near both ends, which terminate in a fringe. The origin or meaning of this mode of intercourse has never been ascertained ; it is esteemed of such moment however, that the Rajah of Bootan once returned a letter to the resident at Rungpoor, which he had transmitted from the Governor-General, merely because it came unattended with the bulky encumbrance to testify its authenticity."—*Tr.*

what fancy could have pictured, burst upon us : the mountains of the Chinese territory,—*PURKYUL*,—which we now beheld for the first time. How strange, how interesting, the thoughts that filled the mind on thus finding oneself, as it were magically transported to the very gates of the Celestial Empire ! Alas ! we knew too well by former experience, how securely defended these were ; so much the more ardent was our desire to penetrate the barrier ! so much the more vivid were our imaginings of the beautiful and the wondrous enclosed within ! The mellow violet blue of the long lines of hills towering one behind another, had something in it so mysterious, so enchanting, that the most intense longing to see them more closely, to perambulate them at our leisure, was kindled in our minds. We did not then know how little they gain by nearer approach,—how, at last, that landscape which from a distance appears so attractive, resolves itself into cold, naked, ruinous-looking rocks, crowned with everlasting snow. We afterwards reached these heights, and so far crossed their barrier, that we saw before us no more blue mountains, and even no more snow,—but only the monotonous horizon of that table-land of Thibet, which, most unpromising in its sterility and desolation, stretches far as the eye can reach.”

After crossing the Tigar or Leesa they arrive at—

“ The lovely village of *LIPPA*, to which they belong, lies between terraced fields on the side of a lofty rock : we ascended to it by a very considerable climb. Here forest and thicket are alike wanting ; the ground is clothed with a thoroughly southern flora, such as we did not see again before reaching the banks of the lower Sutlej. A wonderfully beautiful species of *Capparis*,—spreading its bunches of blossom and garlands of tender green, far and wide,—*Malva*, *Althea rosea*, and *Echinops* growing to the height of a man, with white or pale-blue flower-balls, form the splendid ornaments of the lofty slope. These soon give place to yellow wheat, and the young and verdant blade of buck-wheat, with which after the barley-harvest, the terraced fields are cropped, each being inclosed with a wall crowned with a hedge of Clematis, filling the air with a most delicious perfume. Along these walls extends the path, which occasionally also serves as a water-channel for irrigation. Sometimes indeed, the water-courses may be seen suspended high above the road, resting on tall fir poles,—for the mountaineers bestow much industry on the irrigation of their cultivated lands, and are thorough masters in the art of planning and constructing their little canals and aqueducts. The river below is, moreover, divided into a complete system of small water-courses, each of which drives one of those small mills,—“ *Pandzechies*,”—which I have already described.

“ Thus by slow yet not tedious steps, our path at length led us to the village, which, quite according to the custom of our father-land, begins with a suburb of stinging nettles and sow-thistle. The temple, with the “ *Chopal* ” in front of it, stands at the end of the lower terrace ; by far the greater part of the village being on the second one, immediately above it. We pitched our tents on the margin of a little rivulet which flows beneath the temple-lawn, our coolies taking possession of the “ *Chopal*.”

“ This sanctuary appears new, or at least recently repaired : it is adorned with very pretty wood-carving, both on the corners of the roof, and on the doors : the verandah, formed of the most beautiful cedar-wood, with tastefully flowered patterns in the carved work, has an uncommonly fine effect ; not unlike,—though on a very small scale,—the ideal suggested on reading the description of the temple of Solomon. Hangings of many colours, flags and yak-tails, are combined in its decorations, and they are employed indeed in the ornamenting of many houses here. On either side of the temple stands a very ancient cypress,—the two largest stems of this tree, that I have ever seen ; they are nearly destitute both of foliage and of branches, and have a grisly and haggard air.

“ *Lippa* is a most animated village. A multitude of inquisitive, good-humoured, merry folk, soon found their way into our tent ; many sick persons too were carried thither, and I had enough to do in dressing wounds, applying plasters, and dispensing medicines. We saw here several Chinese from the interior of Thibet ; among the rest, one fat and portly fellow, a smith by trade, completely equipped in his national costume, with his long cue of hair, and funnel-shaped cap, who repaired our guns and other arms with great skill. Not many of the women appeared ; those we did see were well-made and pretty, clad in the same picturesque drapery we had

remarked on the other side of the pass, with the same brass ornaments which are here called "*Pitchhook*," or "*Pitsook*." On the fair sex rests the whole burden of field labour and of domestic toil, while the men,—whose appearance is thoroughly Chinese,—saunter about, all the day long, smoking their pipes.

"Towards evening, we visited the upper village, the approach to which is by a broad road. As the intervals between its houses are also on a wider scale than usual, it is not practicable to pass from roof to roof; many of the dwellings are distinguished by long flag-staffs, on the end of which yak-tails wave as banners; these, if we were rightly informed, are the houses of the priests. The lower story is, for the most part, of masonry; in its wall is a door with a round arch, opened and closed by means of the long chain with a padlock upon it: the upper story is of wood with the usual flat roof. Beside the houses are little gardens with luxuriant vine-bowers, apricot and peach trees, and apple-trees loaded with beautiful fruit. The inhabitants, especially the children, seemed much alarmed at our appearance, and fled, screaming, into their houses.

"It was harvest-time, and the flat roofs, which serve for threshing floors, as do the trees for hay-lofts, were richly covered with wheat or with apricots. We could mark the merry gambols of many a group of little ones on the house-tops: how often must one and another tumble down from this airy play-ground! doubtless, the great number of cripples one meets with in these parts, must be attributed to this perilous custom.

"Leaving the village to our left, we proceeded, after traversing several gardens, to reconnoitre, a small edifice adorned with many flags: its appearance marks it as a temple or consecrated spot; it is a tasteful structure, with a slanting roof of slate; all the wood-work is varnished yellow, while the walls are painted white; beside it stands a colossal white "*Chokhden*," similar to those before described. Strange sounds from within the temple now fell upon our ears,—a deep murmuring, accompanied with the tinkling of bells: amid the still solitude and solemn twilight of the place, the effect was striking and mysterious in the extreme. We had not long stood there, gazing silently at the ever darkening shades of the river-glen, when the door opened, and an aged priest (*Lama* or *Lamba*) stepped forth, wrapped in a red mantle, thrown over the shoulder like the toga. He was followed by a woman, bearing a finely wrought copper pitcher with a silver lip, of perfectly Etruscan form, and several boys carrying large censers—a most picturesque group! The woman came after us, as we wended our way along a side path, to present us with flowers, having observed that we had ornamented our hats with the milk-white bells of a beautiful species of *Datura*.

"Here again, I saw, among the decorations of the temple, wild-goats' horns of extraordinary size, and horns of the *Snow-Gazelle*,—which pass here for those of the female of the wild-goat,—as well as of the *Bhural*. We were told that bears are never met with here, nor indeed in the whole country on this side of Sungla: if this information be correct, the sharp line of demarcation, limiting the appearance of this wild beast, is very remarkable.

"On the first of August, we were in full march before sun-rise; we were this day again to see the Sulej, which, for the sake of cutting off a large angle of the road, we had quitted, two days before, at Pangeo. For some time, we traced the course of a small stream, the Mangalung, afterwards, our path led us close to the second Lama temple, through fields covered with wild hollyhocks, of colours as varied as those in our gardens at home; next followed a steep ascent, accomplished for the most part by means of steps hewn in the many-coloured clay-slate. The ridge of the chain of hills, which extends along the deep and narrow gorge of Lippa, is thinly clothed with cedars; even from this height we could distinguish some few distant windings of the Sulej, here called Sutteloosa. But we had a tedious climb before we gained the summit of the mountain, passing, as we ascended, through a small, solitary hamlet with an apricot-garden; numerous flights of wild doves were fluttering above our heads; the same species, which with us is kept tame in dove-cotes, here in all their primitive freedom; they afforded us an excellent dinner. On the highest point of this pass, which forms the wall of separation between two lateral valleys watered by small streams, we commanded an extensive bird's-eye view over a great part of the valley of the Sulej, with the two villages of KOLA and PILLA,—the three

separate groups of the snow-capped giants of Purkyl forming a glorious back-ground to the north. Immediately before us, lay wild and magnificent masses of broken rock, and desolate, sun-scorched mountains of debris, frowning, and naked save a few decayed and solitary pines. Behind us lay the smiling fields of Lippa ; we could also trace, stretching far on the other side of the village, on the rugged, boulder-covered steep, the zig-zag path leading to a side-valley in which is the village of Posnoo. To the north-west, below a gloomy rampart of vast, shattered blocks, lay the Oasis of KANUM : but, as the depths of the lovely and fertile valley were as yet concealed from our view, the whole region wore an indescribably melancholy aspect, one mountain range rising immediately beyond another,—wave upon wave,—all bare, grey and monotonous. Nevertheless, this desolation has a peculiar charm, even though, above Kanum, not a single stunted tree, not a shrub, is seen to break the vast wilderness.

“ While, under the shade of the last cedar, I was feasting my eyes on this sublime prospect, there arose behind me a very melodious strain of singing. The chorus was a full one ; a few voices began the air,—replete with sudden transitions and wild roulades,—and as its high final note approached, the other voices echoed the melody, while the closing note was still sustained. This artless song was so in character with the wilderness before me and with the dreamy thoughts and feelings to which it gave rise, that I listened to it with intense delight. The singers were none other than our bearer-train, consisting, for the most part, of maidens and youthful matrons from Lippa : I gave them a few coins, to hear more of their sweet warbling, and they sang from that time forward, the whole way down the steep descent, never hindered in the least degree by the heavy burdens on their backs.”

In this Elysium we must leave the travellers till next month.

*(To be continued.)*

### *Lamartine's Girondists.*

Vol. 3rd.

[We have received the 3rd volume of this excellent work, which has been very spiritedly translated by Mr. H. T. Ryde ; we have, in the Biography, commenced interesting histories of the heroines of the Revolution of 1789.

The short accounts of Madam de Genlis, and Madam de Staël, are all that are given by Lamartine ; but of the talented and unfortunate Madam Roland a much fuller biography is given, which melancholy history we shall conclude in a future number.

We subjoin from the third volume, the relation of the siege and capture of Lyons, and shall follow up in our next number, the terrific account of the vengeance of the terrorists on this devoted city, and also give Lamartine's introduction of Buonaparte upon the stage of his future greatness.]

### SIEGE OF LYONS.

Every attempt at reconciliation was hereafter useless. Lyons flew to arms, and rejecting after a formal deliberation the constitution of 1793, the city at last nominated a commandant general of its forces.

This General, whose name was until then unknown, was the Comte de Précy, a gentleman of Charolais, formerly Colonel of the Regiment of Vosges, belonging to that portion of the military nobility not yet denationalised by emigration, which preserved the patriotism of the citizen united to the fidelity of the gentleman ; monarchical from honour, a patriot from the spirit of the age, a Frenchman by blood. He had served in Corsica, Germany, and in the constitutional guard of Louis XVI. He mingled in one and the same respect, the king and the constitution. He had fought on the 10th of August with the devoted officers who endea-

voured to shield the throne with their bodies. He had bewailed the death of his master, but had not forsworn his country. Retiring to his estate of Semur in Brionnais, he silently submitted to the fate of the persecuted nobility. His friends at Lyons pointed him out to the republican commission as the fittest chief to direct and control the mingled movement which Lyons was venturing to try against anarchy. Pr  cy was not the chief of a party, but was eminently a warrior. Still the moderation of his character, his practice in controlling soldiers, and that skill natural to men of his province, made him capable of uniting in one body all vague opinions, of preserving their confidence, and of leading them on to a particular end, without disclosing it to them before hand. Pr  cy was fifty-one years of age. His martial bearing, open countenance, his blue and placid eye, his firm but decided smile, the natural gift of command, united to persuasion, and his unwearied frame, made him a leader most agreeable in the eyes of the people.

The deputation of Lyons went to offer the command to M. de Pr  cy. They found him as the Romans had in bygone days found their dictator, in his fields, with his spade in his hand, cultivating his flowers and vegetables. Pr  cy modestly declared that he did not feel himself adequate to the part they had come to propose to him,—that the Revolution had broken his sword, and age abated his fire,—that civil war was repugnant to his soul,—that it was an extreme remedy, which destroyed more causes than it served,—that in rushing headlong into it, there was no refuge but victory or death, that the organised force of the convention, directed against a single town, must sooner or later destroy Lyons—that it could not be concealed that the combats and distresses of a lengthened siege would destroy a vast many citizens, and the scaffold would decimate the survivors. “We know it,” replied the negotiators of Lyons; “but we have weighed in our minds the scaffold against the oppressions of the convention, and we have chosen the scaffold.” “And I,” exclaimed Pr  cy, “I accept it with such men!” He resumed his coat, which was hanging from the branches of a pear tree, returned to his house to take leave of his young wife, and resume his arms, which had been concealed for eighteen months, and then followed the men of Lyons.

On his arrival, he put on the civic uniform, mounted the tri-coloured cockade, and then, on horseback, reviewed the municipal army. The battalions of paid troops and national guard saluted him with unanimous acclamations. The command of the artillery was conferred on Lieutenant Colonel de Chenelette, and that of the cavalry on Comte de Virieu. This latter gave the most royalist significance to the rising of Lyons. A celebrated orator of the constituent assembly, he had, at the commencement of the Revolution, claimed the rights of the nation, been present at the assembly of Vizille in Dauphin  , demanded representation by each individual and not by order in the *Etats Generaux*, and gone over, with forty-seven members of the nobility, (on the 25th of June) to the side of the people. Subsequently the Comte de Virieu had appeared to repent of these popular acts. He was anxious to support the throne, after having shaken it. He desired, like Mounier, Lally—Tolendal, Clermont—Tonnerre, and Cazales, his friends, to reduce the Revolution to the acquirement



of a right of representation divided between two chambers, in imitation of England. The combination of the aristocracy and democracy, moderated by the monarchy, seemed to him the sole Government of liberty. The moment the national assembly had broken the circle in which the aristocracy desired to encompass the third estate, every step of the Revolution had seemed to him excesses—all its acts, crimes. He had quitted it as a man leaves a guilty confederacy, shaking the dust from his feet, and cursing his error bitterly. He had devoted himself to the restoration of the destroyed monarchy and religion. He kept up a correspondence with the princes. He was in Dauphiné, his country, and at Lyons, the political man of the exiled monarchy. Of high blood, of proscribed caste, a persecuted worship, civil war appeared to him thrice holy ;—as an aristocrat, a monarchist, and Christian. An intrepid soldier, a fluent orator, skilful politician, he had all the qualities of a party leader. Lyons, by making him second in command, revealed at once—not its avowed aim, but the concealed thought of its insurrection.

The convention, on its side, accepted the struggle with the unbending determination of a power, which does not yield before the amputation of a member to save the body. Its country was in its eyes not a city, but a principle.

It ordered Kellermann, General-in-Chief of the army of the Alps, to leave his frontiers and concentrate his forces round Lyons. Kellermann, who disputed with Dumouriez the glory of Valmy, bore at this moment in the south the whole weight of the Austrians, the Allbroges, and the Piedmontese, whose forces crossed the other side of the Alps. With a small body of troops Kellermann bore down all resistance. The small *Corps d'Armée*, which he had in Savoy showed itself like a moveable mound from one valley to the other, then crossing over the heights, every where checked the incursion which threatened from all sides.

Kellermann was one of those military men skilful and daring in combat, rather formed to lead soldiers than to mingle in the strife of parties ; desirous of being the head of the armies of the republic, but not the instrument of its severities. He dreaded to be styled in after days the destroyer of Lyons. He knew the horror which attaches in the memories of men to those who have mutilated their country—the renown of the Marins of the south was repugnant to him. He temporised for some time, tried the medium of negotiation, and, whilst he was assembling his troops, sent summons after summons to the Lyonnese. All was in vain. Lyons only replied by conditions, which imposed on the convention the retraction of the 31st May, the revocation of all the measures taken since that day, the reinstatement of Girondist deputies, the disavowal of itself, the humiliation of the mountain. Kellermann, pressed by the representatives of the people, Gautier, Nioche, and Dubois Crane, completed the blockade of the city. The Committee of Public Safety despatched Conthon and Maignet to rouse, *en masse*, the departments of Auvergne, Burgundy, Jura, Bresse, Ardeche, and to overwhelm Lyons beneath the battalions of patriotic volunteers, whom the terror caused to spring from the earth at the voice of the representatives. Already from the borders of the Sône, the Rhône, the mountains of the Ardeche, and the populous vallies of the

ancient Auvergne and Allier columns, led by Reverchon, Javagnes, Maignet and Couthon, advanced by every byeroad towards Lyons. The peasants had no need of discipline to form behind troops of the line, or in the spaces between the camps, wall of bayonets, which now closely formed the blockade, and choked the city.

Lyons had no fortifications except on the height of Croise-Rousse, and the chain of hills that run parallel with the Sône, from the rock Pierre-Encise, where this stream enters the city to Faubourg de Sainte Foi, which rises at their extremity, not far from the confluence of the Sône and Rhône. A bridge, named the Pont de la Mulatiere, crossed the Sône at this point, and defended by redoubts, offered a formidable obstacle to the besiegers. Between the city and this bridge a narrow causeway, easily rendered impassable, runs along the banks of the Rhône; the remaining space, which forms the point Perrache, was a low swampy spot, intersected by numerous dykes and water-courses, overgrown by willows and reeds, and which offered excellent cover for skirmishers. On the east, and on the side of the vast plains of Dauphiné, Lyons possessed no other defence than the Rhône, which, from its depth and swiftness, totally precludes any passage at this spot; and all that was required was the erection of two redoubts, thrown up at the bridges Guillotiere and Morand—the only means of communication between the city and the Quartier des Brotteaux and the Faubourg de la Guillotiere. Lyons possessed only forty pieces of cannon, with which to arm this immense extent; but guns were perpetually being cast, and by the unwearied exertions of General Précý and his staff, the batteries, redoubts, and fortified bridges presented a formidable show of resistance to the troops of the convention.

The besieging army sat down before Lyons in the commencement of August, and was divided into two camps—that of La Guillotiere, composed of ten thousand men, well supplied with artillery, and commanded by General Vaubois; this camp bordered the Rhône, and cut off all retreat to the Alps, Dauphiné, and Savoy; and the camp of Mirabel, which extended from the north of the Rhône to the Sône, and threatened the Faubourg de la Croise Rousse, the strongest position.

Kellermann had fixed his head-quarters at the Château de la Pape, a short distance upon Mirabel, on the rocky bank of the Rhône, whilst a bridge of boats served as a means of communication between the two republican armies. The Battalions of the Ardèche, Forez, Auvergne, and Bourgogne, extended in an immense line from the right bank of the Rhône to the heights of Limonest, which command the course of the Sône before it enters Lyons. But this line of troops was broken in many places by the advanced guard of the Lyonnese, and by the towns of Saint Etienne, Saint Chamond, and Monthbrison, who sided with the besieged, and secured Lyons for communication with the mountains of Vivarais, and the road to Paris, through the Bourbonnais; thus the field of battle extended over a space of nearly sixty square leagues.

In proportion as the attacking forces took up their position, these troops fell back, and strengthened the army of Précý; and the General thus formed a force of about ten thousand men, who constituted the nucleus of his internal defences.

It was with them that Pr  cy performed prodigies of the valour and constancy, and arrested for two whole months all France before a handful of men, and the ruins of a burning city.

The bombardment commenced on the 10th of August, and the batteries of Kellermann and Vaubois maintained during eighteen days an incessant fire of balls and shells on the city ; whilst the partisans of Ch  lier indicated, by means of nocturnal signals, the quarters and the houses for destruction. During these fatal nights, the Quai de Saint Clair, the place de Bellecour, and the port du Temple, and the Rue Merciere, were set on fire three hundred times by the projectiles, burying beneath their ruins thousands of citizens.

The destruction of Lyons appeared, in the eyes of its inhabitants, the sacrilege of the republic ; and the whole population flew to arms ; for, after having sacrificed their wealth, their homes, and their altars, the sacrifice of their lives appeared but small. The whole of the inhabitants were divided into two bodies, one of whom defended the ramparts ; whilst the other checked the progress of the flames, carried ammunition and food to the troops, bore the wounded to the hospital, and buried the slain. The national guard, commanded by Madinier, numbered thirty-six thousand men. It armed the Jacobins, disarmed the Clubists, and furnished numerous detachments of volunteers to defend the most exposed posts. Pr  cy, Virieu and Chehenette were continually riding about all parts of the city, and hastening from the camp to the council chamber, and thence to the combat ; whilst the municipal authorities, with their president, Doctor Gilibert, an ardent and courageous Girondist, hesitated neither before responsibility nor death.

The disarmed Jacobins still continued to plot against the safety of the city. On the night of the 24th of August, during the bombardment of the place de Bellecour, an incendiary fire kindled by the hand of a female, wrapped the arsenal, an immense building on the banks of the S  ane, in flames, and destroyed an enormous quantity of arms and ammunition ; but this calamity, whilst it weakened their means of resistance, did not weaken the arms or the hearts of the Lyonnese ; and they made, by the light of the flames, a sortie, that drove back the republicans from the heights of Sainte Foi.

The bombardment produced no effect ; and the convention and representatives of the people loudly blamed the inactivity of Kellermann, whilst the Sardinians profited by his absence to re-conquer Savoy. Kellermann availed himself of this circumstance, and, alleging the necessity of his presence at the army of the Alps, demanded his recall ; and the Committee of Public Safety named Doppet as his substitute ; whilst, until his arrival at the camp, the temporary command was transferred to Dubois-Cranc  .

Dubois-Cranc  , the representative of the people, and Lieutenant of Kellermann, was of noble birth ; but had forsaken the royal for the popular cause. As a soldier he wished to destroy Lyons ; but still more so as a republican, for he beheld within its walls the two great objects of his hatred—royalism, and the Gironde ; and he communicated a share of his own energy to his troops.

He ordered the troops to Reverchon to attack the Chateau of la Douchere, which was defended by four thousand Lyonnese, and commanded the Fauhourg de Vaise. The next night he advanced in person, at the head of the battalions of the Ardeche, under cover of a terrific fire from all his batteries, against the redoubts that covered the Ponts d'Oullins and De la Mulatiere, and carried them with the bayonet, before the three hundred Lyonnese, who defended them could blow up the bridge, the Peninsula of Perrache was thus left open to the enemy, whilst the heights of Sante Foi were surrendered through treason.

The capture of these redoubts exposed the whole of the western side of Lyons, and Prècy resolved upon a desperate effort to recover them.

He led on his troops to the attack; and when his horse was shot under him, he rose, seized a soldier's musket, and, though wounded in two places rushed on the enemy, forced them to fly, which they did, leaving the guns spiked, and the redoubts demolished. But, whilst Prècy was thus triumphant at Sainte Foi and at Sainte Irénée, General Doppet, profiting by the opening given to his troops by the capture of the bridge of La Mulatiere, carried the two redoubts of Perrache, and advanced, with a tremendous column of men, to the heart of the city. This completed the capture, and the balls were already sweeping the Quai du Rhône, when Prècy informed of this result to the republicans, returning with the fragments of his battalions from the heights of Sainte Foi crossed the Sôâne and the city, rallied on his way all of his men whom he met, formed them into line on the Place de la Charité, covered the head of his column with four pieces of cannon, sent out a large body of skirmishers to the lower grounds of Perrache to protect his right flank, and then advanced on the republican army at double quick time, resolved to repulse them or die.

Doppet's soldiers were awaiting the attack; no manœuvring was possible. The victory was for those most regardless of death. It was a hail of grape-shot, and the advanced companies were mown down by this storm of fire. Prècy, springing over the dead bodies with the most daring of his volunteers, rushed against the foremost ranks of the republican soldiers, and cut them down by the guns as they stood. The shock was so tremendous, and their rage so desperate, that bayonets snapped short in the bodies of the combatants, and they did not utter a cry; whilst the republicans, driven back into the ditches at the sides, refused all quarter, and died to a man.

Prècy, followed up his victory, drove back Doppet's disordered lines to the bridge of La Mulatiere, the republicans had not even time to cut down the bridge after they had crossed it, and they retreated to Oullin. Lyons breathed again for some days; but Prècy had lost in this victory the *élite* of the Lyonnese youth. Fatigue, the battle, and death, had reduced the defenders of a vast extent of ground to three thousand fighting men. Vaubois, the general of the convention, did not, as is usual to besieged cities spare the asylums consecrated to humanity. Lyons had hoisted a black flag over its hospital, and the artillerymen of the convention riddled with balls and bomb-shells, the walls, and domes of the hospital, and the shells bursting in the wards, buried the wounded under the roofs where they had sought for safety. The course of the two rivers, and the roads, which brought provisions to Lyons were stopped up in every direction.

Provisions and ammunition were exhausted. The people murmured as they died at dying a useless death. The horses were all eaten, and they were casting the last bullets with the lead from the roofs of the houses. Succours were cut off by Kellermann. Marseilles was pacified by Carteaux. The fire which Lyons had hoped to kindle throughout the heart of France by its example, was every where quenched, and preyed on its walls alone. The whole city was one battle-field, strewn with the ruins of its edifices and the fragments of its population. There was only two days nourishment of disputed horse-flesh left for the population; the distribution of half a pound of oats, soaked in water, ceased. Couthon and Maignet addressed plausible and moderate terms of surrender to the town, and the popular commission communicated them to the assembled sections. They named deputies to go to Couthon's camp to confer with the generals and representatives; and they accorded fifteen hours to the city to afford time to those of its defenders who were most compromised to provide for their safety.

On the night of the 8th of October, Prêcy assembled his companions in glory and misfortune. He announced to them that Lyons' last hour was come, that in spite of the promises of Couthon, terror and vengeance would enter the city in the morning with the republican army; that the scaffold would replace for them the field of battle; that not one of those whose functions, uniform, arms, and wounds would mark out as the principal defenders of the city would escape the resentment of the convention and the informations of the Jacobins. He added, that as for himself, he had decided to die as a soldier, and not as a victim; that he should leave Lyons that night with the last and bravest of the citizens; that he should deceive the watchfulness of the republican camp by crossing on the side where he was least expected, and by going up the left bank of the Sône by the least frequented route to Macon; and that on reaching the height of Montmerie he should cross the river, throw himself into La Dombes, pass it, and thus reach the Swiss frontier by the passes of the Jura. "Let those," added he, "who will try this last chance of safety, assemble with their arms and their most valuable possessions before day-break in the Faubourg de Vaise, and follow me; I will pass or perish with them."

Only three thousand men, almost all of them young, of noble birth, and attached to the royalist cause, met at the spot appointed by Prêcy. Three or four hundred women and children accompanied their husbands, brothers, and fathers, and determined to share their fate.

Whilst this assemblage was slowly forming beneath the thick trees of a wood called Le Bois de la Claire, several hundred more were assisting at a funeral service in honour of their dead comrades, which was celebrated in a neighbouring cavern. General Virieu was amongst the number who received the sacrament. When they were all assembled, Prêcy mounted one of the cannon, and addressed them, "I am satisfied with you, are you satisfied with me?" Loud cries of *vive notre général*, interrupted him, "You have done," continued Prêcy, "all that it was in human power to do for your unhappy city. It did not depend on me to render it free and triumphant, but it depends on you to again behold it happy and prosper-

ons! Remember, that in desperate situations like the present, our only hope of safety is in discipline and implicit obedience to orders. I need say no more to you, the time passes and the day is dawning. Rely on your general." "*Cinq Lyons*," exclaimed the column, as a last farewell to their hearths and homes.

Précý had divided this *Corps d'armée* into two columns, one composed of fifteen hundred men and four pieces of cannon, under his own command; the other of five hundred men, who, under the orders of Count de Virieu, escorted the women and the old men.

The instant they quitted the Faubourg de Vaise, five batteries sustained by rocks posted behind the walls and bridges, opened a tremendous fire on them. Précý ordered the grenadiers to dislodge them; and one of his best officers, Burtin de la Riviere, put himself at their head. "Forward, grenadiers," cried he, pointing to the enemy; at this moment a ball struck him in the chest, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. The column hesitated; but Précý, rushing forward at the head of two companies, drove back the republicans. During this diversion the column passed, and he rejoined it when beyond the range of the batteries.

The column at last quitted the defile, and advanced, beneath the shelter of the rocks that overhang the Sône, to the gorges of Saint Cyr. Virieu and his column were about to enter them, when eight thousand men from the camp of Limonest, commanded by the representative of the people, Reverchon, attacked and cut it to pieces. The massacre was so complete that no one knew the fate of Virieu. A dragoon asserted he had beheld him, after defending himself like a hero against several republican troopers, plunge with his horse into the river; but neither his body, his horse, nor his arms, were ever found. These circumstances made the Countess de Virieu, who escaped in the disguise of a peasant girl, believe for many years that he would yet return.

Précý, alternately defending himself by means of his artillery against the cavalry that pursued him, and the tirailleurs from the camp of Limonest, who hung on his flank, attacked a republican battery, carried it, and entered the forest of Alix. The left bank of the Sône swarmed with troops, and the only hope left the army was to disperse among the mountains of Foréz. Précý held a council of war, and informed them of this resolution; but the majority were for continuing their flight across the Alps. During the debate the tocsin sounded, and the peasants surrounded the forest. A portion of the army abandoned their leader, crossed the Sône, and fell on the opposite bank. Précý, with only three hundred men, abandoned his guns and horses, quitted the Bois d'Alix, and marched for three whole days, pursued by the inhabitants and the light cavalry of Reverchon, until his little troops, now only a hundred and ten in number, reached the summit of Mount Saint Roman, a lofty point, defended by deep ravines, and where a few hamlets still furnished them provisions. Envoys were sent from the republicans, who offered all their lives except the generals; but his brave companions refused to separate their fate from his; Précý embraced them all, took off his uniform, set his horse at liberty and disappeared amidst the thickets, under the guidance of one of his soldiers. Soon after an officer of Hussars presented himself at the outposts.

"Surrender your general, and you are saved," said he to the young Reyssié, Précý's aide-de-camp and one of the heroes of the siege. "He is no longer amongst us," replied Reyssié, "and the proof is, that his horse, which he has abandoned, is now feeding there." "It is false," returned the officer, "you are the general, and I arrest you," at this words Reyssié shot the officer through the head and then placing the muzzle of the second pistol to his own mouth, fell dead by his side. At the sound of the report the republicans fell on the remnant of the Lyonnese and massacred them, with the exception of a few who escaped amongst the thickets.

Précý who learnt from a fugitive soldier of the slaughter of his comrades, wandered during three days amongst the ravines of the mountains. One of his soldiers, a peasant of Violay on the banks of the Sône, at length guided him to a wood adjoining his father's farm, where he concealed and fed him until he procured him the disguise of a peasant. When at last the report of the death of Précý caused ardour of pursuit to be somewhat slackened, the general succeeded in passing the gorges of the Jura, and entering Switzerland, was treated in exile with the greatest respect; he returned to France with the Bourbons, and died under their reign unhonoured and unrewarded. It is the nature of princes and men to prefer those who have shared their faults to those who have served their interests. Lyons gave her general a magnificent funeral in the plain of Brotheaux, where he sleeps with the remains of his companions in arms. Civil wars leave nought save tombs.

• (To be continued.)

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*The Image of his Father, No. 2. By the Brothers Mayhew.*

THE 2d No. of this serial affords more amusement than the first one.

When we left off, it had been settled that Doctor Vyse was to take Hugh Burgoyne, who, it will be remembered, was persuaded by the cunning pettifogger to be the *locum tenens* of Walter Farquhar, to the city, to be introduced to his *soi disant* parents, "The Brigadier and Mother Farquhar of the Madras Cavalry"—and to let our readers at once into the characters of the worthy couple, we must explain that the lady was in reality "the Brigadier" *vice versa*; nevertheless human nature is human nature still, and Mrs. F. of course went into hysterics at the sight of "her dear boy."

As soon as they were seated again, Hugh happened to turn his head round to look after Impey, who had placed himself behind his chair, when Mrs. Farquhar suddenly called out, "There! stop like that Walter! don't move your head an inch! Just look at him now, Farquhar, and say whether his profile isn't the image of yours. I should like to know, too, whose nose that is? Why it's his own dear father's, that it is!" she added, playfully pinching it between her fingers.

"By Jove, yes!" cried Impey, first looking at the Brigadier and then at the blushing Hugh. "Upon my word I never saw such a resemblance. I don't think any one in a Court of Justice could hesitate to say whom he was next of

kin to. Only produce those two noses before Lord Denman, and I'm certain he wouldn't even let the case go to the jury. Now Walter, from all you've seen of his ludship's character, do you think he would?"

"No, if you please, Mr. Impey, sir," replied the boy, modestly.

"Well, I really do begin to fancy the rogue has got my nose," exclaimed old Farquhar, who had all the time been examining it through his glasses. "Upon my word, his bridge is as like mine as—a—as—a—;" and the Brigadier in vain tumbled in his dull brain for a simile.

"As Westminster is to Blackfriars," suggested Impey, and they all laughed again at the lawyer's jokelet. As soon as they were quiet, Impey, with a serious look, thumped the table till the glasses clinked again, as he exclaimed in a determined way, "Well, I've said it over and over again to Mrs. Impey, and I'd say it again, if I was to be drawn and quartered for it—that boy's the '*image of his father*.'"

"So he is, the rogue! bless his dear heart, so he is!" cried Mrs. Farquhar smiling, and playfully shaking her head at Hugh.

"Yes, but he's got his mother's black eyes, notwithstanding; a lucky young dog!" continued the lawyer, patting the boy on the head, as he threw in the little bit of flattery that he knew would be sure to tickle the lady.

"And I don't think he's so very fortunate, Mr. Impey, if he has," replied, the lady, languidly smiling, as she fished for a supplement to the compliment. "But I certainly was thinking he'd got just the same fresh complexion I had before I went out to that horrid India, and I only wish he'd sell it me back again. Now what shall I give you for it—eh, Walter? Oh! Mr. Impey," she added, turning round again to the lawyer, "you can't imagine how a vertical sun withers up all the roses in one's cheeks, and, indeed, dries one up like a fig." Then again turning to the boy, for she could think of nothing else for two minutes together, she exclaimed, "Oh! but Farquhar, you haven't noticed his foot and hand. Only look at them—a'n't they beautifully small? Now wouldn't any one be able to tell from this hand that he was the son of a gentleman, and that neither he nor his parents had ever been accustomed to manual labor? Ah! what a pity it is," the soldier's wife continued, "that this hand is not destined to be one day raised in his country's defence."

"Well, I'm very glad, Joanna, that Walter's got a decent hand of his own," was the only answer the Brigadier made, "for all our family have always been celebrated that way;" and he sank back on his sofa again, quite exhausted with the exertion of looking at it.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, serious, as if propounding some weighty truth, "they say it's a wise father that knows his own child; but I'm sure it's a very stupid hen that can't tell its own chick. Now, upon my word, Mr. Impey, do you know if I had seen that face"—she went on as she pointed to Hugh, "in a crowd of ten thousand—aye, of ten times ten thousand—I should have known him directly as my child. For there's something in a mother's breast, Mr. Impey," she added, feelingly, laying her hand on her heart, "a small still voice, I may say, which whispers in her ear when she stands face to face with her offspring—as I do now with that boy—which whispers in her ear, I repeat, 'That's your child!'"

"Yes, my dear madam," answered Impey, drawing himself up, and growing eloquent, as if he were at Judges' chambers, "it's a vague, indefinite feeling—a something that it's impossible to describe in words—a something, I say, which we men cannot understand. All we know is that it's an intuition—an instinct, if I may be allowed so strong an expression—one of those mysterious feelings that leaves blind and lame reason far, far in the distance. And that's all that the first philosophers have been able to arrive at on the subject. Dear! dear!" he added, with a shake of the head almost as profound as my Lord Burleigh's, "instinct, take it all together, is a most wonderful thing. Here, we



vain, silly mortals fancy the Thames Tunnel the most extraordinary work of the most extraordinary engineer of the age; and yet the poor little neglected busy, busy bee goes to work and beats it hollow."

"Or look at the white ant with us in India, Mr. Impey," cried Mrs. Farquhar. "You should see the tunnels they will make."

"Hah! very true, my dear madam; it's all very well our cockering ourselves up with the belief that we rational animals are the paragons of creation, but you may take my word for it—we are nothing but worms after all."

"Very beautifully and eloquently said," exclaimed Farquhar. "I don't think that Missionary we had on board coming home could have done it better; and he used to call us all kinds of hard names every Sunday, Heaven knows!"

"Well, but Walter, you haven't said a word," said Mrs. Farquhar, endeavoring to remove the lad's bashfulness, which she felt half annoyed at. "Why, what's become of your tongue? You're as silent, lad, as a pair of list slippers. Really, one would fancy you were a girl, instead of a boy big enough to be in long tail coats. Why haven't you got so much as a word for your dear mother, whom you haven't seen for these sixteen years—ch, Walter, love?"

"Come, come, Joanna, my dear," interferred old Farquhar, "let Walter be quiet if he likes; you may depend upon it he'll find the use of his tongue when he's had a glass or two of wine with me, by and bye, and be making noise enough to drive me clean out of my wits, I dare say." Then suddenly seeing the waiter bringing in the lunch, the Brigadier turned upon the man, and said, "There, for goodness sake do make haste with that tray, young man! What on earth you've been doing with it all this time I can't make out!"

"It was only ordered for two o'clock, Sir," replied the man, with his most conciliating smile.

"And if it was ordered for two, what makes you bring it up at five minutes past?" replied Farquhar, pointing to the clock. But the fact is, Sir, you're too lazy to exert yourself in the least. I only wish you were a servant of mine, and I'd soon make you put forth the energies that the Almighty has given you. There, put it down and have done with it, or you'll drive me mad to see you fidgetting about there in that way."

When Hugh drank the wine old Farquhar poured out for him at luncheon, and the soldier's wife saw her fancied son's eyes light up with courage, and his cheeks dimple, and his lips begin to play with merry confidence, then with the delight she felt as she watched his nervousness leave him, she thought he was just the boy she had wished her son to be.

Impey, too, saw that wine was mounting to Hugh's head, and fearful lest he might grow too talkative under the influence of it, and then make some dreadful blunder or other, which would expose the whole trick, he fancied it was high time to stop the Brigadier, who was about to fill Hugh's glass for the third time. So, stretching his hand out between the decanter and the glass, he said, hurriedly,

"You'll excuse me, sir, but upon my word, I think you'd better not. You see you don't know Walter as well as I do, and really he is so excitable, that if he has more than one glass of wine he goes nearly mad."

"Bless him!" cried Mrs. Farquhar, quite delighted at the intelligence. "Ah! he's got his mother's disposition, I can see;" and she put her arm over the boy's shoulder and began telling him of all the different presents she had brought over for him. First she pointed out to him the paroquets and the Indian drawings on rice paper; then she described to him the monkey they had brought over for him, and which was coming with the remainder of the luggage from Blackwall; next she ran over to him all the theatres and places of amusement that they would visit together, saying, that he should be her beau, as it was useless her trying to get Farquhar to stir a foot anywhere, for any thing or any one.

All this put Hugh so much at his ease, that he began to like the part he had undertaken to act, and to feel that it really would be a very good holiday for him after all. So he grew bolder and bolder, and at last, to the great joy of Mrs. Farquhar, began to say something more than a mere "Yes" and "No." This talkativeness on the part of the boy made Impey almost as nervous as Hugh had been before, and he sat on thorns at every word the lad uttered; and though the lawyer was apparently engaged in conversation with old Farquhar, still he was listening with all his ears to every word that fell from Hugh's lips, so as to be ready to turn off any unguarded slip the boy might make.

At last young Burgoyne had commenced telling the delighted Mrs. Farquhar of some of the tricks practised by the boys at his school, and was busy relating how Fred Chisholm had bored a hole in the floor of their bedroom with a red hot poker, right against the door, so that they might put a stick in it and prevent old Vyse coming in upon them suddenly, while they were having their battles with the bolsters after they had gone to bed.

"Well, and what then?" said Mrs. Farquhar, as the boy, seeing Impey frowning at him, stopped short in his tale.

"Why it was found out, and one of the little fellows of the name of Drew," he continued, half hesitatingly but warmly, as he proceeded with the tale, "who was the biggest sneak in the whole school—just because I'd merely touched him on the head with my bolster the night before—went and told Mrs. Vyse, out of spite to me, that Hugh Burgy had done it."

"Oh, I suppose Master Hugh Burgy, as you call him, was on your side then—eh, Walter?" quickly added the sharp practitioner, wishing to put matters straight again, and to remind the boy of the part he was assuming.

"But the boy, seeing his mistake, grew nervous, and became more and more confused, and when Mrs. Farquhar pressed him on with his tale, saying, "Yes! well! he did this out of spite to you," the lad stammered over every other word as he proceeded."

"So when Vyse," stuttered poor Hugh, "came into the school-room, you see—in the afternoon, you know—he came up to my form, and said—said he—'Burgoyne, come here.' So I——"

"Remained quite quiet, I'll be bound," immediately interrupted Impey, in an agony. "Hah! hah! it wouldn't have been quite so pleasant for you though, my young Dutchman, if he'd said Walter Farquhar, come here."

"The boy's jaw dropped as he saw the blunder he had nearly made, and though the Brigadier's wife tried to make him finish the tale, still all she could get from him was that he'd tell her about it by-and-bye.

"Hugh Burgoyne!" drawled out the Brigadier, "why that must be Major Burgoyne's boy. I suppose we must go and see him, and take him that jar of Mango jelly, and the letter his father asked us to bring over for him."

"Poor Hugh's ears tingled at the sound of the present and the letter from his father, and on the spur of the moment he forgot the part he was acting, and said, as he grinned with delight.

"Yes! Father always took care to send me plenty of Mango jelly."

"I'm sure your father never sent you anything of the kind," exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, indignantly, "for it was myself that sent you all your good things, and you never had any Mango jelly from me, that I can say, for I don't think it's wholesome. Preserved ginger and tamarinds, now I'll grant you had—for as Doctor Ross, of the 50th, used to say, eat as many of them as you like, and they will never hurt you."

"Yes, Walter Farquhar used to have a great many of those," answered Hugh, to Impey's horror.

"Why, I suppose Walter Farquhar had, considering, Mrs. Farquhar sent him as many as half-a-dozen jars every year," replied the lady, smiling at what

she imagined was her son's quaint way of speaking of himself—"that is unless Walter Farquhar was stupid enough to give them all away to that young Hugh Burgoyne."

"Ah! I know what he means," said Impey, who had been standing on hot irons, expecting that every minute the whole affair must come to an explosion, and was now glad that the turn which the conversation had taken, gave him a chance of saying a word of plausible explanation.

"You see, what he means is Mrs. Farquhar, that he and young Burgoyne were partners, and used to share whatever good things came to them."

"Oh! you went partners with Hugh, did you, Walter?" replied Mrs. Farquhar. "Then I'll tell you what, my dear, you musn't do anything of the kind for the future, for I want you to have as little to do with that young man as possible. Associations at your time of life, my dear, are everything. Now of course, knowing the Major as intimately as we do, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have his son Hugh home with us for a week or so; but, when we were at Nagpore, poor Major Burgoyne had a letter from Doctor Vyse, telling him that Hugh was such an extremely idle and badly-disposed lad, that I don't want you, Walter to be in his company more than is absolutely necessary."

The tears started to Hugh's eyes on hearing this; for though Doctor Vyse had once, in a fit of passion at some trivial fault, threatened to write a letter of complaint to his father in India, still the boy had never imagined at the time, that the schoolmaster would actually have done so.

But Impey, to encourage the mother's disinclination to see the boy, nudged Hugh familiarly under the table, and said, laughing, "Yes, I've always been told, that young Burgoyne was a regular young monkey."

"Yes, but Joanna, you really ought to have the young fellow home here," expostulated old Farquhar—"if it's only to dinner once or twice," he added, as a thought flashed across his mind that he should never be able to get a moment's "peace and quiet," with both boys in the house. "Besides, how would you have liked it yourself, if the Major had come over and never once had Walter out, even for a half holiday?"

"But I'm afraid your kind intentions, Brigadier, must be abandoned for the present," exclaimed Impey, wishing to prevent them making any inquiries about Hugh, "for I remember when I went down to Blackheath that fine frosty morning we had about ten days back, and wanted to take Walter out to see the skating in Hyde Park," and the legal gentleman grew as particular about the details of his falsehood, as most people do when knowingly departing from the truth; "why Mrs. Vyse, who I recollect was far from herself, told me in the back parlor, that young Burgoyne had been fetched by his aunt, in a glass coach, and that he had gone with her to spend the holidays at her little box, in Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire."

"Why I thought Major Burgoyne had only got one sister," exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, "and she lived at the Briars, near Wycomb, in Bucks. But you're more likely to be right than I am, Mr. Impey."

"Yes, I believe she did live there," replied the ready lawyer, "but you see, ma'am, when her father died, Miss Burgoyne——"

"Miss Burgoyne!" cried the Brigadier's wife in astonishment. "Why the Major told me his sister was married to a Mr. Hudson, who was formerly in the Custom House."

"Oh indeed! then we must mean different persons," answered Impey, seeing that he had got into a mess. "I suppose—not being personally acquainted with the lady—I'm wrong in fancying her to be a sister of the Major's. All I know is," (though the lawyer knew nothing of the kind,) "she is a maiden lady of that name, and upwards of sixty, with beautiful silver hair, and gold spec-

tacles, and wears a splendid diamond on her forefinger—so she's certain to be some relation of the family. And now I come to think of it, it's a cousin she is, to be sure."

"Cousin! why what an odd creature that Burgoyne must be then," exclaimed the lady, throwing up her hands, "for he's told us over and over again, that Mrs. Hudson was the only relation he had in the world. But he's such a strange man, I declare there's no making him out."

Thus the day was passed, Hugh and Impey continually getting into difficulties, and Impey as continually getting out of them. Though, to say the truth, it required but little skill on the part of the expert lawyer to do so. Having not the least suspicion of any trick being played upon them, and placing the strictest reliance upon the integrity of the guardian they had chosen for their boy, the last thing the Farquhars would ever have dreamt of, would have been that the boy they had been caressing and making so much of was not their own Walter. Indeed, so far from their suspecting any imposition, if any person had informed them of the trick they would never have credited it. And though, after Impey had left, Mrs. Farquhar once went as far as to say, that she never could have believed that a child of hers would have been so timid, still the very next moment she added, "That comes, you see, Farquhar, of sending your children away from you, and having them brought up by other people."

The lawyer, as he took his departure, formally invited Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar to dine with him on the Wednesday following, and then having wished them good evening, he proceeded to shake young Burgoyne heartily by the hand; but in the enthusiasm of the moment at the idea of the boy having got so well through the difficult part he had to play, the lawyer forgot himself so far as to say, "Good bye, Hugh," and then suddenly remembering himself, he added, "*h—you* young Dutchman," giving the personal pronoun such an aspiration as to make it appear as he had been guilty of a grammatical error, instead of having addressed the lad as young Burgoyne.

The tortures and clever extrications of the little lawyer in the above extract are highly amusing. But the plot thickens; for no other than Major Burgoyne himself, on "sick leave," is "telegraphed," and anxious to visit "his dear Hugh at Doctor Vyse's Academy!"

The doctor is of course *beside himself* at this intelligence, and hurries off to the acute little attorney, who insists that another boy be substituted for Hugh, and the "young monkey," fixed upon is "Dando," the "Attorney's fag," of whom the schoolmaster is naturally and professionally not over proud, because,

"As for that Dando of yours, I declare I never heard him speak two sentences together, but what he invariably, with that perversity so peculiar to the vulgar, would throw in an 'h' where none ought to be, and where the 'h' ought to be, would leave it out. Now, it was only the other day—when he *was* going over a deed—I heard him talking about somebody and his '*hairs, herors, hudmors, and hassigns aving and olding* some said *ouse* for *hever*. How do you think I should like any one to fancy that a boy like that had been seventeen years at my school. Oh, it'll never do," continued Vyse, as the recollection of some fresh barbarism flashed across his mind. "Why it was only the other day I heard him tell Mr. Cohen he'd *torse* him for a *pennuth* of *pudden*."

"Well!" answered Impey, determined not to be beaten, "and are you prepared to say that *pudden* is not the proper pronunciation? *Pudding* indeed! Is there any such verb as "to pud," I should like to know? Do you say *garding*—oh? Of course not, but you say *garden*; and for the very same reason it strikes me that we should say *pudden* instead of *pudding*."

"Upon my word, you're a wonderful man, Sam," replied Vyse, tickled by Impey's ingenuity, "and were made for a lawyer. I really do believe you would prove to demonstration that black was white. But come now, what do you say to the young vagabond's calling oysters—*highsters*?"

"Why I should say that that, like all such matters, was merely conventional, nothing more," Impey replied, shrugging his shoulders, "especially as it's now well known" (though it must be confessed that Impey himself had never heard it before) "that George IV.—the first gentleman in Europe, mind!—always said *pint* for *pount*. Besides, if Dando isn't quite so grammatical as you would like him, why won't it be very easily accounted for by your having written over to old Burgoyne (as you know you did)," observed Impey, dexterously making use of the letter that he had only heard of for the first time the morning previous, "saying that he was an idle, bad-disposed boy, and that you could do nothing with him. So you see, Mr. Clever, if Dando did mind his p's and q's and v's and w's in the first-rate style you would like him to, why it would never tally with the account you gave of young Burgoyne in that letter." \*

"This was a poser for the Doctor, who knew that he had written the letter in a fit of childish anger, and was almost glad to have the opportunity of making his words appear right."

Of this "young monkey" we are further informed :

A favorite trick of his, too, was to put on a modest look, and going up to some respectable elderly female, in some quiet street, and touching his cap, ask her in his civillest manner—"Oh! if you please, ma'am, would you be so kind, if you please, ma'am, as to shew me, if you please, ma'am, the way to—*flare up!*" bawling the two last words out under her bonnet at the top of his voice, and then darting off, leave her to declare—"she never saw such a young monkey in all her born days."

In his jacket pocket Dando always carried four bits of slate, conveniently ready, so that should he be so lucky as to meet with an organ or a hurdy-gurdy girl, he could pull them out, and immediately throw in a splendid castanet accompaniment. Occasionally, however, when his spirits were unusually high, he would suddenly give over, and throwing himself on his hands, stand on his head, while he beat time with the soles of his boots.

If Dando had no money—which with him was rather the rule than the exception—he would stop flattening his nose against the outside of a pastry-cook's window, and fix his eyes upon some gentleman eating in the shop, in the hope that the party might take pity on his longing looks, and treat him to a cake, or a bun, at least. But when he found all his looks to no purpose, he'd grow disgusted, and determined to have a taste, would enter the shop, and going up to the tray of broken pastry standing near the door, would dip his finger into the middle of a stale jam tart, and, as he sucked it, say, "What's the price of that there damaged, Miss?" And, with all the impudence imaginable, he would remain, diving his finger into all the different tarts round the tray, and sucking it afterwards, until the girl, seizing an umbrella, rushed from behind the counter, and put the young monkey to flight.

But what pleased him more than all, was to go along the long line of cabs outside the doors of the theatre previous to the performance being over, and to wake up the sleeping drivers, by shouting out at the top of his voice, "Here, Cabby! Cabby! are you unhired?" And when they, all alive at the prospect of a job, told him that they were, he'd only reply, quite coolly, "Sorry for you then—hope you'll have a fare soon, Cabby," then tear down the street as hard as he could, lest any of them should be after him, and make the best of his way to play off the same trick a little lower down.

"Such was the young monkey—to adopt the phrase by which the gentler sex invariably called him—who in a few days was to be introduced to Major Burgoyne, on his return from India, as his darling boy.

"Impey felt satisfied that even Dando, impudent scamp as he was, would—in the blindness of parental affection to all faults in the real or imaginary offspring—be considered "the image of his father."

"The less sanguine Vyse, however, trembled for the result."

### *The Out-Station, or Jaunts in the Jungle.*

(2d Notice.)

#### "CATCHING THE WILD ELEPHANT."

"A large space of ground is enclosed in a circle by natural trees (if it is possible to ~~get~~ them so situated), or by high poles, driven to a great depth into the ground; the intermediate spaces are then filled up by branches interwoven together so closely that it is impossible to see daylight through them. An aperture is left at one part, formed on the principle of that in a wire rat-cage, very easy to enter, but the reverse to get out at.

"When all these arrangements are completed, the party ascend the neighbouring trees, where platforms are erected, furnished with chairs, from whence the spectators can view the whole proceedings unmolested.

"A well-trained elephant is then conducted by its keeper into the kraal, and, on a given signal it commences a series of the most pitiful moanings and screechings imaginable;—presently, out trots an elephant from the jungle, and holds a *ried voce* intercourse with his fellow in distress. This makes the decoy double his lamentations, until the victim, perceiving the spot from whence the wailings proceed, at last discovers the aperture, and the next moment is in the trap.

"One by one at first, but eventually in a string, the animals emerge from the jungle, and follow each other like a flock of sheep into the kraal.

"As soon as this is full, the miserable traitor desists from his yellings, and then a number of natives, accustomed to the work, and furnished with coils of strong rope, enter amongst the captives, and tie the legs of two or three brutes together, whilst in a supreme state of alarm they remain huddled together in a heap, and apparently looking to each other for some luminous explanation as to where on earth they have got to. It never enters their heads to break down the kraal, which they might very easily accomplish.

"The party located in the trees sometimes take their guns to get a shot at the animals before they enter the kraal, but this is not legitimate sport.

"When each animal has been bound with cords to his next neighbour, other trained elephants are conducted to the scene of action, and one of these is entrusted with the tutelage of two or three of the recently captured ones, whom he immediately leads off into captivity captive;—should they show any obstinacy or disinclination to accompany their new tutor, he inflicts such a belabouring on the miscreants with his proboscis, as soon makes them roar for mercy. The same means are adopted to teach them to work, except that one pupil is then placed between two preceptors, by which means he gets a double dose of correction administered, and a most amusing sight is it to witness this teaching their young ideas to work at the hands of their own species."

A number of Naval Officers having arrived, were of course to be treated to an Elephant hunt, and marvellous it was, that the whole were not boarded, &c. &c. with as many other nautical terms as the reader may

desire to imagine. The intelligent animals, however, were satisfied with capturing the Skipper.—

"About mid-day, Rogers found himself heading a party of half-a-dozen young "reefers," as well as the captain of the frigate; and by the trumpeting and screechings of elephants in a small patch of jungle a-head, there was evidently good sport in store, by using caution and not being too much in a hurry. This was no easy matter to accomplish, however, with a parcel of jolly sailors; no sooner did they get sight of the stern of an elephant, than a most promiscuous volley was showered into the heads and tails of the astonished quadrupeds, without doing very material damage, for the next moment there was a simultaneous rush from the jungle, and away rattled the whole herd with the exception of *one*, which rushed straight at the captain of the frigate, and, seizing him in its trunk, made off round the plain!

"It was the work of a moment; and had any one attempted to fire, the chances were greater in favour of his killing the man than the elephant. All looked on in dismay and horror, as they saw the old elephant pull up in its course every now and then, and seemingly attempt to crush its victim by kneeling on him; then holding him up in mid-air again, it would apparently exult in its conquest, and contemplate its prey with very much the same feelings as a cat does a disabled mouse.

"Some pursued the animal, though that was perfectly useless, and might have only hastened the fate of the unfortunate man already in the jaws of death, when a miracle (for it can be deemed little short of one) saved his life when it was not worth an instant's purchase.

"At this moment the elephant had got into a corner of the plain and was preparing to deal the death-blow, when Rogers perceived a young elephant emerge from the same patch of jungle as the others had previously done; and the evident uneasiness of mind that the young one evinced by its antics and its trumpeting soon made him suspect that it must be the calf of one of the animals that had started away, or, by no means an unlikely event, that it was its own mother that had, perhaps in defence of this very youngster, attacked Captain G—.

"His plans were formed in an instant; and the stratagem showed the extraordinary presence of mind that never forsook him under the most trying circumstances.

"Placing his two barrels within a foot of the young elephant's neck, he sent in both balls; then seizing another gun he planted one in the proboscis and one *behind*, so that neither hit any vital part.

"Immediately that the youngster began to feel the smart, it set up the most awful yelling that ever mortal heard; it might have been audible for miles; indeed, the wonder was that so much noise could come from so small a compass. Another moment, and the victim would have been torn limb from limb, but before the elephant had succeeded in falling on him the fearful moanings of its young one struck its ear.

"Dropping its victim "like a hot potato," it rushed furiously to where its offspring was still making the welkin ring with the most hideous yells, but before it had reached it, a ball from Rogers's gun had laid it dead at his feet; and then reloading, he at once put the young one out of its pain by sending a ball through its brain.

"G— was still lying on the ground to all appearance dead; but on reaching him, he was found to be only insensible, and most probably from the fearful revulsion of feeling when he found he had escaped such an imminent death. A little brandy-and-water soon revived him, but two broken ribs and a jungle fever (that confined him for weeks to his bed, and was as nearly putting an end

to his existence as the elephant) gave lasting evidence of the treatment he had received when in the animal's power."

Here is an unpleasant sort of boot-jack. We saw lately in the *Man in the Moon*, that Yankee planters had a pleasant propensity of turning their niggers into boot-jacks—in Ceylon, however, they only condescend to have elephants in that menial capacity—

"On one occasion our hero had enjoyed some splendid sport with a herd of these animals; his four guns had all been discharged—when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it, except to run, and for *one hundred yards* and upwards Major Rogers kept just a-head, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins.

"A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion). *One foot higher!* and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got one of them firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily in the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of the wearer. (*Heaven save us from such a boot-jack!*)

"The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant finding itself balked of its prey, after destroying the boot, took up its quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for *twenty-four hours*, when the *tappal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms, and yellings.

"Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree!"

#### "ANTELOPE HUNTING WITH THE CHEETA."

"Straining my eyes till they were nearly a quarter of an inch out of their sockets, in a vain attempt to catch the outline of some antelopes, that I was informed were just disclosing their antlers some mile ahead, I was told to make ready for a burst, if I wanted to be "in at the death."

"At the same moment, one of the bandages was taken off a cheeta's eyes, when, drawing himself up on his platform, he took a deliberate look round the far horizon; at last, his head was fixed, his eyes were lit up with the most vivid glare, and, with a bound, he was at once upon his errand.

"Setting off at a gallop close behind him, I was presently saluted with a quiet sort of a growl, by way of admonition that I was to keep my distance; so falling into the rear about a quarter of a mile, I had an opportunity of watching well the tactics of the aggressor.

"Instead of continuing on at the same pace at which he started, the nearer he approached the antelope, the more he slackened his pace, until, at length, he settled down into a slow, crouching walk, keeping his eyes still fixed on one point before him.

"There was a small ridge of rising ground between us and the deer, and on reaching this he came to a dead stop, then sinking on his belly, he reconnoitred the herd, possibly picking out a fat fellow, before he made an attack on any of them singly.

"In a second the heads of the antelopes were erect, sniffing the breeze; they evidently smelt mischief, for the next moment away bounded the herd with the



cheeta at their heels (my Arab keeping up as best he could), at a rate that I have never before or since seen any thing equal, except a swallow.

"The locomotive platforms, that had followed us hitherto with their loads, were now disburdened of the cheetas, whose hoods were removed, and themselves let loose after the flying foe.

"It was a splendid sight, seeing the three animals in full chase together, after a herd of about twenty antelopes, although out of these twenty only three were fated—as the cheeta, after fixing his eye on one, never exchanges his object.

"The chase did not last long; I could plainly perceive the antelopes struggling to keep up the running through that wilderness of sand, in which their legs sank deeper than their fetlocks at each stride,—whilst the full, flat "pud" of the cheeta gave him a treble advantage, until, by degrees, they had receded within the reach of the nearest pursuer.

"Without any apparent stopping or effort, the cheeta sprang on the neck of the animal he had marked out, who forthwith sank to the ground with his living burden.

"It was a magnificent spring! for he was running directly in the victim's rear at the time he made the bound, consequently he cleared the whole length of the back of the antelope before he alighted on the fatal spot!

"One of the attendants coming up, plunged a knife into the neck of the fallen quarry, which the cheeta immediately took advantage of by thrusting in his nose, and taking an apparently most gratifying and luxurious draught of the warm blood that had so lately animated the still gasping deer.

"After this repast was finished, the gentleman was reconducted, in a very plethoric state, to his carriage, where having left him, wrapt in the intensest state of somnolency, we proceeded to look after the other animals, each of which we found in possession of an antelope, quietly keeping guard until its keeper should arrive, and reward its fidelity with the anticipated sanguinary draught."

#### "BUFFALO SHOOTING."

"To give an unprejudiced opinion of which was the most dangerous animal to fall in with in the jungle, I should decidedly say it was the *buffalo*.

"These brutes are very plentiful in all parts of the island, but particularly so in the neighbourhood of Trincomalee, where shooting parties are sometimes got up for their destruction.

"They are found lying in pools of stagnant water, with only their nostrils above the surface, or standing in the skirts of the jungle, and they do not always wait to be attacked before they commence hostile operations.

"One person would have little chance against two or three buffaloes combined against him, as they offer no opportunity of getting a shot at them in their charge.

"Springing out of the water as soon as they are aware of the vicinity of an enemy, they pick out the nearest stranger, and poking their noses straight forward, so that it is impossible to get at the forehead, they bear down upon him, and it requires a person to have all his wits about him to avoid coming in contact with their horns; which appendages I have frequently seen ten and twelve feet from tip to tip, and they are the only articles in the buffalo's possession worth shooting him for, the meat being coarse and unfit for table.

"If you happen to have a friend you can depend upon in an engagement with a buffalo, your best plan is to stand the charge as courageously as you can, and thus give your comrade, who is at some little distance on your flank, a chance of a side shot just behind the animal's shoulder, which will, if fired by an experienced hand, find its way directly through the heart, and bring the adversary dead to the ground."

To the many who never see *Colburn's New Monthly*, the above extracts from the re-published article will have afforded much amusement.

### *Gavarni in London.*

We have received the two first numbers of these new sketches of London Life and Character from drawings made by the celebrated French artist Gavarni, the originator of the "Paris Charivari," in, which he has so admirably succeeded in hitting off the eccentricities of the French. During a visit to London he employed his pencil with effect; and these are now to be laid before the public in a series of eight or ten numbers, each containing three subjects. We perceived in the home correspondence of one of the papers that a denial had been given as to the genuineness of these sketches, but we think there can be no doubt about it; their style is entirely different from Cruikshank, Leach, Phiz, and all their imitators; moreover by a passage in the *Illustrated London News*, whose artist, of the scenes in the late French Revolution, Gavarni is, our opinion was confirmed, the editor having alluded to a recent visit of Gavarni to London. Indeed Albert Smith, who edits the work would not lend his name to a trade trick; nor would such well known authors support it under these circumstances. In No. 1, the three Scenes are:—"The Opera by Shirley Brooks"—"The Street Beggar," by Angus B. Reach—and the "Casino," by Albert Smith. In No. 2, we have "Music in the Drawing Room," by John Oxenfeed—"Music in the Streets," by Albert Smith, and "Covent Garden," by Charles Kenny. Of these the two by Albert Smith are most to our liking, we therefore give the Music in the Streets in extenso:—

"We happen to live in a quarter of London peculiarly favourable for studying the varieties of the perambulating musicians of the thoroughfares. In this class we do not include the brass bands who take up their position in front of a gin-shop, and peal out waltzes, polkas, and operatic novelties, with all the force that cornets-à-piston and trombones can give, to large surrounding crowds. The *enterprise*, in this case, is of comparative magnitude, and the members of the band have a certain position. They may be seen, on other occasions, in the orchestra of the cheap public ball-room, on board the Richmond or Gravesend steamers, or possibly heading an election procession. Nay, we have at times detected some of the *troupe* as beef-eaters, or anomalous foreigners, in caps of sham tiger-skin, shaped like huge flower-pots, and robes of bed-curtain chintz (of the "furnished-apartment" fabric, which keeps clean, or rather conceals dirt, so long), blowing away all their energies in front of a menagerie, or dancing-show at a large fair. They have evidently many resources for turning their acquirements to account, and are not specimens of the tribe we are about to notice. The real Street Musician depends solely upon the streets for his means of existence; and they must be streets of a certain kind.

"We have said that the one in which we reside furnishes us with good specimens. It leads from a great thoroughfare to next to none at all, and so is tolerably quiet in itself, although close to a running stream of population. The greater part of its houses are let into lodgings on the ground, first, and second floors, and this gives it a large number of inhabitants. They are mostly quiet, stay-at-home people, either from inclination or profession—the first are guided by their means; the latter are artists. You may know where they live from their tall drawing-room window rising up to the floor of the apartment above. In fact it is a street of *artistes* altogether, in the general acceptation of the word. In summer, when the windows are open, you will hear the rumblings of professional pianos, or the endeavours of tenors in training to reach fearful notes; you may also listen to a single violin accompanying to the tuition of a pupil in the mysteries of the polka or *deux-temps*. There are two medical men in the street. One enacts the high legitimate drama of his profession—his house is solemn and unadorned; the other trusts to effect and scenic display, and mounts a deep red lamp like a railway danger signal. There is not much traffic; private carriages wait at the doors, or draw up and down in the shade, and hack cabs occasionally scuffle

and clatter over the stones ; or a break makes a journey of doubtful safety from the livery-stables at the end : but this is all. Nor are the foot-passengers very numerous, except on fine afternoons, and then such swarms of pretty girls glide along the pavement on their way to the West-end from the Torrington, and Woburn, and Russell Square districts, that a susceptible looker-on, in ambush behind his wire-gauze window-blinds, may well get beside himself.

"This is just the kind of neighbourhood that the Street Musicians affect, and they haunt it all day long. They glean more from lodging-houses than from private dwellings. Those who are not very well off themselves have greater sympathy with them.

"The first music is heard at early morning, whilst we are dressing. It is a harsh organ, and must be played principally to the servants who are cleaning the door-steps—its invariable air, "We may be happy yet," suggesting anticipations of the evening kitchen, swept up and clean for tea : possibly a vision of a small shop in the general line ; or, may be, a thought of the policeman or the soldier. The sound vanishes, and at breakfast-time a mighty instrument drawn on wheels, reminding one of a quantity of trumpets shut up in a book-case and ground into tunes, takes up its place, with two attendants, before the window, and bursts forth into the prayer from "Moses in Egypt" with a force perfectly startling. This collects a small audience, for there is a conjuror in the top compartment of the case who keeps lifting up two small cups, displaying oranges, dice, and anon nothing at all, as he bows his head gravely and opens his mouth. There is another cup in the middle, which is never lifted up at all, but this complicates the trick, and makes it more mystic. There is a singular circumstance connected with this instrument which will be worth looking after. The one we speak of is accompanied by a black dog who really knows the houses from which former collections have been made. He sits up on his hind legs and barks at the upper windows until the expected halfpenny is thrown out ; when this is done, he puts his head between the area railings, and generally obtains a few scraps from the servants.

"As this monster accordion is drawn away, a singularly distressing noise is heard approaching from the other end of the street. If it be possible that the sounds of the Pastoral Symphony can represent certain meteorological phenomena, and that the *Lieder ohne worte* suggest their own, then may this discord depict great intestinal agony—the stomach-ache of unripe fruit, and bad *vin ordinaire*, and Italian cream. It comes on, and we now perceive a cripple—who prefers the mud in the middle of the road to the pavement—dragging his own load on until he rests himself upon a small crutch like an augur, and tortures a clarionet in the most lamentable fashion. This man's performance is remarkable from its utter badness. He does not attempt to play any tune, but lifts up or stops down his fingers according to chance—at least so it appears—and always finishes on a note that has nothing at all to do with the key. But the noise he contrives to make is awful. If Verdi were dead, he would produce more unpleasant riot in the year than anybody else in the world.

"He moves away ; and like the Dutch toys, in which certain objects—such as poultry, railway trains, boats, or soldiers—are wound round and round, popping up out of one sentry-box and ducking down into another, to the mild tinkling of certain *plectra* and tightened wires within, another object succeeds him. This is an organ again, that plays "Maid, those bright eyes," from *La Sonnambula*, unchangingly. But it has the advantage over the very first, in possessing a mechanical attraction. On its top is arranged a ball-room, of high society. To the left, the Guards' band, in full uniform, is playing to the dancers ; on the right, certain distinguished guests, in remarkable toilets, which partake of the fashions of the inmates of Noah's ark and the small-jointed men who grind the mysterious toy-mills, in chocolate coats and light green hats, are playing cards, reading the newspapers, or conversing. On a revolving "turn-table," in the centre, are the dancers. They are performing an anomalous figure. It is neither a polka nor a *deux-temps*, nor an ancient waltz ; perhaps it is that mystic measure formerly called a jig. They are mostly paired ; but one gentleman prefers dancing by himself, and his innate politeness is shown by his raising his hat every time he faces the spectators. When the quadrille is over, a party of horse-artillery enter at a pair of folding-doors, and ride across the *salle-de-danse*, which impresses us with the idea that the assembly is of a seditious and turbulent character ; but they go out again very orderly at an opposite egress, and then the ball once more commences.

"They have scarcely departed, when the rumbling, as it were, of an approaching storm, breaks in upon the *fête champêtre*, and we recognise the approach of the Scotch itinerant band. Three tendon-scrappers, presumed to be blind, come on, keeping close to the area railings, and making a noise more fearful even than the man with the clarinet. Yet, through it all there is some shadow of an air—some, "Tullochgorum," or "Cockie-leekie," or "Gillie-callum," or "Lassie o' Pibroch," or whatever it means, for we must confess that Scotch terms are greatly confused in our minds, from the number of "entertainments" Mr. Wilson gave rise to. They keep doggedly on, sawing away at their instruments, and would drive their hearers distracted, did not a piano-organ follow them, as an antidote, with "Old Dan Tucker," and the "German Polka."

"We have met with enthusiasts who, in their admiration of any particular *artiste*, have followed him or her about, from one capital to another, wherever their engagements led them. We have, indeed, known those who have been present at every one of Jenny Lind's *débûts* in the various cities of Europe—who, enthralled by the charming Carlotta Grisi's impassioned *Esmeralda*, have been led, in a wandering *truendaise*, over pretty nearly the same route—who have never missed one night of Van Amburgh's daring performances with the lions, or of Palmyre Anato's graceful leaps through the hoops. The performer on the piano-organ is accompanied by an amateur of similar constancy, in the shape of a boy with bones, who performs an *obligato* whenever he stops. They have never spoken to one another, nor does any token of recognition pass between them; but the rattle always comes in at the proper place with Ethiopian accuracy, and when this pitch for catching halfpence is exhausted they move away, simultaneously to another.

"The old air, "Hark! 'tis the Indian drum!" suggests itself, as a *tum-tum* sound is next heard at the end of the thoroughfare, and a lascar appears, in company with a small dark child, who strives to sing some popular street air, whilst he beats the time on a primitive instrument, fashioned from an oyster barrel, with parchment ends, after the Ojibbeway pattern. The performance is not calculated to impress us with high notions of an Asiatic orchestra; and is only surprised, in lack of meaning, by the efforts of a revolingly-dirty Italian boy to grind music from a dilapidated piano-organ with only one or two wires remaining, which are struck or not as chance directs. He is, to appearance, an idiot; and the small fry of the neighbouring alleys make fun of him; but those conversant with street impostures assure us that it is a capital assumption of imbecility to provoke the alms of the feeble-minded.

"From the time of the appearance of this wretched creature, until nightfall, the invasion of distressing sounds still keeps on. Savoyards, with hurdygurdies; Dutch-girls, with organs and tambourines, who sing outlandish melodies; single violinists; Pandean pipists, who accompany Punch, the fantoccini, the mountebanks, and hornpipe dancers, pass before our windows without intermission. And then—when the lamps are lighted in the streets and shops, and the ceaseless roar of wheels somewhat abates—a new class of musicians comes forth.

"These have rather more pretensions to melody than those of the daytime. They are found now and then with a harp in their small band; and they perform songs with voices whose wrecks show that at one time they possessed certain taste and musical knowledge. We have encountered females playing the violin with no mean skill; and once we remember to have seen an old jangling piano wheeled about the streets, on which a poor *artiste* performed with much ability. When these little groups become known, they are admitted to the entrances of taverns, or the parlours of the lower order of public-houses, and make a considerable sum in the course of an evening; and then they leave our street altogether. For the neutral gloom of the middle of the thoroughfare does not suit them. If they cannot get opposite the flaring gas jet of a ticketed shop, or under the bright lamp of a gin-shop, their chances of remuneration are small.

"The history of these wandering professionals is generally told in the same kind of story. Possibly, at first the man is in some kind of regular employment, and a simple musical amateur, playing for his own amusement after hours. Gradually he ceases to attend to his proper business, and gets a situation in the orchestra of a saloon or minor theatre, preferring to live from "hand to mouth"—a common failing with artistic idiosyncrasies in general. Here he first meets the female, who may

play small singing parts ; or is, perhaps, in the chorus, if the establishment is of sufficient importance to engage one. They marry, or establish some less reputable *menage* ; and then the struggle for the crust begins. Several single engagements are to be obtained at the old establishments, but none that will occupy them both. A singing villager may be wanted, to express delight at the *fête* of calico roses and *papier maché* refreshments ; or a musical chambermaid is required to sing an interpolated ballad in what is called the "carpenter's scene" of the piece, when a pair of flats are pushed together, nearly close to the footlights, to allow something especial to be got ready behind : but the place of the second violin is occupied, and likely to remain so ; or *vice versa*. And so, after much privation and misery, with possibly an infant to add to their distress, they contrive to learn some duets and single ballads, and procure an engagement at a public-house two-penny concert.

"From this moment they sink lower and lower in their wretchedness. The man was not a drunkard before ; but now, as soon as he has finished his dreary comic song, and, putting on his hat, returns to his place at one of the tables, half a-dozen glasses of hard ale, "turpentine" gin-and-water, or dark empyreumatic brandy, are offered to him by his admirers. Always something to drink—never so much even as a biscuit and cheese, or a penny ham sandwich to eat. These mixed and impure beverages, the tobacco-clouded atmosphere of the room, and the late hours, combined with the occasional wandering from one "saloon" to another, entirely destroy his constitution. He can eat no breakfast, but he can drink—always drink—for he is always thirsty ; and the *prima donna* of the concert huddles a shawl over her worn merino dress, and goes out for some more of the hard ale. Gradually he gets asthmatic, and can no longer sing. The female goes out by herself, and earns ten or twelve shillings a-week, the greater part of which goes in drink, until her companion is prostrated by *delirium tremens*, and she is compelled to stay at home with him.

"Heaven only knows how they then contrive to exist, for they can scarcely be said to live. The relieving officer might perhaps enlighten us thereon, but relieving officers see so much wretchedness, that succeeding cases make no impression on their minds sufficiently vivid to be retailed. At length, however, the man recovers ; but he is no longer of any use in the concert-room. A violin is not wanted. If he could play the piano, he might thump away upon the grimy keys of an old grand, accompanying songs and murdering polkas between them, for half-a-crown a-night ; and even this would be a chance. The woman's voice is also gone, together with every trace of whatever decent appearance she might formerly have possessed : and so there is nothing left but the streets. And the stony-hearted streets are henceforth their only hope, until the hospital or workhouse finally receives them.

"If you care to make the inquiry, you will find that this is the usual story, as we have stated, of these distressed *artistes*. Not being over-addicted to the "humanity-mongery" school of writing, or putting much belief in the "great wrongs" of the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the metropolis, we have told the tale as simply as may be, without trying to work up the sympathies, which have been so falsely and so frequently called upon of late by literary philanthropists, that we will not run the chance of finding no response to our appeal. But this we will say: that if you have a few halfpence jingling in the pocket of your paletôt, you will do well to give them to these poor people. They are not beggars : they evidently do *something* for their livelihood; and bad as their performance may be, it has required some little application and intelligence to bring it to what it really is.

"Several old acquaintances who once waked the echoes of the quiet streets have gradually departed. First and foremost, we miss the ingenious professor who shook the hat of Chinese bells, beat the drum and cymbals with his knees, and played the mouth-organ all at once. He is gone, and albeit he must have left his apparatus behind him, no one has supplied his place. Then there was the wandering barytone who sang to the dulcimer, in an oil-skin cap and red whiskers; and whom, in the summer-tide, we can all so well recollect upon the sunny turf of Ascot and Egham, between the ropes and the front rank of carriages. Once, too, we had monthly visits from a foreigner, who accompanied his guitar with the Pædæan pipes; but he appears no longer. And, humblest music of all, the simple pipe and tabor, that bespoke the presence of the two Savoyard dolls upon the string, have departed. Possibly we are getting more refined in our notions, and require a higher class of

entertainment than these professors offered to us. This is very likely the case. The gin-shop bands and the large organs are by no means to be despised. The gems of the opera are promulgated by them about the streets; and, should the same improvements extend in vocal as well as instrumental music, it is not improbable but that before long vagrant Daughters of the Regiment, and wandering Normas may make their shrill voices heard in our thoroughfares, as the *danseuses* of Covent Garden and the Haymarket have their humble imitators on the rickety shutter or old bit of carpet placed upon the paving."

ALBERT SMITH.

*Asiatic Society's Journal for May and June.*

WE have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the *Asiatic Society's Journal* for May and June.

The May No. is entirely taken up with Major Madden's "The Turæe and outer Mountains of Kemaon," which is interspersed with Catalogues of the Entomological, Ornithological, but chiefly Botanical productions of those regions; and, as it may be supposed, is a very valuable paper, being the result of observations of short excursions from Almorah to the Turæe, &c., between the Kosilla and the Kalee Rivers.

To this article we have little space to do justice. Nynee Tal, he says, is about to possess a course of three to four miles, unrivalled in India: and he gives the following comparison of Nainee Thal with Simla.

"It must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that the sense of constraint and confinement is unpleasant and inevitable; no view of the snows, or even of the surrounding sea of mountains is procurable at a less expenditure than a clamber of a thousand feet, except to the residents of the ridges, who acquire the privilege at the price of a daily descent to the lake, unless they choose to imitate the Hindoo ascetics and perform a solitary penance on their "airy citadels." In this respect, Nynee Tal is inferior to the other hill stations; its advantages consist in the exercise of boating; and to those who have sufficient health and energy, in excursions to the many glens around, which to the sportsman, the draughtsman, and the naturalist, possess a richness of attraction undreamt of at Simla."

The following is a curious speculation:

"Sanskrit synonyms for the Peepul are "Magbundhoo," "liked by the elephants;" "Koonjurashun," "food of elephants;" also "Gujrashun" and "Gujbhukshuk," to the same effect which is so true that the spots selected for pitfalls are, if possible, near this or the Bur Munaka Sanskrit for an elephant, is from man, to think, to understand; and Locke avows his opinion, that dogs and elephants give all the demonstrative of thinking imaginable, except only telling us that they do so." (Essay, B. ii.) The Hindoos have deified the sagacity of the Elephant in Gunes, and perhaps supposed that it was attained by feeding on these trees. Here is a *rational* origin of the Tree of Knowledge—only permitted, however, to a German Professor! Milton ventures to affirm that the paradisaical Fig was no other than *Ficus Indica*, and that its leaves formed the first clothing of our first parents; a moral and poetical retribution if the Banian tree may also be considered a tree of knowledge: "The Brahmans," says Roxburgh, "are partial to the leaves of this tree to make their plates to eat off; they are jointed together by inkles." Hence if existing eastern names and notions are to be our guides in interpreting the records of oriental antiquity, after

the method of Burder and others, we must realize the Tree of Life—the Shujrut-ul-hyut—in *Cupressus sempervirens*; Tree of Knowledge. Bodhidrooma, in *Ficus religiosa* or *F. Indica*, while a new interest is thrown on the plains of Hindoostan by their identification with the seat of the terrestrial Paradise, “Eastward in Eden.”

The conquests of Cyrus would carry the Mythus into the western hemisphere. Pliny, stating that the fruit of *F. Indica* is rare, and not above the size of a bean, adds, “sed per folia solibus coctus prædulci sapore, dignus miraculo arboris.” One of the Sanscrit names is Krikshadun, Food-tree.

The highest point of Almorah is 5,577 feet above Calcutta. Major Madden says: “The phenomena of the vegetable kingdom are anomalous, denoting a middle term, where many tropical plants will not live or flower from the cold; while the Alpine ones either perish or refuse to flower from the heat. The climate seems very congenial to many of those from the more temperate regions of central America,” and he then makes the following unpromising remarks, “Such data, fortified by experience, will enable us to rate at its proper worth the colonization cant, which so often fills the Gazettes, combined with the most exaggerated pictures of Himalayan resources, and the most chimerical schemes for Railways, in a country we are only too happy to find any roads at all. In sober truth the resources of the mountains are not many, and are already as much developed as the nature of the country will admit of. Consequent on the cost of transport, the timber, tar, iron, hemp, madder, &c., cannot at any remunerating price, come into competition with the water-borne articles of Europe, and other maritime lands; or the supply already equals the demand. The soil, except in the low vallies where the European colonist cannot exist, is generally poor, besides being pre-occupied, and often exhausted, by the aboriginal population. Of the feelings with which these would regard any extensive immigration of agricultural Europeans, we may judge by the dissatisfaction with which they relinquished the comparatively trifling lands required for the Tea plantations. The fine tracts of rich meadow, which flank the Snowy Range, are too remote for settlers, and are too high and too cold to ripen grain.”

Then as Russia has been termed a despotism tempered by assassination, so the Himalayan climate is a tropical one tempered by thunderstorms. It is certainly less salubrious than is commonly supposed, and seldom so cool as to admit of European out-door labour. Everywhere we encounter miserably diseased objects amongst the natives—much to be ascribed to filthy habits, no doubt:—and up to 5,500 or 6,000 feet, the amount of sickness amongst Europeans, though not of a serious description, is considerable, and of a nature which singularly indisposes and unfits the subject for occupation. Such, too, is the power of the sun at *all* elevations, from April till October, between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. that Europeans can rarely with impunity brave its rays.\* The mean annual temperature at

\* On this point, Professor Forbes furnishes us with some results very instructive to those who think that by escaping to the Himalaya, they also escape the Indian sun. (supplementary Report on Meteorology, in the Report of the British Association for 1840.)

7,500 feet elevation is nearly that of London ; but the fact that few of the trees indigenous at the altitude can stand an English winter, points to a signal difference of conditions in the distribution of Himalayan heat and moisture. Dr. Royle well observes, after the astronomers, that, in advancing north from the equator, the sun passes over  $12^{\circ}$  in the first month,  $8^{\circ}$  in the second, and only  $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  in the third ; and that hence, from his longer presence there, and the greatly increased length of the day, the heat is more intense at the tropic than at the equator ; at the latter, the sun is more or less vertical for about six days only ; at the latter for nearly two months. The distance of the Himalaya from the northern Tropic is not great ; and where we have a southern exposure is more than compensated ; *there* indeed, the sun's rays strike vertically with intolerable power, augmenting in the ratio of our ascent, so that one is absolutely scorched while walking on a glacier. What a contrast also between the generally serene brilliant sky and extremely dry atmosphere of the Himalaya during eight or nine months of the year and the cloudy canopy which so generally rests over the British Islands ! The sun's arrival at the Tropic of Cancer is marked here by that of the rainy season, when the previously dry atmosphere is suddenly, and for three months, saturated with moisture, with a sun potent enough to knock down an ox, when he does show himself, which is not seldom. During this period, one is alternately baked and chilled half a dozen times during the twenty-four hours, and that not in the low confined valleys, but on perfectly open ridges such as Almorah, where it is, consequently, a matter of some difficulty to adjust one's clothing to the frequent fluctuations of temperature, the annual change of dress which Mr. Fortune describes amongst the Chinese being here diurnal. The result at Almorah, Kusnowlee, &c, appears to be as much, though not so dangerous, sickness as in the much abused plains, the misfortune of which is that one cannot breathe there.

If the above be a true view of the case, it appears that the Himalaya can never maintain an independent body of colonists, such as might supersede the necessity of drawing recruits from Europe, or such as on an

" Saussure seems first to have thought of comparing directly the intensity of solar heat at the top and bottom of a mountain : \* \* \* and, by experiments on the Cramont, to the south of Mont Blanc, he actually proved the increased intensity of the solar rays as we ascend, notwithstanding the diminution of temperature." The Professor himself, by " comparative experiments at the top and bottom of a column of air 6,500 feet high, of known density, temperature, and humidity, under the most unexceptionable circumstances in point of weather" found the loss of solar heat vertically traversing the atmosphere to amount, at the level of the sea, to 29 per cent : " a near agreement with the 32 per cent. independently determined by the method of Bouguer and Lambert with the same instrument (actinometer) at the same time : " again : " estimating the loss of radiant heat by a *vertical* passage through the atmosphere at only 25 per cent. ; at an angle of elevation of  $25^{\circ}$ , the force of the solar rays would be reduced to a half, and at  $5^{\circ}$  to one-twentieth part," from the varying thickness and transparency of the atmosphere. Hence the necessity for shelter except in the morning and afternoon.

" The increased intensity of the sun's rays at great elevations supplies the probable reason (suggested to me by Lt. R. Strachey) of a phenomenon noted on a former occasion, viz. that the seeds of the same species of plant ripen much earlier on the lofty passes of the Himalaya than at their base.



emergency, could be brought down to act in the defence of the Lower Empire.

This is a very different question from that of the fitness of the mountains for sanatory settlements occupied by those in the service of Government, and whose means of subsistence are drawn from the Plains: that indeed, is no longer a question: a hundred applications for every vacant appointment in the mountains attest the "deep damnation" of a life in Hindoostan.

The Journal for June is more varied in its contents; Major Hannay communicates a paper on the ancient temples of Upper Assam, near Suddiyah. Captain A. Cunningham, of Engineers, verifies the itinerary of Hwán Thsáng in defiance of Major Anderson's (Artillery) hypothesis that it cannot claim an antiquity of one hundred years; and convicts the Major of having used a wrong key to unlock the treasure! For this antiquarian dispute we must refer our readers to the Journal itself.

Then follows a correspondence regarding the discovery of Coal beds in Assam: and some Sanscrit inscriptions from Behar by the indefatigable Captain M. Kitto; followed by a report on the King of Oude's Observatory at Lucknow: and a sixteenth Memoir on Storms by the likewise indefatigable Captain Piddington. Under the miscellaneous head we have only space to notice a proposal by Captain Cunningham of "the desirability of Government paying a debt they owe to the country by publishing an account of all the existing remains of Architecture and Sculpture, with Coins and Inscriptions, which would throw more light on the ancient history of India, both public and domestic, than the printing of all the rubbish contained in the eighteen Puranas."

As this plain speaking will necessarily irritate some well known parties, we do not mind offending both of them, by hoping that Government will look after a few other debts first, such as Roads, Canals, Railroads, Telegraphs, and such useful public works.

### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

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*The Rival Beauties. A Novel. By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. Bentley.*

NAMED and being a Novel, there is not much of novelty in the idea of the "Rival Beauties." It contrasts the lives of a finished flirt and an ingenuous girl; the former, of course, ending in guilt and wretchedness, and the latter in supreme felicity. The relatives, lovers, husbands, &c., of each are drawn with a fair perception of distinctive character; and as the scene moves in England and Italy, there is sufficient variety to keep the attention alive. With the ready pencil and acknowledged talent of the author, we miss some of those finer shadings which impart such an air of truth to the highest class of social fiction. There is often rather a hardness of outline; and persons say and do things needful to explain the circumstances of the story, but not such, either in fact or manner, as would be said or done in the actual world. Thus a worthy aunt informs the most exemplary

heroine, whom she has brought up from infancy to some "sixteen or seventeen summers," all about her father's death when she was a child, and about her cousin, who has been abroad five years, returning to be her husband. "A deep and burning blush" rewards this communication; but a second almost dried the tears that rested on her cheek, and this very young lady feels a thousand tender and conflicting emotions about the young gentleman, who was her playmate, till he left her on travels, when she was eleven or twelve years old. We do not deny that such precocity may exist; but we cannot think it very natural. The chief difficulty in works of this description lies in contriving events to develop the characters without obliging them to resort to speech, merely to inform readers what they should know, but would be absurd when addressed to parties who could not be ignorant of the matters so gratuitously communicated. Still there is considerable merit and some elaborately wrought passages in this performance, which, though defective in the niceties of its order, is in a literary point of view above the general range, and will supply a few hours' agreeable amusement to the wide class of Novel readers. It appears at a good time, when there is so little else of the same kind to dissipate the tedium of politics.

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*Twelve Years' Wanderings in the British Colonies, from 1835 to 1847. By J. C. Byrne. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.*

THE vastly important subject of Emigration, and the relative conditions of New Zealand, New South Wales, Australia Felix, Van Dieman's Land, South and Western Australia, are amply and ably treated of in this work, the author of which has enjoyed the best opportunities for becoming well acquainted with his subjects. A retrospect of the early history of these extensive regions is also given; and the whole embodied substance of the work affords a very complete view of all that is requisite to be known and understood of their past experiences, their present status, and their immediate and future prospects. An enlarged and well conducted national system of emigration is earnestly recommended; and, indeed, everything points to the absolute necessity of adopting this course if we wish either to relieve the mother country or benefit the colonies. Having, however, of late and frequently gone over the grounds here brought together, we shall not enter upon details which would only lead us into repetitions, but content ourselves with saying, that Mr. Byrne has supplied a well-connected and distinct general view for the information and guidance of the public in regard to the interesting questions involved in every part of his discussions.

*French Revolution in 1848. The Three Days of February, 1848. By Percy B. St. John, an Eye-Witness of the whole Revolution. pp. 383. Bentley.*

NOTHING more can be desired. Here is the history by an individual who was "*An Eye-Witness of the whole Revolution*" and a *Pierce-Eye* it needed to see so much. He throws an eye back on the causes, gives an

eye to the provincial banquets, the preceding few months, and finally rests his eye on those insurrectionary *émeutes*, conflicts, processions, ordinances, and other events, which have marked the Revolution and its progress during the six weeks of its feverish and perilous existence. In the end the writer says "I have, as far as I have been able, recorded what I saw, heard, and read; the secret history of the Revolution remains to be written." Well, then, we have here in a compact form that sort of production which fits the passing time, and may be perused with satisfaction by those who have been perplexed with the confusing repetition of the newspapers, which, we fancy, have been a chaos even to their most devoted readers. Mr. St. John concludes with brief notices of some of the principal actors in this great drama; and there are engraved portraits of Guizot and Lamartine. The tone of the work is very democratic. Up to the present moment, it must be allowed, the conduct of the Parisian populace has been characterized by an extraordinary abstinence from acts of violence.

*The Natural History of the Human Species.* By Lieut.-Col. C. Hamilton Smith, K. H. pp. 464. Edinburgh, Lizars. London, Highley.

It, as we believe,—

"The noblest study of mankind is man,"

this is assuredly a volume of profound interest. The results of long experience and patient investigation have been compressed into a single small volume with great ability and perfect success. It is, indeed, a valuable epitome of the subject, and profusely illustrated with coloured plates, representing the peculiar traits of the various races into which the human family is divided and subdivided. The research and learning displayed throughout deserve our highest commendation, and we are free to say of the whole work, though comprised within such small bounds, that it is quite a treasure for the domestic bookshelf and the information of youth.

*Constance, a Tale. Addressed to the Daughters of England.* By the Author of "Recantation." pp. 186. Rivingtons.

IN "Recantation," added to real sketches of Italian society, the writer directed her talent to expose the peril of apostasy into which the hollow pleasures of the country were calculated to seduce the young and unwary; and in the present production, with a similar degree of skill in sketching foreign manners and feelings, the object is to point out the wretchedness too likely to result from marriages with foreigners, even without any change of religion. To say that it works out the problem with considerable skill and interest, is to pay the author only a deserved compliment; and we may add, that many English daughters may read "Constance" with benefit to their hearts and understandings.—*Literary Gazette for April.*

*Physical Geography.* By Mary Somerville, 2 vols. 12mo. Murray.

SCIENCE is much indebted to the publisher for this cheap work, embellished with a portrait of its extraordinary author, our female Humboldt. It is replete with genuine and delightful instruction, communicated in the most agreeable and impressing form. We rejoice to see that Mrs. Somerville's view of the progress of the human race in virtue and happiness is of a cheerful and cheering nature.

She does justice to the efforts made to educate and improve the condition of the humbler classes, and admonishes all ranks to sympathise with love, and help one another.—*Literary Gazette for April.*

[We intend giving long notices of this clever work as soon as the article on Sir John Herschel's Astronomical Observations at the Cape is completed.—ED.]

**LIST OF NEW BOOKS.**

	£	s.	d.
<i>Archæological Journal</i> , vol. 4, ... ..	0	11	0
<i>Anyone</i> .—By Miss E. Lynn, the Authoress of <i>Azeth the Egyptian</i> , 3 vols. ... ..			
Boone's (Rev'd. T. C.) <i>Marriage Looking-glass</i> , ... ..	0	6	0
Byrne's <i>12 Years Wanderings in the British Colonies</i> , 2 vols.			
Barnard, Lieut. <i>Three Years Cruise in the Mozambique Channel</i> , for the suppression of the Slave Trade, ... ..	0	10	6
<i>Cape and its Colonies</i> .—By Nicholson, ... ..	0	7	6
<i>Chartism</i> .—By Thomas Carlyle, ... ..	0	5	0
<i>Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys</i> , in 6 vols., Part I,	0	10	6
<i>Diary Notes of Horace Templeton, Esq.</i> , 2 vols. ... ..			
<i>Eastern Life, Present and Past</i> .—By Miss Martineau, 3 vols	0	31	6
Eastlake (R. A.) <i>Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts</i> , ... ..	0	12	0
<i>Goldsmith's Life and Adventures</i> .—By Foster, ... ..	0	21	0
George II. <i>Memoirs of the Court of</i> .—By Lord Harvey, ... ..	0	36	0
<i>Hoffmeister's Travels in the East</i> , ... ..	0	5	0
<i>India, Northern</i> Burger's Recollections of, ... ..	0	10	6
<i>India, South, Sketches</i> .—Tucker's, ... ..	0	6	0
James' <i>Theodore Broughton</i> , 3 vols. ... ..	0	31	6
Kindersley's (E. C.) <i>very Joyous History of the Good Knight Lord De Bayard</i> , ... ..	0	9	6
<i>Kafferland</i> , Mrs. Ward's 5 Years in, 2 vols. ... ..	0	21	0
Lamartine's <i>Travels in the East</i> , ... ..	0	5	0
<i>Mexico, Campaign in</i> .—By Edwards, ... ..	0	5	0
<i>Mysteries of the Old Castles in France</i> , ... ..	0	5	0
McLeland's <i>Predestination and Election</i> , ... ..	0	10	0
<i>My Sister Minnie</i> .—By the Author of the Poor Cousin, ... ..	0	31	6

<i>Niger River</i> .—Narrative of The Expedition in 1841-42.—By Capt. Allen and Dr. Thomson, 2 vols. ... ..	0	0	0
<i>Ninevah, its Remains, Researches and Discoveries in Ancient Assyria</i> .—By A. H. Layard, Esq. ... ..	0	0	0
<i>Oriental Interpreter</i> .—Stocqueler's, ... ..	0	10	6
<i>Physical Geography</i> .—By Mrs. Somerville, ... ..	0	12	0
<i>Rural Beauties</i> .—By Miss Pardoe, 2 vols. ... ..	0	0	0
<i>Romance of the Peerage</i> , 1st vol.—By G. L. Craik, ... ..	0	10	6
<i>Reflections on the History of the Kings of Judah</i> , ... ..	0	10	6
<i>Sacred History of the World</i> , Turner's, vol. 2, ... ..	0	10	6
<i>The Coins of England</i> .—By H. M. Homfray, ... ..	0	18	0
<i>The Fairfax Correspondence</i> , 2 vols. ... ..	0	0	0
<i>The Crescent and The Cross</i> , Warburton's, 2 vols. 7th edn. ... ..	0	21	0
<i>Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Ossory</i> , 2 vols. ... ..	0	28	0
<i>Whom to Marry</i> .—By the Mayhews, ... ..	0	7	0

## II.—THE ESSAYIST.

### *Marriage; or, the Ceremonies used in its Celebration*

THE ceremonial forms of marriage, like all other ceremonial forms, are the mysterious growth of ages, and not the invention of any individual or corporate body of individuals. Their origin is lost in the obscurity of antiquity. The marriage ring is perhaps the most mysterious and recondite of all the marriage forms. Where and when did the custom originate? We know not. It may be traced to the remotest antiquity. It was in use amongst the Gentiles before their conversion to Christianity, and was adopted by the Christians as an established and unobjectionable usage. It is in use amongst the Jews themselves, who must have inherited the custom from the most ancient times. The Jew bridegroom drinks wine with the bride, and putting a ring on her finger, says, "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring according to the rites of Moses and Israel."

There is a difference, however, between the ancient and modern use of the ring amongst Christians. The early Christians adopted the custom, or rather merely preserved the old and prevalent custom of their ancestors, but they used it only in espousals before marriage, and not in the nuptial ceremony itself. The espousals correspond to betrothment or engagement. The engaged ring, therefore, is the primitive Christian ring, whilst the marriage ring is a sort of innovation, but still we believe a return to the most ancient heathen custom. Bingham, in his *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, makes the following observations on the ring of espousal:—"Together with these espousal gifts, or as a part of them, it was usual for the man to give the woman a ring, as a further token and testimony of the contract. This was an innocent ceremony used by the Romans before the times of Christianity, and in some measure admitted by the Jews, whence it was admitted among the Christian rites of *espousal*, without any oppo-

sition or contradiction : I say the rites of *espousal* ; for that it was used in the solemnity of marriage originally does not so evidently appear, though some who confound the rites of espousal with those of marriage, bring the evidences of the former as proofs of the latter custom. That the ring was used in espousals, and not in the solemnity of marriage itself, in the time of Pope Nicholas, A. D. 860, seems pretty evident, from the distinct account which he gives of the ceremonies used in the Roman Church, first in espousals, and then in the solemnity of marriage, which he plainly speaks of as distinct things. ‘With us,’ says he ‘after the espousals, which are a promise of future marriage, the marriage covenants are celebrated with the consent of those who have contracted, and of those in whose power they are.’” Then he describes the ceremonies of each part of the espousals, with *arra* or espousal gifts, and a ring put upon the bride’s finger—and afterwards of the marriage itself, which might be celebrated at any convenient time after the espousals. But he mentions no ring at the final ceremony. These two ceremonies are now with us made one, and the ring which originally belonged to the first is now made final. Still the idea of the *engaged ring* haunts the imaginations of the young ladies, and we receive numerous letters respecting it which cannot be satisfactorily answered, because the real engaged ring is the marriage ring, and according to the ancient Christian custom ought to be put on before marriage, and afterwards merely confirmed by the marriage ceremony. The Scotch, we believe, use no ring in their marriage ceremony, thus adhering to the primitive custom in marriage, though not in espousals. After marriage, instead of a ring on the finger of the bride, a ring was put on the head of the bridegroom and bride, for they were crowned with chaplets kept in the church for the express purpose. This custom is still preserved in the Greek Church.

It must be remembered, however, that espousal in ancient time was a much more solemn and binding engagement than what is now known by the name of engagement between two lovers. It was a contract formally transacted in the presence of witnesses, and considered legally binding on both parties. The marriage ceremony followed at a convenient time.

The ring was adopted in the marriage ceremony, when marriage and espousal were made one; and accordingly the Romish Church regards it now as a sacred emblem without which the marriage could not be performed. It is as indispensable as the holy water pot and the little basin in which the ring is washed with holy water, and afterwards blessed by the priest. Protestant parsons, having no holy water, use the ring in its unclean state. But notwithstanding this inattention to cleanliness, the Protestant marriages, if we may judge from popular rumour, turn out fully more pure than the Catholic ones. There is a beautiful ceremonial propriety, however, in the sprinkling of the ring with holy water. If ceremonies must be used, the more poetically beautiful the better.

Ceremonies are all poetical figures, emblems of truths or duties. The ring is generally supposed to be the emblem of fidelity. The crown of myrtles is the emblem of conquest. The Russians have several emblems not at all grateful to the feelings of wedded pairs, which they make use of at their marriage rites. The Russian or Muscovite bride on her wedding day is

crowned with a garland of wormwood—implying not only the bitterness or trials of the marriage state, but the duty of married woman to triumph over these difficulties, and thus make them what they really can be made, a crown, or emblem of victory. Moreover, when the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk or sexton sprinkles on the head of the young bride a handful of hops—still a better symbol. But then he adds, “May you be fruitful as this plant.” So that the bitterness is once more to be converted into sweetness, if the marriage be propitious. She is then muffled up and led home by a number of old women—the priest carrying the cross (another sad emblem) before her. But one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goat skin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. The new married couple being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt, and an old woman leading them both into a private apartment, exhorts the bride to be obedient to her husband. The bridegroom then desires the bride to pull off one of his boots, giving her to understand that one of the boots contains a whip and the other a purse. She makes her choice; if she find the purse it is accounted fortunate. If she find the whip, it is a bad omen, and she immediately receives a lash, as a specimen of what she is to expect. Others however say, that the finding of the whip is not at all displeasing to the Russian ladies, for they are so very fond of correction that the bride sometimes presents the bridegroom with a whip of her own making, as a token of submission. They regard the use of the whip as a mark of age, authority, and dignity; and they sometimes complain when the husband does not use it freely. The Muscovite husbands are said to be very barbarous; and with them the whip is not a mere emblem or symbol, but a domestic instrument for actual and frequent use. Sometimes, however, the parents of the bride bind the bridegroom by agreement not to use any unnecessary correction. Such ferocious habits are no doubt the result of the absolutism which prevails throughout all the departments of church and state, and thus forms the individual character after its own model.

In Scotland, marriage is divested of all its formalities, and is always celebrated in private houses, whilst in all Catholic countries—that is, Grecian, Roman, and Anglican Catholics—for there are three Catholicities—it is celebrated in churches; a mere confession before witnesses, that this woman is his wife, binds a man as effectually as if the marriage ceremony were performed. It is not considered as a sacrament in Scotland, but merely a contract; and though usually performed by a clergyman, this is not at all necessary to render the union legitimate. The common sense of the people, however, a remnant of Catholic times, is wiser than the law in this respect, and requires the religious performance of the ceremony to satisfy the conscience. A Scotch lady would not consider her marriage complete and blessed by heaven, if a religious service were not performed at it by a regular clergyman. The laxity of the Scotch law in respect to marriage has been the cause of the notoriety of Gretna Green, as a convenient place of resort for runaway English lovers. It is a prevalent opinion in England that Gretna Green enjoys some special privileges in respect to matrimony. But this is a mistake. It enjoys no privileges. Runaway lovers may be married in Coldstream, Kelso, or anywhere in Scotland, just

as they are married at Gretna. But Gretna happens to enjoy the notoriety; and there is a large inn there, and an official in waiting, who relieves the anxious lovers of all fear of prevention by tying the indissoluble knot immediately.

A similar law prevails in Spain, where it is quite enough for parties to declare in the presence of a priest that they take each other for man and wife. This is marriage in Spain, altogether independent of publication of banns or consent of parents. The law proscribes the custom, as in fact it does, over the left, in Scotland, but then it inflicts no penalty, and redress can only be sought by a tedious prosecution which is as well let alone.

In Egypt a man marries a woman before he sees her. He falls in love by hearsay, and courts as one would buy a leg of mutton in Leadenhall Market. Some old go-between of a dame sees the lady, and describes all her charms, and fires his imagination up to the point of resolution, then he goes to bargain with the father or the guardian; when the preliminaries are satisfactorily completed, the marriage is performed by proxy. The bridegroom and the bride's proxy, or *wekeel*, sit down upon the ground face to face, with one knee upon the ground, and grasp each other's right hand, raising the thumbs and pressing them against each other. A schoolmaster or *pickee* is generally employed to instruct them what they are to say. Having placed a handkerchief over their joined hands, he prays, and quotes the Koran and the Traditions on the duties and advantages of marriage. The *wekeel* then says, "I betroth or marry to thee my daughter, or ward, the virgin \* \* \*, for a dowry of such an amount." The bridegroom then says, "I accept, &c." The schoolmaster then pronounces the blessing and the marriage is completed. The bridegroom fetches the bride home with a procession, and after much feasting and merry-making, during which he has never yet seen the face of his married wife, he is taken to an apartment, where she stands with a shawl thrown over her head. He begs of her permission to remove the shawl, by giving her a piece of money called the price of "the uncovering of the face," and then all trembling and all-overish he takes hold of the shawl, and exclaiming, "In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful," he pulls it off, and sees his wife for the first time. He then feels whether the old woman has deceived him or not; and if she has, he swears at her inwardly, but is not so ungallant as to express any dissatisfaction. He announces to the wedding party his entire satisfaction, and they raise the *zugareet*, or cries of joy, which make the house and neighbourhood resound.

A similar custom prevails in China, but it is generally supposed that there the bridegroom has been indulged with stolen or private opportunities of seeing the bride previous to marriage. The ceremony of benediction in China is performed by a married woman, the mother of children. Next day the household gods are adored by the happy pair, and the feasting is kept up during the honeymoon. A curious custom prevails in China, which forbids marriage between two persons of the same surname. Thus John Brown would be forbidden to marry Mary Brown, however distant the relationship between them, because it is taken for granted that all persons of the same name are of one family.



The people of one country are very apt to reproach the people of another for indelicacy, immodesty, or immorality, in respect to marriage customs; but when we examine all the peculiarities with a cool and impartial eye, we find almost as much to praise and blame in one as another. Custom reconciles us to many things which seem at first as offensive as the smoke or taste of tobacco. The Tonquinese think it quite ridiculous in Europeans to keep but one wife—and in such a country as theirs, the custom of keeping one wife would certainly lead to immoralities which do not at present exist, but which are very prevalent amongst ourselves. On the other hand, in Thibet or Chinese Tartary, a curious habit, which Lady Augusta Hamilton designates by the name of male polygamy, prevails. By this custom a woman is entitled to have a plurality of husbands. Indeed, it is accounted highly respectable, and half a dozen husbands will often live together with one wife in a state of perfect family concord. Sometimes, however, they have a jar, an instance of which Mr. Bogle mentions in the case of a modest and virtuous lady, the wife of half a dozen of the Tayshoo Lama's nephews, who complained to the uncle that the two youngest of her husbands did not pay her that attention which duty and religion required of them.

Perhaps one of the most singular of all Christian marriage customs is that which prevails in the island of Mitylene, and that only in one town. From time immemorial, even beyond the Christian era, it has been accounted disreputable for a woman to marry any but a stranger. Her honour, her position in society, depends upon having a stranger for her first husband. He may leave her as soon as he pleases afterwards. Accordingly, whenever a stranger arrives in the town, he is compelled to marry one of the women, and the marriage is duly celebrated by the priest with the rites of the church. At the expiration of a year, she may contract a new marriage with any man who presents himself. This seems very immodest in our estimation, but it is a point of honour with these Mitylenians. There also the eldest daughters inherit the property of their parents as soon as married, and the sons and younger daughters are disinherited. The same custom prevails in the island of Metellis, with this distinguishing peculiarity, that the second daughter is doomed to celibacy, and made a menial servant to the eldest. If there be a third daughter, and a fourth, the third is marriageable, and inherits all the property acquired after the marriage of the first, and the fourth daughter becomes the *calogria* or slave. Thus the odd daughter is always marriageable and a lady, and the even one is always unmarried and a servant as well as nun.

Our own customs no doubt appear very ridiculous to many nations, whose feelings we cannot understand any more than they can understand ours. We are apt to suppose that ours are natural because we are accustomed to them, and because they are firmly rooted and established amongst us. But they are artificial notwithstanding, and may yet undergo many important changes. What these changes may be we do not presume to say, nor have we any desire whatsoever to propose any. We merely assert the possibility, and withal the probability of innovations which might at first sight alarm the feelings, and which yet might prove

more conducive to public and private happiness, as well as morality and decorum, than those which now prevail. Certain it is that there is at present a great and an infamous stain upon all Christian countries, which is altogether unknown in oriental climates; with great propriety does the Scripture denounce Apostate Christendom as the mother of harlots, and the evil is now becoming so very appalling as to engage the serious attention of the benevolent, whilst it bewilders their judgment to devise a remedy. The tens of thousands of young women in this huge metropolis for whom there is no other profitable occupation but domestic service in a subterranean kitchen, present a subject for reflection sufficiently distressing. Nor are we at all surprised to see them brought before the magistrates in half dozens at a time for smashing windows, and committing other riotous misdemeanours in workhouses and elsewhere. We only wonder that the cases of insubordination are so very few, compared to the immense amount of suffering experienced by a class whose services are not appreciated as they ought to be; for whatever may be the market value of man's labour, it is an undisputed fact that it is to female industry that we are indebted for all the domestic and personal comforts which we enjoy. The time must come when woman's talents will rise in value, and this alone will introduce changes not easily imagined at present.—*Family Herald.*

### III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

*Order. ORTHOPTERA, Olivier, (HEMIPTERA, p. Linnaeus.)*

PHASMA (CYPHOCRANA) GIGAS.

(With Illustration.)

SECTION. CURSORIA, Latreille.

FAMILY. PHASMIDÆ, Kirby.

GENUS. PHASMA, FABRICIUS.

SUBGENUS. CYPHOCRANA, Serville Mantis, Linn. Fabr, *Phasma*, Stoll. Fabr.

#### ORTHOPTERA.

SPECIES PHASMA (CYPHOCRANA):—green; mesothorax scabrous; wing covers small oval; wings, (with the costal area green) dirty fulvous with brown waves; legs spinose, yellowish green. Length seven inches. Expanse of the wings seven inches.

Donovan observed of his insect, that it was the largest species of this very extraordinary genus known, and that this specimen was from the island of Amboyna, where it was rare. It is, however, exceeded in size by the *Phasmu* (*Diura*) *Titan* of MacLeay, figured by Gray, in his beautiful Memoir of the Phasmidæ of New Holland.—*From Donovan's Insects of India.*

*Gleanings in Natural History.*

## APPARENT POWERS OF REASONING IN BIRDS.

IN places frequented by the common blackbird and thrush, you may sometimes see a stone, which may be called the butcher's-block of these birds. To this they carry the snails (*Helix aspersa*, *H. hortensis* and *memoralis*) which they collect, and which they seem to know that their bills, without the aid of such a fulcrum, would find some difficulty in piercing. A still higher effort of reflection, and it may be said of invention, is related by Mr. Yarrell ('British Birds,' vol. iii., p. 465) of a gull, which, for the first time, had made a lark its prey, but found some difficulty in devouring it. After several ineffectual efforts to swallow it, he paused for a moment; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he ran off at full speed to a pan of water, shook the bird about in it until well soaked, and immediately gulped it down without further trouble. Since that time he invariably has recourse to the same expedient in similar cases. It is amusing to observe the proceedings of the cormorant, shag (*Pelicanus carbo* *P. graculus*), and the loons (*Colymbi*), in dealing with the refractory subjects which they sometimes fish up in the course of their researches under water. If the prize be a crab, it is taken to the surface, and, fully aware of the danger in attempting to swallow it whole, it is there dropped, and a smart peck of the bill is made at the legs. These are either knocked off by the blow, or the crab is induced to throw them off, according to the known practice of these creatures when injured. Each of these is then seized and swallowed in succession; and the body, by this time become a mere lump, is gulped down last of all. A lance or shanny, if caught across the mouth or held by the tail, is flung aloft, and caught in a convenient posture as it falls. If the prey be a flounder or plaice, it is thrown on the surface, and pecked so violently as to break or dislocate the firm arrangement of transverse bones, and thus deprive the muscles of their strong contractile power, by which so rigid an obstruction was thrown in the way of swallowing. It is then rolled up into a cylinder, and easily disposed of. A close observer of nature informed me, that his attention was directed to a cormorant, which appeared to be much distended about the neck and throat; but, while watching its proceedings, the bird discovered his presence, and endeavoured to escape, by which means its attention became distracted, and an eel started from its jaws, and employed much effort to effect its retreat. Unwilling to lose so valuable a morsel, the bird pursued it, and was again successful; but it was not now in haste to ingulph its prey. Repeatedly and violently did it peck the fish through the whole of its length, and then again seized it across its bill; but, still finding it capable of too much activity, it continued to peck it, until the whole of its powers of contortion were subdued, and there was no farther risk of its again effecting an escape from its dungeon.—*Illustrations of Instinct*, by Jonathan Couch.

## MODE OF BREEDING LEECHES IN SCINDE.

THE breeding of leeches, even in Europe, is kept a secret in that quarter of the world. The breeding of them was at one period almost entirely confined to a tribe of gipsies, but the secret got known, and went abroad. In Great Britain, even to this day, the best descriptions of leeches are procured from the Continent. In Ceylon, where the variety of leeches is more numerous, perhaps, than in any part of the world, the propagation of the sort used in phlebotomy is made a secret of. In India, the leech-propagators do all they can to keep the knowledge to themselves. This has not, however, prevented one of our most accomplished naturalists and botanists from propagating these valuable reptiles with the greatest success, so much so, indeed, as to be a great saving to government in furnishing the hospitals. Major Blenheim is the gentleman to whom we allude, and to whom we take this opportunity of returning thanks for the perusal of his curious and very interesting paper on this subject. Burned earthen vessels, commonly called 'cottee pots,' are used for this purpose, of globular shape or form, being three feet in circumference, one ditto in height, and with mouth six inches in diameter, each pot being two-thirds filled with stiff black earth, containing a good portion of clay. To this add four handfuls of finely powdered dry goat or cow dung, two handfuls of dried hemp leaves, finely powdered, with two ounces of assafœtida. The vessel is then filled to within three inches of the mouth with water, and the whole mixed with a wand or stick. Leeches of full growth, and of the largest size, are required for propagation, varying, perhaps, from three to five inches in length, after being placed on, and glutted from, the human body. The leeches, to the number of nineteen or twenty, are put into each vessel; an earthen cover is then placed over the mouth; and the whole smeared over with a coating of cow dung and earth, and placed in a sheltered spot, free from wind and sun. After the space of twenty-five days or a month, on the cover being moved off, about twenty cocoons will be found, of the size of a sparrow's egg, and longer, and of a spongy nature. On being carefully torn open with the finger, from five to fifteen small leeches will emerge. All of these are then placed in a pot of water, into which a tablespoonful of sugar has been thrown. After ten days it is requisite to feed them with blood from the human body for a period of three months, when they will have obtained the usual size for application. During the warm months, after a respite of ten days or so, the breeding leeches can again be placed as above described. The leech appears to live about eighteen months, and any number can be procured in this way.—*Colonial Magazine*.

## EXTRAORDINARY INVASION OF LEECHES.

The young of the leech are produced from cocoons deposited by the mother towards the end of summer. The winter is passed by our common horse-leech in a state of torpidity, in the mud at the bottom of the ponds or ditches where it resides. This habit gave origin, on one occasion, to a somewhat singular scene, which we chanced to witness. On the morning of the 27th March, 1838, a part of the footway on one of the most crowded thoroughfares adjoining the town of Belfast, was so covered with leeches, that it was scarcely possible to walk without trampling them

under foot. So great was their abundance, that some of the passers-by remarked that it seemed as though a shower of leeches had fallen. They extended for about a hundred paces in this profusion; on both sides of this space they were less numerous. The phenomenon continued for the two following mornings, but with diminished numbers. A slight examination served to explain its cause. The ditch on the side of the fence which separated the footway from the adjacent fields had been cleaned out the preceding day. The leeches had been buried in the slime, and on this being placed on the top of the fence, they had struggled out, and spread themselves over the adjoining footway.—*Paterson's Introduction to Zoology.*

#### ANIMALS OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

Mr. J. W. Dawson observes (in 'Jameson's Journal,' No. 84), 'It may be remarked, in general, that there is no animal, frequenting in Europe the cultivated grounds, and either beneficial or noxious to man, which has not indigenous species in America—an exact representative, filling its place in the economy of nature, and often, in a natural historical point of view, closely related to it. This results from the general sameness of arrangement in the system of nature in the Old and New World; and if studied in its details, would form a subject of great interest to the zoologist and physical geographer.'

#### THE JOHN-CROW VULTURE.

From a memoir of this vulture (*Turkey buzzard*, Wilson; *Cathartes Aura*, *Vultur Aura*, Linn.; *Cathartes Aura*, Illiger) by R. Hill, Esq., of Spanish Town, we gather that the common opinion is erroneous which attributes to this bird a confinement of appetite to flesh in a state of decomposition. Flesh is his food; and that he does not pounce upon living prey, like the falcons, is because his structure is not adapted for predatory warfare, and not because he refuses recent and even living flesh, when in his power. If the John-Crow vulture discover a weakling new-born pig apart from the rest, he will descend, and, seizing it with his beak, will endeavour to drag it away: its cries may bring the mother, but before she can come, the vulture gives it a severe nip across the back, which soon cures the pig for his own maw. If a large hog be lying in a sick condition beneath a tree, the vulture will not hesitate to pick out its eyes. Cattle also he will attack under similar circumstances. One of Mr. Hill's servants once saw a living dog partly devoured by one. The dogs of the negroes, half-starved at home, 'bony, and gaunt, and grim,' if they discover carrion, will gorge themselves until they can hardly stir, when they lie down and sleep with death-like intensity. A large dog thus gorged was sleeping under a tree, when a John-Crow descended upon him, perhaps attracted by the smell of the carrion which the dog had been devouring, and began tearing the muscles of the thigh; it actually laid open a considerable space before the poor animal was aroused by the pain, and started up with a howl of agony. The wound was dressed, but the dog soon died.—*The Birds of Jamaica, by Philip Henry Gorse.*

## HUMMING BIRDS.

Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant cluster, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, may these little things be seen. In the garden or in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about—of all sizes, from one that might easily be mistaken for a different variety of bird, to the Hermit (*T. refigestus*), whose body is not half the size of the bees buzzing about the same sweets. The blossoms of the inga-tree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rosinhas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load, the day long. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport, with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues; then, starting off leisurely, they skim along, stopping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowerets. Often two meet in mid air, and furiously fight, their crests and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we saw them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed often to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes; again and again would they renew the attack, until their anger had expended itself by its own fury, or until the apathetic bee, once roused, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field. A boy in the city several times brought us humming-birds, alive, in a glass cage. He had brought them down while, standing motionless in the air, they rifled the flowers, by balls of clay blown from a hollowed tube.—*Voyage up the River Amazon.*

## PRODUCTIVENESS AND NURTURE OF SILK-WORMS.

The time that elapses while the worm is undergoing its changes varies according to the state of the weather and the quantity of nourishment with which it is supplied. The Chinese are most particular on this head, as on this depends the quantity of silk which the worm will produce. The Chinese calculate that the same number of insects which would, if they attained their full size in twenty-five days, produce twenty-five ounces of silk, would only yield twenty ounces if their growth occupied thirty days, and only ten if forty days. During the first twenty-four hours of its existence the Chinese feed it every half hour, or forty-eight times; the second day thirty times; and so on, reducing the meals as the worm grows.—*Martin's China.*

THE following gleanings from Natural History, we extract from the *Asiatic Society's Journal* for June.

“From Walter Elliot, Esq, Madras C. S. A living specimen of the Cheeta (or hunting Leopard,) *Felis Jubata*: a species, remarks Mr. Elliot, which is common,

though not plentiful, throughout Southern India, and which I have myself met with in the wild state, though I have not actually killed one.\* This one is quite tame, and may be handled with perfect freedom. I let him loose in my stables, and he plays about with the dogs and suffers himself to be tied up again without any difficulty."†

"From Walter Elliot, Esq., Madras C. S. Two Skins, male and female of the four-horned Antelope, sent as *Tetraceros Sub-quadricornis*, Elliot; the male having the anterior horns reduced to slight rudiments not visible above the hairy pelage of the brows. Nevertheless; it does not now appear to me that the animal is distinct from the common Bengal species, in which I find that the anterior horns very commonly remain permanently rudimental, as in an individual just dead which I have kept for more than a year, and in another which I formerly possessed and which is also now mounted in the Museum. These differed in no other respect whatever from a male which I still have living, but in which the anterior horns have attained their full development: and that the age of this and of the animal just dead was about the same, *i. e.* that they were kids of the same season, is indicated by their both shedding the blunt outer sheath of their horns at the same time. All are from the Rajmahl hills; and during the year and upwards that I have kept the animal just dead, its rudimental anterior horns did not increase in size. Capt. Hutton even writes me word: "Depend upon it all the four-horned Antelopes are *T. quadricornis*; the development of horns is very variable. I have one skull in which the posterior horns are 3 inches long; the right anterior horn is 1½ inch long and perfect, whereas the left horn is not quite 1 inch, forming a mere knob. I have been told," continues Captain Hutton, "by sportsmen who had often shot them, that the front horns are very often mere knobs, and that it is somewhat rare to get a perfect head in this respect." Mr. Elliot once sent me on loan a specimen with fully developed anterior horns from the Wynaad: but such individuals would seem to be rare in South India. Of his (so-termed) *Sub-quadricornis* he writes—"They are found throughout the Dekhan; the specimen now sent is from the Eastern ghats between Vellore and Cuddapah. I have also received young living specimens from the hills above Chittoor and Vellore on the borders of the Barahmah, which shows the distribution to be very general." The young might, however, be referable to either variety."

As. Society's Journal for June.

\* Since writing the note to vol. xvi. 1272, I have learned from Dr. R. Templeton, that the Leopard, and not *Felis Jubata* is the so-called "Tiger" of Ceylon.

† Mr. Elliot adds—"I had three kittens of *Felis rubiginosa* for you, but unluckily they all died. With reference to your Report in the March Journal, (p. 247 ante) I may remark on the subject of Cats, that I recently met with an undoubted hybrid between *Felis Chans* and the domestic Cat. The Lynx-like tail, the bars on the thighs, the patches of true *Chans* colour and fur, with the more variegated colour and white pelage of the domestic kind, were distinct and patent to the most careless observer."

## IV.—BIOGRAPHY.

*Madame De Genlis—from Lannartine's Girondists.*

IF the Prince himself had not a love of literature and a highly refined mind, he had sufficiently cultivated his mind to appreciate perfectly the pleasures of the understanding ; but the revolutionary feeling instinctively counselled him to surround himself with all the strength that might one day serve liberty. Early tired of the beauty and virtue of the Duchesse d'Orleans, he had conceived for a lovely, witty, insinuating woman a sentiment which did not enchain the caprices of his heart, but which controlled his inconsistency and directed his mind. This woman, then seducing, and since celebrated, was the Comtess de Sillery—Genlis, daughter of the Marquis Ducret de Saint Aubin, a gentleman of Charolais, without fortune. Her mother, who was still young and handsome, had brought her to Paris, to the house of M. de la Popelinier, a celebrated financier, whose old age she had taken captive. She educated her daughter for that doubtful destiny which awaits women on whom nature has lavished beauty and mind, and to whom society has refused their right position—adventuresses in society, sometimes raised, sometimes degraded.

The first masters formed this child by all the arts of mind and hand—her mother directed her to ambition. The second rate position of this mother at the house of her opulent protector, formed the child to the plasticity and adulation which her mother's domestic condition required and illustrated. At sixteen years of age her precocious beauty and musical talent caused her to be already sought in the *salons*. Her mother produced her there in the dubious publicity between the theatre and the world. An artiste for some. She was, with others, a well educated girl ; all were attracted by her ; old men forgot their age. Buffon called her "*ma fille*." Her relationship with Madame de Montesson, widow of the Duc d'Orleans, gave her a footing in the house of the young Prince, the Comte de Sillery—Genlis fell in love with her, and married her in spite of his family's opposition. Friend and confidant of the Duc d'Orleans, the Comte de Sillery obtained for his wife a place at the Court of the Duchesse d'Orleans. Time and her ability did the rest.

The Duke attached himself to her with the twofold power of admiration for her beauty and admiration of her superior understanding—the one empire confirmed the other. The complaints of the insulted Duchess only made the Duke more obstinate in his liking. He was governed, and desirous of having his feeling honoured. He announced it openly, merely seeking to colour it under the pretext of the education of his children. The Comtesse de Genlis followed at the same time the ambition of Courts and the reputation of literature, she wrote with elegance those light works which amuse a woman's idle hours, whilst they lead their hearts astray into imaginary amours. Romances, which are to the west, what opinion is to the Orientals, waking day-dreams had become necessities and events for the *salons*. Madame de Genlis wrote in a graceful style, and clothed her characters and ideas with a certain affectation of austerity which gave a becomingness to love. She moreover affected an universal acquaintance with the



Sciences, which made her sex disappear before the pretensions of her mind, and which recalled in her person those women of Italy who profess Philosophy with a veil over their countenances.

The Duc d'Orleans, an innovator in every thing, believed he had found in a woman the Mentor for his sons. He nominated her governor of his children. The Duchess, greatly annoyed, protested against this: the Court laughed, and the people were amazed. Opinion, which yields to all who brave it, murmured, and then was silent. The future proved that the father was right; the pupils of this Lady were not princes but men. She attracted to the *Palais Royal* all the dictators of public opinion. The first Club in France was thus held in the very apartments of a prince of the blood.

### *Madame de Staël.*

A young, but already influential female had lent to this latter party the *prestige* of her youth, her genius, and her enthusiasm—it was Madame de Staël. Necker's daughter, she had inspired politics from her birth. Her mother's *salon* had been the *cænaculum* of Philosophy of the 18th century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin de Saint Pierre Candoreet had played with this child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was that of the Revolution. Her father's popularity had played about her lips, and left there an inextinguishable thirst for fame. She sought it in the storms of the populace, in calumny and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart deeply impassioned. A man in her energy, a woman in her tenderness, that the ideal of her ambition should be satisfied, it was necessary for her to associate in the same character, genius, glory, and love.

Nature, education, and fortune rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a Philosopher and a hero. Born in a Republic, educated in a Court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to the literary world by talent, to the aristocracy by rank, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribune by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty unseen by the million, required intellect to be admired and admiration to be felt. Hers was not the beauty of form and features, but visible inspiration and the manifestation of passionate impulse, attitude, gesture, tone of voice, look—all obeyed her mind; and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes, flashing with fire, gave out from beneath their long lids as much tenderness as pride. Her look, so often lost in space, was followed by those who knew her, as if it were possible to find with her the inspiration she sought. That gaze, open, yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration. We felt that the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mind of tenderness of heart. Thus there was a secret love in all the admiration she excited; and she, in admiration, cared only for love. Love with her was but enlightened admiration.

Events rapidly ripened; ideas and things were crowded into her life, she had no infancy, at twenty-two years of age she had maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Capable of bold conceptions and complicated designs, she could contain in her bosom at the same time a lofty idea and a deep feeling. Like the women of old Rome who agitated the republic by the impulses of their hearts, or who exalted or depressed the empire with their love, she sought to mingle her feelings with her politics, and desired that the elevation of her genius should elevate him she loved. Her sex precluded her from that open action which public position, the tribune, or the army only accord to men in public governments; and thus she compulsorily remained unseen in the events she guided. To be the hidden destiny of some great man, to act through and by him, to grow with his greatness, be eminent in his name, was the sole ambition permitted to her—an ambition tender and devoted, which seduces a woman whilst it suffices to her disinterested genius. She could only be the mind and inspiration of some political man; she sought such a one, and in her delusion believed she had found him.

### *Memoir of Madame Roland. A Girondist.*

THERE is invariably a woman at the beginning of all great undertakings, one was requisite to the principle of the French Revolution. We may say that Philosophy found this woman in Madame Roland.

The historian, led away by the movement of the events which he retraces, should pause in the presence of this serious and touching figure, as passengers stopped to contemplate her sublime features and white dress on the tumbril which conveyed thousands of victims to death. To understand her we must trace her career from the *atelier* of her father to the scaffold. It is in a woman's heart that the germ of virtue lies; it is almost always in private life that the secret of public life is reposed.

## II.

Young, lovely, radiant with genius, recently married to a man of serious mind, who was touching on old age, and but recently mother of her first child, Madame Roland was born in that intermediary condition in which families scarcely emancipated from manual labour are, it may be said, amphibious between the labourer and the tradesman, and retain in their manners the virtues and simplicity of the people, whilst they already participate in the lights of society. The period in which aristocracies fall is that in which nations regenerate. The sap of the people is there. In this was born Jean Jacques Rousseau, the virile type of Madame Roland. A portrait of her when a child represents a young girl in her father's workshop, holding in one hand a book, and in the other an engraving tool. This picture is the symbolic definition of the social condition in which Madame Roland was born and the precise moment between the labour of her hands and her mind.

Her father, Gratien Philippon, was an engraver and painter in enamel. He joined to these two professions that of a trade in diamonds and jewels.

He was a man always aspiring higher than his abilities allowed, and a restless speculator, who incessantly destroyed his modest fortune in his efforts to extend it in proportion to his ambitious yearnings. He adored his daughter, and could not for her sake, content himself with the perspective of the workshop. He gave her an education of the highest degree, and nature had conferred upon her a heart for the most elevated destinies. We need not say what dreams, misery, and misfortunes men with such characters invariably bring upon their honest families.

The young girl grew up in this atmosphere of luxuriant imagination and actual wretchedness. Endowed with a premature judgment, she early detected these domestic miseries, and took refuge in the good sense of her mother from the illusions of her father and her own presentiments of the future.

Marguerite Bimont, (her mother's name) had brought her husband a calm beauty, and a mind very superior to her destiny, but angelic piety and resignation armed her equally against ambition and despair. The mother of seven children, who had all died in the birth, she concentrated in her only child all the love of her soul. Yet this very love guarded her from any weakness in the education of her daughter. She preserved the nice balance of her heart and her mind, of her imagination and her reason. The mould in which she formed this youthful mind was graceful, but it was of brass. It might have been said that she foresaw the destinies of her child, and infused into the mind of the young girl that masculine spirit which forms heroes and inspires martyrs.

Nature lent herself admirably to the task, and had endowed her pupil with an understanding even superior to her dazzling beauty. This beauty of her earlier years of which she has herself traced the principal features with infinite ingenuousness in the more sprightly pages of her *Memoirs*, was far from having gained the energy, the melancholy, and the majesty which she subsequently acquired from repressed love, high thought, and misfortune.

A tall and supple figure, flat shoulders, a prominent bust, raised by a free and strong respiration, a modest and most becoming demeanour, that carriage of the neck which bespeaks intrepidity, black and soft hair, blue eyes, which appeared brown in the depth of their reflection, a look which like her soul passed rapidly from tenderness to energy, the nose of a Grecian statue, a rather large mouth, opened by a smile as well as speech, splendid teeth, a turned and well rounded chin gave to the oval of her features that voluptuous and feminine grace without which even beauty does not elicit love, a skin marbled with the animation of life, and veined by blood, which the least impression sent mounting to her cheeks, a tone of voice which borrowed its vibrations from the deepest fibres of her heart, and which was deeply modulated to its finest movements (a precious gift, for the tone of the voice, which is the channel of emotion in a woman, is the medium of persuasion in the orator, and by both these titles nature owed her the charm of voice, and had bestowed it on her freely). Such at eighteen years of age was the portrait of this young girl, whom obscurity long kept in the shade, as if to prepare for life or death a soul more strong, and a victim more perfect.

### III.

Her understanding lightened this beauteous frame-work with a precocious and flashing intelligence which was already inspiration. She acquired, as it were, the most difficult accomplishments, even from looking into their very elements.

What is taught to her age and sex was not sufficient for her. The masculine education of men was a wanton sport to her. Her powerful mind had need of all the means of thought for its due exercise. Theology, history, philosophy, music, painting, dancing, the exact sciences, chemistry, foreign tongues, and learned languages, she learned all and desired more. She herself formed her ideas from all the rays which the obscurity of her condition allowed to penetrate into the laboratory of her father. She even secreted the books which the young apprentices brought and forgot for her in the workshop. Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquien, and the English philosophers, fell into her hands; but her real food was Plutarch.

"I shall never forget," she said "the Lent of 1763, during which I every day carried that book to church, instead of the Book of Prayers; it was from this moment that I date the impressions and ideas which made me republican, when I had never formed a thought on the subject." After Plutarch, Fénelon made the deepest impression upon her. Tasso and the Poets followed. Heroism, virtue, and love were destined to pour from their three vases at once into the soul of a woman destined to this triple palpitation of grand impressions.

In the midst of this fire in her soul her reason remained calm, and her purity spotless. She scarcely owned to the slightest and fugitive emotions of the heart and senses.

"When as I read behind the screen which closed up my chamber from my father's apartment," she writes, "my breathing was at all loud, I felt a burning blush overspread my cheeks, and my altered voice would have betrayed my agitation. I was Eucharis to Telemachus, and Herminia to Tancréd, yet, transformed as I was into them, I never thought myself of becoming anything to anybody. I made no reflection that individually affected me. I sought nothing around me; it was a dream without awaking. Yet I remember having beheld with much agitation a young painter named Taboral, who called on my father occasionally. He was about twenty years of age, with a sweet voice, intelligent countenance, and blushed like a girl. When I heard him in the *atelier*, I had always a pencil or something to look after; but as his presence embarrassed as much as it pleased me, I went away quicker than I entered, with a palpitating heart, a tremor that made me run and hide myself in my little room."

Although her mother was very pious, she did not forbid her daughter from reading. She wished to inspire her with religion, and not enforce it upon her. Full of good sense and toleration, she left her with confidence to her reason, and sought neither to repress nor dry up the sap which would hereafter produce its fruit in her heart. A servile, not voluntary religion, appeared to her degradation and slavery which God could not accept as a tribute worthy of him; the pensive mind of her daughter natu-

rally tended towards the great objects of eternal happiness or misery, and she was sure at an earlier age than any other, to plunge deeply into their mysteries. The reign of sentiment began in her through the love of God. The sublime delirium of her pious contemplations embellished and preserved the first years of her youth, composed the rest by her philosophy, and seemed as if it must preserve her for ever from the tempests of passion. Her devotion was ardent; it took the tints of her soul, and she aspired to the cloister, and dreamed of martyrdom. Entering a convent, she found there propitious moments, surrendering her thoughts to mysticism and her heart to first friendships. The monotonous regularity of this life gently soothed the activity of her meditations. In the hours of relaxation she did not play with her companions, but retired beneath some tree to read and muse. As sensitive as Rousseau to the beauty of foliage, the rustling of the grass, the odour of the herbs, she admired the hand of God, and kissed it in his works. Overflowing with gratitude and inward delight, she went to adore him at church. There the sonorous organ's lengthened peal, uniting with the voices of the youthful nuns, completed the excess of her ecstasy. The Catholic religion has every mysterious fascination for the senses, and pleasure for the imagination. A novice took the veil during her residence in the convent. Her presentation at the entrance, her white veil, her crown of roses, the sweet and soothing hymns which directed her from earth to heaven, the mortuary cloth cast over her youthful and buried beauty, and over her palpitating heart, made the young artist shudder, and overwhelmed her with tears. Her destiny opened to her, the image of great sacrifices, and felt within herself, by anticipation, all the courage and the suffering.

#### IV.

The charm and custom of these religious feelings were never effaced from her mind. Philosophy, which soon became her worship, dissipated her faith, but left the impression it had created. She could not assist at the ceremonies of a worship whose mysteries her reason had repudiated, without feeling their attraction and respect. The sight of weak men united to adore and pray to the Father of the human race affected her sensibly. The music raised her to the skies. She quitted these Christian temples happier and better; so much are the recollections of infancy reflected and prolonged even in the most troubled existence.

This impassioned state for infinity and pious sentiment continued their influences over her after her return to her father's house. "My father's house had not," she writes, "the solitary tranquillity of the convent, still plenty of air, and a wide space on the roof of our house near the *Pont Neuf*, were before my dreamy and romantic imagination. How many times from my window, which looked northward, have I contemplated with emotion, the vast deserts of heaven, its glorious azure vault, so splendidly framed from the blue dawn of morning, behind the *Pont-due-change*, until the golden sunset, when the glorious purple faded away behind the trees of the *Champs Elysies* and the houses of Chaillot. I did not fail thus to employ some moments at the close of a fine day, and quiet tears frequently stole deliciously from my eyes, whilst my heart, throbbing with

an inexpressible sentiment, happy thus to beat, and grateful to exist, offered to the Being of beings a homage pure and worthy of Him.”

Alas! when she wrote these lines, she no longer saw, but in her mind, that narrow strip of the heaven of Paris; and the remembrance of those glorious evenings only illumined with a fugitive gleam the walls of her dungeon.

## V.

But she was then happy, between her aunt Angelique and her mother, in what she calls the beautiful quarter of the Isle Saint Louis. On these straight quays, on this tranquil bank, she took the air on summer evenings, watching the graceful course of the river, and the distant landscape. In the morning she traversed these quays with holy zeal, in order to go to church, and that she might not meet in this lone road anything to distract her attention. Her father, who liked her lofty studies, and was intoxicated at his daughter's success, was still desirous of initiating her in his own craft, and made her begin to engrave. She learned to handle the *buzin*, and succeeded in this as in every thing else. As yet she did not derive any salary from it; but at the fête of her grand father and grand mother, she presented to them as her offering, sometimes a head, which she had applied herself to execute for this express purpose, sometimes a small brass plate, highly polished, on which she had engraved emblems or flowers; and they in return gave her ornaments or something for her toilette, for which she confesses always to have been anxious.

This state, natural to her age and sex, did not, however, distract her from the more humble domestic duties. She was not ashamed, after appearing on Sundays at Church, or walking out elegantly dressed, to put on during the week a cotton gown, and go to market with her mother. She used even to go out to shops in their neighbourhood to buy parsley or salad, which had been forgotten. Although she felt herself somewhat humiliated by these domestic cares, which brought her down from the eminence of her Plutarch and visionary wanderings, she combined so much grace, and so much natural dignity, that the fruit-woman used to take pleasure in serving her before her other customers; and the first comers took no offence at this preference. This young girl, this future Héloïse of the eighteenth century, who read serious books, who expounded the circles of the celestial globe, handled the pencil and *buzin*, and in whose soul aspiring thoughts and impassioned feelings already found space, was often called into the kitchen to prepare the vegetables for dinner. This mixture of serious shades, elegant research, and domestic occupations, ordered and sensibly mingled by her mother's sagacity, seemed to prepare her already for the vicissitude of fortune, and in after days helped her to support them. It was Rousseau at Charmettes piling up the woodstack of Madame de Warens with the hand which was to write the *Contrat Social*, or Philopœmen chopping his wood.

## VI.

From the retirement of such secluded life. She sometimes perceived the higher world which shone above her, the lights which displayed to her this great world offended, more than they dazzled her sight. The

pride of this aristocratic society, which saw, without valuing her, weighed on her sensitive mind—a society in which her position was not assigned to her, seemed badly framed. It was less envy than justice that revolted in her. Superior beings have their places marked out by nature, and every thing that keeps them from occupying them, seems to them an usurpation. They find society frequently the reverse of nature, and take their revenge by despising it; from this arises the hatred of genius against power. Genius dreams of an order of things, in which the ranks should be marked out by nature and virtue; whilst in reality they are almost always derived from birth—that blind allotment of fate. There are few great minds which do not feel in their earliest progress the persecution of fortune, and who do not begin by an internal revolt against society. They are only quieted by their own discouragement. Some are resigned from a more lofty feeling to the place which God assigns to them. To put up with the world humbly is still more beautiful than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day, Philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery, or death. These are days when the most elevated place in the world is a scaffold.

## VII.

The young maiden, once conducted by her grandmother to an aristocratic house of which her humble parents were *free*, was deeply hurt at the tone of condescending superiority with which her grandmother and herself were treated. "My pride took alarm," she writes, "my blood boiled more than usual, and I blushed violently. I no longer inquired of myself why this lady was seated on a sofa, and my grandmother on a low stool; but my feelings led to such reflection, and I saw the end of the visit with satisfaction as if a weight was taken off my mind."

Another time she was taken to pass eight days at Versailles, in the palace of that king and queen whose throne she was one day to sap. Lodged in the attics with one of the female domestics of the Chateau, she was a close observer of this royal luxury, which she believed was paid for by the misery of the people, and *that* grandeur of things founded on the servility of courtiers. The lavishly spread tables, the walks, the play, presentations all passed before her eyes in the pomp and vanity of the world. These ceremonious details of power were repugnant to her mind, which fed on philosophy, truth, liberty, and the virtue of the olden time. The obscure names, the humble attire of the relatives who took her to see all this, only procured for her mere passing looks and a few words, which meant more protection than favour. The feeling that her youth, beauty, and merit, were unperceived by this crowd, who only adored favour or etiquette, oppressed her mind. The philosophy, natural pride, imagination, and fixedness of her soul were all wounded during this sojourn. "I preferred," she says, "the statutes in the gardens to the personages of the palace," and her mother inquiring if she were pleased with her visit—"Yes," was her reply, "if it be soon ended; for else, in a few more days I shall so much detest all the persons I see, that I should not know what to do with my hatred." What harm have they done you? inquired her mother. "To make me feel injustice, and

look upon absurdity." As she contemplated these splendours of the despotisms of Louis XIV., which were drooping into corruption, she thought of Athens, but forgot the death of Socrates, the exile of Aristides, the condemnation of Phocion. "I did not then foresee," she writes, in melancholy mood, as she pens these lines—"that destiny reserved me to be the witness of crimes such as those of which they were the victims, and to participate in the glory of their martyrs, after having professed their principles."

Thus, the imagination, character, and studies of this girl prepared her, unknown to herself, for the republic. Her religion alone, then so powerful over her, restrained her within the bounds of that resignation, which submits the thoughts to the will of God. But philosophy became her creed, and this creed formed a portion of her politics, the emancipation of the people united itself in her mind with the emancipation of ideas. She believed, by overturning thrones, that she was working for man; and by overthrowing altars, that she was labouring for God. Such is the confession which she herself made of her change.

#### VIII.

However the young girl had already attracted many suitors for her hand. Her father wished to marry her in the class to which he himself belonged. He loved, esteemed commerce, because he considered it the source of wealth. His daughter despised it, because it was, in her eyes, the source of avarice and the food of cupidity. Men in this condition of life were repugnant to her. She desired in a husband ideas and feelings sympathising with her own. Her ideal was a soul and not a fortune. "Brought up from my infancy in connexion with the great men of all ages, familiar with lofty ideas and illustrious examples—had I lived with Plato, with all the philosophers, all the poets, all the politicians of antiquity, merely to unite myself with a shopkeeper, who would neither appreciate nor feel any thing as I did?"

She who wrote these lines was at that moment demanded in marriage of her parents by a rich butcher of the neighbourhood. She refused every offer. "I will not descend from the world of my noble chimeras," she replied to the incessant remonstrances of her father; "what I want is not a position but a mind. I will die single rather than prostitute my own mind in an union with a being with whom I have no sympathies."

Deprived of her mother by an early death, alone in the house of a father, where disorder was the consequence of a second *amour*, melancholy gained possession of her mind, though it did not overcome it. She became more collected and reserved, in order to strengthen her feelings against isolation and misfortune. The perusal of the *Heloise* of Rousseau, which was lent to her about that time, made on her heart the same impression that Plutarch had made on her mind. Plutarch had shown her liberty; Rousseau made her dream of happiness; the one fortified, the other weakened her. She found the earnest desire of pouring forth her feelings. Melancholy was her rigid muse. She began to write, in order to console herself in the nurture of her own thoughts; without any intention of becoming an authoress, she acquired by these solitary trials that eloquence with which she subsequently animated her friends.



## IX.

Thus gradually ripened this patient and resolute mind, working on towards its destiny, when she believed she had found the man of the olden time of whom she had so long dreamed. This man was *Roland de la Platiere*.

He was introduced to her by one of her early friends, married at Amiens, where Roland then carried on the functions of inspector of manufactures. "You will receive this letter," wrote her friend, "by the hand of the philosopher of whom I have spoken to you already, M. Roland, an enlightened man of antique manners; without reproach, except for his passion for the ancients, his contempt of his age, and his too high estimation of his own virtue." "This portrait," she adds, "was just and well depicted. I saw a man nearly fifty years of age tall, careless in his attitude, with that kind of awkwardness which a solitary life always produces, but his manners were easy and winning and without possessing the elegance of the world they united the politeness of the well-bred man to the seriousness of the philosopher. He was very thin, with a complexion much tanned, his brow, already covered by very little hair and very broad, did not detract from his regular but unattractive features. He had, however, a pleasing smile, and his features an animated play which gave them a totally different appearance when he was excited in speaking or listening. His voice was manly, his mode of speech brief, like a man with shortened breath, conversation full of matter, because his head was full of ideas, occupied the mind more than it flattered the ear. His language was sometimes striking, but harsh and inharmonious. This charm of the voice is a gift very rare, and most powerful over the senses," she adds "and does not merely depend on the quality of the sound, but equally upon that delicate sensibility, which varies the expression by modifying the accent." This is enough to assure us that Roland had not this charming gift.

(*To be continued.*)

*The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S., Author of the "History of Europe." 8vo. Edinburgh, Blackwoods.*

WE shall avail ourselves of this comparatively unconnected character, and abstain from any attempt at compressing into the brief space at our disposal a regular sketch of the military career of Marlborough. Written chiefly with a view to professional readers, or to young aspirants to the military profession, and abounding with technical details of tactics and manœuvres, and all the minutiae of military plans and arrangements, its interest for the general reader is far less than would be expected in so adventurous a life. One of its greatest attractions will be found to consist in parallelisms between the career of Marlborough and that of the distinguished commanders of his own and of later times with which it abounds. Mr. Alison's previous historical studies had prepared him for this view of the subject; and in many of these comparative sketches he has been eminently

successful. We may instance the following account of Marlborough's (then Churchill) desertion of James II. to attach himself to William :

" But Churchill did not do this, and thence has arisen an ineffaceable blot on his memory. He did not relinquish the service of the infatuated monarch ; he retained his office and commands, but he employed the influence and authority thence derived, to ruin his benefactor. Information was sent to James, that he was not to be trusted ; but so far were those representations from having inspired any doubts of his fidelity, that that deluded monarch, when the Prince of Orange landed, confided to him the command of a corps of five thousand men destined to oppose his progress, and raised him to the rank of Lieutenant-general. He led this force in person as far as Salisbury to meet William, who was advancing through Devonshire. And yet he had before that written to William a letter, still extant, in which he expressed entire devotion to his cause. Nay, he at this time, if we may believe his panegyrist, Ledyard, signed a letter, along with several other peers, addressed to the Prince of Orange, inviting him to come over, and had actually concluded with Major-general Kirk, who commanded at Axminster, a convention, for the seizure of the king and giving him up to his hostile son-in-law. James was secretly warned that Churchill was about to betray him, but he refused to believe it of one from whom he had hitherto experienced such devotion, and was only awakened from his dream of security by learning that his favorite had gone over, with the Duke of Grafton and the principal officers of his regiment, to the Prince of Orange. Not content with this, he shortly after employed his influence with his own regiment, and others stationed near London, to induce them to desert James and join the invading candidate for the throne. Nay, it was his arguments, joined to those of his wife, which induced James's own daughter, the Princess Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, to detach themselves from the cause of the falling monarch ; and drew from that unhappy sovereign the mournful exclamation, ' My God ! my very children have forsaken me.' Thus his example was the signal for a general defection, not only of those who were openly hostile to James, but even of those who were connected with him by blood.

" In what does this conduct differ from that of Labedoyère, who at the head of the garrison of Grenoble, deserted to Napoleon when sent out to oppose him ?—or Lavalette, who employed his influence, as postmaster under Louis XVIII., to forward the Imperial conspiracy ?—or Marshal Ney, who, after promising at the Tuileries to bring the ex-emperor back in an iron cage, no sooner reached the royal camp at Melan, than he issued a proclamation calling on the troops to desert the Bourbons, and mount the tricolor cockade ? Nay, is not Churchill's conduct, in a moral point of view, worse than that of Ney ? for the latter abandoned the trust reposed in him by a new master, forced upon an unwilling nation, to rejoin his old benefactor and companion in arms ; but the former betrayed the trust reposed in him by his old master and tried benefactor, to range himself under the banner of a competitor for the throne, to whom he was bound neither by duty nor obligation. And yet, such is often the inequality of crimes and punishments in this world, that Churchill was raised to the pinnacle of greatness by the very conduct which consigned Ney, with justice, so far as his conduct is concerned, to an ignominious death.

" Treason ne'er prospers ; for when it does,  
None dare call it treason."

The most interesting portions of Mr. Alison's book, as we said, are his sketches of the great military commanders of modern times. Here is his Charles XII. of Sweden :

" This extraordinary man approached closer than any warrior of modern times to the great men of antiquity. More nearly than even Napoleon, he realised the heroes of Plutarch. A Stoic in pacific, he was a Caesar in military life. He had all their virtues, and a considerable share of their barbarism. Achilles did not surpass him in the thirst for warlike renown, nor Hannibal in the perseverance of his character and the fruitfulness of his resources ; like Alexander, he would have wept because a

world did not remain to conquer. Almost unconquerable by fatigue, resolute in determination, and a lion in heart, he knew no fear but that of his glory being tarnished. Endowed by nature with a dauntless soul, a constitution of iron, he was capable of undergoing a greater amount of exertion than any of his soldiers. At the siege of Stralsund, when some of his officers were sinking under the exhaustion of protracted watching, he desired them to retire to rest, and himself took their place. Outstripping his followers in speed, at one time he rode across Germany, almost alone, in an incredibly short space of time : at another, he defended himself for days together, at the head of a handful of attendants, in a barricaded house, against twenty thousand Turks. Wrapt up in the passion for fame, he was insensible to the inferior desires which usually rouse or mislead mankind. Wine had no attractions, women no seductions for him : he was indifferent to personal comforts or accommodations ; his fare was as simple, his dress as plain, his lodging as rude as those of the meanest of his followers. To one end alone his attention was exclusively directed, on one acquisition alone his heart was set. Glory, military glory, was the ceaseless object of his ambition ; all lesser desires were concentrated in this ruling passion ; for this he lived, for this he died.

" That his military abilities were of the very highest order, may be judged of by the fact that, with the resources of the poor monarchy of Sweden, at that period containing less than two millions of inhabitants, he long arrested the efforts of a coalition composed of Russia, Denmark, and Poland, headed by the vast capacity and persevering energy of Peter the Great, and backed by not less than forty millions of subjects under its various sovereigns. Nor let it be said that these nations were rude in the military art, and unfit to contend in the field with the descendants of the followers of Gustavus Adolphus. The Danes are the near neighbours and old enemies of the Swedes ; their equals in population, discipline, and warlike resources. Thirty years had not elapsed since the Poles had delivered Europe from Mussulman bondage by the glorious victory of Vienna, gained under John Sobieski, over two hundred thousand Turks. Europe has since had too much reason to know what are the military resources of Russia, against which all the power of Western Europe, in recent times, has been so signally shattered : and though the soldiers of Peter the Great were very different, in point of discipline, from those that repelled the legions of Napoleon, yet their native courage was the same, and they were directed by an energy and perseverance, on the part of the Czar, which never has been exceeded in warlike annals. What, then, must have been the capacity of the sovereign who, with the resources of a monarchy not equalling those of Scotland at this time, could gain such extraordinary success over so powerful a coalition, from the mere force of military ability, indefatigable energy, and heroic determination !

" Charles, however, had many faults. He was proud, overbearing, and self-willed. Like all men of powerful original genius, he was confident in his own opinion, and took counsel from none ; but, unfortunately, he often forgot also to take counsel from himself. He did not always weigh the objections against his designs with sufficient calmness to give them fair play, or allow his heroic followers a practical opportunity of crowning his enterprises with success. He had so often succeeded against desperate, and apparently hopeless odds, that he thought himself invincible, and rushed headlong into the most dreadful perils, with no other preparation to ward them off but his own calmness in danger, his inexhaustible fecundity of resources, and the undaunted courage, as well as patience of fatigue and privation, with which he had inspired his followers. It is surprising, however, how often he was extricated from his difficulties by such means. Even in his last expedition against Russia, which terminated in the disaster of Pultowa, he would, to all appearance, have been successful, had the Tartar chief, Mazeppa, proved faithful to his engagement. Lake Hannibal, his heroic qualities had inspired a multifarious army—*colluvies omnium gentium*—with one homogeneous spirit, and rendered them subject to his discipline, faithful to his standard, obedient to his will. But in some particulars his private character was still more exceptionable, for it was stained by the vices as well as adorned with the virtues of the savage character. Though not habitually cruel, he was stern, vindictive, and implacable ; and his government was sullied by acts of atrocious barbarity at which humanity shudders, and which must ever leave an indelible blot on his memory."

The sketch of Peter the Great is less graphic, and descends much less into detail.

"Peter the Great, who gained this astonishing and decisive success, was one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the theatre of public affairs. He was nothing by halves. For good or for evil he was gigantic. Vigour seems to have been the great characteristic of his mind; but it was often fearfully disfigured by passion, and he was not unfrequently misled by the example of more advanced states. To elevate Russia to an exalted place among nations, and give her the influence which her vast extent and physical resources seemed to put within her reach, was, throughout life, the great object of his ambition; and he succeeded in it to an extent which naturally acquired for him the unbounded admiration of mankind. His overthrow of the Strelitzes, long the Prætorian guards and terror of the Czars of Muscovy, was effected with a vigour and stained by a cruelty similar to that with which Sultan Mahommed, a century after, destroyed the Janissaries at Constantinople. The sight of a young and despotic sovereign leaving the glittering toys and real enjoyments of royalty to labour in the dock-yards of Saardem with his own hands, and instruct his subjects in ship-building by first teaching himself, was too striking and remarkable not to excite universal attention. And when the result of this was seen,—when the Czar was found introducing among his subjects the military discipline, naval architecture, nautical skill, as well as other arts and warlike institutions of Europe, and in consequence long resisting and at length destroying the mighty conqueror who had so long been the terror of Northern Europe, the astonishment of men knew no bounds. He was celebrated as at once the Solon and Scipio of modern times; and literary servility, vying with great and disinterested admiration, extolled him as one of the greatest heroes and benefactors of his species who had ever appeared among men."

The character of Prince Eugene, however, is of more importance, as bearing more directly on that of the subject of this biography.

"He had none of the methodical prudence of Turenne, Marlborough, or Villars. His genius was entirely different; it was more akin to that of Napoleon, when he was reduced to counterbalance inferiority of numbers by superiority of skill. The immortal campaigns of 1796 in Italy, and of 1814 in Champagne, bear a strong resemblance to those of Eugene. Like the French Emperor, his strokes were rapid and forcible; his *coup-d'œil* was at once quick and just; his activity indefatigable; his courage undaunted; his resources equal to any undertaking. He did not lay much stress on previous arrangements, and seldom attempted the extensive combinations which enabled Marlborough to command success; but dashed fearlessly on, trusting to his own resources to extricate him out of any difficulty—to his genius, in any circumstances, to command victory.

"Yet was this daring disposition not without peril. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of less capacity, would unquestionably have proved so. But in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigour with which he extricated himself from the toils: and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost. He was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his successes; but he was still more lavish of his own, and never failed to share the hardships and dangers of the meanest of his followers. Engaged during his active life in thirteen pitched battles, in all he fought like a common soldier. He was in consequence repeatedly, sometimes dangerously, wounded; and it was extraordinary that he escaped the reiterated perils to which he was exposed. He raised the Austrian monarchy by his triumphs to the very highest pitch of glory, and finally broke the power of the Turks, the most persevering and not the least formidable of its enemies. But the enterprises which his genius prompted the Cabinet of Vienna to undertake, were beyond the strength of the hereditary states; and for nearly a century after, it accomplished nothing worthy either of its growing resources, or of the military renown which he had achieved for it."

We would gladly make room for the sketch which Mr. Alison gives of the military history of Frederick of Prussia ; but we must be content with the summary of his characteristics as a general, with which it concludes :

" No laboured character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals,—if Hannibal be expected, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful : on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that even a respite in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He had no parliament or coalition to consider, no adverse faction was on the watch to convert casual disaster into the means of ruin. He was at liberty to take counsel only from his own heroic breast. He could protract the struggle, however, by no other means but strong and vigorous strokes, and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without the risk of receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skilful use of an interior line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous course; and none had ever greater magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times."

There is great vigour, and considerable originality, in the parallel of his career with that of Napoleon :

" The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is Napoleon. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no resemblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube at the head of one hundred and eighty thousand men, invading Russia with five hundred thousand, or overrunning Spain with three hundred thousand, and Frederick the Great, with thirty thousand or forty thousand, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy in 1796, in Saxony in 1813, and in the plain of Champagne in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack, to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an interior line of communication. His immortal campaign in France in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with seventy thousand men against two hundred and fifty thousand enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the Coalition. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonoured throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different : the one transmitted an honoured and aggrandised throne to his successors ; the other, overthrown and disrowned, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit : the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment or fate of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendour of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds, as a general, were more extraordinary than those of the French emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six."

We wish it were possible to make room for one other parallel, that of Marlborough and Wellington. The reader will anticipate Mr. Alison's verdict; but the sketch is so elaborate, and so comprehensive, that it will well repay perusal. We can only venture on one or two passages.

"If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—Wellington. Their political and military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of a coalition, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing the jealousies and stifling the selfishness of these nations; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation; which ever frets at the cost of wars that its political position renders unavoidable, or that in its ambitious spirit it had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any further demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged, was waged against the inclination and, in appearance at least, against the interests of a large and powerful party at home, who sympathised, from political feeling, with their enemies, and were ready to decry every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own countryman. The Tories were to Marlborough precisely what the Whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over those of the adjoining states, had come to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and against whom there had at last been formed a general coalition, to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

"But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars, not less material, their situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties in the field to struggle with approaching those which beset Wellington. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch government, his force was generally almost equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly of a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any further or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbours. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea at the very first encounter.

"Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both laboured of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough; and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy than his great predecessor. The intrepid advance

and fight at Assaye ; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809 ; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812 ; the actions before Bayonne in 1813 ; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise : he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene : Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough : his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were at least equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them but from necessity, or when encouraged by a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington, in seven, fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.”

But we have already exceeded our limits, and we must abstain from further extracts. As the interest of the work lies chiefly in its military details, we have avoided altogether the political history with which it is interwoven. It is coloured, we need hardly say, by the same political views which characterise Mr. Alison's *History of Europe*. We should not omit to add, that a chapter was added on the Treaty of Utrecht, with a view to the illustration of the questions lately raised in the discussion of the Montpensier marriage. The recent changes in French affairs, however, have gone far to deprive it of all the practical interest with which it was previously invested by the supposed policy of Louis Phillippe in the arrangement of this ill-starred alliance.—*Rambler for April*.

*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography : in Four Books. By John Forster. Bradbury and Co.*

THIS is a real biography—on a new, and to our thinking a good, principle. The title at the first glance has somewhat the air of intending fictitious narrative—and we are led to think of *Oliver Twist* rather than *Oliver Goldsmith*. Custom has hitherto confined titles of this description to the surprising adventures of ingenious worthies like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Roderic Random*, *Joseph Andrews*, and *Ferdinand Count Fathom* ; but Mr. Forster has extended the range of application, and in the biography before us has given with all the ease and simplicity of fiction the known incidents (and very wonderful they are) in the life of a really English worthy (or Irish if you will)—the poet of ‘*The Deserted Village*’—the author of ‘*The Vicar of Wakefield*’—and the ingenious writer (no small praise) of ‘*The Story of Goody Two Shoes*.’

It has been a fashion to suppose that Mr. Prior in his two thick and industrious volumes had exhausted the story of Goldsmith's life,—and left little or nothing for future biographers to relate not already comprehended in his own work. But Mr. Prior, with all his industry (and too great praise cannot be awarded for so much and such successful labour), has been little more than a pioneer in biography. He has collected the materials from which others must rear the structure. In the Life which bears his well-known name we find—as in Nichols's ‘*Literary Anecdotes*’—a heap of chronological yet ill-put-together matter, which (as far as our experience goes) few have ever been found able to digest.

But Mr. Forster has shown a healthy appetite for the raw material collected by Mr. Prior,—and in the work before us given proof of what Warburton would have called a good digestion. He exhibits, too, a thorough understanding of the period (literary and political) in which Goldsmith lived—and an industry in research in every way worthy of Mr. Prior himself.

With all our esteem, however, for Mr. Forster's work, our regret is still undiminished that the right of an ignorant bookseller should have prevented Dr. Johnson from writing the life of the friend whom he knew and appreciated so thoroughly. How many little anecdotes of Goldsmith's career and character must have perished with Samuel Johnson! Boswell has preserved incidentally a few—sufficient to excite a longing curiosity for more. Who would not like to know the story "at large" of Johnson's friendly interference in the matter of 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—the history of the last glass of the bottle of Madeira—and the reason for what appears to us the unaccountable delay between the sale of the work and the date of its appearance? What a monster would Savage have seemed in our eyes without Johnson's Life (apology, or vindication, if you please) of his early friend! In Birch's hands, the story had been as dry as a seedsman's catalogue; in Johnson's telling, it is a narrative which rivets, as in Reynolds's case, the elbow to the mantle-piece till it be done and the arm is found immovable from sleep.

It is quite clear that "magnanimous Goldsmith, the gooseberry fool," should have always spoken with the pen in his hand. While holding it he never committed a blunder; without it he indulged in many—innocent enough, but still injurious to the welfare and worldly position of the man. It was generally believed and circulated that he was a mere fool in conversation. Walpole called him "an inspired idiot"—and Garrick, in one of his odd couplets, describes him as

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————— for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

Cumberland exclaimed, "He does not know the difference of a turkey from a goose."—"Sir," shouted Johnson, "he knows nothing—he has made up his mind about nothing."—"Of all solemn coxcombs," says Joe Warton, writing to his brother Tom, "Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible—but affects to use Johnson's hard words." Boswell confirms Warton's last observation. "To me," says Boswell, "and to many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though indeed upon a smaller scale." All his friends seem to have been unanimous in the low estimate which they formed of Goldsmith's powers of conversation. Yet he sometimes said very happy things:—for instance, in reference to Johnson, when he said that should he (Doctor *Major*) chance to write an 'Animated Nature,' he would make his little fishes speak like large whales;—and, again, in the happy application to Johnson of a saying in Cibber, that (alluding to his powers of conversation) "whenever his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt end." He had also unhappy sayings,—of which his story of the peas of a bad colour being sent to Hammersmith to make 'em green, instead of to turn 'em green (Turnham Green), was the most ludicrous—and that of his Malagrida



compliment to Lord Shelburne was perhaps the most innocently offensive and yet the greatest blunder ever committed in conversation by a really great man. "I wonder," said this awkward compliment-maker—sitting next to Lord Shelburne at Drury Lane, and sincerely wishing to pay court with a compliment—"I wonder they should call your Lordship *Malagrida*, for Malagrida was a very good sort of a man." Another of his numerous blunders is recorded by Mr. Forster, from the communication of Mr. Rogers, the poet.—

"The poet of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' interested in all that concerned the elder poet whose style he made the model for his own finished writings, knew Cooke well in the latter days of his life, and gives a curious illustration of the habit he then had fallen into when he spoke of his celebrated friend. 'Sir,' he said, on Mr. Rogers asking him what Goldsmith really was in conversation, 'he was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a bad shilling, he'd say, Why it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*. You know he ought to have said *coined*. *Coined*, sir, never entered his head. He was a fool, sir.'"

Let us look at Goldsmith as we will—as a sizar at Dublin—a poor medical student at Edinburgh—or a poorer tutor in an academy at Peckham—as a traveller, "remote and unfriended," supporting himself (in France, Switzerland, and Italy) by his powers of academic disputation and the more attractive and useful fascinations of his flute—at London in Green Arbour Court, as the "hack" of harsh Mr. Griffiths, the bookseller—or at Canonbury, a little better off, as one of kind Mr. Newbery's superior writers—as "Scroggen" in distress, or as "Goldy" himself in his bloom-coloured coat—he is still imperishably interesting. All the little stories that are told of his inordinate vanity record but harmless ignorances—the simple thoughts of a grown-up child. He was, in short, an Irish John Gay—a poet whom he resembles in very many points, not of poetry but of personal character. Goldsmith would have made as good a gentleman-usher to the young Princess Lousia, and would have written better fables for the entertainment of the infant Duke of Cumberland. It was with him, as with Gay:—"you are too volatile," said Swift, fully appreciating his friend's character; "any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." The love of bloom-coloured coats was one of Gay's failing, as of Goldsmith's: and what was said by Pope of the one is equally applicable to the other—

Of manners gentle and affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

But Gay, there is reason to believe, was not jealous—which Goldsmith certainly was.

Poets have sickened at a dancer's praise;  
And, one, the happiest writer of his time,  
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime,—  
That Rutland's Duchess wore a heavenly smile,—  
"And I," said he, "neglected all the while!"

Crabbe here alludes to Goldsmith; many of whose little pardonable jealousies he must have heard from Burke while stopping at Beaconsfield. Mr. Forster has scattered all the anecdotes of them that are now known throughout his narrative;—which they serve to enliven in a very remarkable manner. He has no wish, like Mr. Prior, to whitewash the pecu-

liarities of his favourite author—or to apologize for oddities that require no apology.

It is well observed by Mr. Forster, that Goldsmith—

“Must be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman—and was rejected when he applied for orders; he practised as a physician—and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue which in its turn and all its bitterness he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his *Animated Nature*—‘people who die really of hunger, in common language, of a broken heart’—was his own. And when he succeeded at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, which was to lead him by its flickering and uncertain light to an early grave.”

The author who left scarcely any kind of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn—as Johnson said of him,—ought to be a surgeon, and was found unqualified by the College to be a hospital mate—stood as a candidate for the Gresham Lectureship of Civil Law, and was, of course, unsuccessful. What he once observed of his own writings—that the public *made a point* of never encouraging him—might have been said with greater truth of his attempts in life unconnected with authorship.

Mr. Forster has divided his work into four books. The first is entitled ‘The Sizar, Student, Traveller, Apothecary’s Journeyman, Usher and Poor Physician’—the second, ‘Authorship by Compulsion’—the third, ‘Authorship by Choice’—and the fourth and last, ‘The Friend of Johnson, Burke and Reynolds: Dramatist, Novelist and Poet.’ His object he explains in a dedicatory sonnet to Mr. Charles Dickens:—

Genius and its rewards are briefly told :  
 A liberal nature and a niggard doom,  
 A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.  
 New-writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old  
 In gentle Goldsmith’s life I here unfold :  
 Thro’ other than lone wild or desert gloom,  
 In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom.  
 Adventurous. Come with me and behold,  
 O friend with heart as gentle for distress  
 As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind  
 The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,  
 That there is fiercer crowded misery  
 In garret toil and London loneliness  
 Than in cruel islands mid the far-off-sea.

The “story old” narrated as Mr. Forster narrates it, is indeed a touching and a moral story; written, as it were, in illustration of Johnson’s indignant couplet—

What various ills the scholar’s life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.

Crabbe, first an apothecary’s apprentice and then an author by profession, and starving as both in the streets of London, had Goldsmith’s fate continually before him. He quitted, as Goldsmith did, “the mortar for the

muse"—and with no more profit for a very long time. Indeed, while sympathizing with suffering genius, toiling in the garret for a bare existence—those "Dunciad days" of poor Goldsmith, as Mr. Forster has happily called them—the memorable lines of the starving Butler forcibly recur to us :

It is not poetry that makes men poor,  
For few do write that were not so before ;  
But being for all other trades unfit,  
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit.

Goldsmith was the surgeon and tutor before he became the author by compulsion ; Johnson was a schoolmaster at Edial, near Lichfield, before he came to London to follow literature ; and the late Mr. Southey, the most striking example in our days of an author by profession, was a poet as much from necessity as from choice. That poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song" is still too true : yet to deduce from that old fact the moral that the poet should still be kept poor to make him sing, were as absurd as it would be to follow fat Dr. Cheyne's advice, and put out the eyes of nightingales to make their notes both richer and louder.

But it is time to let Mr. Forster speak for himself. His opening sentence is sufficient (no common matter) to induce the reader to go on. "The marble in Westminster Abbey is correct in the place, but not in the time of the birth of Oliver Goldsmith. He was born at a lonely, remote, and almost inaccessible Irish village called Pallas, or Pallasmore."—The commencement of the second book, 'Authorship by Compulsion,' supplies us with a longer extract.—

"The means of existence, long sought, seemed thus to be found, when in his twenty-ninth year, Oliver Goldsmith sat down to the precarious task-work of Author by Profession. He had exerted no controul over the circumstances in which he took up the pen ; nor had any friendly external aid, in an impulse of kindness, offered it to his hand. To be swaddled, rocked, and dandled into Authorship is the lot of more fortunate men : it was with Goldsmith the stern and last resource of his struggle with Adversity. As in the country-barn he would have played *Scrub* or *Richard* ; as he prescribed for the poorer than himself at Bankside, until worse than their necessities drove him to herd with the beggars in Axe Lane ; as in Salisbury Court he corrected the press among Mr. Richardson's workmen ; on Tower Hill doled out physic over Mr. Jacob's counter, and at Peckham dispensed the more nauseating dose to young gentlemen at Dr. Milner's academy : he had here entered into Mr. Griffiths' service, and put on the livery of the *Monthly Review*. He was a man of letters, then, at last ; but had gratified no passion, and attained no object of ambition. The hope of greatness and distinction, day-star of his wanderings and his privations was at this hour, more than it had ever been, dim, distant, cold. A practical scheme of literary life had as yet struck no root in his mind ; and the assertion of later years, that he was past thirty before he was really attached to literature and sensible that he had found his vocation, is no doubt true. What the conditions of his present employment were, he knew well : that if he had dared to indulge any hopes of finer texture, if he had shewn the fragments of his poem, if he had produced the acts of the tragedy read to Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths must have taken immediate counsel on the expenses of his board. He was there, as he had been in other places of servitude, because the dogs of hunger were at his heels. He was not a strong man, as I have said ; but neither was his weakness such that he shrunk from the responsibilities it brought. When suffering came, in whatever form, he met it with a quiet, manful endurance : no gnashing of the teeth or wringing of the hands. Among the lowest of human beings he could take his place, as he afterwards proved his right to sit

among the highest, by the strength of his affectionate sympathies with the nature common to all. And so sustained through the scenes of wretchedness he passed, he had done more, though with little consciousness of his own, to achieve his destiny, than if, transcending the worldly plans of wise Irish friends, he had even clambered to the bishop's bench, or out-practised the whole college of physicians."

What he wrote for Griffiths is thus pleasantly referred to—

"Goldsmith never publicly avowed what he had written in the *Monthly Review*: any more than the Roman poet talked of the millstone he turned in his days of hunger. Men who have been at the galleys, though for no crime of their own committing, are not wise to brag of the work they performed there. All he stated was, that all he wrote was tampered with by Griffiths or his wife. Smollett has depicted this lady in his Antiquated Female Critic; and when 'illiterate, bookselling Griffiths' declared unequal war against that potent antagonist; protesting that the *Monthly* was not written by 'physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment; Smollett retorted in a few broad unscrupulous lines on the whole party of the rival Review. "The *Critical* is certainly not written," he said, 'by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter and amend the articles. The principal writers in the *Critical* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other.' Commanded by a bookseller, awed by an old woman, and miserably dependent, one of these obscure hirelings desired and resolved, as far as it was possible, to remain in his obscurity; but a copy of the *Monthly*, which belonged to Griffiths, and in which he had privately marked the authorship of most of the articles, withdraws the veil. It is for no purpose that Goldsmith could have disapproved, or I should scorn to assist in culling to memory what he would himself have committed to neglect. The best writers can spare much; it is only the worst who have nothing to spare."

The position of Goldsmith working for his hard task-master, Mr. Griffiths, and his still harder task-mistress, Mrs. Griffiths, leads Mr. Forster to say something on the present position of our literary men—

"When *Irene* failed, and Johnson was asked how he felt, he answered, 'like the Monument;' but when he had arrived at comfort and independence, and carelessly taking up one day his own fine satire, opened it at the lines which paint the scholar's fate and the obstructions almost insurmountable to fortune and fame, he burst into a passion of tears. Not for what he had himself endured, whose labour was at last victoriously closed; but for all the disastrous chances that still awaited others. It is the world's concern. There is a subtle spirit of compensation at work, when men regard it least, which to the spiritual sense accommodates the vilest need, and lightens the weariest burden. Milton talked of the lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented should be the reward of those whose published labours have advanced the good of mankind; and it is a set-off, doubtless, in the large account. The 'two carriages' and the 'style' of Griffiths are long passed away into the rubbish they sprang from, and all of us will be apt enough now to thank Heaven that we were not Griffiths. Jacob Tonson's hundred thousand pounds are now of less account than the bad shillings he insinuated into Dryden's payments; and the fame of Mr. Secretary Nottingham is very much overtopped by the pillory of De Foe. The Italian princes who beggared Dante are still without pity writhing in his deathless poem, while Europe looks to the beggar as to a star in Heaven; nor has Italy's greater day, or the magnificence which crowded the Court of Augustus, left behind them a name of any earthly interest to compare with his who restored land to Virgil and who succoured the fugitive Horace. These are results which have obtained in all countries and been confessed by every age; and it will be well when they win for Literature other living regards and higher present consideration than it has as yet been able to obtain. Men of genius can more easily starve than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them. What new arrangement, what kind of consideration may be

required, will not be very distant from the simple acknowledgment that greater honour and respect ARE due. This is what Literature has wanted in England, and not the laced coat and powdered wig which have, on rare occasions, been substituted for it. The most liberal patronage vouchsafed in this country to living men-of-letters has never been unaccompanied by degrading incidents; nor their claims at any time admitted without discourtesy or contumely. It is a century and a half since an Act of Parliament was passed to 'protect' them, under cover of which their most valuable private rights were confiscated to the public use; and it is not fourteen years since another Act was passed with a sort of kindly consideration on their behalf, by favour of which the poet and the teacher of writing, the historian and the teacher of dancing, the philosopher and the royal coachman, Sir Christopher Wren's great grand-daughter and the descendant of Charles the Second's French riding-master, are permitted to appear in the same annual charitable list. But though statesmen have yet to learn what the State loses by such unwise scorn of what enlightens and refines it, they cannot much longer remain ignorant to what extent they are themselves enslaved by

upted ;  
remain unacknowledged. Pitt sneered when the case of Burns was stated to him, and talked of Literature taking care of itself. It *can* do so, and in a different and larger sense from what the minister intended; but can society take care of itself, is also a material question."

We have said that Mr. Forster has been successful in his researches, considering that he was a gleaner after so industrious a collector as Mr. Prior. Here is a letter to George Colman, found among the papers of the late Mr. Morris of the Haymarket—

Temple, Garden Court, July 19th.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you, both for your kind partiality in my favour, and your tenderness in shortening the interval of my expectation. That the play is liable to many objections I well know, but I am happy that it is in hands the most capable in the world of removing them. If then, Dear Sir, you will complete your favours by putting the piece into such a state as it may be acted, or of directing me how to do it, I shall ever retain a sense of your goodness to me. And indeed though most probably this be the last I shall ever write yet I can't help feeling a secret satisfaction that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties. I am, Dear Sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

"To George Colman, Esq., Richmond."

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The allusion is to Garrick—who had refused his first play of 'The Good-natured Man.' A coldness ensued; but the quarrel was soon made up—and Goldsmith in the following letter (first printed by Mr. Forster) refers to certain alterations which he is willing to make to please the Drury Lane manager—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my *Good-natured Man*, makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note, I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pound for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration, if my benefit should come to so much; but at any rate, I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy, and knock out *Lofty* which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct.

"I am, yours,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The letter is indorsed in Garrick's hand-writing as "*Goldsmith's parlaver*;" and Mr. Forster remarks that "as well in the manner as the matter of it, the writer's distress is very painfully visible. It has every appearance even to the wafer hastily thrust into it, of having been the sudden suggestion of necessity; nor is it unlikely to have been delivered at Garrick's residence by the messenger of a sponging house." The poor poet's request for money was acceded to by the wealthy actor.

It is easy to see that Mr. Forster's success in this book will beget a herd of imitators in the same field; and well, therefore to warn them beforehand, that the plan is not for every writer's handling, and that mere facility does not mean excellence.—*Athenæum for April*.

## V.—SCIENCE.

*Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole surface of the visible Heavens commenced in 1825. By Sir John Herschel, Bart., K.H., D. C. L., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh.*

[Second Notice.]

AFTER the death of his father, Sir John Herschel had directed his attention principally to the science of Optics, but particularly to that branch of it which relates to the double refraction and polarisation of light. In this research, he obtained many new and highly important results, which are recorded in his *Treatise on Light*, published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and certainly one of the most valuable works on that subject which has ever been written. Astronomy, however, had a higher claim upon his genius; and having inherited telescopes of great magnitude and power, and been initiated into the difficult art of constructing them, he was naturally led to quit the field of optical science, and to cultivate the loftier domain of sidereal astronomy. He had proposed to himself the arduous task of re-examining the nebulae and clusters of stars which had been discovered by his father in his "sweeps of the heavens," and recorded in the three catalogues which, as we have already seen, he presented to the Royal Society in the years 1786, 1787, and 1802, and he began to execute it in the year 1825. In this re-examination he spent *eight years*, and he has given the results of it in a catalogue published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832. This catalogue contains 2306 nebulae and clusters of stars, of which 1781 are identical with those described by his father, and with those published by Messier and Struve. The number of new nebulae and clusters discovered by himself was 525. During this re-examination, he observed a great number of double stars, and took their places, to the amount of between *three and four thousand*, all of which are described in the second, third, fourth, sixth, and ninth volumes of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London*.

These observations were made with a Newtonian telescope of 20 feet focus, and  $18\frac{1}{4}$  inches aperture, and having acquired by practice a "sufficient mastery of the instrument," and "of the delicate process of polishing the specula," he conceived the noble idea of attempting to complete the survey of the whole surface of the heavens; and, with this view, of "transporting into the other hemisphere the same instrument which had been employed in this, so as to give a unity to the results of both portions of the survey, and to render them comparable with each other."

The Cape of Good Hope was selected as the most favourable locality for carrying on this survey; and having fitted up the instruments and packed them carefully for the voyage, he left England, with his family, on the 13th November 1833, and landed at Cape Town on the 16th January 1834, having providentially escaped from an awful hurricane to which he would have been exposed had his voyage been delayed. The spot which Sir John selected was the grounds and mansion of a Dutch proprietor, the name of which was Feldhausen, "a spot charmingly situated on the eastern side of the last gentle slope at the base of the Table Mountain." During the erection of the instruments, Sir John resided at Welterfrieden, and so quickly were his plans completed, that on the 22d February 1834, he was enabled to gratify his curiosity by viewing, with his 20 feet reflector, a *Crucis*, the interesting nebulæ about  $\eta$  *Argus*, and other remarkable objects; and on the evening of the 5th March, to begin a regular series of observation. The Observatory thus completed was situated in south lat.  $33^{\circ} 58' 56'' 55''$ , and long.  $22^{\circ} 46' 9'' 11$  east from Greenwich, and its altitude was 142 feet above the level of the sea in Table Bay.

After erecting his observatory, and determining its geographical position, the attention of Sir John Herschel was directed to the preparation of the telescopes with which his observations were to be made. He carried out with him three specula, one of which was made by his father, and used by him in his 20 feet sweeps and other observations; another was made by Sir John, under his father's inspection and instructions; and the other, of the very same metal as the last, was ground and figured by himself. They had all a clear diameter of  $18\frac{1}{4}$  inches of polished surface, and were all equally reflective when freshly polished, and perfectly similar in their performance. The operation of repolishing, which was much more frequently required than in England, was performed by himself with the requisite apparatus, which he had fortunately brought with him from England.

In the use of reflecting specula of considerable weight, it is of the utmost importance that the metal should be supported in its case so as not to suffer any change of figure from its own weight. Sir John found that a speculum was *totally* spoiled by allowing it to rest horizontally on three metallic points at its circumference. The image of every considerable star became *triangular*, throwing out long flaming caustics at the angles. Having on one occasion supported the speculum simply against a flat-board, at an elevation of about  $45^{\circ}$ , he found that its performance was tolerably good; but on stretching a thin pack-thread vertically down the middle of the board, so as to bring the weight of the metal to rest upon

this thread, the images of stars were lengthened horizontally "to a preposterous extent, and all distinct vision utterly destroyed by the division of the mirror into two lobes, each retaining something of its parabolic figure, separated by a vertical band in a state of distortion, and of no figure at all!" The method which Sir John found the best was the following:—Between the mirror and the back of the case he interposed 6 or 8 folds of thick woollen baize, or blanketing, of uniform thickness and texture, stitched together at their edges. The metal, when laid flat on this bed, was shaken so as to be concentric with the rim of the case, and two supports, composed of several strips of similar baize, were introduced so as to occupy about 30° each, and to leave an arc of about 40° unoccupied opposite the point which was to be the lowermost in the tube. When the case is raised into an inclined position, and slightly shaken, the mirror takes its own free bearing on these supports, and preserves its figure. It is essential, however, to the successful application of this method that many thicknesses of the baize or blanket should be employed, "by which only the effect of flexure in the wooden back itself of the case can be eliminated." As the woollen fibres, however, lose their elasticity, the baize should be occasionally taken out, and beaten or shaken up.\*

In conducting his observations with these fine instruments, Sir John Herschel observed several curious optical effects, arising from peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, incident to the climate of the Cape. In the hot season, from October to March, but particularly during the latter months of that season, "the nights are for the most part superb" at a few miles distance from the mountains; but occasionally during the excessive heat and dryness of the sandy plains, the "optical tranquillity of the air" is greatly disturbed. In some cases the images of the stars are violently dilated into nebular balls or puffs of upwards of 15' in diameter. At the end of March 1834, for example, when Saturn and  $\gamma$  Virginis were both in the field of the 20 feet reflector, "it could not have been told which was the planet and which the star." On other occasions, the stars form "soft, quiet, round pellets of 3' or 4' diameter," resembling planetary nebulae, and quite unlike the spurious discs which they present when not defined. In other cases, these pellets are seen to arise from "an infinitely rapid vibratory movement of the central point in all possible directions," the luminous discs presenting singular phenomena when thrown out of focus, by pushing the eye-piece farther in or pulling it farther out than its principal focus.†

In the cooler months, from May to October, and especially in June and July, the state of the air is habitually good, and after heavy rains have ceased for a day or two, the tranquillity of the image and the sharpness of vision, is such that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power, but that which arises from the aberration of the specula. On occasions like these,

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\* When Sir John adopted this very simple plan, he was ignorant of the very ingenious method by which Lord Rosse affords an equable support to a large speculum, and which we have already described in this Journal, vol. ii. p. 207.

† Sir John supposes that these phenomena may be produced by ascending and descending currents of hot and cold air rotating spirally.



optical phenomena of extraordinary splendour are produced by viewing a bright star through diaphragms of card-board or zinc, pierced in regular patterns of circular holes by machinery. These phenomena, arising from the interferences of the intromitted rays, and produced less perfectly in a moderate state of the air, surprise and delight every person that sees them. A result of a more valuable kind is obtained when the aperture of the telescope has the form of an equilateral triangle, the centre of which coincides with the centre of the speculum. When close double stars are viewed with the telescope, having a diaphragm of this form, the discs of the two stars, which are exact circles, are reduced to about a third of their size, and have a clearness and perfection almost incredible. These discs, however, are accompanied with six luminous radiations, running from them at angles of  $60^\circ$ , forming perfectly straight, delicate, brilliant lines, like brightly illuminated threads, running far out beyond the field of view, and, what is singular, capable of being followed like real appendages to the star long after the star itself has left the field.

Another optical phenomenon, arising from a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, is described by Sir John Herschel as a "nebulous haze." The effect of it is to encircle every star, of the 9th magnitude and upwards, with a faint sphere of light of an extent proportioned to the brightness of the star. This phenomenon presents itself very suddenly in a perfectly clear sky, free from the slightest suspicion of cloud, and disappears as suddenly, lasting sometimes only for one or two minutes. Sir John Herschel states that similar nebular affections occur in our English climate, but with much less frequency and suddenness in their appearance and disappearance. He at first suspected that the phenomenon arose from dew upon the eye-piece, but repeated examination satisfied him that its origin was really atmospheric. In studying the polarisation of the atmosphere the writer of this article has had occasion frequently to observe what appears to be the result of the same cause. When the sky was of a fine blue colour, and free from clouds, and the degree of polarisation, as indicated by the Polarimeter,\* very great, a sudden change frequently took place without any apparent cause; sometimes near the horizon and not at considerable altitudes, and sometimes at considerable altitudes and not near the horizon. On some occasions the effect was limited in its extent, and of a temporary kind. When it was not temporary, it shewed itself in a diminution of the blue tint of the sky, which is invariably accompanied with a diminished polarisation, and the whiteness of the sky often increased till clouds were produced, terminating in rain. The cause of these phenomena was doubtless a sudden secretion of aqueous vapour, sometimes local and of limited extent, and quickly re-absorbed; and at other times general, and terminating in a change of weather. When a cloud passed over a track of perfectly blue sky, without occasioning any perceptible diminution of tint, the polarisation of the part of the sky over which it passed was always diminished, owing, no doubt, to its having left in its path a quantity of aqueous vapour.

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\* For an account of the polarisation of the atmosphere, the reader is referred to Johnston and Berghaus's *Physical Atlas*, Part vii., and *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, December 1847. Vol. xxxi., pp. 444-455.

The description of phenomena, and the tabulated observations contained in the interesting volume now before us, occupy seven chapters, extending over 450 closely printed pages, and are illustrated with seventeen beautifully executed plates, some of which are of a very great size. The valuable contents of these different chapters would doubtless have appeared in a series of unconnected memoirs in the Transactions of the Royal or Astronomical Societies, and with illustrations very inferior, both in number and quality, had it not been for the munificence of his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, who destined a large sum for their publication as a single and separate work. This very amiable and public-spirited nobleman, to whom the Observatory of Cambridge owes the gift of the splendid Northumberland achromatic telescope, through which the new planet Neptune was first seen, did not live to witness the final fulfilment of his noble and generous design; but the present Duke, the worthy heir of the titles and the fortune of that distinguished nobleman, carried out, in the fullest manner, the liberal intentions of his lamented brother, and thus added another claim to those which, as Lord Prudhoe, he had already earned, upon the gratitude and esteem of the literary and scientific world.

The following are the subjects which are treated in the volume under our notice:—

Chap. I. On the nebulae and clusters of stars in the southern hemisphere.

II. On the double stars of the southern hemisphere.

III. Of astronomy, or the numerical expression of the apparent magnitude of stars.

IV. Of the distribution of stars, and of the constitution of the galaxy, or Milky Way, in the southern hemisphere.

V. Observations of Halley's Comet, with remarks on its physical condition, and that of comets in general.

VI. Observations on the Satellites of Saturn.

VII. Observations on the Solar spots.

In the first chapter, on Nebulae and Clusters of Stars, occupying 164 pages, our author proceeds, after some introductory and explanatory remarks, to give detailed descriptions and monographs of some of the more remarkable of the nebulae. As some of these nebulae are visible in Europe, and are all objects of singular interest, we shall lay before our readers a very brief notice of the most important of them.

No.	Right Ascension.	North Polar Distance.	No. of Stars laid down in the drawing.
1	18 <sup>h</sup> 11'	106° 15'	44
2	17 52	113 1	27
3	5 27	94 57	26
4	5 40	159 11	105
5	17 53 27"	114 21 16"	186
6	12 43 36	149 25 41	110
7	0 16 24	163 1 58	

No. 1. This remarkable nebula, which is a nebular line, with the figure of a horse-shoe at each end of it, has been observed and drawn by Mr.

Mason, an American astronomer, and Mr. Lamont, a native of Scotland, who has the charge of the Observatory at Munich. Mr. Mason, whose premature death is deeply to be regretted, used a reflecting telescope of 12 inches aperture, and 14 feet focal length, constructed by himself. The fainter horse-shoe was seen neither by Mr. Mason nor Mr. Lamont.

No. 2. This nebula has also been figured by Mr. Mason, and in this as well as in No. 1, his representation differs from that of Sir John Herschel.

No. 4 is, in the author's opinion, one of the most singular and extraordinary objects which the heavens present. It is situated in the greater nebula of the Magellanic clouds.

No. 6. This cluster of stars, improperly set down as nebular by Lacaille, is, according to our author, "an extremely brilliant and beautiful object, when viewed through an instrument of sufficient aperture to show distinctly the very different colours of its constituent stars, which give it the effect of a *superb peace of fancy jewellery*." Three of the stars are *greenish white*, two green, one *blue green*, one *red* and another *ruddy*.

No. 7, (47 Toucani,) is a most magnificent globular cluster. The stars are immensely numerous and compressed. It is compared to a blaze of light at the centre, the stars seeming to run together. Sir John Herschel has observed the extraordinary fact that the inner or compressed part of the cluster is rose-coloured, (at another time ruddy or orange yellow,) forming a fine contrast with the white light of the exterior portion. There is a beautiful double star on the south preceding edge of the last portion, but it is probably unconnected with the cluster.

Under the favourable circumstances in which he was placed, our author eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of studying the grand nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, which passed the meridian of the Cape at an altitude of 60°. He had himself delineated this remarkable nebula in 1824. Four representations of it, differing essentially from his, had been subsequently published; and it therefore became an object of the deepest interest to discover the causes of these discrepancies, and to ascertain whether or not a change had taken place either in the form or luminosity of the whole nebula, or of any of its parts. Dr. Lamont of Munich had, in 1837, published "rather a coarsely executed figure" of this nebula, but Sir John Herschel acknowledges that it "contains some valuable particulars respecting the apparent breaking up of the nebula into patches and knots," which had been very unsatisfactorily expressed in his figure of 1824, but "in which his observations of 1834 and 1837 fully confirm Dr. Lamont's remark." The other drawings, by Sig. Deviso, and Sig. Rondoni, published in 1839, 1840, and 1841, are too inaccurate to furnish any materials for speculation.

The splendid drawing of this nebula, which occupies a foot square, and forms the eight plate of the present work, is one of the noblest specimens of astronomical research which is to be found in the history of the science. We view it at first with mute admiration of the skill and patience of the observer, and even forget for a while the mysterious assemblage of suns and of systems which it sets before us. No fewer than 150 stars are accurately laid down in this remarkable map, and our failing vision can scarcely descry the faint luminosity with which it shades away into the dark sky

that encloses it. Neither in its general outline, nor in that of its individual portions, has it the least resemblance to any form natural or artificial. The luminous portions have no relation either in shape or intensity to the stars which bespangle it, and the stars themselves, whether we consider their magnitude or their distances, seem to have no bond of union, and no symmetry of place. Knowing as we now do, that Lord Rosse's telescope has resolved the nebulous portion into stars, we can no longer satisfy ourselves with the speculation that the nebula is a collection of minutely subdivided matter, accidentally irregular in its outline and density, which may some time or other be combined into stars and planets, but we view it as a mighty galaxy of systems already formed of suns radiant with light and heat, of worlds in harmonious revolution, teeming with organic life, and rich with the bounties of their beneficent Creator. But even with these views the mind does not rest satisfied. It seeks to know how these systems are combined in the irregular nebulosity. We see it only in one direction out of an infinite number. May there not be some particular direction, in which it would appear a symmetrical formation, or if it is not a single whole, but a combination of separate formations, may there not be some direction in space along which its separate component parts would assume regular or symmetrical forms?

The variations of figure which this nebula presents in the delineations of it by different astronomers might lead a careless speculator to the opinion that it has either undergone, or is undergoing, great and rapid changes. Sir John Herschel does not participate in such an opinion,—

"Comparing," says he, "only my own drawings, made at epochs (1824 and 1837) differing by 13 years, the disagreements, though confessedly great, are not more so than I am disposed to attribute to inexperience in such delineations (which are really difficult) at an early period—to the far greater care, pains, and time, bestowed upon the later drawings, and, above all, to the advantage of local situation, and the very great superiority in respect both of light and defining power in the telescope at the latter, over what it possessed at the former epoch, the reasons of which I have already mentioned. These circumstances render it impossible to bring the figures into comparison, except in points which could not be influenced by such causes. *Now there is only one such particular on which I am at all inclined to insist as evidence of change, viz., in respect of the situation and form of the 'nebula oblongata,' which my figure of 1824 represents as a tolerably regular oval, &c. &c. Comparing this with its present appearance as exhibited in Plate VIII., it seems hardly possible to avoid the conclusion of some sensible alteration having taken place. No observer now, I think, looking ever so cursorily at this point of detail, would represent the broken, curved, and unsymmetrical nebula in question as it is represented in the earlier of the two figures; and to suppose it seen as in 1837, and yet drawn in 1824, would argue more negligence than I can believe myself fairly chargeable with.*"—pp. 31, 32.

Passing over another evidence of change, on which Sir John thinks, that "considerable stress might be laid," we have no hesitation in avowing, without regarding our author as in any way chargeable with negligence, that we cannot concur with him in thinking that the discrepancies in question afford any proof whatever of a change in the nebula. Such an extensive change as that to which he refers, has no parallel in any of the sidereal phenomena, and would be equivalent to the creation and extinction of whole clusters of worlds and systems, within the brief interval of

thirteen years! Had the apparent evidences of change been even more distinct and numerous, we should have exhausted every possible mode of accounting for these appearances, rather than have allowed ourselves to consider them as real. In comparing the nebular delineations of Lord Rosse, with those made with smaller instruments by Sir John Herschel, we never attribute the discrepancies to real changes in the nebulae. In like manner we ought to ascribe the discrepancies between Sir John Herschel's delineations of 1824 and 1837, to the circumstance that the first was made in a bad climate, and the second in a good one, and to regard a difference in the purity and homogeneity of the atmosphere, as equivalent to a difference in the size and power of the telescope. The drawing of 1837,\* may therefore be regarded as made with a telescope of much greater size than that with which the drawing of 1824 was made. A change in the health, and in the optical condition of the observer's eye may account for apparent changes in forms that are slightly luminous. Sir John Herschel's eye may in 1824 have begun to experience that remarkable change, to which this organ is subject between twenty-five and fifty years of age, and it may have not only recovered its original vigour, but acquired new power, when he used it at the Cape. The material differences which our author has signalled between the delineations of Dr. Lamont† in 1837, and his own in the same year, arising, we are persuaded, more from difference of climate, and from difference of vision, than from differences between the telescopes employed, may be considered as favourable to our views.

The next remarkable object of which Sir John Herschel gives a minute drawing, and a detailed description, is "Argus, and the great nebula surrounding it. It is situated in R. Ascension,  $10^h 38' 28''$ , and in  $148^\circ 47'$  of north polar distance. Our author's drawing of it (17 inches by 12) has the same merit as that of the nebula in Orion, and the nebula the same unmeaning and unintelligible aspect. This nebula is regarded by Sir John as of all sidereal objects that which unites most points of interest. "Its situation is very remarkable in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which curiously contrasted with *dark* adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*,) constitute the Milky Way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Virgo." In this part of the galaxy there is an average of 3138 stars in a square degree, and in the denser part 5093 in the same area. The bright star "Argus, stands in the midst of this vast stratum of stars, and is remarkable for the singular change which its lustre has undergone since 1677. It was then a star of the *fourth* magnitude. In our recent catalogues it is a star of the *second* magnitude. In 1834 Sir John Herschel found it brighter than a star of the *second* magnitude. In November 1837 its magnitude was unchanged, but in December of that year he was astonished by its sudden increase of brightness, which exceeded even that of *Rigel*. In March 1843, the Rev. W. S. Mackay, of the Free Church

\* This figure is engraved in the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*, vol. ii.

† Published with his Thesis, "Ueber die Nebelflecken." Munich, 1837.

Mission, Calcutta, observed a very remarkable increase in its lustre: it had become a star of the *first* magnitude as bright as *Canopus*, and in colour and size very much like *Arcturus*. In 1844 Mr. Maclear found it almost equal to *Sirius*. In 1845, it had again begun to decline in lustre. The following is a list of these changes:

Years.	Magnitudes.	Years.	Magnitudes.	Years.	Magnitudes.
1677.....	4	1827 Feb. 1..	.....1	1838.....	.....
1751.....	2	1828 Feb. 29.....	2.1	1842.....	.....
1811-1815..	4	1829-1833.....	2	1843.....	.....
1822.....	2	1832-1833.....	2	1844.....	.....
1822-1826 ..	2	1834-1837.....	1.2	1845.....	.....

After giving this summary of the magnitudes of "Argus, Sir John Herschel remarks that—

"A strange field of speculation is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alternations, in some degree at least regular, of splendour and comparative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently with no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw, as to the comfort and habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source."—p. 36.

As this nebula does not exhibit the slightest appearance of being resolvable into stars, it has therefore nothing in common with the Milky Way, on the ground of which it is projected, and may therefore, as our author supposes, be placed at an immeasurable distance behind that stratum. The accurate representation of this nebula, which includes no fewer than 1216 stars, and is represented in Plate IX. of the work before us, was a work of great difficulty and labour. It occupied several months, during which our author often despaired of being able to transfer to paper its endless details. No description is capable of conveying the least idea of its character, and we must therefore refer our readers to the engraved representation of it.

The magnificent Catalogue of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars in the Southern Hemisphere, comprehends 4015 of these objects, occupying about 80 closely printed pages. The whole of these observations, as well as the entire work of reducing, arranging, and preparing this and all the other Catalogues, were executed by Sir John himself, and have more resemblance to the labour of a long life than to the work of a few years. Each of these objects is minutely described by means of single letters or abbreviations, as in the following example:—No. 4015, not  $\vee$  F; L; E; g lb M; 60; which means *not very faint; large; a little extended; gradually a little brighter in the middle; diameter 60"*; so that if the descriptions had been printed in the ordinary manner, this Catalogue would have filled a whole volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

In order to ascertain the law of distribution of these nebulæ and clusters over the surface of the heavens in both hemispheres, Sir John adopted a projection which represented equal areas on the sphere by equal areas on

the projection;\* and having constructed, on this principle, charts of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, divided into zones of  $3^{\circ}$  in breadth, or polar distance, and into hours of right ascension, he laid down the nebulae in each, so as to obtain a *coup d'œil* of their distribution over the whole heavens. In this way, he was led to the following conclusions:—

“1st. The distribution of the nebulae is not like that of the Milky Way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens. \* \* \*

“2dly. One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are congregated in a broad irregular patch, occupying about *one-eighth* of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly situated in the Northern Hemisphere, and occupying the constellations *Leo*, *Leo Minor*, the body, tail and hind legs of *Ursa Major*, the nose of the *Camelopard*, the point of the tail of *Draco*, *Canes Venatici*, *Coma*, the preceding leg of *Bootes*, and the head, wings, and shoulder of *Virgo*. This, for distinction, I shall call the *nebulous region of Virgo*.

“3dly. Within this area there are several local centres of accumulation, where the nebulae are exceedingly crowded, viz., first, from  $59^{\circ}$  to  $62^{\circ}$  of north polar distance in the 13th hour of right ascension between the northern part of *Coma* and the fore-legs of *Chara*, as also (in the same hour) from  $72^{\circ}$  to  $78^{\circ}$  N.P.D., between the palm branch and the northern wing of *Virgo*, and again in the same hour from  $80^{\circ}$  to  $87^{\circ}$  N.P.D., in the northern wing and breast of *Virgo*. \* \* \*

“The general conclusion which may be drawn from this survey is, *that the nebulous system is distinct from the sidereal, though involving, and perhaps to a certain extent mixing, with the latter*. The great nebulous constellation in the northern hemisphere, which I have called the region of *Virgo*, being regarded as the main body of this system, and subtending at our point of view an angle of  $80^{\circ}$  or  $90^{\circ}$ , it is evident that, supposing its form to approach to the spherical, our distance from its centre must be considerably less than its own diameter, so that our system may very well be regarded as placed somewhat beyond the borders of its denser portion, yet involved among its outlying members.”—pp. 135-6.

In treating of the classification of nebulae, our author divides them into *regular* and *irregular*. The *regular* nebulae are distinguished by terms expressing their magnitude, brightness, roundness, condensation, and resolvability; and the *irregular* nebulae are subdivided into subregular, compact, branching, convoluted, cellular, fissured, and cometic. The third class of these objects, named *irregular clusters*, are those which cannot be referred to the class of globular clusters, and are subdivided into three classes—1st, rich, brilliant, and conspicuous clusters; 2d, poor and inconsiderable clusters; and 3d, those which cannot be included in either of these divisions.

Before concluding the subject of nebulae and clusters of stars, Sir John Herschel treats of the Magellanic clouds, and gives fine eye-sketches of the two nubeculae which compose them, drawn “*entirely without telescopic aid*, when seated at a table in the open air, in the absence of the moon, and with no more light than was absolutely necessary for executing a drawing at all.” Sir John was driven to this mode of delineating these interesting *nubeculae* in consequence of all his own attempts to represent other than very small portions of the *Nubecula Major* in the telescope, having been completely baffled by the overwhelming perplexity of its details. Representations of these two nubeculae, stated to be engraven

\* “To execute this projection, we have only to take out upon any scale we please the successive values of  $\text{Sin. } 30'$ ,  $\text{Sin. } 1^{\circ}$ ,  $\text{Sin. } 1^{\circ} 30'$ , and so on to  $\text{Sin. } 5^{\circ}$ , from a table of natural sines, and these will be the radii of circles, corresponding in our projection to the successive polar distances,  $1^{\circ}$ ,  $2^{\circ}$ ,  $3^{\circ}$ , . . . .  $90^{\circ}$ .”

from very correct drawings, have been published by Mr. Dunlop in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1828, but they have little or no resemblance to the delineations of Sir John Herschel.\*

The *Nubecula Minor* lies between the parallels of  $162^{\circ}$  and  $165^{\circ}$  of north polar distance, and between the meridians of  $0^{\text{h}} 28^{\text{m}}$  and  $1^{\text{h}} 15^{\text{m}}$  right ascension. It is of a generally round form to the eye, and its centre of brightness coincides with its centre of figure. The magnificent globular cluster, 47 Toucani of Bode, precedes it by a few minutes of right ascension, but has no connexion with it, and, as our author states, "with this exception, its situation is in one of the most barren regions of the heavens. The access to the nubeculæ minor on all sides is through a desert. Neither with the naked eye, nor with a telescope, is any connexion to be traced either with the greater nubecula or with the Milky Way." Within its area there are 37 objects entitled to entry in the catalogue as nebulae or clusters, and, altogether, 244 stars, nebulae, and clusters, the positions of which have been determined as preparatory to the construction of a chart of the nubeculæ and the future execution of a drawing of it.

The *Nubecula Major* is situated between the parallels of  $156^{\circ}$  and  $162^{\circ}$  N.P.D., and between the meridians of  $4^{\text{h}} 40^{\text{m}}$  and  $6^{\text{h}} 0^{\text{m}}$  of R. Ascension. It consists, like the Minor, "partly of large tracts and ill-defined patches of irresolvable nebula, and of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, up to perfectly resolved stars, like the Milky Way, as also of regular and irregular nebulae, properly so called, and globular clusters, in every stage of resolvability, and clustering groups." It contains no fewer than 278 of these objects, and altogether 919 stars, nebulae, and clusters. Our author is of opinion, that the Magellanic clouds are "systems *sui generis*, which have no analogues in our hemisphere."

(To be continued.)

### *The Fortifications of Paris strategetically considered.*

(With Plan)

"Qui veut la paix doit se préparer à la guerre."—NAPOLÉON.

"IN war, and for great monarchies more especially," says Marmont, "time is every thing, since time must be given to their resources to develop themselves." In fact the object of all fortification, from the simple field work to the most profound conceptions of Vauban, Cormontaigne, or Montalembert, is to obtain that great desideratum, to enable the national resources to collect, concentrate, and hurl the invader from the soil. If these elements of defence do not exist, resistance is unavailing—submission the bitter alternative.

In every country there are points which exercise a vital influence on the operations of war; there are some which, by the hand of Nature, appear to be marked out as the battle-field of Armies. Others again the possession of which in a political and military point of view, prove strategetically decisive.

Such a position is Paris; for with the immense local resources, with the Seine and the Marne, the heights and their surrounding communications, the

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\* The only mode of reconciling the delineations of the two astronomers, is to suppose that Mr. Dunlop used a telescope with a small magnifying power, exhibiting details which an eye-sketch could not contain.



French capital is a military position of the first order, either *in* itself or relatively to the defence of the interior of the country.

The immense influence which Paris exercises over the destinies of France is undeniable ; this has been demonstrated by the fatal effects, the withering influence, which [its capture has ever produced on the fortunes of the country. Interests therefore which affect the whole kingdom, and compromise its very existence, ought not to be abandoned to the fortuitous results of two or three battles ; either her frontier must be extended or the capital guarded against advance, of an enemy, by preparing an impregnable position on which the beaten armies of France may rally for a last effort under its walls.

Whatever difference of opinion may have existed on the question of the fortifications of Paris, the divergency applied only as to the mode of execution ; the justice, the absolute necessity of the measure, has been universally admitted and inculcated by the highest military authorities in France. In the operations of modern war, the capital—the centre of power—is naturally the objective point of an invader. The repeated examples of Napoleon's campaigns led the Allies to Paris in 1814-15. In fact financial considerations would render these rapid expeditions of imperative necessity, even were they not based on the soundest principles of military science. If at the commencement of a campaign in which the object of an invading army is the capital, the latter be placed in an adequate state of defence, the defensive army no longer chained to the roads leading to it and thereby compelled to accept battle often inopportunately, is rendered in consequence more free and unfettered in its operations—may base itself on the frontier or central fortresses, and act vigorously on the enemies' communications. If on the other hand the capital be uncovered, the army of defence must narrowly watch every movement of the enemy ; not only accept but gain every battle ; abandon the frontier fortresses to their fate, and, in case of reverse retire on the capital itself, and there what could it effect, if art had made no preparations for defence ? What could be expected from the energy of a population uncovered by a rampart in presence of a superior and victorious force ? The fortification of Paris was a great act both of political and of military policy. By covering the heart of the empire, the frontier fortresses have been restored to much of their pristine value and importance. It is in fact the key-stone of a grand comprehensive system of national defence that will secure in future the independence of France against the attacks of coalesced Europe.

There are in France 124 fortified places, viz. 23 of the first class, 47 of the second, and 54 of the third. The provincial towns are, Metz, Lille, Strasburg, Valenciennes, Peronne, Arras, Toulon, and Bayonne. But the places most especially marked out as the pivots of a general system of defence, are Paris and Lyons.

The revolution which the art of war has undergone, the rapidity of movement, and above all the great numerical strength of the Armies now brought into the field, have demonstrated the utter insufficiency of a line of frontier fortresses as a means of national defence. Again, the increased power of Artillery since the days of Vauban in vertical fire has rendered necessary a change in the construction of fortresses.

The bastioned enceintes of the system of Vauban and Cormontaigne are now found inadequate to hold bodies of troops sufficiently large to effect the operations of a campaign, to afford space for a refuge, or a position to a retiring

army, or to contain safe and abundant magazines and casemated covers. It is found, moreover, that an assailant can invest them with ease, and concentrate upon every part of the defensive lines so heavy a fire, from direct enfilade and vertical batteries as to overwhelm the defenders, that when forced at one point, the whole is immediately carried from the connection between the consecutive fronts of bastions and curtains ; and that the inhabitants thus cooped up in a small place, are subject to all the horrors of a bombardment.

These objections have produced a new arrangement of defensive works in nearly all the new constructions of modern fortifications.

The ground to be defended is now shut in by a series of strong detached works ; such as forts, redoubts, lunettes, Maximilian towers, &c. These mutually flank and defend each other at distances varying from 300 to 2,000 yards in ratio to the nature of the ground, and embrace a circumference of several miles, each work having within itself the means of sustaining a siege with its small garrison, protected by good casemates, strong parapets, &c. &c. The advantages thus obtained are these. They remove the offensive operations to such a distance from the inhabitants that their sufferings and privations during the operations of a siege shall be greatly diminished. The space an assailant must occupy to invest such a circuit of works will require an immense force, and weaken him to such a degree as to afford opportunities to the defenders to fall upon his disseminated fronts with heavy attacks. The vast interior space on the other hand thus enclosed, not only gives cover to the largest body of troops, and enables an army after a defeat to rally, re-organize, and assume the offensive, but affords likewise ample space for the formation of vast magazines of every description. Fewer men are also required for the defence of these works, thus leaving a larger force disposable for the active operations of the field.

When attacked, the fall of one, two, or more of these detached works does not endanger the safety of the whole, each point requiring a separate attack.

The mode of flanking has also undergone a great change. The open flanks of Vauban's system can be much injured from the batteries of the first parallel ; so that on crowning the covered way, these flanks are unable to contend with the counter batteries, and thus the ditch is brought under the enemy's control. To remedy this defect, the flanks of bastions are now defended by casemated batteries, secure from every fire except the shot and shell that may be pitched against them from distant batteries ; but even this will be powerless if they are further defended by a *caponniere*, and completely screened from a distant view, and placed beyond the influence of even the chance results of distant firing.

Again, the usual covered way and glacis which did not admit of sorties being made with facility in force and regular formation, from the paucity of the *débauchés* from the *places des armes*, have been formed *en contre pente*, by which means large bodies of every arm can now rapidly form in the ditch, and move out in any direction.

At Lintz in Upper Austria, and at Coblenz on the Rhine, vast entrenched camps constructed on the above system have been established ; but the most extended application of these modern principles has been recently successfully executed at Paris. Here we behold the largest continental capital with a population of 1,200,000 souls enclosed by a system of fortified works that will ensure the independence of France more effectually against the attacks

of coalesced Europe than even the acquisition of several provinces that would greatly extend the area of her frontier.

The system of fortification adopted for Paris, consists, first,—Of a continuous bastioned enceinte revetted to the height of 35 feet, surrounded by a ditch, with cunette 45 feet broad, and covered by a centerscarpe in masonry. The gateways, to the number of fifty, are strong casemated barracks containing batteries to flank the ditches and approaches and form so many citadels. The ditch, by means of a barrage from the Seine, could be floated to the depth of eight feet in forty-eight hours. The profile of the enceinte covers an extent of ground of about 400 yards, and its circumference a distance of eight French leagues. The second line consists of seventeen detached forts, varying in their outline and properties (but all constructed on the most approved principles of modern art) according to the nature of the localities, and connected with each other by strategic roads. The exterior line combined with the natural obstacles of the ground extending beyond St. Dennis, Pantin, Vincennes, Charenton, Ivry, Meudon, and Mount Valerien, intersected by woods, rivers, and heights, embrace a circumference of upwards of *twenty leagues*.

The distance between the two lines varies from 2,000 to 7,000 French metres. The right bank of the Seine presents 67 fronts, the left 27. The exterior line is connected with the “enceinte” by strategic roads, which so radiate the ground around the city, that should any enemy have captured a fort, and mastered the whole position of the line, of which it forms the head, he could not advance on any portion of the enceinte without being taken in flank.

The armament of the enceinte requires 2,000 guns of heavy calibre; that of the detached forts 700. The powder magazine of the latter will contain 5,000,000 pounds of powder. Of the exterior line, St. Dennis and Charenton form the two great pivots of manœuvre and defence.

The impossibility of provisioning so large a capital as Paris for the operation of a siege has been much insisted upon; but to the objection made, there is no real foundation. There are always laid up in Paris provisions in grain and flour for thirty-five to forty-five days’ consumption, besides an immense quantity of salt provisions, vegetables, and six months’ provision of wine, spirits, and fuel, based on the following calculation:—

Capital, .....	1,000,000
Ban Lieu, .....	200,000
Garrison, .....	100,000
Total, ...	<u>1,300,000 Souls.</u>

By adding 80,000 sacks of flour to the ordinary quantity always in store, the means of subsistence would be provided for this population for sixty days. Neither would it be impossible to park within the city cattle for the supply of fresh provisions. The army of defence would occupy the forts and space between the two lines, the National Guard would man the enceinte.

Whatever may be the results of the most disastrous campaign, from 80,000 to 100,000—the wrecks of different corps—will always compose the remains of an army; and in such a position could not be attacked. In the mean time the enemy could not blockade Paris. To attempt the investment of a place embracing the circumference of twenty leagues, would require a

dissemination of force that would render him numerically weaker than the besieged on every point of the circumference. Such a disposition would renew the disaster of the lines of Turin—lead to inevitable ruin and defeat. An enemy would therefore establish himself on the northern face of the capital and throw his cavalry across the river, to scour the surrounding country, and cut off the supplies of men and *materiel* arriving from the interior.

Previous to attacking the *corps de place* one or two of the detached forts must be carried—an operation that will occupy from 15 to 20 days. To undertake the regular siege of the enceinte, would require an army of 250,000 men, 500 guns, and a large battering train. For the means of transport alone for the *materiel de siege*, 10,000 waggons and 60,000 horses would be necessary. The compliment of each gun in the field is 250 rounds, which at 10 rounds per hour, would be expended in 24 hours. Every thing required for the besieging army, *munitions de guerre et de bouche*, must be brought up from the rear,—an operation in a hostile territory at all times of immense difficulty, even should all the conditions for securing the line of communication, have been rigorously fulfilled.

While the enemy is wasting his strength before Paris, the French army, with the succours of the departments, would have so filled up its *cadres* and repaired its losses, that in less than a month 300,000 men, in the most perfect state of equipment, and in the highest moral condition, could be ready to march against the invader.

Under such circumstances what force would be required to oppose this overwhelming array? Attacked on all sides—his communications threatened—should the invader divide his forces he will be beaten in detail: should he concentrate on the other hand, how will he subsist? And what would be his fate after a reverse? Should, therefore, an enemy, flushed even with victory, have advanced under the walls of Paris, let him draw off before the army of France, completely re-organized, shall assume the offensive—to maintain his forward position would be to court inevitable destruction.

But the difficulties, which an invading army would have to encounter in a march on the French capital, can only be fully appreciated by a rapid glance at the dispositions made for the general defence of the whole territory, of which, as it has been already observed, Paris and Lyons form the two great pivots. The sphere of action of a simple fortified post is the range of its artillery. Of a fortress, the distance to which its garrison can act with safety. Of a grand fortified position, the whole range of country upon which an entire army can operate. It is the combination of all these conditions that will render France unassailable on her own ground. The events of the last twelve months have significantly demonstrated how impressed are the French government with this truth.

It is perfectly idle to urge, that when Louis Philippe contracted the Montpensier marriage, his sagacity perceived not the complications to which it would inevitably lead. No! when he decided on the measure, it was with the firm determination, of accepting all its conditions; of embracing all its consequences; of carrying out, in case of need, his Machiavellian machinations by an appeal to the sword!—*Fraser's Magazine*.

[For the benefit of those of our readers, who do not belong to a Book Club, we have deviated from our usual sources, by extracting out of *Fraser's*

*Magazine* the above interesting account of the greatest Public Work of modern times, to which, rendering it still more complete than it appears in the original, we annex a plan of Paris, showing the Fortifications, extracted from the *Illustrated News* for March, with the following description.]

"The plan shows the city, the *enceinte*, the detached forts, and the suburbs. It is curious to compare the extent of the new works with that of the old walls of Paris. Thus, A shows the city, which held out against the Normans, at the famous siege of 885; B is the extent in the reign of Louis le Gros, in 1134; C, of Philip Augustus, in 1208; D, of Marcel, in 1356; E, of Louis XIII., in 1630; F, the present extent of the city, to the Boulevards and Barriers.

"Since the last Revolution the project of fortifying Paris had been seriously debated in the Legislature, especially in 1832-34; but it was reserved for M. Thiers, and those who raised the war alarm, in 1840, to realise the project to its fullest extent.

"By a law passed in 1841, a sum of forty millions of francs was granted by the Chambers, for raising a double line of defence round the capital. They form a continuous inclosure, embracing the two banks of the Seine, intended to be bastioned and terraced with about 33 feet of encampment, faced with masonry: 2 feet of outer works, with casemates. The latter (*les forts détachés*) are 17 in number, besides several detached trenches. The general plan of the continuous inclosure presents 91 angular faces, each about 1100 feet, with a continued fosse, or line of wet ditches in front, lined with masonry; thence to the top of the embankments crowning the wall, on which is ranged the artillery, is a height of about 46 feet.

"At different points are placed drawbridges, magazines, &c., and several military roads of communication have been formed. The distance of this regular zone or belt from the irregular outline formed by the octroi wall of the city, varies from 700 yards to nearly two miles."

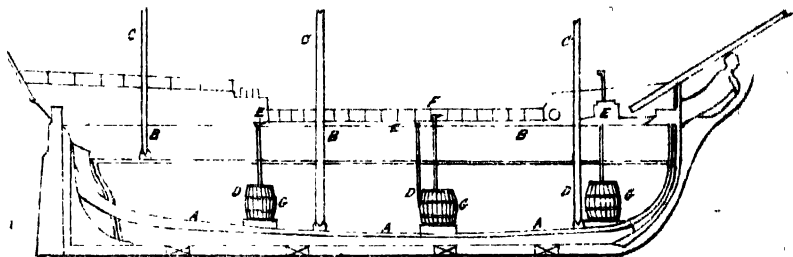
The following details are from "*Galignani's Guide to Paris*," just published:—

"Taking as a point of departure the western point of Bercy, on the right bank of the river, it crosses the road to Charenton, traverses the avenues of St. Mandé and Vincennes, goes to the south end of Charonne, goes behind Père la Chaise to Belleville, then to Romainville, and, crossing the Flanders road, reaches the Pont de Flandre at La Villette. Thence, passing westward, it goes to La Chapelle, St. Denis, crosses the great northern road, leaves Montmartre to the left, and traversing various routes, &c., passes by Clignancourt to Batignolles, &c., till it reaches the eastern point of the King's park at Neuilly, and, crossing the road, enters the upper part of the wood of Boulogne, and ends at Auteuil. Resuming the line on the opposite bank, it encloses the suburbs of Grenelle, Vaugirard, cuts the line of the Versailles Railway (*rive gauche*), leaves Montrouge outside, passes Gentilly, traverses the plain of Ivry, and crosses the line of the Orleans Railway, before arriving at its limit opposite Bercy, on the left bank.

"The *forts détachés* present 93 fronts, and are so many small, but complete fortresses, including magazines, barracks, &c. In adopting the line traced above, the first in order is the *Fort de Charenton*; 2. the *Fort de Nogent*; 3. the *Fort de Rosny*; 4. the *Fort de Noisy*; 5. the *Fort de Romainville*; 6. the *Fort d'Aubervilliers*; 7. the *Fort de l'Est*, between the latter and Pantin; 8 and 9. *Couronne du Nord* and *Fort de la Briche*, one on the hither, the second on the thither side of St. Denis; 10. the *Fort du Mont Valérien*, the most imposing of all; 11. *Fort de Vanvres*; 12. *Fort d'Issy*; 13. *Fort de Montrouge*; 14. *Fort de Bicêtre*; 15. *Fort d'Ivry*; 16. the *Lunette de Stains*; and 17. the *Fort de Rouvray*. Vincennes has also been greatly enlarged and strengthened. It is impossible to fix with any certainty what will ultimately be the cost to the nation of these immense works, involving the purchase of so much property, independent of the vast expense of construction, arming, &c. The armament alone would cost upwards of 19,000,000 fr. By a decision of the Chamber of Deputies in the session of 1845, the cannon, ammunition, &c., were to be kept at Bourges, and only brought to Paris in case of a war."

(To be continued.)

*Plan for the suppression of Spontaneous Combustion on Board Ships.*  
*By W. BLAND, Esq.*



[In 1839, a vessel called the *Dispatch*, freighted with wool from Sydney, took fire from the spontaneous combustion of the wool, and was entirely destroyed, the crew and passengers with great difficulty escaping with their lives. In 1832, another vessel, the *Lady Raffles*, also laden with wool, ignited in the harbour of Sydney, and was only saved from the like utter destruction by being scuttled and sunk—having been raised again after the fire was extinguished. These occurrences led the author of the present paper to consider whether some ready means could not be devised of averting such disasters,—whether, for example, it might not “be possible to inundate (if the term may be so applied) the entire hold and cargo with some gas, the presence of which would be incompatible alike with that of the combustive process (in whatever stage) in the cargo, and with the combustion itself.” Several gases suggested themselves. Of these, the carbonic acid appeared in an especial manner to possess all the requisite, and the fewest objectionable, properties. The great obstacles to its application seemed to consist in the dense stowage of a wool cargo, and the necessity of introducing the gas to the lowest regions of the hold. However, the great specific gravity of this gas, and its high expansive power, especially when heated, presented the obvious means of overcoming these difficulties. Mr. Bland, therefore, persevered, and perfected the very clever and efficient apparatus, which is described in the following paper. Notices of it have appeared in most of the Sydney newspapers and magazines, and we now gladly lend our aid to make it more widely and generally known.—ED. M.M.]

Place on the keelson of the vessel, before it has received its lading, three (3) casks, one for each hold, the upper fifth or sixth of each cask to be pierced with numerous holes, each about an inch in diameter, the rest of the cask to be lined internally with lead. Insert and fasten into the head of each cask, or into the upper part of one of its sides, a metallic tube, about 2 inches in diameter, to extend as required, from the cask to the upper or main deck—the whole length of each tube to be protected with a strong casing of wood.

To prepare the above apparatus for immediate use, put into each cask, *when placed where it is to stand*, a due quantity, which will be explained presently, of carbonate of lime—(whiting, chalk, or limestone, or marble broken into small fragments will do)—and should there at any time be reason for suspecting the commencement, or the actual existence of combustion, (the hatches having been carefully battened down,) pour on the carbonate of lime in that cask which may

happen to be nearest the spot where the combustion is supposed to have commenced (by means of the tube attached to it), about one pint of water to each pound of the carbonate contained in the cask, to be followed with 6 ounces by measure of strong sulphuric acid, or 8 ounces of nitric acid, or 8 ounces of muriatic acid, poured in slowly, a gill, or less, at a time. A disengagement of carbonic acid gas, more or less rapid, as the carbonate may be in a state of more or less minute division, and as the acid may be poured upon it more or less slowly, would now take place—when the gas escaping through the perforations in the upper part of the cask, would, by its own weight, and its vast expansive power, force its way along the lower regions of the vessel, until, stratum by stratum, it had expelled and replaced any other gaseous fluid, or had become mixed with it in those proportions in which it would be destructive of combustion.

In order to facilitate the mixing of the dilute acid with the carbonate of lime, it would be advisable if whiting or chalk should be used for creating a more rapid supply of the gas and the sulphuric acid, for cheapness, to add to the apparatus a second tube, fitted with a strong metallic rod, and furnished at its upper extremity with a transverse handle for rotating it, and at its opposite extremity, which should be immersed in the bottom of the cask among the calcareous carbonate, with two or more cross-pieces of metal or wood fixed at right angles with the rod. This part of the apparatus for mixing the ingredients would be the same as that contrived for a similar purpose in the well-known machine for manufacturing soda-water.

The quantities of the carbonate of lime and of the acid required for vessels of given tonnage may be deduced from the following statement, viz. :—

Four hundred pounds by weight (400 lbs.) of tolerably pure carbonate of lime, yield about one hundred and eighty pounds by weight (180 lbs.), or about twenty thousand cubic feet, or five hundred (500) tons, by measurement, of carbonic acid gas; and the admixture of about 6 ounces, by measure, of strong sulphuric acid, or 8 ounces of nitric acid, or 8 ounces of muriatic acid of the shops (diluted in about the proportion, above specified, with water for the convenience of admixture), is sufficient to neutralise about one pound of any of the calcareous carbonates, while the admixture of carbonic acid gas with atmospheric air, in any proportion not lower than one (1) part of the former to four (4) of the latter, will prevent or extinguish combustion.

The above method of extinguishing combustion was publicly verified, as far as it was possible at the time, by analogous experiment at the Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, in 1839.

I am indebted to a talented scientific friend for the following, among several other, valuable observations :—

“It would be much better to substitute marble or limestone in small angular pieces which would render the stirring apparatus unnecessary, and render the action less violent and more regular.

“There may be advantage in having the casks containing the lime placed beneath, but by that arrangement we neglect to avail ourselves of an important property of carbonic acid gas, viz., its great specific gravity, which causes it to descend, with almost as great facility as water, through atmospheric air, so as speedily to displace it, and to assume, or possess itself, of the lowest level.

“On this account it should be made known that the casks may be placed with equal advantage on the orlop deck, by making the requisite alterations in their construction, viz., in place of being pierced with holes, having a wide

metallic tube, or leathern hose, securely fixed over a corresponding aperture in the upper end, and bent downwards, so as to be introduced within the hold. In this latter method the plan may be applicable to ships that have already received their lading."

Should the above method of applying the carbonic acid gas be required in consequence of the vessel having received its lading, or should it be adopted by choice, the gas tube or hose might be conducted with advantage into the space between the sides of the vessel and its internal lining, if not caulked, or, if caulked, provided a few apertures be left sufficiently low down to admit the gas readily into the hold.

Respecting the choice of the carbonate to be employed, the calcareous carbonates are, perhaps, as suggested, the best for the above purpose, as being the cheapest, and not liable to damage on shipboard; and of these the marble or limestone, broken into small angular fragments, as recommended in the paper quoted above, would for most purposes be the best. It would perhaps be advisable, however, that one of the casks, at least, should be provided with chalk or whiting, against cases of emergency requiring a more rapid disengagement of the gas, and that, where there is a choice, one or two of the casks should be placed as originally recommended on the keelson of the vessel, so that advantage may be taken of the expansive power of the gas, for forcing its way with as much certainty, and as little delay as possible, among a densely stowed wool cargo.

The above means of preventing, or of extinguishing fire in the holds of vessels, would neither injure the vessel, the cargo, nor the provisions; nor would it, with common prudence, endanger human life. It would of course be destructive to any live stock in the hold of the vessel; indeed, so destructive would the gas prove to all animal life within the sphere of its operation, that it might be used, in the manner above described, for the express purpose of destroying rats or insects in vessels, in place of the usual process of fumigation.

It would, perhaps, be desirable that vessels should be provided with a larger quantity of the carbonate and of the acids than the mere supposed interstitial spaces left by the cargo in the hold of the vessel might seem to require, so that provision might be made against the possible gradual escape of the gas, and any consequent tendency to a repetition of the accident, before the vessel could arrive in port or discharge her cargo.

The following, however, would no doubt be a redundant supply for a vessel of 500 tons when loaded:—

Carbonate of lime (*e. g.*, marble or limestone, broken into small angular fragments, or whiting, or chalk) 84 lbs.

Sulphuric acid, about 32 pints, or nitric acid, 42 pints, or muriatic acid, 42 pints; though the precise proportions would of course have to be determined by a consideration of the purity of the carbonate, and of the strength of the acid employed. The casks ought to be capable of containing the above ingredients, with the addition of the due proportion of water, and ought to be then of sufficient size to preclude the escape of their contents, either from the motion of the vessel, or from the effervescence of the ingredients during their admixture.

The average cost of the acids, in England, would be, perhaps, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
The sulphuric acid, at 4 <i>d.</i> per pint .....	0	10	8
„ Nitric acid, at 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ditto.....	3	3	0
„ Muriatic acid, at 6 <i>d.</i> ditto .....	0	17	6



The cost of the entire apparatus would not perhaps exceed 18*l.*, or about 6*l.* each cask, with the tubes, &c., complete.

The cost of the marble or chalk would be a mere trifle, perhaps not exceeding 10*s.*

So that the entire average cost of the apparatus, and of the ingredients for a ship of 500 tons, would not exceed 21*l.*

The acids ought to be packed with much care, in small stout bottles, with glass stoppers, in a box lined with tin, and the interstices between the bottles filled with whiting. The measures for the acids should be glass, as also the funnels for pouring the acids into the tubes, &c., and of due strength,\* and then if the mere precaution of adding the acids to the water and the carbonate, slowly, and with occasional pauses, be observed, there would be no more danger in the carriage, and in the use of the acids, than in those of the kabose, or of a common lamp, nor perhaps so much. Strong pyroligneous acid, or strong vinegar, might however be substituted for any of the above acids, if used with the chalk or whiting. These would be used undiluted, in the proportions of one pint of the former acid, and of about four pints of the latter acid to each pound of the carbonate. But these acids would be considerably more expensive, and the vinegar would require a greater number of casks, or casks of larger dimensions.

#### *Description of Engraving.*

The prefixed figure is a vertical section of a vessel fitted with the apparatus, placed on the kelson, without and with the stirring appendage.

AAA, kelson ; BBB, deck ; CCC, masts ; DDD, casks ; EEE, tubes or pipes for introducing the water and acids into the casks ; F, handle and tube of the stirring apparatus ; G, perforations for the escape of the gas.—*Mechanic, March.*

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#### *Strength of Beams.—Exemplified.*

SIR,—Your correspondent “X. Y. Z.,” requests information as to the following :—

“A Church bell with its appurtenances weighing five tons, is to be supported in the middle by a beam, having a clear width between the bearings of 20 feet.

“Required to know the best form of beam in either of the following materials, and which of those materials is best suited for the purpose, viz. English oak, Baltic timber, or cast iron.”

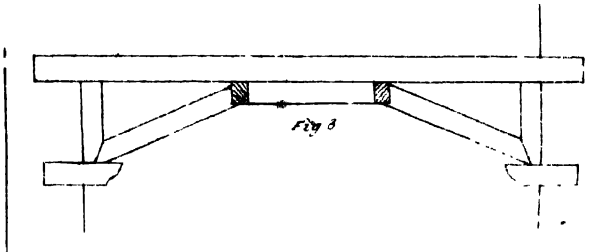
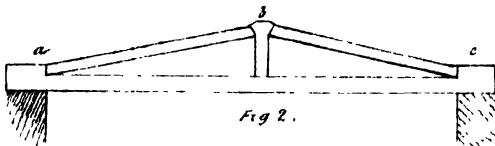
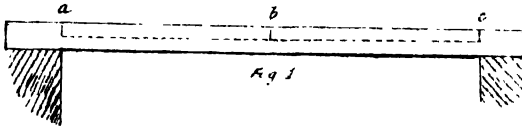
“According to the known mathematical formula, based upon practical experiments, we find that an oak beam of 12 inches in depth and 8 inches in breadth, with a distance of 20 feet between the points of bearing, will sustain with safety a weight of little more than five tons.

We find also that a beam of Riga fir of the same dimensions, viz., 12 inches by 8, with 20 feet between bearings, will support with safety a weight only of 3 tons, 3 cwt. 1 qr. But if we cut this fir beam to a depth of 4 inches, in the manner shewn by the dotted lines in fig. 1, which is

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\*. Packed in the box with the acids, with one or two of each to spare ; the box containing the acids to be cleated down to the deck, and ready for immediate use. The funnel might be dispensed with, by means of a slight modification in the form of the upper extremity of the tubes.

drawn to a scale of 12 feet to an inch, and raise the two pieces a. b. and c. b. and insert a. truss b. d. 2 feet high, as shewn in fig. 2 then the strength will be increased sixfold, and the trussed framework (made out of the same piece of timber, which would only bear about 3 tons) will support a weight of 3 tons, 3 cwt. 1 qr.  $\times 6 = 18$  tons, 19 cwt. 2 qrs.



If on the other hand, the oak beam is cut and trussed in the same manner, then will it bear a weight of 5 tons  $\times 6 = 30$  tons.

It may be as well perhaps to remark here, that the dimensions of a beam of Riga fir to sustain 30 tons, when cut and trussed as shewn above, will be 12 inches in depth and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches in breadth.

A simple cast-iron beam, 8 inches in depth and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in breadth, will sustain a weight of 5 tons with *safety*. This, however, is not to be depended upon for the purpose named. Your correspondent "X. Y. Z." will, I think from the above, be able to see and judge for himself as to the material that will best suit his purpose.—C. A. London.

Sir,—I have reason to believe your correspondent "X. Y. Z." would find a beam (to support a bell of five tons in the middle of it) if constructed in a similar manner to the accompanying sketch (3) the most simple and strongest made he could adopt. It is desirable to render the support of the bell as independent as possible of the walls by means of a collar and upright posts under the beam.—Builder, April.

### *On the Preservation of Wood.*

In our October number of last year, (page 221) we directed the attention of our readers to this subject, than which, it is difficult to conceive one of greater importance in connexion with Railway Construction. The influences in operation tending to the decay of wooden sleepers, we stated to be as follows:—The solubility of the animal matter they contain—the weak cohesion of their parts—their four-fold composition, as the more numerous the elements in the composition of a body the more rapid is its tendency to decompose—the oxygen of the air, heat and humidity—the azotic matter which wood contains, and the attacks of insects, such as ants and teredos. We then stated the most effectual methods hitherto employed for the preservation of wood, together with the cost of the various operations. We now present to our readers a list of the different processes adopted for the preservation of wood, from the year 1657 to 1846, which has been carefully prepared by M. J. A. Stockhardt.

No.	Date.	Name of Discoverer.	Preparation employed.	Mode of Application.
1	1657	Glauber.....	Vegetable tar and pyroligneous acid.	The wood having been carbonised by the action of fire, is covered with a coating of tar, and immersed in pyroligneous acid.
2	1740	?		Exposing the wood to the action of vapour.
3	1798	Volmeister .....	Solution of sea salt .....	Washing and immersion.
4	1806	Perkins .....	Ditto .....	The interstices of the wood filled with dry salt.
5	1815	Bowden .....	Salt water .....	Repeated immersion of the wood in the sea.
6	1820	Pasley .....	Undecomposable liquids, such for instance as the acids (?)	The wood is first boiled in water, and then the concentrated liquids applied.
7	1821	Knowles and Davy .....	Chloride of mercury .....	Immersion.
8	1821	Dimsdale .....	Vegetable tar, from which the pyroligneous acid had previously been extracted	Repeated immersions.
9	1822	Prechtl .....	Vapour of tar .....	The wood is first exposed to the vapour of water alone, and afterwards to that of a mixture of water and tar.
10	1823	Oxford .....	Oil of tar, previously treated with gaseous chlorine	Repeated coatings.
11	1824	Cox .....	Mixture of fish oil, rosin, and sulphur	* Saturated by coating the wood and rubbing.



No.	Date.	Name of Discoverer.	Preparation employed.	Mode of Application.
25	1835	Moll .....	Vapour of eupion and creosote	Exposing to the action of the vapour of the eupion and creosote in closed and heated vessel.
26	?	(?)	Concentrated sulphuric acid .....	Coating to carbonize the surface of the wood.
27	1837	Flockton .....	Oil of tar and pyrolignite of iron	Immersion.
28	1837	Granville .....	Refuse water of salt works .....	Idem.
29	1837	Lettellier .....	Chloride of mercury and solution of gelatine	The wood is immersed in a solution of the chlorine, dried, and then coated with a slight layer of glue.
30	1837	Gothill .....	Resinous solutions ; as, for instance, tar and oil of turpentine, with the addition of salt	Immersion from one to two hours in a solution heated from 275° to 399° Fah., with or without application of pressure or a vacuum.
31	1837	Margary .....	Solution of sulphate or acetate of copper ...	The wood first dried is then immersed in the solution.
32	1837	Industrial Society of Annaberg .....	Soluble glass and hydrochloric acid .....	The wood is immersed for thirty days in the soluble glass, and then placed in water acidulated with hydrochloric acid, washed, dried, and rubbed with oil.
33	1838	Treffy .....	Salts which mutually decompose each other, as for instance, <i>a</i> , chloride of tin or copper ; <i>b</i> , soda, or lime water.	Alternate immersions in the liquids.
34	1838	Burnett .....	Chloride of zinc .....	Immersion of from ten to twenty days.
35	1838	Bethell .....	Bituminous liquors, or those which contain creosote ; for instance, oil of tur. pyrolignite of iron deprived of ammonia	Extraction of the air, and introduction of the preparations by means of powerful pressure.
36	1839	Boucherie and afterwards Uzielli .....	Pyrolignite of iron, pyroligneous acid, muriate of lime, sulphate of copper, chloride of mercury, &c.	The solutions are introduced by the natural absorbing power of the living tree, or incorporated with the wood immediately after it is cut down.
37	1840	Fliselli .....	Substances which mutually decompose each other ; as for instance, soluble glass, and afterwards dilute sulphuric acid, or solutions first of alum and afterwards of potash	The wood is first steamed in a cylinder, the solution of alum or other salt is then introduced and boiled by steam : the alum fixed in the wood is then decomposed by a solution of potash.

38	1840	Münzing .....	Sulphate or muriate of protoxide of manganese, the refuse liquor of the chlorine works	Immersion in the solution.
39	1841	Pons .....	Solution of nitrate of iron, saltpetre, alum and ferrocyanide of potassium	Idem.
40	1841	Payne, and afterwards Banner .....	Salts which mutually decompose each other, as for instance, muriate of lime, sulphates of iron and potass, alum and potash	The wood is placed in an iron cylinder, in which a vacuum is produced, and then filled with the first solution, which enters the wood by powerful pressure; this solution is then run out and the second introduced, when the pressure is again employed; in some cases it will be found necessary to dry the wood either partially or entirely, between the first and second saturations.
41	1842	Timperly .....	Chloride of mercury .....	Immersion.
42	1843	Parke, and afterwards Lussij, 1845 .....	Caoutchouc dissolved in carburet of sulphur eupion .....	Coating or impregnation.
43	1843	Earle .....	Solution of sulphate of iron or copper .....	Immersion.
44	1844	Burkes, after Reichenbach .....	Soluble glass and sulphate of iron .....	The wood is first steamed, then impregnated with solution of sulphate of iron, and lastly with the soluble glass.
45	1845	Ransome, and afterwards Newton .....	Solution of silica in caustic soda (soluble glass), afterwards decomposed by an acid	After having expelled the air from the pores of the wood, the solution of soluble glass is introduced by pressure; afterwards place the wood a short time in a diluted acid.
46	1846	Venzat and Banner .....	Solution of sulphate or muriate of copper, afterwards decomposed by baryta	Impregnation, as No. 40.
47	1846	Payne .....	Solutions of metallic sulphurets (lime and baryta), decomposed afterwards by an acid or metallic salt (sulphate of iron, &c.)	Extraction of the air by the vapour of water, and alternate introduction by pressure of the preparations which can decompose each other, as No. 40, so as to leave in the wood a deposit of sulphur or metallic sulphuret, insoluble, and of sulphuret of lime.

*Chronometers.*

WHEN the minuteness of the parts of a chronometer is considered, and the variety of disturbance to which it is exposed, the accurate performance to which it may be brought is most wonderful. For it must be remembered how very trifling a cause, if constantly acting (such as a slight thickening of the oil), will greatly alter the result. Thus, as there are 1440 minutes in a day, any cause which makes each vibration of the balance (of which there are five in a common watch take place in 1-7200th part less or more than its usual time, will cause the time-keeper to gain or lose a minute a day. And as there are 86,400 seconds a day, any cause which makes each vibration of the balance of a chronometer (which usually occurs four times in a second take place in 1-432000th parts less or more than its usual time, will cause it to gain or lose a second a day, an error of very considerable magnitude. When it was first supposed that chronometers could be made sufficiently perfect to give important assistance in the determination of the longitude at sea (the mode of doing which will be explained hereafter) a Parliamentary reward of 10,000.£ was offered in 1714 to any one who should construct a time-keeper capable of doing so within the limit of 60 geographical miles; 15,000.£, if to 40 miles; and 20,000.£ if to 30 miles. Now a chronometer that has so much changed its rate as to have gained or lost, in a few weeks, two minutes more than it was estimated to have done, would gain the highest of these rewards; so that the utmost degree of accuracy which was contemplated as possible at the beginning of the last century, when this act was passed, is far surpassed at present.

The reward was gained by John Harrison, who in 1736 completed the first chronometer used at sea, after many years of patient study and laborious experiment. He gradually improved his machine; and in 1761 the first trial was made of it according to the regulations of the Act of Parliament by a voyage to Jamaica. In consideration of his advanced years his son was allowed to take this voyage instead of himself. After eighteen days' navigation, the vessel was supposed by the captain to be 13° 50' west of Portsmouth; but the watch giving 15° 19', or a degree and a half more, was condemned as useless. Harrison maintained that if Portland Island were correctly drawn on the chart, it would be seen on the following day, and in this he persisted so strongly that the captain was induced to continue in the same course, and accordingly the island was discovered the next day at 7 o'clock. This raised Harrison and his watch in the estimation of the crew; and their confidence was increased by his correctly predicting the several islands as they were passed in the voyage to Jamaica. When he arrived at Port Royal, after a voyage of 81 days, the chronometer was found to be about five seconds too slow; and finally on his return to Portsmouth, after a voyage of five months, it had kept the time within about one minute and five seconds, which gives an error of about 18 miles. This account was much within the limits prescribed by the Act; but Harrison did not receive the whole reward until a second voyage had been made; and large as the sum appears, it cannot be regarded as more than equivalent to the devotion of extraordinary talents with unwearied perseverance, during 40 years, to the attainment of an object whose importance can scarcely be estimated too highly.

As an illustration of the improvements which have been made in the construction of chronometers, the following circumstance, mentioned by Dr. Arnott as having occurred to himself, is of great interest. "After several months spent at sea," he says, "in a long passage from South America to Asia, my pocket chronometer and others on board announced one morning that a certain point of land was then bearing north from the ship, at a distance of 50 miles; in an hour afterward, when a mist had cleared away the looker-out on the mast gave the joyous call of 'Land-ahead!' verifying the report of the chronometers almost to one mile, after a voyage of thousands. It is allowable at such a moment with the dangers and uncertainties of ancient navigation before the mind, to exult in contemplating what man has now achieved. Had the rate of the wonderful little instrument, in all that time been quickened or slackened ever so slightly, its announcement would have been useless, or even worse;—but in the night and in the day, in storm, and in calm, in heat and in cold, its steady beat went on, keeping exact account of the rolling of the earth and of the stars; and in the midst of the trackless waves which retain no mark, it was always ready to tell its magic tale, indicating the very spot of the globe over which it had arrived."

It is surprising that notwithstanding the great advantages of chronometers in navigation, many ships are sent to sea without them, even for long voyages. Not unfrequently must it occur, that the knowledge of the exact position of the ship, which may be obtained by the chronometer produces a great saving of time, as well as contributes to the avoidance of danger. A remarkable instance of this was mentioned to the author a few years ago, as having just then occurred. Two ships were returning to London about the same time, after long voyages, one of them provided with chronometers, the other destitute of them. The weather was hazy, and the winds baffling; so that no ship whose position was uncertain, could be safely carried up the British Channel. Confident in his position however the captain of the first ship stood boldly onwards, and arrived safely in the Thames, whilst the other ship was still beating about in uncertainty near the entrance of the Channel. The first ship discharged her cargo, took in another, set sail on a fresh voyage, and actually in running down the Channel encountered the second ship still toilsomely making her way to her port.—*Carpenter's Cyclopædia of Naut. Sc. Part 13.*

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## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### *The Engineering of the Rhine and the Moselle.*

INST. CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*March 28.—General Meeting.*—Mr. J. FIELD, President, in the chair.—The paper read was “The Engineering of the Rhine and the Moselle.” By Mr. G. B. N. JACKSON. This communication was written during a short visit made to Holland for the purpose of inspecting personally the works with which the author had become familiar in the writings of Beaudemoulin, Vanden Bergh, Desfontaines, Hibbert, Krayenhoff, Ockhart, and Wiebeking. It commenced with tracing the geographical course of the Rhine from its source on the Badus, in the canton of the Grisons, to its numerous outfalls into the sea. It then treated at considerable length of the geological character of the country through which the river and its branches thus traversed. The ancient works, as far back as the time of the Romans, were then briefly described; and the general state of the bed of the river, with the comparative levels, the inclination and the velocity of the stream at the commencement of the modern works, were then laid down in a tabular form, as points of data; and then the capability of the Rhine for forming banks by warping, or depositing the matter held in suspension, was discussed. The remainder of the first part of the paper was occupied by descriptions of the modes of straightening the bed of the river, and of constructing the dams, weirs, division arms, spurs, and shore works, and the method of blasting the rocks, which latter considerably impeded the course of the stream. Our limits will not permit us to follow the details of these works, which differ so essentially from any in our own country, but the whole proceedings appeared to be given with such precision, that the paper, when it is published at length, with the copious details with which it was illustrated will form a most interesting portion of the minutes of proceedings.

*April 4th.*—JOSHUA FIELD, Esq., President, in the chair.—The second part of Mr. JACKSON's paper, “On the Engineering of the Rhine and the Moselle,” was read. It consisted to a considerable extent of a translation of an account of the spurs, groynes, and other works on the Moselle, for restricting the dimensions of the bed of that river, and increasing the depth of water, so as to enable the navigation to be carried on, which would otherwise be averted in the low-water seasons. It was shown, that to effect this, numerous arms of the river had been dammed across, and allowed to silt up; the course had been straightened, elbows had been cut off, and the convex shores, after being silted up by deposit between the groynes, were defended by arming of fascines, &c. Division banks had been established for the inflowing rivulets, so as to carry the gravel to a greater distance down the stream. Rocks also were removed by powder, and general improvements to such an extent were executed, that the river was comparatively under good control.

The account of the Rhine was then resumed; and, after detailing the various plans that had been proposed for ameliorating its course, giving numerous interesting and valuable tables of Blanken's and Bolstra's experiments as to the tides, the inclination of the bed of the various rivers, the duration of the ebb and flow, and average height of the river at the time of new and full moon, the height of various dykes above the extraordinary flood-line, &c., the paper finished with these general views:—“On looking at the map of Holland, and tracing its various streams, it certainly does not appear singular that frequent stoppages should take place in that country, whilst such occurrences are comparatively rare in Germany; for, as long as the Rhine retains its single course, as at Emmerick, no obstacles, excepting elbows, stay the progress of the current seawards; but, as soon as it divides at the Waal and Pannerden Canal,

the evil commences and increases, according to the number of arms and channels lower down. It is generally agreed that a river should have as few outlets as possible, in order to allow it the more effectually to clear itself; and that the tide should be admitted as far as possible, whilst, at the same time, the action of the winds should be diminished; again, that the more the surface water of any river is abstracted, the more quickly the sand will accumulate; and also that, if a cut be made, it is usual for ice stoppages to take place below it, so as to raise the water level above; and it is also agreed, that if a cut be made, as capacious as the river itself, or be permitted to increase to that extent, it will soon get beyond control, whilst the sand will accumulate rapidly—and that when openings exist in dykes, the ice gets into eddies, loses its velocity, and by degrees closes up the passage below the opening, so as to raise the water above. The question therefore, to be solved with regard to Holland and the system followed there, in order to prevent breaches in dykes, and to save the better part of the country (taking into account its weak, marshy soil, and its incapacity to withstand any great force), is whether it be the better plan to relieve the pressure on the dykes, by cuts and new channels, and local floodings, at the expense of increasing the number of ice stoppages; and, at the same time, diminishing the velocity in the main rivers, thereby greatly augmenting its liability to accumulating sand. It is true, as already stated, that the rivers are at present in such a condition, that it must be very expensive to effect anything of importance; but the question is of such vital importance to the port of Rotterdam, and the certainty of the mouth of the Meuse at the Brielle in the course of time closing up like that at Katwyk, if no improvement be attempted, is so clear, that it is very much to be regretted some steps have not been taken, ere this, to prevent so great a flow of water from passing out by the Hollands diep to Helloet."

The author directs the attention of the institution to this subject, and directs the following points for the consideration of the members:—"That the object to be aimed at, in any steps which might be adopted for improving the Meuse at Rotterdam, should be to protect and strengthen the shores and dykes likely to be operated upon by the alterations; to straighten all the curves on the Leek, so as to lessen chances of ice stoppages; to separate the Waal and Meuse waters as much as possible, and to lead off the former, together with the Leek, into the sea by the Brielle; to narrow the Bresbosch channel (now divided) into one, regulating the quantity of water; to close the Krabbe, the Noord, and the Spry, with sluice-gates; and, for the purpose of widening the outlet, to join the Island of Rosenburgh to the main land at Vlaardingen—thereby causing the ebb water to act upon this island, and with increased velocity, and an additional quantity of water, attempting to remove the bar and shoals."

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### *On the Strength of Materials, Cast Iron, etc.*

ROYAL SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF ARTS.—G. Buchanan, Esq., read the following paper, entitled "An Exposition on the Strength of Materials, particularly Cast-iron and Malleable Iron, and their application in the Construction of Bridges."

Mr. Buchanan commenced by stating, that he did not profess to communicate anything original, but would be happy if he could only draw from the stores of information which had of late years been accumulating on this subject, under the hands of very eminent scientific and practical men, such leading facts and maxims as might prove a sure guide for our practice; and such truths, when they become known and established on the unerring grounds of experiment and calculation, could not, he thought, be too widely disseminated. The various strains might all be reduced to two kinds, according as the material is either

distended or compressed by any force of pressure. From these two all others arise, and either consist or are compounded of them. The tensile strain is the simplest of all, depending neither on the peculiar form of the materials, nor even on the length, but only on a single element—namely, the section of fracture. This peculiarity of the tensile force was explained and illustrated. In regard to cast-iron, the result of the extensive and interesting experiments of Messrs. Hodgkinson and Fairbairn was given; and it was found from the mean of 16 different trials of English, Welsh, and Scotch iron, both hot and cold blast, that this material will sustain about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  tons per square inch before breaking, the weakest specimen being 6, and the strongest  $9\frac{1}{2}$ . The limit of fracture, however, can never be approached with safety, not even within a long distance, seeing that this material is liable to unseen imperfections, and above all, to snap in a moment, without distending itself, or giving any warning of danger. Malleable iron, again, is much superior in tensile strength, and, by its remarkable ductility, inspires confidence in a still higher degree, and bears not less, at an average, by various experiments of Telford and Brown, than 27 tons—the weakest 24, and the strongest 49 tons; but, before the half of this load is applied, it begins to stretch, and continues stretching up to the limit of fracture; it is, therefore, not only three times stronger than cast-iron, but may be safely loaded with five times the breaking weight, or about 8 or 9 tons. In regard to the strength of compression, this depends also, as long as the length is limited, on the same element—the section of fracture; but when a long rod or slender pillar is loaded or compressed, it is liable to bend, not for want of strength, but for want of stability, the least flexure turning it off its centre, and breaking it by lateral force—deranging entirely the simple law applicable to short lengths. In regard to cast-iron, by far the most satisfactory experiments are those by Hodgkinson and Fairbairn. The mean result gives very nearly 50 tons on the square inch—the weakest  $36\frac{1}{2}$  tons, and the strongest 60 tons. It is thus six times stronger in compression than in distension; and hence it is peculiarly recommended for sustaining any superincumbent weight, as in the case of pillars and of bridges, providing the construction is such as to revolve the strain arising from the load into a longitudinal compression. This is often in our power by proper arrangements, chiefly giving a sufficient height and curvature to the arch; but in cases where for the want of headroom, the arch is unduly flattened, or resolved into a straight beam or girder, the danger is that we bring the tensile force into play, and then the use of cast-iron is objectionable, or, at least, requires extreme caution. No direct experiments have been made on malleable iron of short lengths; but from some facts brought out by Mr. Hodgkinson, its strength appears much inferior to cast-iron, chiefly from ductility, whereby it gives way much sooner under a load. It will bear 27 tons, probably much more, without fracture; but with 12 tons it yields to the load, contracts longitudinally, and swells out laterally; and this is another very important fact for our guidance in the use of those different materials. In regard to stone, experiments have been generally made on specimens rather too minute. Like cast-iron, the crushing strength is superior to the tensile, and hence its adaptation for buildings, particularly bridges. Craigleith stone will bear  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons on the inch, or upwards of 400 tons on the square foot—Aberdeen granite 600 tons. In regard to bricks, he had occasion to make experiments in relation to the great chimney of the Edinburgh Gas Works. It became matter of consideration, whether the ordinary brick could withstand the pressure of so lofty a column. Trials were therefore made with a powerful hydrostatic press, not on small specimens, but on the actual brick. The ordinary stock brick was found to bear 140 tons on the square foot, and the common fire-brick 157 tons; but the brick of which the chimney is constructed, consisting of a mixture of fire-clay and iron-stone bore, a single brick on its bed, no less than 140 tons, equal to 400 tons on the square foot.

The effect of the transverse strain was then considered, and illustrated by various experiments and models. The strain is a compound of the tensile and compressive strain, the one part of a beam loaded in the middle being compressed, and the other distended, and the beam itself becoming a lever, and acting often with enormous power against its own strength. Hence it became easy to calculate the strength, this being in every case proportional in the first instance to the area of the section of fracture, and this original element, modified by the length and depth of the beam, diminishing in exact proportion to the length, and increasing in proportion to the depth.

The transverse strain acting with such severe advantage against our materials, various methods have been contrived for eluding its effects; and for these none is more remarkable than the principle of the arch, the effect of which was illustrated by experiments, and particularly the necessity in flat arches of having secure abutments to resist the horizontal thrust, and this was frequently accomplished, where there is sufficient headroom, by uniting the extremities of the arch by strong malleable iron rods, in the same manner as in the case of the roof; the feet of the rafters are united and prevented from spreading by the tie-beams; and this is the principle, the securest of all, on which the great iron bridge at Newcastle, now in progress, is constructed—the object of which is to cross the river and valley of the Tyne, on the highest level of the railways on each side, so as to unite them in one uninterrupted line from London to Berwick, and unite the termini of the different railways, now separated three-quarters of a mile or more, into one grand central station, a little to the west of the ancient castle. The distance between this station and the present terminus of the York and Newcastle Railway is 3457 feet, consisting chiefly of the space occupied by the bed of the River Tyne, and the steep bank on each side, well known to travellers in descending from Gateshead Fell on the south, and Dean Street on the north, both to be now superseded by the smooth and level surface of the railway, and by a turnpike road running on the same bridge directly under the line of rails. The steep banks on each side are spanned by stone arches of a very substantial character, the river and low banks by six metallic arches, all of the same dimensions and structure, resting on solid piers and lofty columns of masonry. In the bed of the river the piers are laid on very solid foundations of piles and planking, with concrete—many of the piles 40 ft. in length, and driven to this depth through hard gravel and sand, till they reach a bed of freestone rock. Nasmyth's celebrated pile driver is in full operation here, and with wonderful effect, and has come most opportunely in aid of the work—driving night and day, at the rate of 60 or 70 strokes a minute, the pile heads often being set on fire by the rapidity and violence of the blows of the ram. Piers laid 2 feet below water mark, and raised about 100 feet to the springing of the arches. The arches consist each of four main ribs of cast-iron, each in five segments, bolted together, and forming one entire arch, 125 feet span, and rising 17 ft. 6 in. in the centre, and the level of the rails on the upper platform 108½ ft. above the level of high water mark of the Tyne. Depth of the rib, 3 ft. 9 in. at the springing, and 3 feet 6 inches at the crown, with flanges 12 inches broad, external ribs two inches thickness of metal, internal ribs three inches—total sectional area at the crown 644 square inches, which would bear with safety a load of 5000 or 6000 tons, and would form, with proper abutments, a strong arch in itself; but for the fullest security, and to prevent the possibility of inconvenience of risk from deflection or vibration, or otherwise, each rib is united at the springing by strong malleable-iron bars, or ties, 7 in. broad and 1 in. deep, of the best scrap iron, an in all 24 in number. The railway is supported above the arch, and the roadway suspended from beneath, by hollow cast-iron pillars 10 ft. apart, and each 14 in. square, through which are passed strong malleable-iron circular bars, binding the

whole into one stiff and solid mass. The sectional area of the horizontal bars is 168 square inches, which would sustain upwards of 400 tons without breaking, and 1500 tons with perfect safety, but the whole weight of the bridge will not exceed 700 tons, leaving 800 tons of surplus strength. The railway, which is at the summit level, runs on a level 4 ft. above the crown of the arched rib, and is supported in the middle by hollow cast-iron through girders resting on the top of the pillars 10 ft. apart, and united by longitudinal timbers laid with strong planking. The roadway runs nearly on a level with the malleable-iron ties leaving a space of about 20 feet clear head room. In the whole of the work the utmost pains have been bestowed on materials and workmanship, and in making everything complete, the surfaces which abut together being regularly planed or turned, as in machinery; and from all the arrangements, the most successful result may be anticipated from this bridge. The cost of the iron work and roadway, by the estimates, comes to £112,000, and the contracts for the bridge and viaducts to above £300,000.—*Artizan for May.*

*A Sketch of the Structure of the Country from Cader Idris to Moel Siabod, and ditto parts of North and South Wales.*

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, *April 5th.*—Sir H. T. De la Beche in the chair. Read 1st—"A Sketch of the structure of the Country extending from Cader Idris to Moel Siabod," by Mr J. B. Jukes and Mr. A. R. Selwyn. This paper contained the results obtained by the Geological Survey up to the close of 1847. The rocks composing the district, constitute the following three groups in the ascending order:—A. The Barmouth and Harlech sandstones, forming a mass of quartzose sandstones and conglomerates, with some beds of blue and purple slates, which in several places have been quarried for economical purposes. Their approximate thickness is estimated at upwards of 3,000 feet; no organic remains have hitherto been found in them. B. The Trappean group, consisting—1st. Of blue and grey slates and flagstones, sometimes slightly arenaceous, interstratified with many beds and masses of a grey calcareo-feldspathic "ash," often crystalline, together with feldspathic trap and greenstone; 2nd. Of great masses of feldspar porphyry with some greenstone and feldspathic ash, often crystalline, and forming beds from a few inches to many feet in thickness. Interstratified with the latter, and passing into them, and especially into the ash, by imperceptible gradations, are many beds of black slates, forming often irregular and apparently lenticular masses. This group is estimated at 15,000 feet thick, and in the lower part contains lingule in great abundance, with a few other fossils; in the upper part, lingule and graptolites, but not very numerous. C. The Bala group, consisting—1st. of very fine-grained black slates, showing few traces of lamination, or having it greatly obscured by joints and cleavage; 2nd. Of a fine-grained grey arenaceous slate rock, often passing into gritstone, and containing below one or two beds of ash, and near the centre one thin bed of limestone. The whole group is 9,000 feet thick. In the 1st, or lower division, organic remains are rare, but are very abundant in the 2nd division, especially in the central limestone—the Bala limestone of Prof. Sedgwick. About 500 feet below this stratum a bed of trappean ash almost invariably occurs, and from this and other characters the authors have been enabled to identify the limestone wherever it occurs, and to show that the so-called Bala, Rhiwlas, Llwyngai, and Eglwys limestones are broken portions of one bed. They also consider the first group, or the Barmouth sandstones, as forming a true base for the Silurian system.

2nd.—“Sketch of the Structure of Parts of North and South Wales,” by Prof. Ramsay and Mr. W. T. Aveline. From the neighbourhood of Dinas Mowddu to Llandeivi-ystrad-enny, in Radnorshire, certain shales, from 1,000 to 1,500 feet thick occur; and above these, masses of sandstone, with occasional shales, sometimes 2,000 feet thick. These are the Caradoc sandstone of Sir R. Murchison, bearing the same relations to the underlying slates and the overlying Wenlock shale that the typical rock does in Shropshire. To the S. W. of Church-Stretton the Caradoc sandstone also rises in a thin band from beneath a strip of Wenlock shale, and rests unconformably on the Cambrian rocks of the Longmynd, in such a way as to show that the latter formed an original boundary of the sea of the period. The Caradoc rock, which is here a conglomerate, is composed of water-worn pebbles, derived from the Longmynd. In many other parts, it is also seen at intervals, and always quite unconformably to the Llandeilo flags on which it rests. Hence it is shown that the underlying rocks of Barmouth and the Longmynd were disturbed before the deposition of the Caradoc sandstone. The latter seems to have been deposited along a sea-shore, and probably in deep water, near high land. It also appears that this land was gradually depressed during the accumulation of the Wenlock and Ludlow rocks, so that it had many thousand feet of marine strata deposited above it, and has subsequently been again raised and brought to the surface by denudation.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, *April 12th*.—Sir P. V. Boileau in the chair.—Mr. Digby Wyatt read a paper “On the art of enamel, ancient and modern.” After a hasty description of the composition of pure enamel, and the nature of the pigments usually employed to colour it, the author proceeded to enumerate the six leading varieties which had been adopted at various periods in the history of the art, to unite the vitreous paste with its metallic base, endeavouring, as far as possible, to describe each genus in the language of some contemporary authority:—The first or Byzantine process; the second or early Limoges style; the third or early Italian modes, practised for probably some 50 years before the days of Ugolino Veri, the artist who executed the celebrated shrines in Ovetto Cathedral, in the year 1338, and carried by subsequent goldsmiths and enamellers down to the end of the 16th century; the fourth, which Benvenuto Cellini was said to have, if not invented, at least been the first to describe as an improvement that took place about the beginning of the 16th century, which constituted what Mr. Wyatt called “jewellers’ enamel;” the fifth or “late Limoges;” the sixth and last process the miniature style, in which the labours of Sir Theodore de Mayerne, and his connection with Pettitot, the principal and best known of this school of art, were made prominent. Mr. Wyatt then, commencing with Egypt, gave a rapid sketch of the history of the art, noting the barbaric enamels existent in the North probably previous to the Roman conquests, touching on the connexion between the Limoges and Byzantine schools, and tracing, though necessarily very briefly, all the salient points in its existence as both a manufacture and as an art in our own and other countries. He glanced at what had been recently done in the *ateliers* of Wagner and Rudolphi, at Paris, and at the paintings of Messrs. Bone and Essex, and concluded by expressing an earnest hope that the knowledge of art possessed by those gentlemen might soon be grafted on the skill of our workmen, and that we may ere long adopt and fully carry out the old practice of the middle ages, so ably characterised by the Abbé Texier, in his eloquent declaration that “then art and manufactures were blended and identified; art gaining by the affinity great practical facility, and manufacture much original beauty.”—*Literary Gazette, April.*

## SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

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*The Broad Gauge.*—*The Railway Record* calculates that the Great Western Company have in the prosecution of their broad Gauge conquests—the most wanton and absurd of all conquests ever entered upon,—saddled themselves with guarantees to the enormous extent of £16,000,000 on a paid up capital of only 6,000,000 !

*Fountain Barometer.*—Where there happens to be a fall of water—no matter how short the fall—notice the air-bubbles which rise and fall on the surface of the pool into which the water descends. Draw imaginary circles, say at the distance of 1, 3 and 6 feet from the jet. If the air is heavy and dry, as in fine weather, the bubbles will vanish almost as soon as they are formed or only reach as far as 1. Previously to rain, or when the weather is showery or unsettled, they will remain a little longer, and probably extend to 3, whilst before very wet and stormy weather, they will continue to float for a considerable time, and if not broke and dispersed by a sudden gust of wind, will reach the farthest point before they burst.

*The Coming Comet "Astra."*—The period of this comet is 291.966 years. Its two last recorded appearances were on July 17, 1264 (O. S.) and April 22, 1556 (O. S.)

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FROM THE COMPTES RENDUS, FOR AUGUST, 1847.

*The Artificial Production of Precious Stones. By M. Ebelman.*

THE process adopted by the author is in reality a crystallization of the compound from a fused solution of their constituents in boracic acid, the acid being evaporated by heat. Alumina and Magnesia, in proportion to form spinel, were mixed with fused boracic acid and one per cent. bichromate of potash. Exposed on platina foil to the highest temperature of the porcelain furnace of Sèvres, a product was obtained, the surface and interior cavities of which were covered with crystalline facets, having the form of the regular octahedron, rose-red, transparent, and readily scratching quartz. They were completely infusible by the blow-pipe, and there can be no doubt of their identity with spinel.

A substitution of protoxide of manganese produced a larger laminæ, having the form of equilateral triangles or regular hexagons. These were apparently manganesian spinel, which has never yet been found in the mineral kingdom. Oxide of cobalt substituted for magnesia, gave blue-black, regular octahedrons. Alumina and glucina, in proportions to form chrysoberyl, gave a mass with a crystalline surface of great splendour, and scratching quartz, and even topaz. The hardness was, therefore, that of natural chrysoberyl.

Silicates, infusible in furnaces, can be formed by the same process. The constituents of emerald gave a substance which really scratched quartz, and had the form of the regular hexagon.

## FROM THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE FOR APRIL.

*Improvements in Photography.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND SCHOOL OF ARTS.

SIR,—In an article on Photography, which appeared in your Magazine a few months since; it was suggested that plates of glass might be most advantageously employed in receiving the images of the camera, provided the negative pictures so produced, could be rendered sufficiently intense for yielding good positive copies upon paper.

This induced me to undertake a series of experiments, which have resulted so successfully, that I hasten to lay the facts before such of your readers as are interested in the Photographic art. The process which I have found to answer best is the following: Upon a plate of glass which has been slightly warmed over a spirit lamp, pour a few drops of hot saturated solution of gelatine, and upon this solutions of bromide of potassium and nitrate of silver in such proportions, that the silver salt shall be in excess. Then add a drop or two of acetic acid, and with a stiff camel's hair brush mix the whole together until it forms a perfectly smooth paint or varnish. The plate must now be allowed to cool, and it is then ready for use in the camera.

The picture is to be brought out by a weak solution of sulphate of iron, and fixed with a solution of either the iodine or bromide of potassium.

I have frequently succeeded in producing by these means, pictures of natural objects, which far exceed in delicacy and minuteness of detail the ordinary calotype pictures; a friend of mine also to whom I communicated the process, informs me that he has used it in portraiture with the most perfect success. If then you think this communication worthy of publication in your valuable Magazine, I shall feel much obliged by its insertion.

I am Sir, &amp;c.,

J. HURST.

*Geological Wonders.*—According to Buckland, more than nine thousand different animals have passed into stone. The races or genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. The Megatherium (*great Beast*) says Buckland, from a skeleton nearly perfect in the Museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of an Armadillo and the ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws.

Its thigh bone was nearly three times as large as that of an Elephant, and its tail (nearest the body) six feet in circumference.

*The Great Britain.*—At a recent meeting of the Great Western Steam-Ship Company, at Bristol, the expense of recovering the Great Britain was stated to amount, after deducting the proceeds of materials, to £12,670, 14s. 1d. The estimates for restoring her to the condition she was in previously to stranding, were, for hull masts, sails, cabins, boats, anchors, cables, &c. £15,886, 5s.; machinery 5,808; total £21,694 5s. The Directors stated, that after a settlement had been come to with the underwriters at Liverpool and Glasgow negotiations for her sale would have their best attention.



*Geological Curiosities.*—The Oxford, Worcester and Wolverhampton Railway cutting in Dudley, now presents a valuable section of the coal measures lying on the Silurian beds, namely, from the north end of the tunnel to the Birmingham road. At the south end of the tunnel near the gas-works, the fire clay and superior coal crop up to the basalt; the point of contact being in the tunnel, and therefore not very come-at-able. At the Fire Holes, however, on the Himley-road, is well exposed section of the basalt—massive columnar, and globular (*basalte en boule*), with coal measures abutting.

*Daguerreotype Coloured Miniatures.*—These beautiful portraits are produced by dusting the requisite pigment powders from small cotton dassils upon the picture, which must, however, be previously coated with an alcoholic solution of copal, and be nearly dry.

#### FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE FOR MARCH.

##### *Another Anæsthetic Agent—Aldehyde.*

ALDEHYDE is stated by M. Paggiale to possess the same anæsthetic properties as sulphuric ether and chloroform. Inhaling it is promptly followed by most complete insensibility. Its stupifying action is quicker and more energetic than that of ether or chloroform. It has been tried on several dogs; in about 45 seconds insensibility was perfect. The eyes were fixed, the muscles greatly relaxed, the pupils dilated and immovable. This state lasted about three minutes, when the animal, although insensible, rolled and made involuntary movements. Normal respiration being re-established, the skin became sensible in eight minutes. No accident occurred. In two experiments the inhalations were continued for ten minutes. The animal remained insensible and immovable; the muscles of respiration alone acting. Taken to the open air the head was thrown back, the respiratory movements became at first almost convulsive, then regular. Afterwards the dog raised himself on his fore legs, dragging after him the abdominal members still paralysed; the normal functions being restored at the end of a quarter of an hour. The arterial blood had a very perceptible odour of aldehyde.

Aldehyde is a limpid, colourless liquid formed among other products, when the vapour of ether or alcohol is transmitted through a red hot tube; also by the action of chloride or weak alcohol. It is best prepared and may be obtained in large quantities, by distilling a mixture of sulphuric acid, water, alcohol, and peroxide of manganese, and rectifying the condensed liquid with chloride of lime. Aldehyde has a characteristic ethereal odour, which, when strong, is exceedingly suffocating.

*Polygonometry.*—*Principles laid down by Mr. Simon Spitzer.* If a given point moves in a plain, so that it ultimately returns to the spot whence it set out, the sum of all the intermediate spaces which it has traversed will be 0; whence not only their relative proportions, but their positions come under observation. Upon this principle the greater number of the problems

of Polygonometry are deduced with great simplicity, and by this practical application the correctness of Gauss' observations on imaginary sizes, which is attacked by the modern French mathematicians, is tested.

*Geological Investigation. Passages in the History of Geology. By Andrew C. Ramsay, F. G. S., &c. pp. 38.*

AN inaugural lecture, delivered by Professor Ramsay at University College, London; an historical retrospect, a concise analysis of the process of geological investigation, such as might have been anticipated from the Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Restricted, however, to the time ending with the labours of Hutton, from whom, disregarding all minor points, the lecturer claims the first distinct enunciation of the following great principles:

"1st. That in the whole traceable history of the world the course of events have never been disturbed by universal paroxysmal catastrophies, but that the course of change has ever been similar to that which guides our experience of the ordinary economy of nature.

"2d. That we know of no set of igneous rocks (whether granite or others,) that can be proved to be of generally older origin than the earliest stratified deposits, but that *they may often* be proved to be of posterior origin.

"3d. That the stratified masses that constitute most of the visible surface of the earth were formed from the waste of pre-existing rocks mingled with organic exuvæ.

"4th. That such land-derived strata afford a measure of the amount of pre-existing continents destroyed, to afford materials for their formation. But having no measure of time comparable to these epochs it is impossible to estimate their duration.

"5th. That there may be a progressive formation of new rocks in the bottom of the sea, contemporaneous with great and repeated alterations of the lower strata, that approach the regions of internal heat.

"6th. That all strata being derivative, and a machinery existing and having always existed (as far as observation can discover) capable alike of erecting and destroying rocks, in the whole course of *visible* nature, we find no vestige of a beginning, no trace of an end."

The labours of Hutton constituted one great epoch in geology; the investigations of Smith formed another. We look for the promised more particular account of the history of those labours more immediately bearing "On the doctrines of Werner, and the great discovery of William Smith."

FROM THE ARTIZAN FOR APRIL.

*Improvements in the Construction of a Coffor-Dam. Samuel S. Walley, Charlestown.*

"HAVING described the manner in which I construct and employ my portable coffer-dam, what I claim therein as new, and desire to secure by letters patent, is the manner in which I have arranged and combined the respective parts thereof, so as to adapt it to the purpose intended as herein

made known, that is to say, I claim in combination the providing of the inner box or coffer with doors at its lower part, which when closed will convert it into a buoyant vessel, said coffer being provided with elastic padding on its lower edge, and troughs and boxes capable of receiving such load of stone or other materials as will sink and press the coffer down upon the bottom of the stream or other water, as herein fully made known, and the expedient of letting in the water to fill the said boxes to increase the pressure, and the pumping out said water to render it more buoyant."

*Bell Ringing Superseded.*—At the Haults Arms Inn, Birmingham, an electric telegraph has been established to supersede bell ringing. The object is to avoid any trouble to the visitors who frequent the house in calling for refreshments, as indicated on the dial plate. By turning a handle which communicates with the wires, the party is enabled to order any refreshment he may require without troubling the servant; and can even request the appearance of the landlord or landlady as may be requisite.

*The Peril Indicator.*—This is an invention of Lieut. Westbrook, R. N., of the *Stag*, revenue cutter, and is thus described :—"The apparatus is fitted to the keel of the vessel, and consists of a projection therefrom of two bars ten feet below the keel of the vessel; immediately these bars, which are fitted forward as well as aft, touch ground, they spring up level with the keel, and ring a large bell in the engine-room, which is the signal for the engineer instantly to reverse the engines and send the ship astern. The invention has met with the approval of some of the members of the Admiralty, and every scientific naval, or other person who has seen it. A trial would fully demonstrate its usefulness and applicability; its expense is too trivial to be an obstacle."

### *Improvements in Carriages, Wheels, &c.*

MR. AITKIN, of Aberdeen, has patented some improvements in the construction of carriages, carts, wheels, &c., which from the description we have heard of them, are likely to be productive of the most important results in common road locomotion. He has at present three specimen finished, and which will shortly be exhibited in Edinburgh—an Albert car to hold four persons, weighing 4 cwts., with the wheels entire, and of the most light and elegant appearance; an omnibus seated for 20, but in which 40 persons have been stowed, without in the least oppressing two horses, or placing any particular strain on the springs, this weighs 12 cwts.; a common cart which, with powerful spring, weighs but  $7\frac{1}{4}$  cwt., and has been loaded to two tons and drawn through the streets by a single horse. These extraordinary results are effected by the use of iron throughout, except the lining, seats, &c., the employment of what in the specification is termed *felloe* iron for the wheels, and the adoption of a patented wheel, *an iron suspension wheel*. The only quality now to be tested is durability, and wear and tear, and there is little doubt, but that in carriages as well as ships, and various other things to which iron has been applied of late years, its superiority over wood will be fully established.

*Door Springs*, of new invention, have been patented by Mr. Cotterill, of Birmingham, the principle of which consists simply of a spiral spring enclosed in a cylinder acting on a piston-rod, to which the opening of the door gives the momentum, and it does double duty by the addition of a joint at the point where the spring is at its utmost depression, by means of which the backward action of the piston is checked, and the door keeps open at pleasure.

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*Destruction of the Viaduct over the River Nidd at Knaresborough.*—On Saturday morning, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11, the entire viaduct, which was nigh being completed, fell in with a tremendous crash. It consisted of four arches (the centres of which had not been removed,) each 50 feet span and 80 feet high. The cause of so great a catastrophe remains a mystery yet to be explained, but it is thought it has arisen in a great measure through the heavy rains which have prevailed for the last two months ;—fortunately no lives were lost. It was intended for the use of the Leeds and Thirsk, York, and North Midlands, and East and West Yorkshire Junction Railways.

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### *Philosophy for the Working Classes.*

THOSE who desire the stoppage of trade cannot do better than riot ; those who desire increased taxation, impoverishing their employers, and thereby lessening work, will riot ; those who desire severe government, restrictive laws, and legal bloodshedding, will riot. But those who desire peace, and employment, and wages, and cheap food, will assist the middle classes in enforcing public economy and equal taxation, so that the limbs of industry may be free, and the fruits of industry be enjoyed by all parties entitled to them.

### FROM THE FAMILY HERALD FOR MARCH.

#### *To Preserve Water in Sea Casks and Cisterns.*

WATER may be preserved quite pure on long voyages either in casks or cisterns, by the addition of 3 lbs. of black oxide of manganese powdered ; stir it well together, and the water will lose any bad taste it may have acquired, and will keep for an indefinite length of time.—*Christian Almanack*, 1848.

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*Prevention of Collision at Sea.*—"Let a triangular lantern be made," says a Hartlepool correspondent, "with sides of different colours—red, blue and white—and with slides to cover them. When on the starboard tack, let the red glass be exposed ; when on the larboard, the blue ; and when running free, the white. If this simple precaution were adopted, few ships would run foul of each other."—*Gateshead Observer*.

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*Test for readily distinguishing Iron from Steel.*—To distinguish iron from steel by a chemical process, take pure nitric acid, dilute it with as much water that it will only feebly act upon the blade of a common table-knife. If a drop of the acid thus diluted be suffered to fall upon steel, and allowed to remain upon it for a few minutes, and then washed off with water, it will leave behind a black mark. But if a drop of this acid be suffered to act upon iron in the same manner, the spot will not be black but of a whitish gray-colour. The black stain is owing to the conversion of the carbon of steel into charcoal, which thus becomes predominant; and iron being nearly free from carbon, can produce only a grey stain. The utility of this test is not confined to finished articles manufactured of steel; but its application enables the workman in iron and steel to ascertain also the quality and uniformity of unfinished articles.

*Directions for putting on Gutta Percha Soles.*—We have not the least doubt that the following information will be acceptable to most of our readers, with the exception of those which it is most likely to injure,—the boot and shoe menders. But to our method of performing the simple task. Dry the old sole and rough it well with a rasp, after which put on a thin coat of warm solution, with the finger rub it well in—let it dry, then hold it to the fire, and whilst warm put on a second solution thicker than the first, and let it dry. Then take the gutta percha sole, and put it in hot water till it is soft. Take it out, wipe it, and hold the sole in one hand, and the shoe in the other to the fire, and they will become sticky; immediately lay the sole on, beginning at the toe, and proceed gradually. In half an hour, take a knife and pare it. The solution should be warmed by putting as much as you want to use in a cup and placing it in hot water, taking care that no water mixes with the solution.

*Analysis of the result of Operations performed with the Agency of Ether and Chloroform, as compared with similar operations executed without these agents.*

Of 300 operations performed with ether and chloroform, fewer proved fatal than is usual in the same cases without these agents. Of 1,088 cases of amputation of the thigh without an anæsthetic agent, 44 in 100 died; out of 135 cases, with ether or chloroform, 33 only died; or 24 in 100. In the statistics of obstetric cases we find that the mortality is just in proportion to the number of hours suffering, so that there is now abundant evidence to prove that these substances not only relieve from pain, but materially diminish the chances of death in the cases in which they have been used.

*Suicide of the Claimant to the Discovery of Ether and Chloroform.*—At the latter end of January, Dr. Horace Wells, formerly of Hartford, Connecticut, committed suicide at New York. The deceased claimed for himself the honour of being the original discoverer of the use of ether and

chloroform in cases of surgical operation and dentistry, and visited London and Paris last winter, for the purpose of establishing his claim to the original discovery. It appears that Dr. Wells was in the habit of producing intoxication upon himself by the use of chloroform; and under one of the paroxysms produced by the intemperate use of this powerful agent, sallied forth into the Broadway, and threw vitriol upon the clothes of some of the unfortunate girls who there promenade at night. He was taken into custody; and for the purpose of drowning the consequences of the exposure committed suicide by inflicting a desperate gash in his left thigh, penetrating the femoral artery. Beside him, when discovered, lay a razor, a penknife, and a phial labelled "Pure Chloroform," from which there is little doubt that he used his own medicine to destroy the sensation of pain in the act. A person had obtained from the deceased a few days previously, a phial of vitriol for the purpose of throwing upon some of the girls, who, he said, had injured him; and it is supposed that this in his intoxicated state, must have operated upon him. He has left behind him a wife and one child.

*Chloroform* has also been applied to the sting of a scorpion and instantly allayed the pain. *The Delhi Gazette* also mentions, that the woody root of one of the commonest weeds in upper India, *Achyranthes Aspera*, the *Chichira* of the natives, either rubbed on dry, or made into a paste with water, and applied to the part stung almost immediately relieves the pain. But the effect of this root upon the scorpion itself is still more remarkable. If it be touched by a piece of the root, it loses all disposition to sting, and as long as the antidote is retained in the hand, the animal may be handled with impunity. It is also stated that a drop of harts-horn, or of eau de luce, applied to the wound, has the same effect. Where the skin is thick, it should be well-rubbed in.

*Manufacture of Lace.*—A very curious experiment was tried with respect to the manufacture of lace in 1832, by a talented officer residing at Munich. This man at last arrived at making a manufacture of silk blonde of quite a particular kind, and in the manufacturing of which, caterpillars are the only workmen. A paste was made of the leaves on which the caterpillars are nourished, and a thin piece was laid on a flat stone; then with a brush dipped in olive oil, the parts which were to be open were drawn. The stone was placed in an inclined position; and after taking an immense number of caterpillars, those were chosen whose thread was thick enough. These insects began eating the paste that was laid on the stone, avoiding invariably those parts that were oiled; they spun as they advanced, and the threads interwoven furnished a lace of the finest tissue, and a most surprising strength. A veil worked in this manner, twenty-six inches and a half by 17 inches, weighed only a grain and a half; nine feet square of this tissue weighed only 4 grains and a third; while the same quantity of very fine blonde weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half!—*Lady's Newspaper.*

*Curious Effects of Cannon Shot.*—For instance, one shot knocked to pieces five spare oars in the fore-hold. Another would have passed completely through the boilers, had it not luckily been stopped by a quantity of coal-bags purposely left upon deck in that position to provide against such a contingency. The first bag it struck gave it rather an upward direction, which carried it parallel to the deck through five or six more bags filled with coals, and then rolled harmlessly into the scuppers driving with great force splinters of coal about the deck. But the most curious escape was from a shot which went through both paddle-wheels. It struck the paddle-box on the enemy's side, three or four feet above the shaft, went clean through the wheel without touching any part of it, and then passed across the deck, and through the other paddle-box, not above eighteen inches from the shaft, still not touching a single blade, or any portion of the paddles. A few minutes after the action I opened the paddle-box doors to see what damage had been done; and to my infinite astonishment perceived that, at the rate the wheels were revolving (about seventeen times in a minute) it appeared quite impossible to fire a pistol ball through without striking some part of them. And yet this 18lb. shot had gone through both wheels, leaving no mark but the hole at entering at one side and departing on the other. One more shot deserves remark. It came through the ship's side on the water line, passed through her lower deck forward, cutting away the armourer's bench and a bread bag, then struck two 32lb. shot in the rack, knocked one into five parts, and the other into three!—*Commander Mackinnon's Steam Warfare in the Parana.*

*The Cholera.*—In several districts in the Transcaucasian region, especially at Tiflis and its vicinity, it was remarked last summer shortly before the appearance of the epidemic, that the bees displayed a prodigious activity. The gardens and meadows were covered with them. They were met in swarms carrying as a booty a quantity of honey and wax; but the moment the malady declared itself they kept themselves concealed in their hives, which they had hermetically closed with wax. It would be interesting to ascertain if the same phenomenon was observed in the other parts of Russia where the cholera prevailed.—*Medical Times.*

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## VI.—TALES.

*The Heirs Expectant.—By Mary Howitt.*

## CHAPTER XI.

A FEW days afterwards, to escape the throng of callers, many of whom were admitted to pay their respects to Mrs. Ashenhurst and the General, Jane walked out into a favourite pleached walk, screened from the wind, and which, even at this early season, exhibited signs of coming spring—budding trees, and a thickly-gemmed border of primroses and violets. Here she had walked but for a short time, when Mr. Vigors appeared, excusing himself for interrupting her privacy, by saying, that as that morning his visit was to her, he was most fortunate in finding her alone, and hoped she would not refuse him her company. Jane blushed deeply. Mr. Vigors led by the hand a little boy, whom the next moment he presented.

"This is the being of whom I spoke the other night—my little son. Will Miss Ashenhurst receive him kindly?"

The boy was the most beautiful Jane had ever seen. He was dressed in a complete suit of dark purple velvet, with a black velvet cap and feather; a bright-eyed, fair, but thoughtful child; his features finely chiselled, and more formed than those of children commonly are. He strikingly resembled his father: except that for the deep, dark eye of the father, the child's were of a full violet blue—eyes beaming with the most inexpressible tenderness and love. His hair, which was of a pale gold colour: much like Jane's own; fell full and curling over a collar or point-lace, which was fastened round his beautiful throat with a diamond button. For the first moment Jane experienced that sensation so happily described by Wordsworth—

"His beauty made her glad."

The next, as the boy looked into her face with innocent wonder, and his trusting eyes kindled up in affectionate expression so like his father's, the truth flashed on her soul, and tears filled her own eyes as she stooped down and kissed his fair forehead—the child's mother was dead; Mr. Vigors was a widower!

"Thank you, Miss Ashenhurst," said Mr. Vigors, "for receiving my child with so much kindness. I was not deceived—I knew you were all goodness!"

"He is a dear child!" was Jane's involuntary reply.

"God bless you!" said he; "and then after a moment's pause he went on, his voice becoming more irresistibly sweet and thrilling as he spoke:—"I never thought till last night of giving a second mother to my boy. I will be frank, Miss Ashenhurst, it is necessary to me, and, I believe, must be most agreeable to you. You have many lovers who seek you for your riches—some you must also have who seek you for your virtues and attractions. Fortune is no object with me—I have more already than I need, therefore I belong not to the first class, but I am proud to acknowledge myself of the latter. It is, however, for the sake of this child that I am most anxious to connect myself with you. Can you, dearest Miss Ashenhurst, accept such devotion as this? so warm, so sincere, pretending so little, yet implying so much?"

Jane took the child's hand in hers, but she made no reply.

The father received it, however, as a sign of acceptance, and, seizing the other, pressed it warmly to his lips.

"Nay, sir," said Jane, suddenly disengaging her hand, "I must speak. Oh! there is so much to tell you, and I know not how to say it!"

"Speak on, dearest Miss Ashenhurst," he said, as she paused in the deepest agitation.



"I have been so surprised into this acquaintance that I know not how to act, nor what to say. I am, I will not deny, warmly interested by you and for this child; but I am not at liberty to act for myself," said she, with an emotion she could not conceal.

"Certainly not," was Mr. Vigors's reply. "Let me but know you interested for me and my boy, and what can oppose our happiness? If fortune is an object with your uncle, I have enough to satisfy even him;—if family and connexions with Mrs. Ashenhurst, there too can be no exception."

"My uncle has prejudices," said Jane.

"How?—what can they be? General Dubois can have no prejudice against me—till within the last week he has never seen me; nor are my family or connexions impeachable in the slightest degree. I cannot, I will not think it possible! Dearest Miss Ashenhurst, you shall not tell me of prejudices, I will hear none from your lips,—for this one morning let me be happy. If sorrow and disappointment are to come, let them not be from you; but, I cannot suspect that they can come!" So saying, he linked Jane's arm into his, holding her hand in his, and giving the other to the child.

The contagion of his hopeful spirit seized Jane, and she felt as if difficulties must vanish before the influence of such a being as this. "And I too," thought she, "will be happy for this one morning, come what will on the morrow!"

"No, no, Mr. Vigors," said Jane, at length, interrupting the eloquent outpouring of his new happiness; "you shall not talk thus to me! Talk to me of your child, of yourself, on any general subject. Heaven knows, but spite of myself, I tremble to hear you talk thus!"

"Run on, my boy, and look at those sweet flowers," said he to Herbert, disengaging the hand which Jane held.

"Gather me a handful of violets," said Jane as the little hand was drawn from hers.

The obedient and happy boy left them, each following him with admiring eyes as, with the grace of a young antelope, he bounded on before them.

The strangeness of this new friendship irresistibly struck her, and she remarked that that time yesterday they had not exchanged a word.

"It does not require long time to make two consonant spirits acquainted," was his reply. "I loved you the moment I saw you; I, who for the last four years have had but one sentiment in my soul,—sorrow for the dead."

"It is a sacred subject," said Jane.

"I have never spoken her name since the day she died—I have never spoken of her to any but my boy,—it is a sacred subject! yet I feel no desecration in telling you of my Beatrice—how fair, how angelic she was, how like a dream of heaven were the short twelve months of our wedded life! Beatrice was in her twentieth year when she died,—I was three years older. Our love was the growth of our lives. How different from *ours*, dearest Jane! and yet in spirit the same,—the same confiding union of heart, less the growth of passion than of affection;—yet, I was unlike my present self,—full of confidence and joy, without a tinge of sorrow,—believing in, not hoping from, the future. She was a joyous, social being, filling all places with gladness; like me, she had never known sorrow. How happy was her father, how happy was the whole household in her presence! the very sound of her voice, the very tread of her foot, brought joy with them. She passed in and out of the house like sunshine! Pardon me, dearest Jane," said he, as he passed his hand over his brow, "pardon this unlover-like subject; but, Heaven knows, I can give you no greater proof of my love, my devotion, than by unlocking my heart on this sacred subject! Beatrice would have loved you! The boy strongly resembles her;—the same eyes, the same oval of countenance, the same hair; but above all, the same trusting, innocent, and happy spirit, though he has grown too thoughtful under

my tuition." Mr. Vigors ceased, and the lovers walked for some time in silence, the hearts of both filled with the tenderest emotion.

"My heart blesses you for this confidence," said Jane, at length, in an agitated voice; "but the subject is too painful for you."

"No," he replied, firmly; "I can speak to you of her,—I can tell you how dear, how deservedly dear she was: the subject which has been locked up in my soul for four years, and which her father and I never dared to speak upon, I can unburden to you even after one day's acquaintance; and yet I have not lived in solitude. I have been through Europe,—in Paris, Vienna, Rome, and London,—seeking, not shunning society; yet, in the multitudes of women whom I have seen, the beautiful, the intellectual, the accomplished, I have never breathed one sentiment on this subject to one of them. They only made me feel how different they were to her: on the contrary, the same cheerful-spirit-edness, the same high-toned feeling, the same integrity and simplicity of heart, which bound her to me, and will keep her memory precious to my dying day made you irresistibly attractive! I know the felicity which affectionate intercourse, daily and hourly communion of kindred and confiding spirits, can create! I know that the purity, the peace of such a life, can only be surpassed by existence in a happier state of being! Oh! but to see you as happy, as entirely and perfectly happy, as was my Beatrice; to be assured that my boy would never know how deep a loss he has otherwise sustained,—would leave me nothing to desire!

"But I am selfish—let me hear you speak, dearest Miss Ashenhurst; sorrows you can have had none—let me hear of your happy life. Nothing is more beautiful, more interesting to my contemplation than the uneventful happiness, of a young innocent being!"

"Nay, Mr. Vigors," said Jane, "if I am to try to tell my story, whether eventful or uneventful, I cannot do it. If we meet again in happiness, there will be sufficient time for that."

"Why, dearest girl, will you forbode evil? We shall meet again, and please God, a life of happiness lies before us!"

"Look at that sweet child kissing the flowers," said Jane; and disengaging herself from her lover, she ran to his side. "Oh, why do you kiss the flowers?" she asked.

"They are so sweet," said the boy: "will you have them?"

"If you will exchange them for a kiss," said Jane, taking the offered flowers, and kissing him on his red lips, and then on his fair forehead.

"But papa must have some—you must give papa some flowers, if you please," said he, rising on tiptoe to reach the violets, which Jane held playfully higher and higher.

"You are a brave boy," said she; "but you have given the flowers to me and I shall give some to papa."

"Oh!" said the little fellow, perfectly satisfied.

"There are papa's flowers," said she, giving half of them into his father's hand.

Mr. Vigors returned his own affectionate look, and pressed the flowers to his lips.

"Oh, papa kisses the violets!" shouted the boy, with a burst of childish merriment.

At that moment the bell rang announcing the hour of dressing.

"I shall see General Dubois and your mother to-morrow," said Mr. Vigors.

"No, not to-morrow!" was Jane's earnest reply, "not to-morrow! Why are you so impatient of our friendship?"

"Why not to-morrow, my dear Miss Ashenhurst?"

"It is Friday, said she, smiling, "if I must invent a reason; and you cannot think of risking so much on a Friday!"

"Risking!—no, no," said he, "we will be perfectly happy to-morrow!" and pressing her hand to his lips, and begging her to kiss his child, he parted from her.

Jane walked to the house with slow steps, amazed at the strange engagement into which she had as it were involuntarily entered—entered without sufficient reflection, in the very despair of its accomplishment.

"What new sorrow and trouble hangs over my head!" thought she, as she took her seat at table. But the conversation was so unusually cheerful—her mother and uncle seemed so perfectly themselves, that she felt confident they had no idea of the interview she had had with Mr. Vigors.

"And who knows," thought she, in the course of the evening, as she recalled that fascinating voice, that noble person, and those engaging manners, and remembered moreover that he was wealthy and well connected, though she knew not how or to whom,—*"who knows but my uncle may forego this prejudice, which is in itself so unreasonable, so unfeeling!"* The perfections of her lover wrought powerfully on her own imagination, and Jane persuaded herself that all would be well.

"I wish I could see him this morning," was Jane's waking thought, as she opened her eyes from a strange perplexity of dream, in which Brian Livingstone and Mr. Vigors—now one and the same, and now two separate persons, with a fearfully distinct individuality, had haunted her through the night;—"I wish I could see him, to prevent his speaking to my uncle to-day!—for surely I might come to love him, even as well as I once loved Brian. How strange that I should have dreamed thus! how strange too that at first he should have appeared so strongly to resemble Brian Livingstone! yet in reality how different they are! Mr. Vigors would never have demurred and doubted, and then at last have given me up, as Brian has done! And yet," continued she, mentally musing, while her maid was assisting in the operation of dressing, "what happier should I have been had Brian come forward? it would only have caused fresh misery!—Nay, nay," mused she, correcting herself, "it would have proved Brian the true-hearted, noble being I believed him: better any pang than to find those we love best unworthy!"—How bitter were these thoughts! Jane dismissed her maid, and finished her toilette alone, that she might indulge her own feelings. "Brian Livingstone unworthy!" how noble then seemed the frank-hearted but unhappy Mr. Vigors! "And yet," thought she, "what a fresh and cruel disappointment even now awaits both him and me!"

"Oh, I am unfortunate!" cried the poor girl, giving way to her emotion, "subjected as I am to unreasonable prejudice and senseless pride, and doomed as I am to wound that noble being! Far better had I been a free, though a poor maiden at Harbury! I might then, had circumstances so willed it, have been the happy wife of Mr. Vigors."

## CHAPTER XII.

IN the course of the morning, Mrs. Ashenhurst entered her daughter's apartment, and sat down with a countenance full of important business.

"Why, my dear," said she, "this is a most unfortunate affair—to think of Mr. Vigors having been married before!"

Jane absolutely felt faint, but her mother went on.

"I cannot think what is to be done! it would be so good a match?"

"Is Mr. Vigors here?" asked Jane, with an effort that almost choked her.

"Yes, love, unless he is just gone. He is a charming young man, and with such good connexions!—own cousin to Lord Napier; and his wife was the daughter and heiress of Sir William Eland. But there's the misfortune! I cannot think why he should have married before!"

"Nay," said Jane, "why should any one make that objection?"

"Well, my love, you know it is your uncle's way. I have no doubt but he has some reason, and a good reason too, for objecting. It is unfortunate, I allow; but I suppose we must submit—I am sure it is our duty to do so."

"It is an abuse of the word to apply it thus. It is a duty my uncle owes to us, since he has made us dependent on him, to overcome prejudices as unreasonable as this is! Far better had he left us in our humble independence at Harbury,—we should then have been happy!"

"My love," said her mother, "you forget that *we* sought out the General, and are infinitely obliged to him for receiving us in the manner he has; and I am amazed at your talking of him in this way. And as to Mr. Vigors, I have no doubt you will have quite as good offers! Bless me! Mr. Vigors is not the only man in the world! A young lady who is known to be the heiress of General Dubois will be sought after by the best men in the land!"

"Dearest mother," replied Jane, "it is not the mere circumstance of being splendidly married that would satisfy me: I cannot believe there are many such men as Mr. Vigors."

"I can remember," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, laughing, "when you said the same of Mr. Livingstone; and since you have seen two models of perfection, you may see twenty! I have no doubt, love, in twelve months you will find a suitor, as much to your taste as either of these, without his belonging to any of the interdicted classes."

"These are most unjustifiable, not to say wicked prejudices," observed Jane, earnestly; "and I am amazed, dear mother, that you do not attempt to overcome them in the mind of the General."

"Nay, love, make the attempt yourself. I do not pretend to have any right to influence him: I think it our duty to acquiesce. I certainly should have been glad, for poor Mr. Vigors' sake, that he had not been married before; but I have no right to influence your uncle's judgment: at least, that is my view of the case; if you think differently you can try. Only I beseech you, do nothing rash or violent—I know the General better than you do."

Presently afterwards a servant requested them to walk to the saloon, where General Dubois wished to see them. They found him apparently in high good humour, reclining as usual on his couch.

"Well, Miss Ashenhurst," said he, as Jane, pale and agitated, entered the room which her lover just left, "you have run through the interdicted classes—a fox-hunter, a parson, and a widower, and I hope next time you will start from clear ground! Be so obliging as not to give me the trouble of saying 'no,' the next time; for, upon my soul! this was a pretty young fellow, and I was half sorry for him myself."

Jane could not have replied for the world. Had Brian Livingstone then absolutely been rejected? This was a new subject of doubt and wonder, and for a few seconds she forgot the immediate cause of disappointment and anxiety.

"Come, come," said the General, "do not let us have such melancholy looks. You should imitate your mother, Miss Ashenhurst;—why, upon my life, you look more cast down than Mr. Vigors himself: By-the-bye, that young man has a fine spirit after all; I should very well like to see him at the head of a troop—a noble figure for a uniform: a fine spirit he has, on my soul!" and the General laughed in uncontrollable merriment.

"How long has Mr. Vigors been gone?" asked Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"Not two minutes before you entered."

"Uncle," said Jane at length, and with great agitation, "may I know your decision with regard to Mr. Vigors?"

"To be sure, my fair niece, you are welcome to know it—that you must look out for another husband."

"May I ask why?"

"Why?—indeed!" said the General, in a tone between anger and mirth. "Why? forsooth!—a pretty question, Miss Jane: do you know why your last lover was refused? Come, there's a Roland for an Oliver!"

"Mr. Vigers is a man of family and fortune," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, in a deprecating tone.

"My niece is not going to be any man's second wife," was his reply.

"Dearest uncle, said Jane, "I would not willingly displease you, but——"

"But!" interrupted the General, starting up from his couch with a burst of rage that terrified Mrs. Ashenhurst and silenced Jane; "who dares oppose a *but* to my will! By Heaven, it shall not be! Why must there be more opposition on your part now than on a former occasion!—how is this man better than the parson? I thought *he* was an old and valued friend—an old lover before you came here. *This* man you never saw till Wednesday, and yet you now come to me with your *buts*!"

"I never knew," said Jane, with desperate courage, "that the other *had* been rejected!"

"God bless my soul, Miss Ashenhurst," said he, stamping with passion, "what does *your* knowing or not signify to me!"

"Oh, sir, it signifies much to me!" replied the agitated girl.

"It is enough for you that I say yes or no!" continued he in the impetuosity of rage; "I expect submission from you: or if it please you better, you can leave Denborough Park!"

Mrs. Ashenhurst burst into tears, protesting that any opposition to his will was the farthest from her thoughts, and that she was confident all he said was right. Jane sat with her hands clasped together, unable to speak or weep.

"Miss Ashenhurst," said the General at length, in a milder tone, after he had taken several turns across the room, "let me have no more nonsense of this kind! Your duty is plain before you—to submit."

"To be sure, my dear General, it is her bounden duty; and I will answer for her, that it will be her pleasure also."

Without vouchsafing any reply, the General left the apartment.

"My dear love, how can you be so headstrong! Only to think of displeasing your uncle in this way, so good as he has always been to you! You make me perfectly miserable," said she, bursting again into tears.

"Mother," said Jane, calmly, "has Mr. Livingstone actually been refused?"

"Oh dear yes, love, and I am sure it was done as nicely as could be; there was no rage about it, nor any trouble. I wish to goodness this Mr. Vigers had never come!"

"Why did I not know of Mr. Livingstone's proposals?" asked Jane.

"My dear, how can you talk so! You were at Wilton at the time—when you were there in the autumn. I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me for sparing you all the vexation and disagreeable of it; you know you could no more have had him than poor Mr. Vigers. I am sure I have always been so anxious to spare you any distress."

"Dearest mother," said Jane, "it might be well meant, but it was mistaken kindness; I should not have suffered more from resigning him to your will than I have done in the belief that he had deserted me."

"Really, Jane, you are so strange!" said her mother; "but I wish you would let the subject drop—there can be no good in talking of it now."

"No, dear mother," replied Jane, with a countenance pale, but a manner perfectly calm, "I cannot let it drop thus—I must know more! How did *he* bear it?"

"Oh, exceedingly well! I am sure, love, I never thought so highly of Mr. Livingstone before. He saw perfectly well how the case stood, and that it was

no use making any fuss about it; nothing could have been more reasonable than he was, and I wish, love, you would only take example by him."

"Mother," said Jane, with a solemnity that startled her; dearest mother, do not mislead me! Do him not the injustice to say so. Brian Livingstone, since he has come forward, could not have resigned me with indifference."

"Well, love, since you appear to know so much better than me, why do you ask me? But," added she, softening the tone of displeasure with which she had spoken, "I tell you he is a man of sense, and knows the insuperable barrier which your altered fortune throws between you. His addresses, I believe, were merely a point of honour; he had no idea, he could have none, that they would be received!"

"Do not trifle with me," cried Jane, clasping her hands in an agony. You know not how important it is to my peace, to my mode of action with regard to Mr. Vigors, that I should not be deceived! Heaven forgive me for thinking you would deceive me!—but these never could be Brian Livingstone's feelings. Tell me, dearest mother,—I conjure you, whatever took place, nothing will wound me like uncertainty,—I dread my own surmises!"

"Dear love, you really frighten me! What can you mean?—how can it matter to you now? And besides, I have nothing to tell you; I am sure Mr. Livingstone gave me credit for speaking truth, and it is hard that you cannot do so too."

"Forgive me, dearest mother; but you do not know my feelings. I owe justice to Mr. Livingstone, I have wronged him so long! You know that he has left England?"

"Well, love, and what then! Many a man goes abroad; and what more likely than that he should take his pleasure, now he can afford it?"

"Pleasure!" repeated Jane, in a tone of unwonted bitterness; "pleasure!—oh, no!—I know him too well to believe he is gone for pleasure."

"Well, love," again said her mother, petulantly, "if you know so well, why do you ask me?"

The poor girl covered her face with both her hands, and, without shedding a tear, bowed her head to her knees in mental agony. Mrs. Ashenhurst, thinking the while how beautiful she looked in that attitude, felt as much tenderness towards her as was in her nature.

"Come, dear love," said she, "do not give way to such distress; I am sure you have no cause but for happiness; and think what good fortune lies all round you, and everybody loving you as they do."

Jane lifted up her marble-like countenance, and repeated her mother's word "happiness." "Happiness!" continued she, in a tone of heart-felt anguish; "to have driven Brian Livingstone from his native country in the belief that I refused him even my friendship! Happiness! to inflict misery on another noble being, who has already only known too much sorrow. No, no, this is not happiness!"

Poor Mrs. Ashenhurst was at her wit's end. "The more I say," thought she, "the worse I make matters,—I will e'en say nothing; there is no fear but this grief will work its own cure. I cannot think who Jane takes after; neither poor dear Captain Ashenhurst nor myself ever made such troubles of nothing. Well, the worst I wish poor Mr. Vigors is, that he had never come near the place." So mused and murmured she, as she wandered about from room to room, declaring to herself that it was the most miserable day she had ever spent at Denborough Park.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

IN the course of the morning Jane received a note from Mr. Vigors requesting an interview. Mrs. Ashenhurst warmly remonstrated against such a thing, but Jane was firm in granting it.

"Well, love, if you are determined to turn us out of this place, I cannot help it—remember it is your own doing."

"My dear mother, we had better leave this place than be thus subjected; we degrade ourselves by submitting thus."

"What! and go back to Harbury? What would every body say?—what would the Parkinsons say? You terrify me, Jane! How can you fly thus in the face of your duty?"

"If I thought my duty forbade it, I would not do it. But, dear mother, this one interview I owe to Mr. Vigors even more truly than obedience to my uncle."

"I cannot think how it is, Jane," replied her mother, "that you see things so differently to everybody else. However, if you are determined to offend your uncle, you must understand I will have nothing to do with it. I will go to Wilton, or somewhere; and remember, Jane, I insist upon it that you give this Mr. Vigors no encouragement."

"How can I," said Jane, mournfully, "feeling as I do what I owe to Mr. Livingstone?"

Mrs. Ashenhurst did not understand her daughter; but she thought it was no use asking for her meaning—it was enough that this interview was to be final with Mr. Vigors. "Now be sure you do not keep him long, and do not let your uncle see him," were, therefore, her parting injunctions.

Accordingly, in half-an-hour's time the carriage bore away the trouble-laden Mrs. Ashenhurst, and Jane was left alone to the performance of the most painful duty.

The calm that succeeded the departure of her mother was of the greatest possible benefit to her. She nerved herself for what she had to do, the sacrificing this new love, less in obedience to the exactions of those about her, than in justice to her outraged affection for her early and ill-used lover. "It is," she inwardly exclaimed, "a difficult, a most painful duty, to inflict sorrow, to withdraw hope, and this to one of the most generous, the most noble beings the earth holds. Alas! it may be to subject myself to misconception. But no, I wrong him: his pure, generous nature will understand, will accept my motives! I will unshrinkingly do what I believe right; and may Heaven strengthen me!" ejaculated she, as she awaited her lover's approach in her own apartments, where she was in no danger of interruption.

Mr. Vigors came; he looked extremely pale, yet his manner was perfectly calm, and even as he began his voice was cheerful.

"You were right, dear Jane," said he; "Friday was an unlucky day—I had to encounter unlooked for prejudices; but all this enhances your goodness—I owe you eternal thanks for this interview."

"My uncle's determination," said Jane, "as you may suppose, has not astonished me, and yet it has given me infinite pain."

"The General has yet to learn—a hard lesson, truly," replied Mr. Vigors—"sympathy with human sorrow; but your sentiments cannot be affected by it."

"I will not deny that my heart is warmly interested for you; but circumstances are too strong for me. Indeed, Mr. Vigors, I have had to endure much."

"Dearest Jane," returned he, tenderly, "why need you submit to these prejudices? Heaven knows, I would not counsel disobedience to your natural guardian, but —"

"Oh! do not talk thus, Mr. Vigors; it cannot, cannot be!"

"If fortune, if connexions—incidental things which weigh as nothing with me," continued he, "influence Mrs. Ashenhurst, as I believe they do, I can offer these. I can offer you a home, less splendid it is true than this, but still a noble home. Would to Heaven I could see you there, dearest girl! What a world of happiness we should make even this!" said he, with the most winning voice, and pressing her hand to his lips.

"No, no!" said Jane, disengaging her hand; "it is a sin in me to listen thus."

"Dearest Miss Ashenhurst, you owe no obedience to your uncle's prejudices. Assert your natural independence; if your uncle be a reasonable man, he cannot esteem you for such weak submission. Pardon the term,—but if he be unreasonable, why must you suffer? Confide yourself to me, dearest of women. I am not one to kneel, and vow, and utter protestations;—in the sincerity of the warmest affection, I can but offer you a heart that has bled, but which is yet capable of the most ardent, the most enduring love. Shake yourself free of these prejudices, in which you are too noble to partake, and be mine. Oh! to see you as happy, to make you as happy, as one who was young and beautiful, and good, like yourself! Pardon me, dearest Jane; but I cannot be with you, and not be reminded of the past. I forget that you cannot know the compliment it implies."

"I can, I can!" said Jane, suppressing an emotion which seemed almost like death,—*"I can; but I have a terrible duty before me!"* and clasping her hands in an attitude of unspeakable sorrow, *"My soul bleeds,"* she said, *"to assure you that I cannot return your affection."*

Mr. Vigors started; and Jane, compelling herself to be calm, went on, *"Let me consider you as a brother,—let me open my soul to you!"*

"Say on," said he, in utter amazement, and distressed by her pale, agitated countenance,—*"Say on, you may command me to listen even to my own death-warrant."*

"It is an extraordinary confession I am about to make," she resumed, and especially considering the short time of our acquaintance; but I believe you can understand my motives and feelings, and I believe also that I may confide to you circumstances which must be told to explain my conduct." Jane paused as if scarcely knowing how to proceed, and her lover sat in breathless suspense.

"But to be brief," she continued, *"I never knew till this morning that an old and beloved friend had been rejected by my uncle, only lately, on the sole plea of one of those prejudices of which I am doomed to be the victim."*

"A clergyman," said Mr. Vigors, *"it was mentioned."*

"A man," said Jane, *"who would have honoured your virtues and won your esteem. I believed, till this morning, that he had resigned me quietly to my new connexions. I cannot tell you how such a belief wounded me; but I was unjust to him. It would be additional injustice were I to enter into new engagements, especially in opposition to my friends, in opposition to those very prejudices for which he was rejected. I know him too well not to believe he has endured much, particularly believing me accessory, as I think he may. It is true he has gone abroad; it may be true also that he is now reconciled, and in all probability we shall never meet again. But I despair of making my full meaning intelligible,—I despair of giving the full weight to arguments which are conclusive to my own feelings and sense of honour;"* said she, the consciousness of the confession she had made changing the marble-like earnestness of her countenance to a deep blush.

A silence of some minutes succeeded. Mr. Vigors, during the latter part of this confession, had leaned his brow on his hand, and he still remained so, as in a state of the deepest abstraction. Jane watched him with the most intense anxiety, dreading lest she had committed herself unwisely, or out-stepped female



délicacy. She saw his fine countenance agitated, and full of the most eloquent sorrow; and, as she looked on him, she was filled with admiration and deep sympathy. It was a dangerous moment;—Brian Livingstone and Mr. Vigors alternated with the exactest balance—a word could turn the scale, and that word was spoken.

"You are a noble creature—you have done perfectly right—you have acted honourably; I must confess it, though I lose you by the confession;" said he, looking at her with the utmost tenderness.

The reaction was irresistible—the next moment her face was buried in her hands, her head bowed to the silken cushions of the sofa, and she was relieving her overwrought feelings by tears. Mr. Vigors the while bent over her with such tender and affectionate admiration and pity as her guardian angel might have felt.

"Pardon me," at length she said, raising her brow from the cushions on which it had lain; "I ought not to give way to this weakness; but your goodness—your nobility overcame me: can you forgive me?"

"I shall bless you to my dying day!" was Mr. Vigors's emphatic reply, and taking her hand and pressing it tenderly to his lips, he seemed about to depart. Jane took a cornelian heart, suspended by a small gold chain from her neck. "Give this," said she, "to you little Herbert, and do not let him forget me: I will treasure his violets," added she, with a tremulous voice, "among my most precious things!"

Without speaking a word, he pressed the trinket to his lips, and giving her a momentary glance, in which she read the fulness of soul-rending agony, he left the room. The time of weakness now came. The sacrifice had been made, but the strength which had nerved her for the sacrifice was gone. In the moment of natural reaction, she seemed wantonly to have thrown away this noble being for a point of honour. "Could Brian, indeed," thought she, "have been cold and indifferent—willing to give me up without a pang? and do I for this lingering attachment—for a romantic sense of justice perhaps, strip myself thus, and cast that generous and noble creature back upon the solitude of his own sorrow!"

These doubtings and almost self-accusations were the consequent result of her excited feelings; she again wept those passionate tears which women alone weep, and which are given in mercy as an outlet for their emotion.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Mrs. Ashenhurst returned from her friends, she found Jane laid upon her couch, her head throbbing violently, her eyes oppressed by the light, and a burning fever consuming her whole frame. Bitterly did Mrs. Ashenhurst blame herself for leaving her daughter, and many and loud were her lamentations over her. The physician was sent for, and pronounced her seriously ill; and then the poor mother's distress was beyond bounds. The next morning she was declared to be worse; nurses were sent for, and Mrs. Ashenhurst, unable to rest in any one place, stole from room to room in her noiseless Indian slippers, wringing her hands and weeping, and wearying the physician with ceaseless inquiries after his patient.

General Dubois at first appeared haughty and indifferent; but as the day advanced, and the physician still sat, hour after hour, in the apartment adjoining her chamber, and the shrill agonised voice of the poor girl, now highly delirious, was heard occasionally to ring through the silence of the house, even he was detected inquiring three times in the course of the evening how she was going on.

Another physician was called in on the third day, and the rumour of her illness spread through all the neighbourhood. Nothing could exceed the interest that was excited; she, so young and beautiful, who had borne her honours so meekly, had charmed every heart into love and every eye into admiration,—who had too, but so lately been the admired of hundreds of eyes,—now lay insensible in the very grasp of death; and so numerous and incessant were the inquiries after her, that the porter was ordered to answer them receiving every hour the physician's report of her state. Mrs. Ashenhurst felt and loved the flattery of all these attentions even in the midst of her distress.

At length the physicians pronounced that all would be decided by the turn of a few hours. No one of the whole household went to bed that night; the General himself sat in his chamber, wrapped in his Indian dressing-gown, his untasted hookah beside him, to watch over the critical period, and even as the hour approached was seen to steal to the anteroom of her apartment without venturing an inquiry. Mrs. Ashenhurst sat in her chair at the bedside subdued by anxiety into perfect quiescence, studying the countenance of those about her, but feeling as if even certainty of death could not make her more perfectly wretched than she was. Throughout that long, anxious night, too, walked another watcher, wrapped in his cloak, to and fro, within sight of her windows. This, it is needless to say, was Mr. Vigors,—the truest-hearted, the most intensely anxious of all her friends. The trinket she had given for his boy rested on his heart, and many a time in the course of the night was pressed to his lips. No astronomer ever watched the transit of a planet with more anxiety than he watched the feeble line of light that marked the almost-closed shutters of her chamber-windows, and the stronger continuous light that burned in the adjoining room where the physicians remained to watch over the crisis.

He saw the steady light burning; but as the hour approached, the shadows passed the curtained windows in the direction of the chamber: the physicians were on the watch. Oh, the awful passing on of those moments! The memory of another sick chamber—the chamber of death, came over him; he saw, as if brought together before him, the being who then died, and the one who might now be dying. His heart bowed before the mighty grief which seemed beyond human strength to bear, and among the trees of the garden he offered up the most earnest of prayers.

The hour was passed—another succeeded, and the physicians pronounced the patient to be in that state when, though danger remained, they could yet give hope. The joyful tidings were communicated throughout the house. The General smoked his hookah, and ordered his valet to prepare his bed. Mrs. Ashenhurst gave to each of the physicians a purse of gold for their tidings, and said she would now go to rest. Lights passed from room to room, and Mr. Vigors, believing the omen happy, presented himself at the door of the servants' hall, frightening several of them into the belief that they had seen a ghost, before he could get the blessed intelligence that Miss Ashenhurst was certainly better.

The next day Jane woke to a dreamy consciousness of some fearful catastrophe, feeble in body and feeble in mind. Oh, the dreadfulness of such waking! Where was she?—what had happened? were the strange questionings of her mind, without the power to give the questions words. Throughout the day she alternately slept that profound sleep which, though in its effects so sanative, is so painful to wake from; and then lay in that state of gathering consciousness, often more full of suffering than bodily pain, the struggling as it were of disjointed knowledge and mental feebleness.

Day after day went on, and the youth and natural strength of the patient overcame disease. Jane sat up in her bed, or reclined on her couch, and received her uncle, or her more intimate acquaintance, Lady Cornbury, and a few

others, to a daily levee. The memory of all the past was now fully restored; Brian Livingstone's addresses, and the strange events of that parting with Mr. Vigors. A chastened sorrow lay on her spirit when she thought of him, but the approving consciousness of having done right cheered and consoled her nevertheless. She longed to know, yet dare not ask where he was, what had happened to him, or whether any one had seen him. Many a time was the question on her lips, but she was spared the pain of asking it by a conversation which passed in her room.

"Only to think of Mr. Vigors making so short a visit!" remarked one lady.

"What! is he gone?" exclaimed another. "What a melancholy creature he was!"

"The most beautiful eyes—the most interesting man; I protest I could have cried when he was gone," said a young lady.

"And, oh?" asked another, "did you see his little boy?—such a love!"

"I cannot think why he went so soon,—I thought he was come here for the winter," wondered the second lady.

"Lady Doyne told me," replied a third who had not yet spoken, "that she was sure his spirits were worse than when he came down; she thought he was some way reminded of poor Mrs. Vigors, and she said, though they were all so sorry to part with him—for he really is the most delightful companion, and makes himself so amiable in a house—and that sweet child too, they were all so fond of him! yet she was glad for him to go where he could see more general society—to Bath or London. It is a pity he lets his wife's death distress him so much; and she, you know, has been dead four years."

"But she certainly was a most beautiful creature!" said the first lady; "I saw her somewhere soon after they were married,—I think it was at Clifton. We were there with poor Mr. Wilbank, and they came with her father, Sir William Eland; they all lived together—and what a beautiful pair they were!—and he, such a benign, cheerful old man, so proud of his daughter and son-in-law. I am sure everybody admired them, and nobody was thought anything of but Mrs. Vigors, and yet she was the simplest-dressed woman there—and they used to run up and down the cliffs, she and her husband, just like two school children."

"Oh, you are certainly tired, dear Miss Ashenhurst," said one of the ladies, turning from the talking group to Jane's chair! "you look quite overdone."

"Bless me! and we have been talking at this rate, and never thinking of you Miss Ashenhurst!"

"Let me ring for your maid," "Let me divide you an orange," "Do smell at this vinegarrette," overwhelmed her on all sides; and to be rid of her persecutors, and to indulge her own feelings, Jane allowed that she was tired and wished for repose.

All this time we have said nothing of Sir Harbottle Grimstone. The fact is, there was nothing to say. He returned to his home, after the last time he figured in these pages, in one of those brutal passions which vented itself in oaths and outrage upon every being round him, and finally worked itself off in a drunken carouse. The consequence of his rejected suit was, as may be imagined, only greater hatred for the nabob: whenever he went among his jovial fox-hunting companions, the nabob was the subject of his unmitigated abuse and of his vulgar ridicule; yet since that time they had never met, at least never come in contact. Sir Harbottle, though a swaggering boaster, a most insolent asserter of his own superiority among his own set, had had already too much experience of the nabob's sarcasm, and dreaded too sincerely the world's opinion, which he knew always went against him in his enemy's presence, not to studiously avoid meeting him. Another cause of the greater infrequency of their meeting was, that since the ladies had become inmates of his house, the

General's circle of intimates was much narrowed. Neither Mrs. Ashenhurst nor her daughter went into mixed society—they belonged to the *élite* of the country, and almost unconsciously to himself he adopted their customs; yet was not his dislike nor his ridicule of Sir Harbottle one whit abated. It was a standing joke with the visitors at Denborough Park that Sir Harbottle Grimstone always came on with the desert, and to the infinite annoyance of the ladies, the story of the nabob's triumph was invariably told.

Thus much said, let us return to the more interesting persons of our story.

#### CHAPTER XV.

No sooner was the anxiety of Mrs. Ashenhurst set at rest with respect to her daughter's life than she was seized by a new cause of solicitude—fears for her beauty. That Jane should be restored to her less beautiful, less generally attractive than formerly, was an idea that filled her with the most exquisite concern; and every day she studied the poor girl's countenance to discover whether, in place of her former bloom, she acquired any new grace of a more delicate character.

The General too had similar feelings, though with him they never amounted to anxieties; he merely felt that she could not be equally interesting to him were she less beautiful. But they might have spared their anxieties and conjectures; Jane's chiefest beauty was of feature and expression, not dependent on the bloom of unabated health; and as the weeks progressed and her former strength was restored, if she had lost somewhat of the hilarity that characterised the Illebe-like countenance that beamed and brightened first on the General, she had gained what was infinitely more touching—an expression of deeper thought and sentiment. In truth, Jane Ashenhurst had never been so entirely beautiful as now, because *mind* had never been equally developed before.

Both mother and uncle were beginning to be satisfied on this subject, when it was confirmed by a gratuitous remark of Lady Cornbury's "that Miss Ashenhurst was really lovelier than ever!" Nothing more was needed. If the impassive soul of her ladyship was aware of the fact, and could even be excited into an exclamation of surprise by it, there need be no fear of its now making its full impression on eyes ever open to detect female beauty. This important subject therefore being so satisfactorily settled, the General informed his kinswomen that their attendance would be required by him in his customary visit to London, whence he should return during the summer.

To Mrs. Ashenhurst this was the glorification of life; especially as her friends the Cornburys were there at present;—a most unusual event, and only brought about by certain overtures to reconciliation with the contumacious nephew, who, as we have intimated before, notwithstanding the ten years' breach, had occupied the place of a spoiled and undutiful child in the hearts of his noble relations.

Mrs. Ashenhurst rejoiced as much in this reunion as Lady Cornbury herself. She had certain ambitious projects respecting this unknown personage; and, a more favourable opportunity to act upon them, she thought, could not occur than the present; for though she was by no means unaware of her daughter's decision and firmness of character, she so sincerely believed that even *she* could not resist the united influences of rank and fashion, especially when she was assailed, at the same time, by the idolatry which would be paid in the capital to the beautiful heiress of General Dubois, that she made sure of old attachments, which might have withstood assaults in the country, giving way before these flattering influences, and, in the sanguine spirit which always governed her, she already looked upon her daughter as not only the future possessor of Denborough Park, with all its manors and its untold wealth, but also of Wilton, with its old title.

To Jane herself the thoughts of the journey brought pleasure. It was an infinite relief to her to leave, for the present, scenes which had become connected with such painful passages in her life. Attractive as Denborough Park in itself was, her soul turned from it; for in vain she attempted to recall any pleasure which it had yielded or obtained equal to the quiet, unpretending home which had been left for it. Painful doubts and uncertainties had met her, as it were, at the very threshold; she had been made the tool of selfish cunning, the victim of senseless prejudices, the innocent means of the most exquisite and unmerited pain to two noble natures. What associations of tenderness or of comfort bound her to this place? None! On the contrary, mortification, suffering, and humiliation, were alone impressed on her memory; and any change, she felt, must be for the better.

We will leave all the preparation for the journey and set out with our travellers: the General and his kinswomen in the most commodious and elegant coach which those days could furnish, drawn by four horses; and another following, containing their servants, and such necessities for the journey as the luxurious habits of the nabob required, and which he knew even the extraordinary accommodations of the best inns could not furnish. It was the first week in May; a full month later than the General commonly went to London, his present journey having been delayed in consequence of Jane's illness; and now also, contrary to his usual custom, the journey was made much slower, time being allowed to see everything interesting or beautiful by the way. Relays of horses were provided all along the road, but they stood harnessed in their stalls often many hours after the appointed time.

What contrasts presented themselves to the mind of Jane as they approached Harbury! which, to the unspeakable delight of her mother, lay in their direct route, and was by no means to be avoided. She knew every turn of the road, every coppice, every brook, every tree;—nay, every breach in an old fence, every picturesque bit of old lichen-covered paling, was familiar to her. There winded the dingle, so renowned for its orchises, and which even now, she knew, was gemmed over, among its mossy hazel roots, with thousands of primroses: there was the croft already yellow over with cowslips, and a little way onward the one which was even more beautiful with its wild daffodils. There peeped the very hill, crowned with its young plantations, bright in the tender green foliage of spring, where at that time, the ground was blue with myriads of nodding blue-bells. She seemed to hear the thrush sing, the stock-dove coo, and the multitude of small singing-birds fill the air with "their sweet jargoning," as she had heard so many a time in many a former spring. But, above all, there it was that the last evening walk was taken with Brian Livingstone, and, who knew but the place had become sacred to him from that very cause? Nay, how knew she but he had there pondered in bitterness of heart on her supposed fickleness, her worldliness, her neglect? Her spirit died within her at the thought. Everything about her looked the same as formerly; it might have been twelve months back, for any external change in nature; but what a change was there in her own feelings and in her own experience! Twelve months back, perhaps this very day, she might be wandering with her beloved friend by some brook-side, watching the first peeping of the water plants, or the manœuvring of some shy, timid denizen of the stream, with no deeper care than it—unapprehensive of sorrow or disappointment, and alive to every passing influence of pleasure even when presenting itself in no more uncommon guise than a burst of sunshine or a sweet sentiment of poetry.

While these thoughts, little calculated to exalt her present condition, were passing through her mind, feelings of a very different character were passing through that of her mother. Her sentiment was something like this: "Here am I, people of Harbury, my former neighbours and acquaintance, and you,

the Parkinsons, especially, now drawing near your town in the full blaze of my glory! Come out and amaze your eyes by the spectacle! No delusion is this, no false dream of greatness—here I sit in the midst of my real splendour!”

Cæsar entering the Capitol with the subject world at his feet, felt less personal pride than did Mrs. Ashenhurst as the postillions whirled round the corner of the street, and drew up at the Queen’s Head in the admiring eyes of all the town of Harbury; Mrs. Ashenhurst being all the time conscious that the full sense of her greatness was more conveyed by the carriage that followed than even by themselves. What could her good looks, smiling countenance and rich dress, the elegant simplicity and refined beauty of her daughter, the sumptuous nonchalance of the General, tell them, the good easy people of Harbury, of all the wealth and glory with which she had become endowed and glorified, in comparison with what the travelling equipage of their very servants implied? Her senses were all alive; she heard the drawing up of the satellite-carriage, and felt to herself, “Now you see!”

It had been noised abroad in Harbury that Mrs. and Miss Ashenhurst would pass through in the course of the day, therefore everybody was on the watch; and many were the townspeople who collected in the street and houses about the Queen’s Head to get a sight of them; and no sooner had the carriage made a halt than the bells pealed forth a joyous welcome. The smiling faces of the jolly landlord and landlady greeted them with a happy return, and the hope that they would alight.

“No, they were proceeding immediately,” Mrs. Ashenhurst felt that this was much more *comme-il-faut* for her grandeur. Here she sat as on her throne to be worshipped. The parish clerk came with his bow hoping they would “please to remember the ringers:” Mrs. Ashenhurst gave him money far beyond his hopes. The whole seemed astir. The grocer, his apprentices and customers, were all at his door; the draper at his; the shoemaker and his sons in their leather aprons joined themselves to a miscellaneous knot of people; the cooper and his fat wife, and many a neighbour stood in another admiring group—all with the familiar faces and figures of old townsfolk. Many were those who, at a respectful distance, examined the first carriage, more were they who crowded about the second, wondering, admiring, and declaring they must be grand, they must be happy indeed, who could afford to have such fine servants and provide thus for their accommodation. A crowd of heads was at Miss Farnel’s window; and the next moment, the tall meagre lady herself, in the well-known, best visiting carmelite-brown Paduasoy gown, and carefully-kept India scarf, was at the coach-door.

“My dear Mrs. Ashenhurst, I am so delighted to see you!” she began, in her thin, wiry voice. “How well you look! And Miss Jane, I protest I never saw her so blooming in my life.—Thank you, ma’am, I am better than I have been. I thought of leaving my house, but I shall not now. Oh! what an altered place this is! Everybody one cares for gone; and only think of poor Mrs. Burgoyne and all! Well, you’ll make a happy day in Harbury!—The Willoughbys—Oh yes,—thank you, they are tolerably; they would have liked to have seen you, but thought they were not intimate enough; and, do you know, the Parkinsons are over the way!—Don’t tell her for the world!” said Mrs. Parkinson; “but one likes to get a peep as well as one’s neighbours;” and, I assure you, there has not been a party worth going to since you left,” &c. &c. So talked the overjoyed and much privileged Miss Farnel, glancing between every sentence at the General, and looking alternately from mother to daughter. The officious landlord, with a bow, informed them that “all was now ready.”

“Well, God bless you, Miss Farnel!” said the gracious Mrs. Ashenhurst, giving her hand.

"And will you, dear Miss Farnel," said Jane, "divide this small sum among my old friends in the almshouses?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," returned Miss Farnel, taking the two guineas Jane presented: "and I am so happy to have seen you! That's a mighty becoming hat of yours, Miss Jane. Good-bye,—and a good journey to you! Your servant, General Dubois." And Miss Farnel, with a deep curtsy, withdrew a few paces backward.

The carriage-door was closed, the postillions in motion, and the housed or window-blind-hidden people came forth or looked out: and amid the ringing of the bells, and the applause of the handsomely-paid and bonused people of the Queen's Head, the first carriage rattled off and the second followed it.

Jane looked down the street where Mrs. Burgoyne had lived, and saw the board nailed to one of its large trees which announced that the house was yet to be let. Presently afterwards they passed their own old home; a thrill passed through her heart, and tears involuntarily came to her eyes. How small it looked—how familiar, and yet, at the same time, how unlike anything that now belonged to them. A servant-maid was drawing along the gravel walk a spotted wooden horse to amuse two fat children; and a stout middle-aged person, with but slight pretensions to gentlemanship, delayed the shutting of the gate to watch the carriages pass. Two minutes afterwards, they suddenly stopped; and, hurried and out of breath, Mrs. Thackeray the elder presented herself with a nosegay of spring flowers in her hand.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," she said, "but my master seed you come in, and I just ran down to Mrs. Burgoyne's garden—we've the care of the place till it's let—to get you two or three flowers; they are better nor our own; and Miss Jane used to be so partial to a posy."

"Thank you, thank you," said Jane, taking the nosegay.

"Give her this piece of money," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, as the carriage drove on.

"No," said Jane; "the flowers were given from good will, not for reward;" and she nodded an adieu to the poor woman.

"Well, Heaven bless her, and send her a good husband," thought Mrs. Thackeray, just as the second carriage drove past and left her thinking; "and there's one sits there as has a good place of it, if she had only half as much reason to thank her as my son's wife had."

Nothing farther worth narrating occurred on the journey. Jane, invigorated in body, and with spirits sensibly refreshed and lightened by a journey so pleasantly taken, and at so congenial a season, entered the lordly mansion in Grosvenor-square with as much of her former buoyancy of heart as could exist with her late experience.

(To be continued.)

### *The Old Slippers of Abou-Cassem.*

ABOU-CASSEM was an old dealer of Bagdad, famous for his avarice. His coffers were full of gold, but he took good care never to dip into them. He led the life of a beggar. The oldest inhabitants had always seen him in the same clothes, and what clothes? A cloak or gown, the stuff of which, worn to the very lining, no longer presented its original colour; a deformed turban, in which was seen as many little spots and holes as there are stars in the heaven; and his slippers especially, so often mended, pieced and furnished with nails by all the cobblers in the city, that it was impossible to observe them without a fit

of laughter ; their unexampled shapelessness had even given birth to a proverb, and when one wished to designate something old, heavy, ugly, and ignoble, it was the custom to say, " It resembled the slippers of Abou-Cassem."

One day that our miser had cunningly profited by the distress of a poor fellow dealer, to purchase from him, at a low price, a certain quantity of magnificent crystal, filled with the purest rose-water, he was so delighted by the excellent stroke of business, that he resolved for once to play the extravagant, by indulging in a little extra expense. Should he invite a relative to dinner ? The charming pleasure ! all his relatives had the appetite of a starved dervise ! Should he purchase a measure of the best coffee ?—for what purpose ? he was habituated to the worst. After having profoundly reflected, he decided that, cost what it would, it would be better to treat himself to a bath, a luxury that had not fallen to his lot for many a long day.

Whilst stripping himself of his rags in the ante-chamber, one of his relations softly addressed him by way of remonstrance on the subject of his excessive economy, and went the length of hinting to him that he ought no longer to wear those old slippers, which rendered him the laughing-stock of all Bagdad. " I will think of it," grumblingly replied Abou-Cassem. And turning his back on the gratuitous giver of advice, he went into the bath. On coming out of it, he perceived lying beside his clothes a pair of new slippers ; it then occurred to him that this was an agreeable surprise arranged for him by his relative, and having put them on he withdrew. But these new slippers appertained to the cadi, who, having entered the bath after Abou-Cassem, also left it after him, and was greatly astonished at not being able to find his *babouches*, or slippers. They were eagerly sought for on every side, and in an obscure corner were found the horrid slippers of Abou-Cassem. " What ! it is the rascally miser who has stolen mine !" exclaimed the cadi. " Let his person be quickly seized." The soldiers of the guard precipitated themselves into the street, laid hold on Abou-Cassem when he was about to open the door of his house, and threw him into a dungeon. It was in vain he protested that he had no intention of doing wrong ; the occasion of ridding him of a little of his superfluous wealth was too favourable to be suffered to escape, and he was only restored to liberty after having been forced to pay a considerable fine.

Abou-Cassem returned to his house sad and sorrowful. As soon as he was alone, he placed himself with folded arms before the two slippers, the cause of his misfortune ; and after having addressed them in the most energetic style of reproach, he seized on them with fury, and threw them out of the window into the Tigris which flowed past his house. Now it happened that, two or three days after, a couple of fishermen, in drawing their nets, felt something heavy ; full of hope, they expected to see a rich draught appear, either a golden vase or a casket full of sequins ; but what was their disappointment when they found that they had landed—what ? the slippers of Abou-Cassem ! the monstrous nails of which had torn their nets ? Furious, they seized the slippers, and hurled them through the window of the old miser's house ; and chance so willed it that they came in contact with the crystal decanters full of rose-water, and shivered them into a thousand fragments. Attracted by the noise, Abou-Cassem saw with wondering alarm, swimming in the rose-water, the ~~small~~ slippers, which, after having been the cause of subjecting him to a fine, had risen from the stream to destroy all that was most precious in his possession. Tearing out a handful of his beard, he exclaimed, " Accursed as you are, I will hinder you from doing me more injury in future." He carried them into the garden, dug a deep hole, and buried them. But a neighbour smoking his pipe on a terrace, perceived him at the moment he was throwing back the earth into the hole. This neighbour, who was envious and talkative, related that he had seen Abou-Cassem discovering a treasure. The story circulated in the quarter,



and at length came to the ears of the governor, who commanded the presence of Abou-Cassem, and menaced him with the bastinado if he did not share the treasure with him. Abou-Cassem nearly fainted; he beat his breast, invoked the sacred name of the Prophet, and swore that he had merely buried his old slippers. But the governor became irritated, and accused him of laughing at his beard. Abou-Cassem already saw the staff lifted that was to belabour his starved hide, and comprehended the inutility of longer struggling against the force and cupidity of the governor; he therefore consented to pay a considerable sum—he would almost as soon have yielded up the breath of his nostrils. But this time he swore he would assuredly have done for ever with the slippers.

In the evening, leaving the city, he proceeded into the country, and when well assured that he could not be seen by any one, he drew forth the slippers which he had concealed under the folds of his robe, and threw them into an aqueduct. He remained a few instants looking down into the water, rejoiced at seeing his two enemies perfectly drowned, and with a light heart he returned home to sleep in peace, well persuaded that he should never again hear of them. Alas! the malignant slippers had yet to play him more than one mischievous prank.

The following morning, the good wives of Bagdad, going to fill their pitchers at the public fountains, were amazed to find that the water had ceased to flow; hence clamours, complaints, and crowds. The superintendents of the works for bringing water to the town, disquieted and alarmed, searched on all sides for the cause: they proceeded along the aqueduct, sounded the pipes, and at length recognised in them some extraneous body, which, in stopping the accustomed course of the water, caused it to overflow the adjacent country. What then was it? Nothing less than the two celebrated slippers of Abou-Cassem. Hence another denunciation, another arrest, and another fine; it was the ruin of the unfortunate dealer, and people feared for his days. When he once more found himself pale, worn-out, and ten years older, in his own house, in presence of his slippers, "How shall I now dispose of you?" said he to them, with that sinister tranquillity which expresses the last degree of despair. "To what kind of punishment ought I to condemn you? Should I cut you into a thousand pieces, that would excite a thousand enemies against me! One only means remains to me—I will reduce you to ashes." And seizing them with his trembling hands contracted by rage, he was about to convey them to his brazier, when, perceiving them still moist from the water they had imbibed during an entire night in the aqueduct, he was afraid lest the fire should not act upon them, and he placed them for an instant on the edge of his terrace in order to dry them in the sunshine.

He had not retreated two steps when the young dog of a neighbour leaped on the balustrade, and approaching its nose to smell one of the slippers, caused it to fall into the street on the head of a woman who happened to be passing. "Murder! assassin!" instantly bawled out all the gossips of the quarter. "Who is dead? Where is the culprit?" cried the artisans, leaving off labour. The crowd increased, and besieged Abou-Cassem's door. Nothing less was talked of than doing justice upon him on the instant, by impaling or roasting him alive. The old man now adopted a desperate resolution; he supplicated the guard to conduct him before the *cadi* and there, throwing himself on his knees and placing the fatal slippers at the feet of the magistrate, he exclaimed, "Source of infinite wisdom—all dazzling light! oh! sublime *cadi*! you see before you two furies bent on my destruction. I was rich, and they have ruined me. I was happy and tranquil, and they have destroyed my repose and abridged my days. Publish, oh! publish an edict by which all Bagdad shall be apprised, that their future crimes at least may not be imputed to me.

Or, if you will not accord me that favour, unwilling to live longer, I deliver myself up to you; order me to be conducted to immediate execution.

The *cadi* could not repress a smile on hearing that strange supplication; he drew up an edict, ordered it to be published in all the streets of the city; and this time contented himself with making a slight discourse to Abou-Cassem on the inconveniency of not knowing the fitting moment to change his old slippers. —*Family Herald.*

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*The suspected one; or, take care what you do.*

"Do not be angry, mamma, I won't jest any more, if it displease you, but I will make a plain confession."

"Well," said Mrs. Clifford, "let me hear it."

"I have not one feeling which I wish to conceal from you. There have been moments when I liked Mr. Franklin," and a pretty colour crossed her cheek, "but I have been struck with a peculiarity which has chilled warmer sentiments. He appears phlegmatic and cold. There is about him a perpetual repose that seems inconsistent with energy and feeling. I am not satisfied that I could be happy with such a person—not certain that he is capable of loving, or of inspiring love. When I marry any one, he must worship, he must adore me. He must be ready to go crazy for me. Let him be full of faults, but let him have—what so few possess—a warm, unselfish heart."

"I have heard you through," said Mrs. Clifford, "now you must hear me. It is very proper that you should not decide without full consideration. Examine as long as you think necessary the qualities of Mr. Franklin, and never marry him till he inspires you with confidence and affection. But remember something is due also to him; and the divine rule of acting towards others as you wish them to act towards you must be applied here, as in every affair in life. While you should not, I allow, be hurried into a decision, yet your mind once made up, he should not be kept a moment in suspense."

"Do you think, mamma," asked Caroline, "that he has much feeling?"

"I think he has. I think him peculiarly gifted with unselfish ardour. That which appears to you coldness, is, in my opinion, the natural reserve of a warm heart—so modest, that it rather retires from observation than parades itself before the world. Sentiment and fire, when common on the lips, are not more likely to be native to the soul. It is precisely that calm, that repose you allude to, which forms, in my judgment, the guarantee of Mr. Franklin's sincerity, and the finishing grace of his character—a character in all other respects, also, a true and noble one."

Caroline did not listen without interest.

Mrs. Clifford was a native of New York, and had come over the year before to enjoy a tour in Europe. Franklin had been a fellow-passenger; and a sort of intimacy had grown up between the young people, which the gentleman had taken rather *au sérieux*. He had gladly availed himself of an accidental business necessity which called the son and proposed travelling companion of Mrs. Clifford suddenly home, to join her little party, and had accompanied them through Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result was, that the happiness of his life now appeared to depend upon an affirmative monosyllable in reply to the offer he had just made of his heart and hand. Mrs. Clifford was the widow of a captain in the American navy, who had left her only a moderate income—sufficient, but no more, for the wants of herself and daughter. Mr. Franklin was a lawyer of six-and-twenty, who had been advised to repair the effects of too severe professional application by change of air and a year's repose and travel.

The conversation was scarcely finished, when the subject of it was announced.

After the usual salutations, Mr. Franklin said he had come, according to appointment, to accompany the ladies on a walk, and to see the lions of London, where they had arrived some days before. In a few minutes, hats, shawls, and gloves being duly put in requisition, they had left their lodgings in Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, and were wending their way towards Regent Street and the Strand, through the crowds of this wonderful and magnificent metropolis, of which everything was a delightful curiosity, and where, amid the millions around, they knew and were known by scarcely a human creature.

Every stranger, newly arrived and walking about London, has noted the effect of this prodigious town upon him; and how singularly he is lost in its immensity, overwhelmed by its grandeur, and bewildered amid its endless multiplicity of attractions. So it was with our little party. Excited by the thousand novel and dazzling objects, the hours fled by like minutes; and it was late before they had executed or even formed any plans.

"Let us at least go somewhere," said Caroline. "Let us go to St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower; and we have, beside, purchases to make—for ladies, you know, Mr. Franklin, have always shopping to do."

"Well, as it is so late," said Mrs. Clifford, "and we have promised to call on Mrs. Porter at half-past two, I propose to leave the lions for another morning and only enjoy our walk to-day."

"Then, mamma, let us go to that splendid shop, and look at the lace once more. Only think, Mr. Franklin, we yesterday saw lace, not broader than this, and I had a half fancy to buy some for a new dress—and what do you suppose it cost?"

"I am little versed," said Franklin, "in such mysteries—five pounds, perhaps."

"Twelve pounds—twelve pounds and a half sterling. I never saw anything so superb. Mamma says I ought not even to look at such a luxury."

"But is lace really such a luxury?" inquired Franklin, smiling.

"You can have no idea how exquisite this is!"

"As for me," rejoined Franklin, "I can never tell whether a lady's lace is worth twelve pounds or twelve pence. Although, I hope, not insensible to the general effect of a toilette, yet lace and diamonds, and all that sort of thing, are lost upon me entirely."

"Oh, you barbarian!"

"Real beauty was never heightened by such ornaments, and ugliness is invariably rendered more conspicuous and ugly."

"You will not find many ladies," said Mrs. Clifford, "to agree with you."

"Oh, yes! How often do we hear of belles as distinguished for the simplicity of their toilette as for the beauty of their persons! How often, in real life, and how frequently in novels! There you read that, while the other ladies are shining in satin and lace, and blazing in diamonds, the real rose of the evening eclipses them all in a plain dress of white without jewels, like some modest flower, unconscious of her charms, and therefore attracting more attention."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, "it is just as you say!"

"And what does Miss Caroline think of my attack on lace and diamonds?"

"Why," said Caroline, laughing, "since you do me the honour to require my opinion, I will give it you. I agree that such pretending ornaments ill become the old and ugly. There you are right. I agree that the extremely beautiful may also dispense with them. These ball-room belles of yours—these real roses of the evening—are, I suspect, so lovely as to make them exceptions to the general rule. But there is a class of young ladies, among whom I place myself, neither so old and ugly as to make ornament ridiculous, nor so beautiful as to render it unnecessary. To this middle class, a bit of lace, a neat tab, a

string of pearls here and there, a pretty worked cape, or a coronet of diamonds, I assure you, does no harm."

"That you are not so ugly as to render ornament ridiculous," replied Franklin, "I allow; but that there is, in your case, any want of loveliness, to require—to render—which——"

"Take care, Mr. Franklin!" interrupted Caroline, mischievously, "you are steering right upon the rocks; and a gentleman who refuses all decoration to a lady's toilette should not embellish his own conversation with flattery!"

"Upon my word," replied he, in a lower voice, "to whatever class you belong, Miss Clifford, you do yourself injustice if you suppose lace and diamonds can add to the power of your beauty any more than the greatest splendour of fortune could increase the charms of your——"

"Mamma," exclaimed Caroline, "we have passed the lace shop."

"So we have," said Mrs. Clifford; "but why should we go back—you certainly don't mean to buy any?"

"No, mamma; but I want some edging, and I might as well get it here, if only to enjoy another look at the forbidden fruit."

The shop was one of those magnificent establishments of late years common in large metropolises. A long hall led from the street quite back through the building, or rather masses of buildings, to another equally elegant entrance on the parallel street behind. The doors were single sheets of heavy plate-glass. In the windows all the glittering and precious treasures of India and Asia, seemed draped in gorgeous confusion, and blazed also through unbroken expanses of limpid glass of yet larger dimensions than the doors. Silks, laces, Cashmere shawls, damask, heavy and sumptuous velvets of bright colours and fit for a queen's train, muslins of bewildering beauty, dresses at £200 a piece, and handkerchiefs of Manilla of almost fabulous value. The interior presented similar displays on all sides, multiplied by reflections from broad mirrors, gleaming among marble columns. Perhaps those numerous mirrors were intended to neutralise the somewhat gloomy effect of the low ceiling, not sufficiently elevated to admit the necessary light into the central spaces. At various points, even in the day-time, gas-lights burned brilliantly. Before the door were drawn up half a dozen elegant coroneted equipages, the well-groomed, shining horses, and richly-liveried coachmen, indicating the rank of the noble owners; and on the benches before the windows lounged the tall and handsome footmen, with their long gold-headed sticks; powdered heads, gaudy coats, bright-coloured plush breeches, and white silk stockings and gloves.

In the shop there were, perhaps, fifty persons, as it happened to be a remarkably fine day in June—one of those grateful gifts from heaven to earth which lure people irresistibly out of the dark and weary home; and which, when first occurring, after a long and dismal winter, as in the present instance, appear to empty into the sunshiny streets every inhabitant, the sick and the well, the lame and the blind alike, from every house in town.

Caroline asked to be shewn some of the lace which she had looked at the day before. It was produced, and Mrs. Clifford and Franklin were called to examine it. The wonder consisted as much in the endless variety of the patterns as in the exquisite fineness and richness of the material. The counter was soon strewn with the airy treasures. One piece after another, unrolled with rapidity, appeared to make a lively impression on the young girl, who at last, with a sigh, apologised to the polite person patiently waiting the end of an examination which his practised eye had doubtless perceived was only one of vain curiosity.

"It is too dear," said Caroline. "I cannot afford it. Pray let me see some narrow edging."

"That lace is very pretty," remarked a lady of a commanding figure, evidently a person of rank.

"Very pretty, my lady," replied the assistant who had waited on Caroline.

"What is it?"

"Twelve and a half, my lady."

"It is really pretty. Give me twenty yards."

"Very good, my lady."

The article was measured and cut almost as soon as ordered, and the remnant re-wound into a small parcel, and thrown upon the counter.

At the same moment, and as a boy handed Caroline the edging, wrapped in paper, for which she had already paid, and which she took mechanically, she heard one of the bystanders whisper to another "The Countess D —!" (One of the most celebrated women of England.)

"Mamma," said Caroline, "did you observe that lady?" And they left the shop.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Clifford, looking at her watch, "do you know how late it is? Half-past two! We promised to be at Mrs. Porter's at this very time. She said, you remember, that she was going out at four; and it will take us, I'm afraid, nearly an hour to get there."

"Then let us make haste, mamma." And at a very rapid pace they hurried back towards the place of appointment. They had gone on in this way, perhaps, twenty minutes, when a white-headed, respectable-looking old gentleman was thrust aside by a rude fellow pushing by, so that he ran against Caroline, and caused her to drop her pocket-handkerchief. He stopped, with evident marks of mortification, and picked it up, with a polite apology. Caroline assured him that she was not hurt.

"But my dear young lady," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "let me return your parcel."

"Oh! that is not mine," replied Caroline.

"I beg your pardon; it fell with your handkerchief."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, "what have I done! I have brought away a piece of that lace! Mamma, let us go back directly."

Although the incident had occupied but a minute, Mrs. Clifford and Franklin, engaged in conversation, had not perceived it, and had gone on several paces. The old gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared round a corner.

At this moment a man stepped up; and laying his hand roughly on Caroline's arm, said, "Young woman, you must come with me!" And a second iron hand grasped her other arm.

Shocked and affrighted, she saw they were policemen.

Then the voice of a person very much out of breath cried, "This is the person! I can swear to her. And look! there is the very lace in her hand!"

Pale as death, and bewildered with terror, the poor girl could only attempt to say, "Mamma! mamma!" But her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her voice refused its office. A crowd had already collected, and the words, "A ladyshoplifter!" and "They've nabbed a lady thief!" were audible enough.

"Come, my beauty," said the man, pulling her forward, "we've no time to lose."

"Scoundrel!" cried the voice of Franklin, as he grasped him by the throat, "who are you?"

"You see who we are," was the stern reply. "We're policemen, in the execution of our duty. Take your hand off my throat."

Franklin recognised their uniform, and relaxed his hold. "Policemen! And what have policemen to do with this lady? You have made some stupid blunder. This is a lady. She is under my protection. Take your hand off her arm."

"If she's under your protection, the best thing you can do is to accompany us," replied the man, bluntly; and he made another attempt to drag her away.

Franklin restrained himself with an effort which did him honour, conscious that violence would be here out of place, and perceiving that it would be utterly

useless. He strove a moment to collect his thoughts, as one stunned by a thunderbolt. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"If you ask for information," remarked the man, impressed by his agonised astonishment, "I will tell you. But won't the young woman get into a cab, out of the crowd?"

An empty coach happened to be passing, into which like a man in a dream, Franklin handed the ladies. One police-officer entered with them, the other took his seat on the box with the coachman. Caroline, although still colourless, had partly regained her courage, and endeavoured to smile. Mrs. Clifford, in a most distressing state of agitation, only found breath to say, "Well, this is a pretty adventure, upon my word!"

As the carriage moved away, followed by a troop of ragamuffins, leaping, laughing, and shouting, Franklin said, "And now, my good fellow, that I have submitted peaceably to this atrocious outrage, tell me by whose authority you act, and in what way this young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult?"

"Well, in the first place," said the man, coolly, "I act by the authority of the Messrs. Blake, Blanchard, and Co.; and, in the second place, the young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult by stealing ten yards of Brussels lace at £12 a yard, value £120 sterling."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Franklin, again grasping his collar.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" cried the man. "Hands off, my cove; and keep a civil tongue in your head—you'd best. It ain't of no use, I give you my word of honour."

"Miss Clifford——"

But Miss Clifford had covered her face with her white hands, which did not conceal her still whiter complexion.

"Why, look ye, sir," said the man, "if you really ain't a party to the offence, I'm very sorry for you. The business is just this here:—The shop has been frequently robbed, and sometimes by ladies. I was called, not four months ago, to take a real lady to prison, who had stole to the amount of £10; and to prison she went, too, though some of the most respectable people in town came down and begged for her. Now, this here young lady came yesterday to the shop, tumbled everything upside down, and bought nothing—went away—to-day came again—asked to see the most valuable lace—bought ten shillings' worth of narrow edging, and left the premises. At her departure she was seen to take ten yards of lace, value £120. I was called in, and followed her, with one of the assistants to identify her person. We perceived her walking fast—very fast indeed. It was as much as we could do to overtake her. The assistant can swear to her identity, and the lace was found in her hand. Both the young man and myself can swear to it, if she denies it; though I caution you, miss, not to say anything at present, because it can be used against you at your trial."

"I do not deny it," said Caroline, with flashing eyes. "I took the lace, but did not know I took it."

"Oh! ho-ho!" said the man. "I hope you can make 'em believe that. Perhaps you can."

"My dear friend," cried Mrs. Clifford, now nearly beside herself. "I assure you that this is a frightful mistake. She carried the lace away from mere carelessness. Here is all the money I have about me. \*Take it for yourself—only let us go. My daughter, I assure you, is utterly incapable of stealing. You don't know her. As for the lace, I am willing to pay for it. My name is Mrs. Clifford. I live at No.—, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square. My dear, kind, good sir, turn the coach, and let us go home. My husband was Captain Clifford, of the navy. Do you think we would be guilty of stealing? I will give you any money you desire. I will give you £50—only let us go."

"If your husband was Admiral Nelson himself," replied the man, with dignity, "I could not let you go now—not if you were to give me £500. I have only to do my duty. It's a very painful one; but it must be done. I ain't a judge; I'm a policeman; and my business is to deliver you safe into the hands of the injured firm."

To describe the whirl of thoughts which swept through the mind of Franklin during the interval is impossible. He saw that a simple act of carelessness had been committed by Caroline; but he was enough of a lawyer to perceive that the proof against her was singularly striking and unanswerable, and he knew the world too well not to feel extraordinary alarm at the possible consequences. In London alone, without friends or acquaintances, a glance into the future almost drove him to distraction. At moments he was half-mastered by the impulse to bear Caroline away by sudden *coup de main*; but his hand was held by the reflection, that even were such a wild scheme possible, success would be no means of security, inasmuch as Mrs. Clifford had given her address, while the attempt would exasperate the other party, appear but a new evidence of guilt, and in every way enhance the danger of their position.

As they approached the fatal shop a large crowd had collected round the door. Franklin felt that he was in one of those crises on which hang human destiny and life, and that he had need of more prudence and wisdom than man can possess, except it be given him from above. Deep, therefore, and trusting was his silent prayer to Him who hath said, "Be strong and of a good courage. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Caroline appeared ready to sink into the earth when the coach stopped.

"My dearest Miss Clifford," said Franklin, "these men have fallen into a bungling error, and it will require some prudence on our part to make them see it. But compose yourself. Put down your veil; say nothing till I call you; and may God in his mercy grant that our ordeal be short!"

Those words were uttered with a composure and cheerful presence of mind which re-assured in some degree the fainting girl. She had at her side a protector who would never desert her—a pilot with a strong arm, a steady eye, and a bold heart, who would steer her through the wild storm if any human being could.

Mrs. Clifford, speechless with terror, let down her daughter's veil as well as her shaking hands permitted, and was led by Franklin from the carriage into the house. He then handed, or rather lifted out Caroline, who clung to him with helplessness and terror. The trembling party, a hundred unfeeling eyes bent upon them, were conducted through the shop to a back parlour, into the presence of the only one of the firm who happened to be at home. As Franklin saw him his heart sank in his bosom, and the courage which had begun to mount with the danger seemed a mockery.

He was a respectable-looking man of forty, of a thin, hard countenance, repulsive manners, and sharp voice, which, when excited, rose to a piercing and discordant note. There was no sign of mercy or moderation in his physiognomy. This man, who, after faithful subordinate services, had become the inferior and hardest working partner, happened to be afflicted with a very violent temper, which had been wrought in a rage by various recent purloinings, apparently like the present, attributed to female customers, and perpetrated with a combined cunning and daring which baffled detection, and he had long yearned to lay his hand upon one of them. His passions and interests were mingled together in this desire, which, in addition, he supposed fully sanctioned by duty; and when a man, and particularly such a man, of a narrow mind and cold heart—loving power, and rarely enabled to taste its sweets, once gets into his head the idea that he is acting from duty—God help the poor victim that falls within his grasp.

Such was the individual before whom, in the attitude of a detected criminal, was dragged the sweet and trembling girl. Such was the man before whom Franklin stood, curbing within the limits of prudence his highly wrought feelings.

"Now, my honest women," said Jennings, seating himself magisterially in a large arm-chair by a table, while the rest stood in a circle around, like prisoners at a bar before their judge, "what have you to say with regard to this atrocious act of felony——"

"One moment, sir," said Franklin. "You will have the kindness to order chairs for these ladies."

Mr. Jennings paused, fixed a surprised glance at the speaker, and obeyed.

"Well, then, *now*——" demanded he.

"I beg your pardon!" again interrupted Franklin, "permit me, in your own interest, to make another suggestion. Before you proceed in this examination, I warn you, with all deference to the sincerity of your present error, that you have before you two ladies of respectability and unblemished reputation, and who are entirely innocent in this matter."

"Bah!" ejaculated Mr. Jennings.

"Silence, sir," cried Franklin, with an indignation irrepressible. "You have dragged before you, through the streets of London, a young and innocent girl, like a criminal. If circumstances seems for a moment to give you the right, humanity as well as decency requires, at least till the question of her guilt be settled, that you address her with respect, and hear her defence with candour and attention."

Mr. Jennings turned pale, swallowed his rage, and replied, "Speak, sir! speak, sir! I am all candour and attention."

"I beg your pardon," resumed Franklin, "if I have answered with too much asperity. But this young lady is perfectly innocent. She has high friends. You will consider her under the protection of the American Ambassador at this Court! State to me, if you please, your reasons for dragging her before you in the custody of policemen."

Awed by Franklin's tone, but rather infuriated than melted, Mr. Jennings answered, with sarcastic politeness, "Certainly, sir, your request is a just one. The case is this. The young lady came to my shop this morning, and had brought out for her examination the most expensive lace, of which, however, she purchased none; but, instead, expended ten shillings for some narrow edging. I must inform you that persons in the dress of ladies, and even persons of the rank of ladies, have more than once committed thefts of this kind, and I have ordered one of the young men to watch. This individual saw in a mirror the young lady, as she was about to leave, seize a parcel of lace, and carry it out under cover of her pocket-handkerchief. We sent directly for policemen—but so rapid was the flight of the party, including yourself, that it was not without considerable difficulty and delay that they were overtaken, when the stolen lace was found in her hand. We are often obliged to forego the gratification of punishing such misdemeanours by the technical difficulty of proving the crime upon the criminal. You perceive how the present case stands. I am willing to allow it is but fair you should be heard, if you have anything to say in reply."

"I have much to say," resumed Franklin, smiling with assumed confidence, "enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and I hope I stand before such a one. That the young lady took the lace no one can deny. But I will tell you how she took it. For the first time in London, her mind naturally excited, she was bewildered amid the novel and interesting objects around her. The splendour of your establishment dazzled her eyes and distracted her attention. In company with her mother and myself she came here to see the lace in question,



but she could not have intended to steal it, if I must answer to such a charge, because it would have been impossible for her to use such an article without the knowledge of her mother. If she is a thief, her mother and I share her guilt. I therefore repeat to you that these ladies can command references to raise them above the slightest breath of suspicion—references sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous, the most unreasonable. She is a person of the purest life and strongest principles. Not one of her friends, and, after a proper examination, not one of the public, will ever believe her guilty of anything worse than a mere moment of bewilderment and absence of mind."

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Jennings, "you have undertaken a pretty difficult task—no less than to convince me that black is white, and that two and two don't make four. Who are you?—and where are your references?"

Franklin did not succeed in concealing a certain trepidation at this blunt demand, and it was not lost upon Jennings.

"My references do not reside in England."—"Ah! ha!"

"I am a stranger in your metropolis."—"Oh! ho!"

"And therefore," added Franklin, "every noble-minded and fair-play loving Englishman will say, possessing greater claim upon your moderation. I can bring you, from my own country—through the official intervention of the American Minister, references to outweigh a thousand fold—ten million fold—all opposite appearances. I can give a moral demonstration that the intentional commission by this young lady of the act with which she is charged, is an utter and a ridiculous impossibility."

"I have now heard you," said Jennings, "and I am sorry to say, I must, notwithstanding, send the lady before a magistrate. The ingenious arguments you have used are equally applicable to every theft. No reference—no rank—no character can weigh against so plain a fact, proved by ocular demonstration. No rational judge or jury can doubt she *stole* the lace. It is my duty to make an example of her. This is not the first, nor the second time, we have been robbed by ladies in affluent circumstances and respectably connected. It is a peculiar crime, and generally committed in a way which renders it both difficult and dangerous, even when we know the criminal to attempt to fix the fact upon her. This time we have caught her in the very *act*. We have eye-witnesses enough to render doubt impossible. She does not deny it. She fled with precipitation. She was overtaken a long distance off—nearly half an hour after the offence the lace was found in her hand—and her companion tried to bribe the policeman with £50 to let her escape. And do you now talk to me of 'respectability,' and 'connexions,' and such nonsense? I would go as far as you or any man to save an innocent person from destruction. But when once convinced, by my own eyes, of deliberate guilt, it is too late for mercy. The ignorant beggar, who steals to save himself from starving, I could pity—I could almost release; but when the rich and the educated resort to stealing, to gratify their vanity and avarice, hoping to shelter themselves from punishment by their 'connexions' and their high position in society—they must be taught, sir, that they do it at a fearful peril, and that detection will bring down upon them the same rigorous penalties as if they were of the lowest dregs of the people."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Franklin, with forced composure, although the plain picture appalled him, and robbed his countenance of every trace of colour, "but permit me to remark that you must be quite sure the person before you belongs to this guilty class. Her innocence can be rendered morally certain. The whole world will brand as cruel injustice any harsh treatment. A careless girl has been absent-minded. All people are liable to be so. You look for your spectacles when they are on your nose—or seek your pocket-handkerchief, and find it in your hand——"

"As our opinions differ on that point," said Mr. Jennings coldly, "a jury must decide between us. Policemen, take the party before the magistrate. I will follow with my witnesses, and I pledge myself to visit so heinous a crime with the utmost rigour of the law."

The policemen stepped to the side of Caroline.

"I appeal to your generosity—to your mercy," cried Franklin, "that she may at least be taken to the American Minister, instead of being dragged before a magistrate. I request only that you act with gentleness."

Mr. Jennings pointed the policemen to the door.

"And I not only request, I demand it!" cried Franklin. "If you refuse me, you refuse me at your peril——"

"You have nothing to command here, sir," replied Mr. Jennings. "The American Minister can make his statement before the magistrate. I am not disposed to exercise the least mercy. Policemen, your duty. If her fate be a terrible one, she has herself to thank for it. I hope it may deter others from following her example."

"And what will be my daughter's fate?" asked Mrs. Clifford.

"Transportation for life," was the reply

Mrs. Clifford shrieked. Caroline rose wildly, and staggered towards the door. Mr. Jennings, as if thirsting for her destruction, and fearing her escape, seized her so roughly that she screamed with pain and terror, when Franklin dragged him back and hurled him to the wall. His impulse was to strike him to the earth; but with one of the highest qualities attained by man, self-government, he recollected himself and refrained.

"Policemen," shouted Mr. Jennings, very white, "I command you to take the whole party into custody. You witnessed the assault. I am in danger of my life. They are a gang of thieves and cut-throats. Off with them this instant."

"Stop!" cried Franklin, and there was something in his voice which arrested the step of the policemen, and compelled Jennings to stand in breathless attention. "I demand the presence of one or both of your partners, before the young lady be removed. You will not, because you *dare* not, refuse me this reasonable request. If you do, sir, it were better you never had been born. Guilty or not guilty, the person whom, before she has been tried, your infamous lips have branded as a common thief, has a right to all mild and gentle treatment consistent with law and justice. You say the jury will decide. But the question is now whether your house is prepared to send her before a jury. That is the question to be discussed, and you are not in a temper of mind, sir, to enable you to decide it impartially. The affair will ring from one end of England and the United States to the other, and the execrations of thousands who have as yet never heard of you will fall upon your name. You will find that there are two sides to the question. You will find that if the lady has a malignant accuser, she has also indignant and powerful defenders. The world will say you might have been excusable not to release her, but you had no right to hurry her before the public with needless and brutal precipitation. They will say—and I will take care to tell them—that, overcome by your violent temper, you insulted—you *assaulted*—a helpless young girl in your power, whose guilt had not been proved, and that, because I dragged you back—blind with wrath, and burning with revenge—you dared to take upon yourself alone the whole responsibility of this outrage, which will bring punishment on you and disgrace on your house. They will say, Let no lady hereafter trust herself across the threshold of Blake, Blanchard, and Co., where the watch is set and the trap laid for the unwary. They will say that Mr. Jennings is a foul calumniator of woman as a sex—that he has charged the noble ladies of England with crime. They will judge whether the young girl could be guilty without the participation of her mother and myself, who, as you say, fled with her. The

case is one of mere carelessness, or we are three thieves. Go on, if you dare, without your partners. Your house will become infamous, and you—yourself—mark me, sir, shall not escape the chastisement you deserve!"

He ceased, and the silence remained for awhile unbroken.

This appeal was not, on the part of Franklin, the mere result of passion and despair, although from both it received a strange power. It was a wise calculation that Jennings, who could not be reasoned or melted, might be terrified from his purpose till the arrival of his partners, before whom the matter might take a different turn. By happy inspiration Franklin had read the man aright, and he saw changes of countenance, as he proceeded, which gave boldness to his heart and fire to his lips. Jennings was a coward. He was terror-stricken at the idea of acting on his "sole responsibility" in an affair which seemed likely to be hotly contested. The blood curdled in his veins at the thought of the deadly enemies darkly hinted at, and the consequences clearly threatened. He saw Caroline was no common thief, and Franklin no common man. There were moments when he actually believed the fact really was as Franklin represented—and, thus quailing under the torrent of eloquence, to which the voice and manner gave something absolutely irresistible, half suffocated with rage and fear, he said, with ill-assumed indifference, "Oh! very well, sir, very well. I will wait for my partners. Nothing shall be done rashly. Nothing from revenge. But the young lady shall not escape. Mr. Williams, go and see if Mr. Blake or Mr. Blanchard has come in."

And thus at least more time was gained.

Mr. Williams went out, and returned to say that Mr. Blake had not yet come in, but Mr. Blanchard had, and would join them immediately.

The door opened, and the person in question entered. He was a young man of thirty, of unusually prepossessing exterior. A stream of hope shot through Franklin's heart as he read his face.

Mr. Blanchard seated himself gravely in the large chair which was abdicated in his favour by Jennings, who related to him the facts, respectfully and clearly, and called up the policemen and Mr. Williams in confirmation.

"It is a bad case," said Mr. Blanchard. "Our duty is clear. Is there anything said in the defence?"

"Oh yes, there is a powerful defence!" replied Mr. Jennings with a sneer; "the young lady took the lace, and kept it half an hour, running away as fast as she could, *but she didn't know she had it!!* ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Blanchard shook his head.

"Sir, may I speak?" said Franklin.

"Speak," returned Mr. Blanchard, in a low voice. "If you have anything to say, I will hear it with the sincerest desire to find it of weight. But you have a difficult task before you. These occasions are extremely painful. The necessity of sending to prison a respectable young lady, as you represent this person to be, is harrowing indeed; but private feelings must give way to higher considerations. I have a duty to perform—a duty to society—a duty to my partners—a duty to God!"

"You have," rejoined Franklin; "but if you properly examine your conscience, and ask light of Him who knows the truth, you will hear the voice of God himself warning you not to perform that duty prematurely, carelessly, or cruelly. I ask time. I offer references to prove that the person in question, from education, character, habits, opinions, religious principles, and her whole pure and artless life, is not and could not be intentionally guilty of the act in question. I request time to produce these references. My young companion took the lace in a moment of bewilderment—of absence of mind. She has just arrived in London—is dazzled and excited. If, sir, you have a sister, a daughter, a mother, a wife—picture her, after such a careless accident, grasped

by a policeman, dragged through the streets, exposed to the eyes of the jesting crowd, the blackest construction put upon her action, shrinking before a magistrate, cast into prison, and God knows what else!—and all this because of an act not in reality more inexplicable than that of a man who walks off with a hat not his own, or another person's umbrella—in a fit of forgetfulness."

Jennings leaned over and whispered something to Mr. Blanchard.

"It is quite probable," said Mr. Blanchard, "that you believe her innocent, but the various and glaring circumstances do not permit me to be of your opinion. The expressive flight, the intervening time, long enough to discover a mistake merely accidental, the bribe of £50—no, no, it is impossible," said he, rising; "I am sorry for you, sir, but this matter rests no longer with me. The prisoner must be removed."

"What I ask," said Franklin, "is not her release. It is only time to make you acquainted with the proofs of which the case is susceptible. The 'prisoner,' as you call her, is as innocent as the snow yet unfallen from heaven. I do not ask you to sacrifice what you fancy your duty, I ask you only to pause ere you execute it. I request, ere you thrust a shrinking girl as a suspected thief before the public, that you more carefully examine her side of the question. Her bankers, the Messrs. Baring, will answer for her presence whenever you desire. My banker will answer for her. The American Minister will satisfy you of the strong impropriety of any other proceeding. Oh! sir, in the name of a mother's breaking heart—in the name of sweet girlish innocence—in the name of God, believe what I say! If you err, err on the side of mercy. Think, when you lay your head this night on your pillow, the day has not been lost, for it was marked by an act of mercy. Think, when on your death-bed you plead at the throne of God, he has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.' If, she really had committed the offence, I should not fear to ask you for mercy on her young head—her inexperienced life. Our Divine Master granted mercy even to the guilty. Will you refuse it then to this trembling and innocent girl, for whose guileless intention in this terrible accident I answer before God and man, and with my life and soul. Come here, Miss Clifford! Take off your veil. Tell Mr. Blanchard, in the simple language of truth, how this incident took place."

"Yes, come here, my young friend," said Mr. Blanchard, "and tell me how this sad mistake arose."

Perhaps it was Franklin's eloquence, perhaps it was Caroline's appearance, perhaps it was both, which drew the silent tear from Mr. Blanchard's eyes, and those two significant words from his lips. But oh! to Franklin's soul, wrought up almost to despair—almost to madness, they were rapture, they were ecstasy, they were like the first streak of golden sky which announces to the half-wrecked sailor that the tempest is over.

"Speak, my dear young lady," said Mr. Blanchard; "do not tremble so—you have nothing to fear from me!"

"I left the door," said Caroline, in a low voice, "without knowing I had the lace. A gentleman ran against me and knocked it out of my hand. He picked it up. I then saw what I had done. I exclaimed, 'Mamma, let us go back!'—but mamma had gone on—I was alone—two men seized me—and—and——"

She covered her face with her hands, and sank into the chair.

"But, so far from coming back," said Mr. Jennings' piercing voice, "you were walking rapidly away."

"No," said Caroline.

"But I say yes!" screamed Jennings. "Mr. Williams, was not the young woman walking rapidly away?"

"She *had been* walking rapidly," said Mr. Williams; "but when we came up she was, as she says, standing still, looking at the lace. It is also true that

an old gentleman ran against her, knocked the lace out of her hand, and picked it up again. That I saw from the distance."

"Mark you," exclaimed Franklin, "how each small feature of her story is confirmed."

"But you left our door," exclaimed Mr. Jennings, "at a furious pace."

"That I can explain to your satisfaction," said Franklin. "We were engaged to call upon a lady, Mrs. Porter, No. —, Portland Place, at half-past two. This Mrs. Porter herself can testify. We left your door too late, and walked rapidly to keep our appointment. You can ascertain from your clerks at what hour we left."

"It was just half-past two," said Mr. Williams. "I looked at the clock."

"Mark!" cried Franklin, with an air of triumph.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jennings," said Mr. Blanchard, "we have been too hasty——"

At this moment the door opened, and another person entered.

"Just in time," muttered Mr. Jennings.

It was Mr. Blake, chief partner in the firm of Blake, Blanchard, and Co. He was a venerable old gentleman, of an agreeable person, with a certain dignity which well became his snow-white hair, but through which, on the present occasion, appeared a settled firmness, almost a sternness, boding no good.

"You have come in time," said Jennings. "Do you know what is going on here?"

"I do. The facts have been related to me."

"And the famous defence?" added Jennings, with one of his worst sneers, "do you know that also?"

"I do. It is a clear case. There is but one course for us."

"And yet," cried Jennings, "Mr. Blanchard has been thinking it will not do to send so respectable a young lady to prison. But I say you will not have a case in forty years so proper to make a wholesome example of. If you let this one go, whom can you punish? Precautions were useless, if thieves can commit their depredations under our very noses with impunity."

"I am of your opinion," said Mr. Blake. "The offence is of a very aggravated description; and I deem it absolutely necessary to send the delinquent before a magistrate to be punished as she deserves."

"I have explained——," said Franklin.

But while he commenced once more his agonising task, Mr. Jennings took Mr. Blake aside, and whispered to him some minutes vehemently. Franklin attempted to speak again.

"I will hear no explanations," said the old gentleman. "No argument—no character—no references can prevail against so wicked a felony so clearly proved. The youth, condition in life, and education of the person, only render the crime more detestable, and the necessity for a terrible example more unavoidable. Your own good sense should have taught you, sir, that threats are here out of place, and violence can only make matters worse. I have solemnly vowed that I would meet the first case with the utmost rigour of the law. I am determined to prosecute. Where is the prisoner? Police-men, take her into custody."

"But," cried Franklin.

"I will hear no more," said Mr. Blake, coldly and firmly. "Mr. Jennings, who has gone over the case with the utmost attention, is thoroughly convinced——"

"Thoroughly!" said Mr. Jennings.

Franklin's brain whirled in wild despair. He clasped his hands—he conjured the mild, mistaken man, whose slightest word could save Caroline from destruction.

"Mercy! I only ask one day."

"Young man, you plead in vain! Ask mercy of God, but not of me."

"Then listen, heart of stone!" cried Franklin, "and hear my final words. You are old. Your head is white; your feet are already in the grave. You will, ere long, be called before your Maker—yourself a trembling suppliant for mercy. If, with cold-blooded, stupid obstinacy, in the face of my warning, you drag this innocent and modest girl prematurely into a police office—at a bar for criminals—to stand a spectacle for the public, amid robbers and murderers, and to run the fearful chances of the law, I solemnly warn you, old man, you will have innocent blood on your conscience—you will call down God's curse upon your head."

"What can I do?" said Mr. Blake, overwhelmed by his irresistible earnestness.

"You can do unto others as you would have them do unto you—you can give us time for proof and yourself for reflection. You can suppose it was your own daughter in her place. You can examine more carefully. You can break from the leading-strings of that malignant Mr. Jennings. You can consult with Mr. Blanchard, a man of reason and feeling, who disapproves your severity. You can wait to satisfy yourself that this young lady is distinguished for a stainless character, a pure life, strict religious principles, humble faith in God, and habitual communion with him. You can judge for yourself whether this is a case of *monomania*—whether a person thus distinguished could be guilty of intentional purloining. Sir, ocular demonstration weighs *nothing* against such a character. You can ask yourself more dispassionately whether it be not a possibility—a very natural one—for an absent-minded person to commit such an act mechanically and unconsciously. You can hear her artless story from her own lips, and candidly consider if it *may not* be the truth."

Carried away by Franklin's eloquent vehemence, Mr. Blake did look. Caroline had risen. The last spark of earthly hope had fled. She stood, without gesture or tear. It seemed as if death had already laid his icy hand upon her, only her eyes were lifted above, while she breathed a silent prayer to Him whose mighty hand can raise the trusting heart in one instant from the lowest depths of despair.

"Ha! What! God bless my soul!" suddenly ejaculated the old gentleman, in great astonishment. "What do I see! My dearest, sweetest young lady! Mr. Blanchard! Mr. Jennings! Mr. Williams——"

Caroline gazed at him a moment, uttered a shriek which thrilled to every heart with an electric shock, cried, "Oh, sir, save me—you can save me!" and fell insensible into the arms of Franklin.

"Policemen! off with you!" cried Mr. Blake, with tears in his eyes. "Mr. Jennings, you are a fool! I answer with my life for this young lady. I ran against her in the street. I picked up the lace, and saw her look of astonishment and horror; and heard her exclaim, '*Mamma, let us go back directly!*' Go, proclaim to every one in the establishment that she is innocent. We are the guilty party, and *we* are at *her* mercy!"

To terminate the exciting scene, Franklin proposed to return home. A coach was called. Caroline had revived, and her feelings fortunately found vent in tears. She wept bitterly on her mother's bosom, who gave it back with interest. But in the midst of their joy, not one of the three forgot to offer up their secret, thankful prayer to that overruling Providence whose watchful mercy had rescued them from a fate too horrible for imagination.

Franklin could scarcely wait till they walked to the coach. He wished to carry—to drag Caroline away. He shifted his position continually, without apparent cause; at last shook hands with his companions, saying he would follow the coach, as he wanted air and exercise.

They soon arrived home, where Caroline, in a high state of excitement, was ordered to bed by a physician; but, after soothing medicines had calmed certain

hysterical symptoms, she fell into a deep sleep, which the doctor said was worth more than all the apothecaries could compound. In fact, she did not awake till late next morning, and in a day or two was comparatively restored.

But poor Franklin had gone home in a raging fever, which increased during the night to delirium. His ravings were of magistrates, the jeering crowd, dungeons, chains, and the convict-ship. Then he was at the penal settlement. He heard the frightful oaths, obscene jests, and blasphemous laughter of the convicts. Among them he beheld Caroline Clifford, haggard and in rags—now toiling at her task—now snickering beneath the bloody lash—and he seemed to grasp the throat of Jennings, and implored him to stay his hellish hand.

More than a month passed before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room. Every day Mrs. Clifford had visited him, and watched over him with a mother's love. Every day the carriage of Mr. Blake brought the old gentleman to the bedside of the poor invalid, where he listened to the ravings of his disturbed imagination, and shuddered to think of what horrors—but for a providential coincidence—he might have added to the history of human woe.

At length Mr. Franklin was allowed to take a drive. It is scarcely necessary to say that he called on the ladies. Mrs. Clifford, previously apprised of his intended visit, at the sound of the bell, accidentally remembered that she had left her scissors up stairs. So Franklin found Caroline alone.

"You are very, very pale," cried the greatly agitated girl, her eyes filling with good, honest tears, as she gave him her hand.

He raised it to his lips.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clifford."

But, like Beatrice, she seemed to hold it there again with a fervour which even the modest Franklin could not wholly misunderstand.

"I owe you more than my life," cried Caroline, with such a look as she had never bestowed upon him before.

"And yet," cried Franklin, "you fraudulently withhold from me the only payment in your power."

"Nonsense, what payment?" cried she, blushing deeply.

"Your dear self!" answered Franklin, in a timid voice.

"Then you must collect your debt, as other hard-hearted creditors do—by force."

"In that case," rejoined Franklin, with a boldness which astonished himself, "an execution must issue, and proceedings commence directly."

Mrs. Clifford, having found her scissors, just then entered the room, but not before the ardent lawyer had performed the threatened duty, not quite so harrowing a one as that attempted by Mr. Jennings, though it led to the same result, viz., she was obviously *transported*, and, as it turned out—for life.

Nor is this all. Old Mr. Blake had learned how the land lay from Mrs. Clifford, and he resolved to make the young people reparation. He owed it to them in all conscience. They were married in about six weeks; and when the ceremony was over, a parcel was brought in, directed "*To Mrs. Franklin with the compliments of Messrs. Blake, Blanchard and Co.,*" which on being opened was found to contain a superb Cashmere shawl—thirty yards of the £12 lace, and a neat mahogany box, with a coronet of diamonds for the young criminal.

We will not go into the history of the ladies' objections to accept these costly testimonials. Mr. Blake pleaded almost as eloquently as Franklin had done, till at last Franklin's scruples were overcome.

Some years afterwards, when Mr. and Mrs. Franklin had returned to New York, and while the fond wife and happy mother was one day engaged in arranging a highly ornamented and curious little cap, her husband entered with a letter, and read follows:—

TO MRS. CAROLINE FRANKLIN,

*London, Feb. 10, 184—.*

MADAM,—It has become my duty to inform you that, by the will of the late Mr. Blake, of the firm of Blake, Blanchard, and Co., you have become entitled to his blessing, and a legacy of £2500 sterling, which, upon proving your identity, you can either draw for on me at thirty days, or have remitted in any other way you desire.

I have the honour to be, madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN LOCKLEY,

T. S. F.

Solicitor, No. —, Russell Square.

*Family Herald, for March.*

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## VII.—POETRY.

### A SONG.—*Tune, I'm Afloat.*

I'm in love ! I'm in love !  
Oh how hard is my fate !  
My love's unregarded,  
And hopeless my state.  
The one I adore  
Is regardless of me—  
I'm in love ! I'm in love !  
And the loved one is free.

He knows not the feelings,  
He heeds not the sighs  
I so frequently breathe  
As I gaze in those eyes.  
Though praised for politeness,  
He's not so to me.  
I'm in love ! I'm in love !  
And the loved one is free.

Your sympathy fair ones,  
I earnestly crave—  
I'm to passion a victim,  
To Cupid a slave.  
Then pity my case  
For the need you must see—  
I'm in love ! I'm in love !  
And the loved one is free.

Lend, lend me your aid,  
To invent for the heart  
A shield to protect it  
From Cupid's fierce dart.  
To escape from his chains  
Oh ! how glad should I be  
Since my love is in vain  
Whilst the loved one is free.

*Family Herald.]*



## THE SUPPLIANT.

She kneels ! that maiden kneeleth now  
 Low on the marble floor ;  
 Her hands are clasp'd, and raised her brow,  
 The holy cross before ;  
 While heavenward her kindling eye  
 Turns in appealing extacy.  
 Those tears in trickling course alone  
 Show that the figure is not stone.

Yet as the light streams from afar,  
 Emblazoning the pile  
 The 'scutcheon'd niche the fretted bar,  
 The long and pillar'd aisle—  
 You suppliant fair one well might deem  
 The creature of some waking dream ;  
 So well that seraph face and mien  
 Accord with the surrounding scene.

Can she or fear or anguish know,  
 Or sin or sorrow share,  
 That accents tremulous and low,  
 Come breathing forth in prayer ?  
 No ; such are not the tears of woe ;  
 Such pearls did ne'er in sadness flow ;  
 And what but hope could thus illumine  
 The radiant eye, the cheek of bloom ?

A name is on her lip unspoken—  
 " Oh ! shield *him* heav'n above !"  
 A spell is on her heart, unbroken—  
 The blessedness of love.  
 And hallowed ever be the prayer  
 That has *another's* weal its care ;  
 And bless'd the spirit whence proceeds  
 A word that for *another* pleads !——D.

*Family Herald.]*

## THE COMPOSITION OF LOVE.

Cupid once took a golden bowl,  
 And having turn'd it upside down,  
 He put in it a burning coal,  
 And then a smile, and then a frown ;

He added countless lots of kisses,  
 Several woes and several blisses ;  
 Dubious words, and lips perplex'd—  
 Half a hundred vows came next,  
 To be all register'd above ;  
 And then he call'd the mixture—love !

*Ibid.]*

## A LOVE SONG.

Love you for your beauty ?  
 Then love not me !  
 The sun, golden-haired,  
 Is fairer to see !

Love you for youth ?  
 Then love not me !  
 The spring cometh yearly,  
 In youthful glee.

Love you for riches ?  
 Then love not me !  
 Love the bright pearls  
 In the deep blue sea.

Love you for love ?  
 Oh ! then love me !  
 Love me as I will love  
 Evermore thee.

(*From the German of Ruckert.*)—*Ibid.*

## WILLIAM THOM,

*The Weaver Poet.*

Before he bade a final adieu to England he penned the following verses, then turned his 'watery e'e' and footsteps to his 'ain bonny North' :

## FAREWELL TO LONDON.

I'm sick o' this Babel, sae heartless an' cauld—  
 It's din winna suit wi' my nature ava ;  
 We canna graff branches when wither'd an' auld—  
 It's time gentle friends, I were toddliu' awa.

I fain would be hame—I would fain be alone—  
 In my cottar house, trampling my treddles again !  
 I'm no made for mingling in fashion's gay thrang—  
 I'm out o' my element acting the part ;

For better I lo'e to be crooning a sang  
 By the blithe chimley check wi' the friends o' my heart—  
 Whiles blawing a cloud, an' whiles blawing a note,  
 As the cutty or flute comes first in my thought.

I'll na be a lion for ennuied rank—  
 I winna be trotted, or roar any more ;  
 I scorn Mr. Pelf as he rolls to his bank—  
 The weaver is sterling and proud at the core.  
 My thoughts are my ain—I can beck not, nor boo—  
 Duke supplic may cringe ; but the weaver is true.

I ne'er see the sun in this dull foggy toun,  
 Though I whiles get a glympse o' the calm leddy meen\*—  
 Bless, bless her sweet face, blinkin' couthily doun  
 On my ain canny, ain bonny, dear Aberdeen.  
 O, when shall I greet thee,—again shall I see  
 Thy soft light reflected in clear flowing Dee?

Farewell to thee Caudle! and weel may ye thrive  
 Who raised me to fame with a dash o' thy pen;  
 A better mate to thee when next thou shalt wive  
 A blessing be aye on thy but an' thy ben!  
 Trae auld Aristarchus to Jeffrey the cute  
 Come shew me the critic can staun' in thy boot!

Success to thee Caudle! success to the crew  
 Round Punch's guffawing but sovereign board!  
 Determined that all shall have fairly their due—  
 Now raising a weaver, now roasting a Lord,  
 Now snubbing a Jenkins—now higher they go,  
 To clatter a steenie† at Albert's chapeau.

And farewell Knochespock, my patron and chief—  
 Mæcenæ, Glencairn, and father to me;  
 My heartstrings may crack, but I'll get nae relief  
 Till the tears fa' in showers on the banks o' the Dee.  
 What pillow sae soft that can lull to repose  
 As the green velvet banks where my dear river flows?

Then, hyne,† o'er the water, for now I'm awa',  
 To breathe caller air by my Ury again;  
 Though Jeanie nae langer can answer my ca'  
 I pant for my hame—I am weary an' fain'.  
 Come rouse ye, my merry men! bend ye the sail  
 An' let us awa' on the wings o' the gale!

And before he bade a last farewell to his harp, he thrilled it with the following sympathetic song, and then laid it down for ever:

#### A SONG ON THE DWELLERS IN DEAN VALE.

While we laugh and sing in this happy ring  
 With a bright and brotherly glee,  
 May we never forget that the sun has set  
 On the homes of misery.

For, oh! it may be that this chill night wind  
 Sweeps round some fireless hearth;  
 Freezing the heart of the homeless one  
 With never a friend on earth.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling  
 In our bright and brotherly glee;  
 Yet never forget that the sun may set  
 On the homes of misery.

\* Laddy meen, means Lady Moon, † Stone.  
 † Haste.

Man was not made for the world alone,  
The world was lent to man;  
'Tis a debt we owe to heaven you know;  
Then pay it, as well as you can.

Now winter rides mad in his carriage of snow,  
With his pelting rain and his hail;  
May it never be said that hunger and wo  
Held abiding in bonny Dean Vale.

Then aye as we sing may we closer cling  
In our bright and brotherly glee;  
And never forget that the sun may set  
On the homes of misery.

His poetry is full of beauty and pathos; it is smooth as a glassy stream, and as pure as dew. The following to our mind, is an exquisitely sweet song, full of truth and tenderness:

TO MARY.

Oh, Mary! when you think of me,  
Let pity hae its share, love;  
Though others mock my misery,  
Do you in mercy spare, love!  
My heart, oh, Mary! own'd but thee,  
And sought for thine so fervently;  
The saddest tear e'er wet my e'ee,  
Ye ken what brocht it there, love.

Oh, lookna wi' that witching look  
That wiled my peace awa', love!  
An' dinna let me hear you sigh—  
It tears my heart in twa, love!  
Resume the frown ye wont to wear,  
Nor shed the unwailing tear;  
The hour of doom is drawing near,  
An' welcome be its ca', love!

How could he hide a thought sae kind,  
Beneath sae cauld a brow, love?  
The broken heart it winna bind  
Wi' gowden bandage now, love.  
No Mary! mark yon reckless shower!  
It hung aloof in scorching hour,  
An' helps nae now the feckless flower  
That sinks beneath its flow, love.

*Hogg's Weekly Instructor, May.]*

## VIII.—CHESS.

NOTICES.—1. The best Chess players in Europe in the following countries are ;—RUSSIA, M. Petroff, and Major Jaeweisch, both writers on the game ; in HUNGARY, M. Szen, Lowenthal, and Grimm ; and in GERMANY, M. V. der Laza, Hanstein, and Mayet.

2. The celebrated match between London and Edinburgh began in 1824, and occupied about four years in playing.

3. A new Chess Book has appeared in America, called "Chess for the Winter Evenings," edited by a Mr. Agnel, or Agnew (?)

4. The editor of the Chess in the 'Illustrated News,' says, "The notion that Des Chapelles, or any other player of the old French School, could give odds to the best English player of this day, is mere absurdity ; so much has the knowledge of the game progressed within the last ten years, it is much more reasonable to suppose that the old school in an encounter with the new would have to accept odds rather than give them.—*Illustrated News for May.*

## SOLUTIONS.

We are indebted to the 'Illustrated News' for the following ENIGMA 292 (see No. 6, P. M.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to K B 5 (double ch)	K to his Kt 5
2. Q to K B Sqr (a masterly <i>coup de repos</i> )	Any move he can
3. Q to K R 3 (ch)	K takes Q
4. Kt to K B 2 (mate)	

to, ENIGMA No. 301 (see No. 6 P. M.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q Kt 5 (ch)	K to Q 6 or (a)
2. R to Q 5 (ch)	K to B 5
3. B to Q R 4	Black must now either play the Pawn or take the Rook ; and in the first case the R mates at Q 4 ; and in the other the B mates at Q Kt 3.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(A) 1. _____	P to Q 3 (b)
2. R to Q 5	K takes R
3. B mates	
(B) 1. _____	P to Q 4
2. R takes P	K takes R.
3. B mates	

Both the above Enigmas have excited much attention in the Chess circles at home, and are considered "as most instructive and ingenious pieces of Chess strategy."

## SOLUTION to Problem No. 3 (in our last.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q R to B 8 (ch)	R takes R
2. K B to K 6 (ch)	B takes B
3. K R to his 8 (ch)	K takes R
4. Q to K's R 5 (ch)	K to Kt
5. Q to R 7 (mates)	

## to PROBLEM No. 4 (in the same.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
2. K Kt to K B 7	K P 1
3. K B to K R	K P 1
4. K Kt to Q 6	K P 1
5. K Kt to Q B 4	K P 1
6. Q P takes P (mate)	

## to PROBLEM No. 221 of 'Illustrated News' by HERR KLING (in the same.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Q B 4	K to B 7 or (a)
2. Q to K B 5 (ch)	K moves
3. Q to K B Sqr (ch)	K moves
4. Q to her 3d (mate)	

or (a)	K to R 7 or 8
2. Q to Q R 6 (ch)	K to Kt Square
3. K to Q 4	K to B 7
4. Q to her 3d (mate)	

*The Chess Chronicle* appears very dilatory in giving solutions, the following is the only one that has yet appeared.

## Solution to Problem No. 12 by McG—Y (in No. 4 P. M)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q P takes P (ch)	K to K (best)
2. Kt to Q (ch)	K to Q 2
3. B to Q B 6 (ch)	K takes Kt
4. P takes R becoming a Bishop (mate)	

## PROBLEMS.

No. 223, by HERR KLING, from 'Illustrated News.'

WHITE.

K at K B 3  
 R at Q 6  
 B at Q R 5  
 P at K 2

BLACK.

K at K Kt 8  
 B at K Sqr  
 Ps at Q 2 and K Kt 3

In this "Admirable Stratagem" White plays and mates in three moves.

No. 224, by HERR KLING.

WHITE.

K on his own Sqr  
 Q on Q B 7  
 B on K R 8  
 Ps at K 2 Q 3 and K B 3

BLACK.

K on K 6  
 Q on K R 7  
 R on K 4  
 Ps at K 2 and K B 4

White to play and mate in six moves.

No. 26, by McG—r.

Chess Chronicle.

WHITE.

K at Q B 8  
 B at Q Kt 2  
 Kts at K 6 and K B 6  
 Ps at Q B 3, K B 2, K Kt 5

BLACK.

K at K 4

White to play and mate in five moves.

(No. 30, by C. STANLEY, Esq., Brighton Chess Club.)

WHITE.

K at Kt 6  
 R at Q B 7  
 Bs at K R 1 & 6  
 Ps at Q B 2 K Kt 3  
 And Q 4

BLACK.

K at K 3  
 Ps at K 2 Q 2 3 4  
 K Kt 5 & Q B 6

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTIONS FOR THE SCIENTIFIC CHESS CHRONICLE.

No. 2, by Mr. KLING.

WHITE.

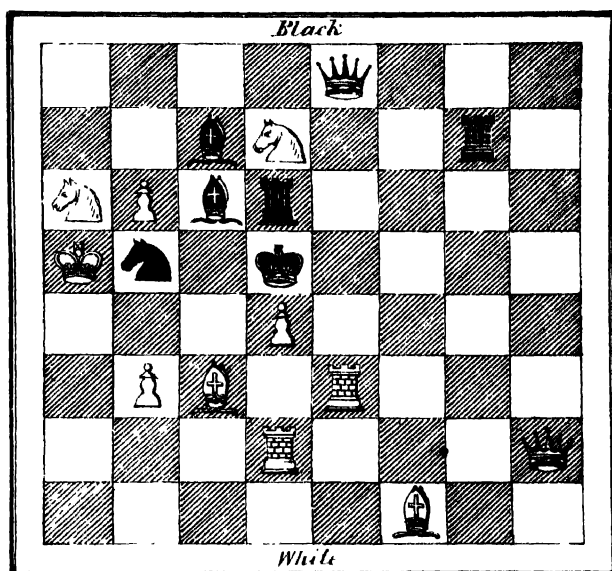
K at his Q Sqr  
 Q at K Kt 6  
 B at K Kt 3  
 P at Q B 2

BLACK.

K at K B 8  
 Q at K R 7  
 R at K R 8  
 B at Q R 2  
 Ps at Q B 6 and K Kt 7

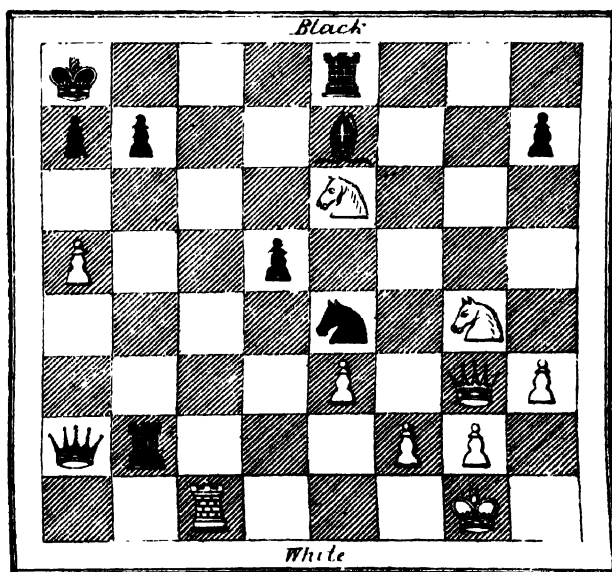
White forces black to checkmate him in thirteen moves.

*PROBLEM N<sup>o</sup> 5 BY MOONSHEE WARIS ALI.*



*White to move first and mate in 6 moves by Q P*

*PROBLEM N<sup>o</sup> 6 BY M<sup>r</sup> M. H.*



*White playing mates in 4 moves*





## ENIGMAS from the 'Illustrated News.'

No. 304, by H B B of Lynn.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q B 7	K at Q 4
Q at Q B 2	
B at Q 6	

*White playing, engages to mate in six moves.*

No. 305.—BY C. STANLEY, ESQ.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
K at K Kt 5	K at his 4	B at Q R 2
R at Q B 7	Ps at K B 2	Ps at K B 6 K 2
B at K B 8	K 3 Q 2 and 4 and 5	and Q 3d

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

No. 308.—BY MR. HORWITZ.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q 2	K at Q B 5
Rs at K R 3 and 5	

*White to play and mate in three moves.*

No. 1.—BY MOONSHEE WARIS ALI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at his 1th	K at his 3d
Ps at 9 Kt 2 and K 5	Ps at Q R 3 and Q Kt 4

*White to checkmate in five moves.*

No. 2.—BY THE SAME.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q Kt 6	K at Q R Sqr
Kt at K 7	P at K R 5
Kt at K R 3	

*White to checkmate in six moves, solutions in our next.*

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**IX.—DRAMA.**

THE readers of Sir Walter Scott's memoirs will not have forgotten the hearty enjoyment which the novelist took in the personation of *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, by Mr. Mackay, when *Rob Roy* was first produced for the Edinburgh stage,—nor the quaint letter which Jedediah Cleishbotham addressed to the actor on the occasion of his benefit, inclosing a £25 note in sign of approval. The Baillie is no more: Mr. Mackay, having the other day retired from the stage at Edinburgh. On the occasion a testimonial was presented to him; and the actor in a valedictory speech, referred with cordial and creditable gratitude to the patronage of the *Great Unknown* as the cause of all his subsequent professional popularity.—*Athenæum for May.*

*A Commedietta at the Haymarket.*—A *Commediatta*, translated from the French by M. Bourcicault, and entitled 'Confidenee' was produced on Tuesday. It is a very slight affair with a social moral, showing how very good it is for married people to place confidence in one another. Mr. Webster, as *Mr. Gresham*, the amiable husband, and Mr. Roger, as *Mr. Congreve*, the unamiable husband, were fairly matched. There are, besides two gentlemen with the same Christian name, Mr. Arthur St. Leger (Mr. Howe) and Mr. Arthur William (Mr. H. Vandenhoff)—both pursuing other men's wives. Such are the elements; but the piece were it not for the elegance of its dialogue, would scarcely merit attention.—*Ibid.*

*Lucretia; a Tragedy in five Acts, and in Verse. Translated from the celebrated Play of Monsieur Ponsard, 8vo.*—This is a close and at the same time a spirited translation in verse of a dramatic piece which, from the number of political phrases it contains that might be applied to the doings and feelings of the present time, or at least which were so applied, has excited great attention in France. The author was the literary friend and disciple of Lamartine. The tragedy of *Lucretia* was first brought out at the Adéon, in Paris, on the 22d April, 1843; but it has been reproduced on the stage of Paris within the last eventful days, and produced a greater effect on the audience than even at its first appearance. The passage, which is alluded to in a recent report in the *Times* newspaper, as having excited especially the acclamations of the audience, stands thus in the translation before us:

*Bru.*—Ere they destroy or change Rome's present state,  
First they should know how they would renovate,  
Should we expel the Tarquins, in their place,  
Shall we exalt the senate populace?  
Or shall we give another king his bout?  
Whom shall we choose?

*Val.*—For Brutus all will shout.

*Bru.*—Far nobler objects have I to attain,  
Solid prosperity, in Rome, shall reign,  
Read well my projects now, and learn, my friend,  
Vengeance should never be the patriot's end!  
Now is the time when every one should know,  
What post to fill, when'er we strike the blow,  
If that my prayer be heard, no mortal hand  
Shall hold again a sceptre in this land."

The following is another passage, especially applicable to recent events.

*Val.*—Then would'st thou govern by the multitude?

*Bru.*—That would but change our mode of servitude!

The mob is ever fickle, passion blind,  
And led by faction, an' thou'dst rule mankind!  
Pour oil of adulation on the mass,  
Your gain, their suffrages, (tho' brief alas!)

For new ambitions, budding into life,  
Grasping for power renew the bloody strife ;  
No, let our Senators their office hold,  
Leave our Patricians to amass their gold ;  
But let us elevate above them all,  
Men whom the people shall defenders call.  
In short, I wish to change but this one thing,  
I'll leave all standing, save the name of king !”

Some lines in the following passage are also said to have been applied to real events :

“ *Bru.*—What matters that ? His absence hence boots nought :  
His camp's the spot, for us, with danger fraught :  
Should he return and bring his numerous host,  
The work of years in one short moment lost,  
Even in Rome the rabble pay him court,  
And view the Senate as their lawful sport,  
These base Plebeians glory in our wrongs,  
Which furnish gossip to their idle throngs.  
And, to unseat the magnates of the land,  
The people ever lend a willing hand,  
And aid the tyrant who provides them spoil  
On which they batten without too much toil,  
Nor will they cavil at his bloody lust,  
Until beneath their noses he shall trust  
His murd'rous onslaught, let him strike one blow,  
Stir up their puddled blood : make them his foe :  
Let him assail their order, they will rise  
And driv'n by fear, commence hostilities !  
The despot yet some odious stretch will make,  
All ranks will fraternise the throne to shake.”—*Lut. Gaz. for April.*

## X.—MISCELLANEA.

Mr. J. A. Ballantyne's Library was sold in Edinburgh lately. The manuscript of the *Black Dwarf* brought 28 guineas ; Sir Walter's proofs of his *Life of Napoleon*, in 9 volumes, was sold for 45 guineas ; and 12 volumes of proofs of the *Waverley Novels* fetched 41 guineas.—*Atlas*, May 24.

It is rumoured at Berlin that the Countess Rossi (Sontag) has some thoughts of again appearing before the public. All eyes that see her are witness that time has but little affected her personal grace ; while the select few, who have been permitted to hear her sing, affirm, that her exquisite voice has not only retained all its flexibility and sweetness, but has increased in strength and volume. The intention of this lady to appear before the public is attributed to the losses sustained by her husband. However much the world may regret the cause, they will not fail to hail most enthusiastically the result.—*Ibid.*

An ingenious mechanic of Manchester (Mr. A. Farrie) has invented a travelling machine, worked by the driver with apparently little cost of muscular exertion. The machine weighs 8 cwt., has no cranks, and has been worked by one man up an incline of three inches in the yard while carrying twelve persons.—*Ibid.*

The new works of art now exhibiting at the Royal Academy and in five other institutions make a total of 4,023. Besides these at least 1,500 have been returned to the artists either for want of merit on the one side, or of room on the other.—*Ibid.*

It is said that by and bye the citizens of Glasgow will be assessed from 15,000 to 18,000£ to defray the expences incurred on the disgraceful 6th of March: and yet a single gold watch found in the boot of a thief, some cheeses, some hams, and a few guns and pistols, are all the booty retrieved by the officers of justice.—*Ibid.*

A fat little man, who had taken his seat on Tuesday near the counsel in the Vice Chancellor's Court, suddenly started up, and throwing down his card before his Honors, shouted out, "The Charter and no surrender!" and bolted. Much laughter was excited by this outburst of political feeling.—*Atlas*, June 7.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!'"—*Ibid.*

A Dumfries paper narrates a fierce and deadly combat between a hen and a rat, which ended in the triumph of the biped and the death of the quadruped.—*Ibid.*

#### *The Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.*

The *Portsmouth Journal* publishes the following passage of a letter from an officer on board the *Herald* at Chirambira, above Panama, dated February 25th. "We have just received orders to proceed to Behring's Straits in search of Sir John Franklin and his party. We proceed first to Petropolski (a Russian settlement of Kamtschatka.) We are not to run the risk of being 'pinned' for the winter; but when that commences are to victual and store the *Plover* for the year, and to come away south with intelligence to Panama, where we expect to arrive about December.—We are particular in this (off Panama) portion of our survey, as numerous rivers debouch on this coast, which take their rise in mountains in the back ground. Similar rivers descend the eastern side, rendering a passage across the Isthmus possible at this point. In fact, we have met with men here, who assert, that the river San Juan runs to within a quarter of a league of the Atrato, a river on the opposite side navigable for large boats. Should this be found correct, the new road in this direction (across the Isthmus) would soon supersede the one at Panama, as the anchorage at Chagres is so unsafe."—*Athenæum*.

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

Why is a poor decrepit old man like music?—Because his wants are sharp, his energies are flat, his shake is natural, he is often slur'd and obliged to rest, time bids him pause, he rises and falls, and the grave is his finale.

"Tom, tell me the greatest lie now you ever told in your life, and I'll give you a glass of cider."—"Me! I never told a lie!"—"Boy draw the cider."

The *Boston Post* tells a story of a seafaring friend of his. Being in a place where pickpockets abounded, he lined his pocket with fish-hooks, ingeniously arranged so as to catch and hold the hand of any intruder; and it worked to a charm, for it caught his own hand, and tore all the flesh from his fingers, in less than an hour after he had set the trap to catch the rogue!

A few days ago, was announced in a literary salon, the marriage of a young professor of history of one of the royal colleges. "And to whom?" asked Madam L.—"To a lady fifteen years his senior!"—"A mercenary match!" was the answer.—"Say rather an ambitious one!" exclaimed the first. "Your professor is covetous of knowledge. Beyond his course of the *middle ages*, he devotes himself now to the study of the *ancients*?"

A MAN OF NATIVE PARTS.—A country actor, the other day, refused to play the part of Paris in "Romeo and Juliet," on the plea that he had not been engaged for the French characters.

THE TRUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—It has been said wisely by a philosopher, whose name will be found in the *Court Guide*, "that if John Bull submits to the continuance of the unjust tax on income, he will be a N-incompoop in the fullest sense of the word."—*Punch*.

THE SENSE OF FEELING.—A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou did'st right in that thou did'st feel for thy neighbour, but did'st thou feel in the right place—did'st thou feel in thy pocket?"

A STRANGE SPELL.—The French Academy will have to revise their famous dictionary, for since February there has been a terrible revolution amongst its words. For instance, could one of the forty *Immortels* have ever imagined (unless he had been favoured with a particular spell) that *République* would begin with an E mute? (*émeut*) —*Punch*.

A GENERAL RISING.—At a wedding party at Bath, (United States,) the minister made this request:—"Those who wish to be married will please arise;" whereupon the heads of a bevy of young girls handsome and otherwise, shot up, they taking the remark as general which was only intended for the contracting parties, and being fully convinced of the evils of single blessedness.

DECREASE OF POPULATION.—A gentleman observed the other day to his spouse, that he was glad to see in the newspaper that the births were more numerous than the deaths. A little girl who was in the room, and who was remarkable for her quickness, immediately said, "I don't think, pa, you can have added the marriages to the deaths, or you would find them the greatest."—"No, child, why should I, they don't add to the decrease of the population."—"Oh yes, they do, pa, for I've heard ma say, when people are married they are made one!"

"Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news?"—"Because she's in advance of the *male*!"

What is the difference between ecclesiastical and literary excommunication?—In one case the offending party is Anathematised, and in the other, Athe-neumatised.—*The Puppet Show*.

"What carrot-headed, ugly little urchin is that, madam? Do you know his name?"—"Why, yes; that is my youngest son!"—"You don't say so, indeed! Why what a dear little sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure!"

In the presence of a sarcastic lady, an individual was praising the wit of a man who had a very limited intellect. "Oh, yes," said the lady, "he must possess a rich fund of wit, for he never spends any."

A bumpkin once dining with the Governor of Rhode Island, where part of the entertainment consisted of champagne and preserved limes, was asked, at the conclusion, by our host, how he liked his dinner. He replied—"Well, Guv'nor your *cider's very good, but darn your pickles!*"

"Stranger," said a benighted American traveller (who had been wending his toilsome march through briar and brake, through bramble and thicket), as he came upon a raw-looking genius at the door of a log hut, "which is the road to——?" "There's two-roads," responded the fellow. "Well, which is the best?" "Ain't much difference: both on 'em infarnal bad. Take which you will, afore you've a got half way you'll wish you'd tuck t'other."

The Comtesse of C., a few days since, found her valet stretched at his ease in the most superb *fauteuil* of her drawing-room! "What are you doing there, Baptiste?" she asked. "Mc, madame? Nothing?" "Nothing! and you here?" "O—I—yesterday, at the lecture, the man told us that we had as good a right in the drawing-rooms as the rest; and I was practising until my turn should come." "Ah! well, remember, if ever you presume to take my place again, I shall turn you out of yours."

A tradesman in Wakefield was reading, a short time ago, to his wife from an old newspaper, when he accidentally stumbled on the word "economy." "Economy," said the lady, "I've heard that word often. What does it mean, joy?" "Mean, my lass," said the husband, scratching his whiskers, and looking as though he had been suddenly puzzled:—"Why, let me see. Suppose I was to make thee have water porridge and treacle to thee breakfast in a morning, instead of buttered toast and coffee, why that would be economy." "Well, then," replied the wife, "if that be economy, I want to hear no more about it."

EMBLEM FOR IRELAND.—Different nations have their different representatives, derived from the animal creation. There is the British Lion—the Austrian Eagle—the Gallie Cock. The emblem of Ireland ought to be the Hyæna, the creature—according to Wombwell's natural history—"wot kindness cannot conciliate, nor hunger tame."—*Punch*.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—It has been suggested to our friend, Mr. Briefless, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question, whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors, may be considered to have shown an undue preference, in paying the debt of Nature before his other liabilities?—*Punch*.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE—"Sam," said Minister Hopewell, "do you know what universal suffrage means?" "To be sure I do," said I; "it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that are to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense." "Well," says he, "what's all that when it's fried? Why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less:—Now, men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds; but, by your beautiful scheme of universal suffrage, rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character."

An amiable loving wife is a *comfort*, but a wrapper for the throat is a *COM-FORTER*.

St. Paul's Cathedral is very *high*, but recollect, wrathful anger is *IRE*.

Butter is sometimes *rank*, but ugly, spiteful malice is *RANCOUR*.

A beautiful flowering plant is the *heath*, but a modern discovery in medicine is *ETHER*.

After sunset is called *night*, but don't you think saltpetre is *NITRE*?

When a gentleman "pops" to a lady, she smiles and utters a *fiu!* but a flame on Cupid's altar we call *FIRE*.

The *Nation* complains that the women of Ireland are, "to a man," against their sedition.

"How is it," said a purse-proud fellow to a scholar, "that you often see men of letters at the houses of the rich, and but seldom the rich at the abodes of the learned?" "It is," replied the other, "because the wise know the value of wealth, but the wealthy are ignorant of the value of wisdom."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton tells a story of a certain merchant, who, sleeping in a commercial hotel, had given orders overnight that he should be called at a particular hour. Boots was punctual. "The morning has broke, sir," said he, drawing the curtain. "Let it break and go to mischief!" replied the sleepy trader; "it owes *me* nothing!"

A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel, whose servants were "few and far between," despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and placing it before the faint and hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?"—"Yes, sir."—"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

"Father," said a juvenile apothecary, to his learned "dad," "what's the reason they don't use *pestles* in battle?" "Pestles, my son, what should they do with pestles in battle?" "Why, the Wellington dispatches say the *mortars* did great execution, and I can't see how, without pestles?" "Pound away, my son, and don't puzzle me with your questions." Mortars and pestles do a great deal of damage, without being used on the field of battle.

Monsieur Alfred B, a young lion, of the modern menagerie, had, the night before, been at a *souree*, at the house of the Comtesse of A——. "Joseph," said he, next morning, to his servant, "what has become of the *puletot*, which I brought from the party last night?"—"Puletot, sir! Why, I knew it did not belong to you, and I carried it back to the comtesse."—"Joseph," said the master, "you have acted like an honest man; and for that reason I shall kick you out of my service."

**DANDY GENTS.**—They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with a brass head, and barely touched with brass etiquette—brass heads, did I say? nay, their caputs are only half ripe musk melons, with monstrous thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garment is a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with the silk of self-complacency; their outer apparel is all in keeping, and imported fresh from Beelzebub's ready-made clothing establishment, tinkered up with broad cloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft sawder, vanity, and impudence. They are no more solid silver than a plated spoon is. I detest a dandy gent as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain fools in this vain world, who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot bed of pride a sickly brood of—ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.

#### TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short—that no one denies;

But provident Nature is not in the wrong,

No matter how much you are lacking in size,

It is more than made up in the length of your tongue.

"If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"—"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

Two maidens of all-work, meeting in the street the other morning, had the following brief, but pointed colloquy:—*Sally*—"Well, Bet, how are you?"



*Bet*—"O capital, my master has got the gout, and can't wear his boots, so I haven't got to clean them of a morning." *Sally*—"O! what luck!"

During the English rebellion a gentleman, who lay on his death-bed, was asked how he would be buried, and answered, "With my face downward; for within a while this England will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right."

An Irishman once observed to another, if he had but one hundred pounds he would turn it to the best of uses. "Indeed," added he, "I would not mind being shot for it." "Shot for it!" says the other; "what would you do with it then?" "Oh! faith," replied the Hibernian, "I would leave it all to my ancestors."

QUESTIONS FOR ANYBODY WHO CHOOSES TO ANSWER THEM.—How do the French now deal with their playing cards? Do they still retain the kings and queens, or are they thrown out of the pack, according to the game now being played throughout Europe? What do they substitute for the kings and queens?—a greater proportion of knaves? or clubs? or what? At Paris, at all events, the clubs seem to win everything, and to make what game they please; but the game is one so completely of chance, that it would be the greatest gambling to speculate upon what would be the turn-up of to-morrow. As far as the game has gone hitherto, honours do not count, excepting Lamartine, who is certainly a great card, and has proved himself in every instance a trump, though he has had to play against such shocking bad hands, that any one else would have thrown them up.—*Punch*.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Mob caps without crowns are much in fashion. Large bustles are also greatly in vogue, and threaten, if they increase, to block up the widest thoroughfares. There is not a *Jainville* tie to be seen anywhere.—*Punch*.

The following queries are proposed by the *Puppet Showman*, as calculated to elucidate this important matter in its bearings on the lodgers and landlords of the metropolis.

1. Has a tenant any right to play the trombone, when his next neighbour has gone to bed with a sick headache?
  2. Does the right of a tenant to a latch-key lapse and determine, when he regularly comes home in such an excited state as not to be able to find the key-hole?
  3. Has a tenant any right to burn holes in the chimney-piece (supposing it to be of wood), in order to try experiments with reference to slow combustion?
  4. Has a tenant any right, in the absence of another tenant, to use that absent tenant's razor for the purpose of opening oysters?
  5. Has a tenant on the second floor any right to water the *mignonette*-pots on the window-sill, while the tenant beneath happens to have his or her head out of his or her respective window?
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### CONSOLS AT 80

*HUSBAND* " 'Go out for a Walk' Nonsense ' I've something else to do I think too you might pull down that Blind unless you want the Sun to spoil all the Furniture, and dear, dear do for goodness sake Jimma take that d— Canary out of the way."



THE  
PICNIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.]

OCTOBER, 1848.

[No. 8.

I.—SELECTED REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF  
NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWS.

*Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings; by the author of 'Rienzi,'  
'The Last of the Barons,' &c. &c. Three vols. Bentley.*

THERE is not a grander subject of contemplation, either for tragic interest or historic importance, than the last years of the Saxon monarchy in England. There are few subjects which it more behoves Englishmen to understand, or which, up to a very recent time, they have had such imperfect means of understanding. Two great facts stand out in connection with the Norman Invasion, which appear at first sight impossible to be reconciled. The first is, that, in somewhat less than seven years a great nation was conquered by the prince of a single province, at the head of a comparatively small band of mercenary soldiers, who succeeded in imposing a foreign king, a foreign aristocracy, and a foreign priesthood, supreme over a native population. The second is, that after a lapse of more than seven centuries, we retain, in spite of that foreign conquest, most of the primitive peculiarities of Saxon national life, may point to the Saxon origin of the most nervous parts of the language that we speak, and can boast of living within the shelter of institutions which we owe to the spirit of our Saxon forefathers. The solution of what seems so difficult to believe, lies in our knowledge of causes lying hidden beneath the surface of the ordinary histories, and which only very recent investigation has succeeded in bringing thoroughly to light.

The work before us is a most valuable and scholarlike contribution in aid of that right understanding of our early history. It is due to the writer so to speak of it, before we describe its qualities as a romance. "My main object," says Sir Edward Lytton, "has been one that compelled me to admit graver matter than is common in romance." The graver matter is the actual history; accuracy and fulness in the delineation of public characters and motives; and general correctness in the chronological chain of events. No liberties of fiction are assumed to be taken in these respects; though the poet's usual right is claimed and exercised over the domain of

incident and passion which belongs to the private life of the public persons introduced. Thus the connection of Harold and Edith is made more exalted and pure ; and, to illustrate superstitions of the time, which the writer believes to have had a potent influence over the mind and conduct of his hero, a majestic Danish Vala, or prophetess, and a sort of diabolical weird sister (the reader will remember that the period is that of *Macbeth*, whose English Siward is one of the noblest sketches in the romance) are introduced. This was fairly allowable, of course ; but we think an objection lies to points in the treatment of the latter personages. Hilda has a genealogy as accurate and elaborate as Harold's own ; and the prophecies with which she is confusedly possessed have a result too real. In more than one instance, the future is distinctly and supernaturally disclosed. It would have been better, we think, if the indistinct battling with imperfectly revealed visions, which is so nobly imagined as the groundwork of the character, had resolved itself into such merely superstitious foreboding as history might warrant and philosophy explain. If we are unconsciously measuring a romantic fiction by too severe a test, it is that which the author's genius has itself suggested. The philosophical and true so predominate in the book, that a jar to either is strongly felt. But Hilda, all objections made, remains a very striking and poetical creation.

In *Harold*, as in *Rienzi*, and the *Last of the Barons*, we have a subject of the highest order in history treated in a manner worthy of the theme. If we find the latest of the three in some historical respects the masterpiece, it is because its difficulties were greater. A successful effort to master them implied that wider and deeper range of knowledge, which in its turn has brought a more perfect facility in the use of the materials acquired. At first the book strikes you to be overlearned. There is a minuteness of disquisition on some points of race and manners, which savours of pedantry. But this impression wears away ; and long before the first volume closes, what you objected to is found to have been essential to the development of the writer's plan, and greatly to simplify the march and action of his narrative. For in truth the questions of race, and of social and national development, arise at every stage of our early history ; and we can know little of Norseman or Norman, Saxon or Dane, if ignorant of the general characteristics of the great Scandinavian family. Sir Edward Lytton's versatility of genius is remarkably shown, in the rapidity with which his mind would seem to have become imbued with this knowledge, and in the singular ease, as well as lively exactness of local colouring, with which its results are given forth. Our Saxon and Norman ancestors breathe as freely, and move with as little weight of history on their backs, as if they had lived but yesterday. The drier historical details are for the most part relieved with charming effect, by introduction of the graphic style of the simpler Saxon chronicle. And though the romantic interest of the book accumulates slowly, it is always in progress, becomes at the last very strong and full, and serves to make more vivid the impression which before every other would seem to have been intended by the novelist, of the actual men and motives which governed this particular period of history. No one hitherto uninstructed in Saxon story, will lay down *Harold* without the wish to travel farther in the field it opens. We never saw the

distinction better marked in any book of its class, between history turned into romance, and the romance of true history. The interest is at its full when *Harold* closes. We never laid down a book more reluctantly. The fiction has but created a healthy appetite for fact, the relish to ascertain and understand yet more.

The characters most elaborated are those of Harold and Edward the Confessor. In these, the weakness and the greatness of the Saxon, we may read why it was that we were conquered, and how it was that we imposed our own institutions on the conqueror. Harold is as finely done as any character we can remember in the range of historic fiction. Into the grand, cold, still lines of history, is breathed the breath of life, full, high-hearted, brave. The defects which belong to greatness are nowhere sought to be concealed, but with them is seen the nobleness that prevails against fortune, and redeems even the penalty it suffers. The course of the hero, as traced in this romance, is very instructive and very affecting. Sir Edward states his wish to have been to shadow forth in Harold an ideal of the pure Saxon character as it existed then; with its large qualities undeveloped, but marked already by patient endurance, love of justice, and freedom, by the manly sense of duty rather than the chivalric sentiment of honour, and by that indestructible element of practical purpose and courageous will, which, defying all conquest, and steadfast in all peril, was ordained to achieve so vast an influence over the destinies of the world. In the juxtaposition of a character of this kind with the feeble figure of the Confessor, the author is enabled to exhibit at once the truth and the philosophy of history. We see the weakness worse than domestic faction which was to give the Norman predominance, but we see also the latent but still existing power which was to save the Saxon from absorption. There is only one law of fusion between antagonist races. Violent reaction must precede a healthy and lasting repose. It is Sir Edward Lytton's purpose, in his romance, to show what life and strength remained beneath the apparent stupor of the Saxons at the landing of William; and that is the truth of the history, there is no doubt. When one distinct nationality finds itself opposed to another as distinct, great and vigorous results for both need not be despaired of. When one race proves itself so inferior as to be at once overborne, the result is extinction, or such a degraded inferiority as can never assert itself again. It was the long and feeble rule of Edward the Confessor, which prepared the way for the Norman. It had left the last invasion of the Danes to work out its most evil results unmolested; and the country, divided, distracted, dislocated, was waiting to be cast in a new mould. It was the spirit of Harold which, even from the grave, regenerated his native land, and prescribed to its haughty conquerors the mould into which they must shape their conquest. Grandly is this illustrated in the book before us. We do not think that Sir Edward Lytton has done perfect justice to William; but this was hardly to be expected, nor did it come altogether within the range of his plan.

But we have detained the reader too long from the work itself. We will endeavour to select some extracts, though what we take must be, not the most interesting, but those we can most easily detach from their con-

text. The story opens at the period of William's first entrance into London, when (though this was fourteen years before the Conquest) he suddenly found himself, according to one of the old writers, as if in a kingdom of his own. The Norrgan commander of the Saxon fleet at Dover had greeted him as his liege lord ; in garrison of the Saxon castle and fortress at Canterbury, he had found Norman knights ; in every step of his progress to London, Norman barons, bishops, and burgesses, had given him welcome ; and at the court of Edward he was to find himself among Norman clerks and nobles. The king's youth and prime had been passed in Normandy ; and these were the results of the Norman likings he had brought back with him, to his late-found kingdom. Sir Edward Lytton perhaps somewhat understates them in detail, but the general impression we derive is sufficiently correct. We take a curious and graphic picture of William's supposed first view of London, as he and his royal host enter from Southwark, on their way to Westminster. The book is full of such information as this, as vividly conveyed.

"The whole suburb before entering Southwark was rich in orchards and gardens, lying round the detached houses of the wealthier merchants and citizens. Approaching the river side, to the left, the eye might see the two circular spaces set apart, the one for bear, the other for bull-baiting. To the right, upon a green mound of waste, within sight of the populous bridge, the gleemen were exercising their art. Here one dexterous juggler threw three balls and three knives alternately in the air, catching them one by one as they fell. There, another was gravely leading a great bear to dance on its hind legs, while his coadjutor kept time with a sort of flute, or flageolet. The lazy bystanders, in great concourse, stared and laughed ; but the laugh was hushed at the tramp of the Norman steeds, and the famous Count by the King's side, as, with a smiling lip, but observant eye, he rode along, drew all attention from the bear.

On now approaching that bridge which not many years before, had been the scene of terrible contest between the invading Danes and Ethelred's ally, Olave of Norway, you might still see, though neglected and already in decay, the double fortifications that had wisely guarded that vista into the city. On both sides of the bridge, which was of wood, were forts partly of timber, partly of stone, and breastworks, and by the forts a little chapel. The bridge, broad enough to admit two vehicles abreast, was crowded with passengers, and lively with stalls and booths. Here was the favourite spot of the popular balladsinger. Here too might be seen the swarthy Saracen, with wares from Spain and Afric. Here, the German merchant from the Steel-yard swept along on his way to his suburban home. Here, on some holy office went quick the muffled monk. Here the city gallant paused to laugh with the country girl, her basket full of May-boughs and cowslips. In short, all bespoke that activity, whether in business or pastime, which was destined to render that city the mart of the world, and which had already knit the trade of the Anglo-Saxon to the remoter corners of commercial Europe. The deep dark eye of William dwelt admiringly on the bustling groups, on the broad river, and the forest of masts which rose by the indented marge near Belin's gate. And he to whom—whatever his faults, or rather crimes, to the unfortunate people he not only oppressed but deceived—London, at least, may yet be grateful, not only for chartered franchise, but for advancing, in one short vigorous reign, her commerce and wealth, beyond what centuries of Anglo-Saxon domination, with its inherent feebleness, had effected, exclaimed aloud :

"By rood and mass, O dear king, thy lot hath fallen on a goodly heritage !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus talking, they entered London, a rude dark city, built mainly of timbered houses ; streets narrow and winding ; windows rarely glazed, but protected chiefly by linen blinds ; vistas opening, however, at times into broad spaces, round the various convents, where green trees grew up behind low palisades. Tall roods, and holy

images, to which we owe the names of existing thoroughfares (Rood-lane and Lady-lane), where the ways crossed, attracted the curious, and detained the pious. Spires there were not then, but blunt cone-headed turrets, pyramidal, denoting the Houses of God, rose often from the low, thatched, and reeded roofs. But every now and then, a scholar's, if not an ordinary, eye could behold the relics of Roman splendour, traces of that elder city which now lies buried under our thoroughfares, and of which, year by year, are dug up the stately skeletons.

Along the Thames still rose, though much mutilated, the wall of Constantine. Round the humble and barbarous Church of St Paul's (wherein lay the dust of Sebba, that king of the East Saxons who quitted his throne for the sake of Christ, and of Edward's feeble and luckless father, Ethelred), might be seen, still gigantic in decay, the ruins of the vast temple of Diana. Many a church, and many a convent, pieced their mingled brick and timber work with Roman capital and shaft. Still by the tower, to which was afterwards given the Saracen name of Barbican, were the wrecks of the Roman station, where cohorts watched night and day, in case of fire within or foe without.

In a niche, near the Aldersgate, stood the headless statue of Fortitude, which monks and pilgrims deemed some unknown saint in the old time, and halted to honour. And in the midst of Bishopsgate street sate on his desecrated throne a mangled jupiter, his eagle at his feet. Many a half-converted Dane there lingered, and mistook the Thunderer and the bird for Odin and his hawk. By Leod-gate (the People's gate) still too were seen the arches of one of those mighty aqueducts which the Roman learned from the Etrurian. And close by the Still-yard, occupied by "the Emperor's cheap men" (the German merchants), stood, almost entire, the Roman temple, extant in the time of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Without the walls, the old Roman vineyards still put forth their green leaves and crude clusters, in the plains of East Smithfield, in the fields of St. Giles's, and on the site where now stands Hatton Garden. Still massere and cheapmen chaffered and bargained, at booth and stall, in Mart-lane, where the Romans had bartered before them. With every encroachment on new soil, within the walls and without, urn, vase, weapon, human bones, were shovelled out, and lay disregarded amidst heaps of rubbish.

Not on such evidences of the past civilisation looked the practical eye of the Norman Count; not on things, but on men, looked he; and as silently he rode on from street to street, out of those men, stalwart and tall, busy, active, toiling, the Man-Ruler saw the Civilisation that was to come.

So, gravely through the small city, and over the bridge that spanned the little river of the Fleet, rode the train along the Strand; to the left, smooth sands; to the right, fair pastures below green holts, thinly studded with houses; over numerous cuts and inlets running into the river, rode they on. The hour and the season were those in which youth enjoyed its holiday, and gay groups resorted to the then fashionable haunts of the Fountain of Holywell, "streaming forth amongst glistening pebbles."

So they gained at length the village of Charing, which Edward had lately bestowed on his Abbey of Westminster, and which was now filled with workmen, native and foreign, employed on that edifice and the contiguous palace. Here they loitered awhile at the Mews (where the hawks were kept), passed by the rude palace of stone and rubble, appropriated to the tributary kings of Scotland—a gift from Edgar to Kenneth—and finally, reaching the inlet of the river, which, winding round the Isle of Thorney (now Westminster), separated the rising church, abbey, and palace of the Saint-king from the main land, dismounted—and were ferried across the narrow stream to the broad space round the royal residence.

Our next extract shall be a scene admirably descriptive of the ante-chamber of Edward, through which Harold is passing on his way to the king. We need not point to its illustration of the preceding remarks we have offered. It is indeed, with all its wit and mirth, a most melancholy historic comment on this period of our national annals.

And now he entered the ante-chamber of his royal brother-in-law. Crowded it was, but rather seemed it the hall of a convent than the ante-room of a king. Monks, pilgrims, priests, met his eye in every nook; and not there did the Earl



pause to practice the arts of popular favour. Passing erect through the midst, he beckoned forth the officer in attendance at the extreme end, who, after an interchange of whispers, ushered him into the royal presence. The monks and the priests, gazing towards the door which had closed on his stately form, said to each other :

"The King's Norman favourites at least honoured the Church."

"That is true," said an abbot ; "and, an it were not for two things, I should love the Normans better than the Saxon."

"What are they, my father ?" asked an aspiring young monk.

"*Inprinis*," quoth the abbot, proud of the one Latin word he thought he knew, but that, as we see, was an error ; "they cannot speak so as to be understood, and I fear much they incline to mere carnal learning."

Here there was a sanctified groan .—

"Count William himself spoke to me in Latin !" continued the abbot, raising his eyebrows.

"Did he ?—Wonderful !" exclaimed several voices. "And what did you answer, holy father ?"

"Marry," said the abbot solemnly, "I replied, '*Inprinis*.'"

"Good !" said the young monk, with a look of profound admiration.

"Whereat the good Count looked puzzled—as I meant him to be :—a heinous fault, and one intolerant to the clergy, that love of profane tongues ! And the next thing against your Norman is" (added the abbot, with a sly wink), "that he is a close man, who loves not his stoup ; now, I say, that a priest never has more hold over a sinner than when he makes the sinner open his heart to him."

"That's clear !" said a fat priest, with a lubricate and shining nose.

"And how," pursued the abbot triumphantly, "can a sinner open his heavy heart until you have given him something to lighten it ? Oh, many and many a wretched man have I comforted spiritually over a flagon of stout ale ! and many a good legacy to the Church hath come out of a friendly wassail between watchful shepherd and strayed sheep ! But what hast thou there ?" resumed the abbot, turning to a man, clad in the lay garb of a burgess of London, who had just entered the room, followed by a youth bearing what seemed a coffer, covered with a fine linen cloth.

"Holy father !" said the burgess, wiping his forehead, "it is a treasure so great, that I trow Hugoline, the King's treasurer, will scowl at me for a year to come, for he likes to keep his grip on the King's gold !"

At this indiscreet observation, the abbot, the monks, and all the priestly bystanders looked grim and gloomy, for each had his own special design upon the peace of poor Hugoline, the treasurer, and liked not to see him the prey of a layman.

"*Inprinis* !" quoth the abbot, puffing out the word with great scorn ; "thinkest thou, son of Mammon, that our good King sets his pious heart on gew-gaws, and gems, and such vanities ? Thou shouldest take the goods to Count Baldwin of Flanders ; or Tostig, the proud Earl's proud son."

"Marry !" said the cheapman, with a smile ; "my treasure will find small price with Baldwin the scoffer, and Tostig the vain ! Nor need ye look at me so sternly, my fathers ; but rather vie with each other who shall win this wonder of wonders for his own convent ; know, in a word, that it is the right thumb of St. Jude, which a worthy man bought at Rome for me, for 3,000lbs. weight of silver ; and I ask but 500lbs. over the purchase for my pains and my fee."

"Humph !" said the abbot.

"Humph !" said the aspiring young monk ; the rest gathered wistfully round the linen cloth.

A fiery exclamation of wrath and disdain was here heard ; and all turning, saw a tall, fierce-looking thegn, who had found his way into that group, like a hawk in a rookery.

"Dost thou tell me, knave," quoth the thegn, in a dialect that bespoke him a Dane by origin, with the broad burr still retained in the north ; "Dost thou tell me that the King will waste his gold on such fooleries, while the fort built by Canute at the flood of the Humber is all fallen into ruin, without a man in steel jacket to keep watch on the war fleets of Swede and Norwegian ?"

"Worshipful minister," replied the cheapman, with some slight irony in his tone ; "these reverend fathers will tell thee that the thumb of St. Jude is far better aid

against Swede and Norwegian than forts of stone and jackets of steel ; natheless, if thou wantest jackets of steel, I have some to sell at fair price, of the last fashion, and helms with long nose-pieces, as are worn by the Normans."

"The thumb of a withered old saint," cried the Dane, not heeding the last words, "more defence at the mouth of the Humber than crenellated castles, and mailed men !"

"Surely naught, son," said the abbot, looking shocked, and taking part with the cheapman. "Dost thou not remember that, in the pious and famous council of 1014, it was decreed to put aside all weapons of flesh against thy heathen countrymen, and depend alone on St Michael to fight for us ? Thinkest thou that the saint would ever suffer his holy thumb to fall into the hands of the Gentiles ?—never ! Go to, thou art not fit to have conduct of the King's wars. Go to, and repent, my son, or the King shall hear of it."

"Ah, wolf in sheep's clothing !" muttered the Dane, turning on his heel. "If thy monastery were but built on the other side the Humber !"

The cheapman heard him, and smiled.

The course of the narrative being for the most part strictly historical, we need not describe it. Its principal incidents are the return of Earl Godwin and his sons, the Welsh campaigns of Harold, Harold's ill-fated visit to Normandy, the election of Harold by the Witan, his brother Tostig's rebellion and defeat, and the battle of Hastings. Among other sacrifices laid upon the hero, is that of his affection for Edith ; and here occasion is taken for a delineation of womanly heroism and sublime self-denial, which gives new and touching elevation to even that old theme.

The great power of the book is its various and subtle characterization of the rude elements of contending barbarism and civilisation in the midst of which its events are laid. The nicety with which distinctions are marked in the various branches of a common stock, shows pre-eminently the hand of the master. The romantic brilliancy, the gay wit, the daring adventure of the Norman knights, are seen to have kindred alliance with the solid worth, the rough good-fellowship, the broad frank humour of the Saxon thanes. Nor do we lose this masterly discrimination, this fine dramatic genius, even in the wild Welsh marches, or among the sea-washed hut-palaces of Norway. Let us show this in two striking scenes.

The first exhibits the Welsh king Gryffyth, hunted by Harold to his last lair of fortified retreat at the summit of Penmaenmawr, and brooding over the doom which his last defeat had rendered certain. Let us remark that in all the scenes devoted to this fierce high-hearted chieftain, Sir Edward Lytton has given free play to the most powerful characteristics of his genius. We remember nothing finer in all his writings.

Beside him a kind of throne had been raised with stones, and over it was spread a tattered and faded velvet pall. On this throne sat Aldyth the Queen ; and about the royal pair was still that mockery of a court which the jealous pride of the Celt king retained amidst all the horrors of carnage and famine. Most of the officers, indeed (originally in number twenty-four), whose duties attached them to the king and queen of the Cymry, were already feeding the crow or the worm. But still, with gaunt hawk on his wrist, the penhebogydd (grand falconer) stood at a distance ; still, with beard sweeping his breast, and rod in hand, leant against a projecting shaft of the wall, the noiseless gosdegwr, whose duty it was to command silence in the king's hall ; and still the penbard bent over his bruised harp, which once had thrilled, through the fair vaults of Caerleon and Rhadlan, in high praise of God, and the King, and the Hero Dead. In the pomp of gold dish and vessel the board was spread on the stones for the king and queen ; and on the dish was the last fragment

of black bread, and in the vessel, full and clear, the water from the spring that bubbled up everlastingly through the bones of the dead city.

Beyond this innermost space, round a basin of rock, through which the stream overflowed as from an artificial conduit, lay the wounded and exhausted, crawling, turn by turn, to the lips of the basin, and happy that the thirst of fever saved them from the gnawing desire of food. A wan and spectral figure glided listlessly to and fro amidst those mangled and parched, and dying groups. This personage, in happier times, filled the office of physician to the court, and was placed twelfth in rank amidst the chiefs of the household. And for cure of the "three deadly wounds," the cloven skull, or the gaping viscera, or the broken limb (all three classed alike), large should have been his fee. But feeless went he now from man to man, with his red ointment and his muttered charm; and those over whom he shook his lean face and matted locks, smiled ghastly at that sign that release and death were near. Within the enclosures, either lay supine, or stalked restless, the withered remains of the wild army. A sheep and a horse, and a dog, were yet left them all to share for the day's meal. And the fire of flickering and crackling brushwood burned bright from a hollow amidst the loose stones; but the animals were yet unslain, and the dog crept by the fire, winking at it with dim eyes.

But over the lower part of the wall nearest to the barrow, leant three men. The wall there was so broken, that they could gaze over it on that grotesque yet dismal court; and the eyes of the three men, with a fierce and a wolfish glare, were bent on Gryffyth.

Three princes were they of the great old line; far as Gryffyth they traced the fabulous honours of their race, to Hu-Gadarn and Prydain, and each thought it shame that Gryffyth should be lord over him! Each had had throne and court of his own; each his "white palace" of peeled willow wands—poor substitutes, O kings, for the palaces and towers that the arts of Rome had bequeathed your fathers! And each had been subjugated by the son of Llewellyn, when, in his day of might, he reunited under his sole sway all the multiform principalities of Wales, and regained, for a moment's splendour, the throne of Roderic the Great.

"Is it," said Owain, in a hollow whisper, "for yon man, whom heaven hath deserted, who could not keep his very torque from the grips of the Saxon, that we are to die on these hills, gnawing the flesh from our bones? Think ye not the hour is come?"

"The hour will come, when the sheep, and the horse, and the dog are devoured," replied Modred, "and when the whole force, as one man, will cry to Gryffyth, 'Thou a king!—give us bread!'"

"It is well," said the third, an old man, leaning on a wand of solid silver, while the mountain wind, sweeping between the walls, played with the rags of his robe,— "it is well that the night's sally, less of war than of hunger, was foiled even of forage and food. Had the saints been with Gryffyth, who had dared to keep faith with Tostig the Saxon?"

Owain laughed, a laugh hollow and false.

"Art thou Cymrian, and talkest of faith with a Saxon! Faith with the spoiler, the ravisher and butcher? But a Cymrian keeps faith with revenge; and Gryffyth's trunk should be still crownless and headless, though Tostig had never proffered the barker of safety and foot. Hist! Gryffyth wakes from the black dream, and his eyes glow from under his hair."

And indeed at this moment the King raised himself on his elbow, and looked round with a haggard and fierce despair in his glittering eyes.

"Play to us, Harper; sing some song of the deeds of old!"

The bard mournfully strove to sweep the harp, but the chords were broken, and the note came discordant and shrill as the sigh of a wailing fiend.

"O King!" said the bard, "the music hath left the harp."

"Ha!" murmured Gryffyth, "and Hope the earth! Bard, answer the son of Llewellyn. Oft in my halls hast thou sung the praise of the men that have been. In the halls of the race to come, will bards yet unborn sweep their harps to the deeds of thy King? Shall they tell of the day of Torques, by Llyn-Afango, when the princes of Powys fled from his sword as the clouds from the blast of the wind? Shall they sing, as the Hirlas goes round, of his steeds of the sea, when no flag came in sight of his prow between the dark isle of the Druid and the green pastures of Huerdan?"

Or the towns that he fired, on the lands of the Saxon, when Rolf and the Northmen ran fast from his javelin and spear? Or say, Child of Truth, if all that is told of Gryffyth thy King shall be his woe and his shame?"

The bard swept his hand over his eyes, and answered—

"Bards unborn shall sing of Gryffyth the son of Llewellyn. But the song shall not dwell on the pomp of his power, when twenty sub-kings knelt at his throne, and his beacon was lighted in the holds of the Norman and Saxon. Bards shall sing of the hero who fought every inch of crag and morass in the front of his men,—and on the heights of Penmaen mawr, Fame recovers thy crown!"

"Then I have lived as my fathers in life, and shall live with their glory in death!" said Gryffyth; "and so the shadow hath passed from my soul."

The second is a picture of the scene in which Tostig seeks the Norwegian king, Harold Hardrada, and wins him to his fatal project of an invasion of the Saxon kingdom:

It was one of the glorious nights of the north, and winter had already begun to melt into early spring, when two men sate under a kind of rustic porch of rough pine logs, not very unlike those seen now in Switzerland and the Tyrol. This porch was constructed before a private door, to the rear of a long, low, irregular building of wood which enclosed two or more court-yards, and covering an immense space of ground. This private door seemed place for the purpose of immediate descent to the sea; for the ledge of the rock over which the log-porch spread its rude roof, jutted over the ocean; and from it a rugged stair, cut through the crag, descended to the beach. The shore, with bold, strange, grotesque slab, and peak, and splinter, curved into a large creek; and close under the cliff were moored seven war-ships, high and tall, with prows and sterns all gorgeous with gilding in the light of the splendid moon. And that rude timber house, which seemed but a chain of barbarian huts linked into one, was a land palace of Hardrada of Norway; but the true halls of his royalty, the true seats of his empire, were the decks of those lofty war-ships.

Through the small lattice-work of the windows of the log-house, lights blazed; from the roof-top, smoke curled; from the hall on the other side of the dwelling, came the din of tumultuous wassail, but the intense stillness of the outer air, hushed in frost, and luminous with stars, contrasted and seemed to rebuke the gross sounds of human revel. And that northern night seemed almost as bright as (but how much more augustly calm, than) the noon of the golden south!

On a table within the ample porch was an immense bowl of birchwood, mounted in silver, and filled with potent drink, and two huge horns, of size suiting the mighty wassailers of the age. The two men seemed to care nought for the stern air of the cold night—true that they were wrapped in furs reft from the polar bear; but each had hot thoughts within, that gave greater warmth to the veins than the bowl or the bearskin.

From this we turn to the issue of that invasion; where Harold, before the battle under the walls of York, in which he destroyed the invaders and their armies, makes an unsuccessful effort to withdraw his brother Tostig from the ranks of the enemies of England.

Made aware of this parley, King Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helm all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

"Ha!" said Tostig; then, turning round, as the giant form of the Norse king threw its vast shadow over the ground,

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold son of Godwin give to my friend and ally Hardrada of Norway?"

"The Saxon rider reared his head at these words, and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered loud and distinct,—

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other men, as much more as his corse may demand!"

"Then go lack, and tell Harold my brother to get ready for battle; for never shall the scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his

cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die !”

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest, here whispered the Saxon King,—

“Delay no more, or thy men’s hearts will fear treason.”

“The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco,” answered the King, “and the heart flies back to our England.”

He waived his hand, turned his steed, and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

“And who,” he asked calmly, “is that man who spoke so well ?”

“King Harold !” answered Tostig, briefly.

“How !” cried the Norseman reddening, “how was not that made known to me before ! Never should he have gone back,—never told hereafter the doom of this day !”

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honour still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon ; and he answered stoutly,—

“Imprudent was Harold’s coming, and great his danger ; but he came to offer me peace and dominion. Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe, but his murderer !”

“The Norse King smiled approvingly, and turning to his chiefs, said drily,—

“That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups.”

And then this extraordinary person, who united in himself all the types of an age that vanished for ever in his grave, and who is the more interesting, as in him we see the race from which the Norman sprang, began, in the rich full voice that pealed deep as an organ, to chaunt his impromptu war-song. He halted in the midst, and with great composure said,—

“That verse is but ill-tuned : I must try a better.”

He passed his hand over his brow, mused an instant, and then, with his fair face all illumed, he burst forth as inspired.

We cannot quote, as we could have wished, from the minute and spirited narrative of the battle of Hastings, where the interest rises and falls, and sways the reader’s emotion, as though the issues were not already known, or might yet by possibility be averted. But we will close our extracts with the famous incident which is supposed to have followed the battle, and which has been such a favourite with English painters. Edith thus finds the body of Harold :

“See,” said De Graville, “how near yon lonely woman hath come to the tent of the Duke—yea, to the foot of the holy gonfanon, which supplanted ‘the Fighting Man !’ *Pardez*, my heart bleeds to see her striving to lift up the heavy dead !”

The monks neared the spot, and Osgood exclaimed in a voice almost joyful,—

“It is Edith the Fair ! This way, the torchers ! hither, quick !”

The corpses had been flung in irreverent haste from either side of the gonfanon, to make room for the banner of the conquest, and the pavilion of the feast. Huddled together, they lay in that holy bed. And the woman silently, and by the help of no light save the moon, was intent on her search. She waived her hand impatiently as they approached, as if jealous of the dead : but as she had not sought, so neither did she oppose, their aid. Moaning low to herself, she desisted from her task, and knelt watching them, and shaking her head mournfully, as they removed helm after helm, and lowered the torches upon stern and livid brows. At length the lights fell red and full on the ghastly face of Haco—proud and sad as in life.

De Graville uttered an exclamation : “The King’s nephew : be sure the King is near !”

A shudder went over the woman’s form, and the moaning ceased.

They unhelméd another corpse, and the monks and the knight, after one glance, turned away sickened and awe-stricken at the sight : for the face was all defaced and mangled with wounds ; and nought could they recognise save the ravaged majesty of what had been man. But at the sight of that face a wild shriek broke from Edith’s heart.

She started to her feet—put aside the monks with a wild and angry gesture, and bending over the face, sought with her long hair to wipe from it the clotted blood ; then with convulsive fingers, she strove to loosen the buckler of the breast mail. The knight knelt to assist her.

"No, no," she gasped out "He is mine—mine now !"

Her hands bled as the mail gave way to her efforts ; the tunic beneath was all dabbled with blood. She rent the folds, and on the breast, just above the silenced heart were punctured in the old Saxon letters, the word "EDITH ;" and just below, in characters more fresh, the word "ENGLAND."

"See, see !" she cried in piercing accents ; and clasping the dead in her arms, she kissed the lips, and called aloud, in words of the tenderest endearments, as if she addressed the living. All there knew then that the search was ended ; all knew that the eyes of love had recognised the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed ; "wed at last ! O Harold, Harold ! the Fates were true and kind ;" and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

Sir Edward Lytton intimates that if this tale be successful, he may perhaps presume farther into the wide field thus opened. "A series of fictions genuinely illustrating our earlier history through its romance might be rendered no unprofitable accompaniment to the history itself." Heartily would we wish to such a project, in such hands, good speed. Its successful achievement, after the noble models already given by the writer, would not only ensure a large stock of rational enjoyment to romance-loving readers, but would tend largely to promote the cultivation of that most manly and healthy of all possible studies, the understanding of the history of our native country.—*Examiner*, June 17.

[To the above we shall add one extract from the *Spectator*, and another from the *Atlas*, making this Review very complete.]

The main drawback to *Harold* as a romance, however, is the intermixture and interference of the history with the fiction. In his dedicatory epistle the author intimates that he has consulted many volumes and given to his subject much research. In the more directly historical portion this appears in a close narrative, sometimes translated from the chroniclers, sometimes in an imitation of their style: in the portraiture of customs and manners the author is scrupulously accurate, not unfrequently quoting his authorities at the foot of the page. But this minuteness, which would be proper in a series of essays, is out of place in a fiction, and not only interrupts the reader, but destroys the homogeneity of the work. The larger parts of history, the incidents connected with the principal persons and their characters, are treated more broadly ; and the concomitants are well contrived to bring out the author's object of "explanation," though rather in the spirit of the novelist than of the historian. This want of unity is the more to be regretted as Sir Bulwer Lytton is successful in the fiction, or in those parts where the filling up is imaginary though there may be some substratum of fact. The characters are often painted with nice metaphysical discrimination, especially Edward the Confessor. The dramatic and favourable features of the Anglo-Saxons are brought out ; some touches of rhetorical inflation may be found, but generally the style is subdued, without much loss of brilliancy or effect ; and though possibly a too theatrical manner is infused into the descriptions, it has its advantages in cases where

dramatic action or discourse has to be exhibited, from the telling way in which it enables the author to "make his points." An example, and one of the best in the volumes, may be found in the appearance of Godwin's eldest son, Sweyn, before the Witan; whither the Earl with his family and friends has come, in order that he may be judged previously to restoration of his titles and estates. In what preceded the following extract, the crafty and eloquent Earl had just ceased speaking, having produced a favourable impression.

"But now, as from the sons Sweyn the eldest stepped forth, with a wandering eye and uncertain foot, there was a movement like a shudder amongst the large majority of the audience, and a murmur of hate or of horror.

"The young Earl marked the sensation his presence produced, and stopped short. His breath came thick; he raised his right hand, but spoke not. His voice died on his lips; his eyes roved wildly round with a haggard stare more imploring than defying. Then rose, in his episcopal stole, Alred the Bishop, and his clear sweet voice trembled as he spoke.

"Comes Sweyn, son of Godwin, here to prove his innocence of treason against the King?—if so, let him hold his peace; for if the Witan acquit Godwin, son of Wolnoth, of that charge, the acquittal includes his house. But in the name of the holy Church, here represented by its fathers, will Sweyn say, and fasten his word by oath, that he is guiltless of treason to the King of Kings—guiltless of sacrilege that my lips shrink to name? Alas, that the duty falls on me,—for I loved thee once, and love thy kindred now. But I am God's servant before all things.' The prelate paused, and gathering up new energy, added in unfaltering accents, 'I charge thee here, Sweyn the outlaw, that, moved by the fiend, thou didst bear off from God's house and violate a daughter of the Church—Algive, Abbess of Leominster!'

"And I," cried Siward, rising to the full height of his stature, 'I, in the presence of these proceres, whose proudest title is *milites* or warriors—I charge Sweyn, son of Godwin, that not in open field and hand to hand, but by felony and guile, he wrought the foul and abhorrent murder of his cousin, Beorn the Earl!'

"At these two charges from men so eminent, the effect upon the audience was startling. While those not influenced by Godwin raised their eyes, sparkling with wrath and scorn, upon the wasted yet still noble face of the eldest born, even those most zealous on behalf of that popular house evinced no sympathy for its heir. Some looked down abashed and mournful; some regarded the accused with a cold, un pitying look. Only perhaps among the ceorls, at the end of the hall, might be seen some compassion on anxious faces; for before those deeds of crime had been bruited abroad, none among the sons of Godwin more blithe of mien and bold of hand, more honoured and beloved, than Sweyn, the outlaw. But the hush that succeeded the charges was appalling in its depth. Godwin himself shaded his face with his mantle, and only those close by could see that his breast heaved and his limbs trembled. The brothers had shrunk from the side of the accused, outlawed even amongst his kin—all save Harold, who, strong in his blameless name and beloved repute, advanced three strides amidst the silence, and standing by his brother's side, lifted his commanding brow above the seated judges, but he did not speak.

"Then said Sweyn, the Earl, strengthened by such solitary companionship in that hostile assemblage—'I might answer that for these charges in the past, for deeds alleged as done eight long years ago, I have the King's grace and the inlaw's right; and that in the Witan over which I as Earl presided, no man was twice judged for the same offence. That I hold to be the law, in the great councils as the small.'

"It is! it is!" exclaimed Godwin; his paternal feelings conquering his prudence and his decorous dignity. 'Hold to it, my son!'

"I hold to it not," resumed the young Earl, casting a haughty glance over the somewhat blank and disappointed faces of his foes, 'for my law is *here*—and he smote his heart—'and that condemns me, not once alone, but evermore! Alred, O holy father, at whose knees I once confessed my every sin, I blame thee not that thou first in the Witan liftest thy voice against me, though thou knowest that I loved Algive from youth upward; she, with her heart yet mine, was given in the last year

of Hardicanute, when might was right, to the Church. I met her again, flushed with my victories over the Walloon kings, with power in my hand and passion in my veins. Deadly was my sin ! but what asked I ?—that vows compelled should be annulled ; that the love of my youth might yet be the wife of my manhood. Pardon, that I knew not then how eternal are the bonds ye of the Church have woven round those of whom, if ye fail of saints, ye may at least make martyrs !

“ He paused, and his lip curled, and his eye shot wildfire ; for in that moment his mother’s blood was high within him, and he looked and thought perhaps as some heathen Dane ; but the flash of the former man was momentary, and, humbly smiting his breast, he murmured, ‘ Avaunt, Satan ! yea, deadly was my sin ! And the sin was mine alone ; Algive, if stained, was blameless ; she escaped—and—and died !’

“ ‘The King was wroth ; and first to strive against my pardon was Harold my brother, who now alone in my penitence stands by my side : he strove manfully and openly ; I blamed *him* not ; but Beorn, my cousin, desired my earldom, and he strove against me wilily and in secret—to my face kind, behind my back spiteful. I detected his falsehood, and meant to detain but not to slay him. He lay bound in my ship ; he reviled and he taunted me in the hour of my gloom, and when the blood of the sea-kings flowed in fire through my veins. And I lifted my axe in ire, and my men lifted theirs ; and so—and so !—Again I say, deadly was my sin !

“ ‘Think not that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long and power was yet sweet. Since then I have known worldly evil and worldly good—the storm and the shine of life : I have swept the seas, a sea-king ; I have battled with the Dane in his native land ; I have almost grasped in my right hand, as I grasped in my dreams, the crown of my kinsman, Canute ; again, I have been a fugitive and an exile ; again, I have been outlawed, and Earl of all the lands from Isis to the Wye. And whether in state or in penury, whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the nun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. Wherefore, I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to dis sever my kinsmen’s cause from mine, which alone sullies and degrades it : I come here to say, that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Cap of noble and axe of warrior I lay aside for ever ; bare-footed and alone, I go hence to the Holy Sepulchre, there to assail my soul, and implore that grace which cannot come from man ! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born ! And ye prelates and peers, milites and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living ! To you, and to England, he who now quits you is the dead.’

“ He gathered his robe of state over his breast as a monk his gown, and looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence ; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

“ And Godwin still stood with his face covered by his robe.

“ And Harold anxiously watched the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting !

“ And Gurth crept to Harold’s side.

“ And the gay Leofwine looked sad.

“ And the young Wulnoth turned pale and trembled.

“ And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

“ And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alfred, the meek accuser—God’s true but gentle priest.”—*Spectator*, June 17.

The obscure superstitions which are let in every now and then upon the march of the story, bring around it the atmosphere of an age in which the shadows of the old world of credulity and ignorance had not yet quite vanished before the light of Christianity ; and the occasional shrinkings and misgivings of Harold—whose strength of mind naturally resists the Indefinite and Speculative—exhibit clearly the terror which such agencies wielded over the boldest hearts. And mixed up with these is the piteous history of Edith’s devotion to her warrior lover. Descended from a royal stock, and related to Harold within the degrees of affinity prohibited by the Church, they are bound to each other by the solemn betrothal of the



affections, and patiently await the time, under a new dynasty, when they may look for a dispensation from the Pope. But Edward is dying, and Harold is nominated to the throne. His country makes a new demand upon him—that, for the sake of knitting together the great interests of jealous factions, he shall forsake Edith and marry Aldyth, the widowed Queen of Gryffyth, and sister to the powerful Earls of Mercia and Northumberland. In vain the prelates and great officers of the council urge this imperative sacrifice upon him; but at last they bring a more persuasive advocate into the field. We need not point out the exquisite and lofty pathos of this most touching scene:—

Thus was it with Harold in that bitter and terrible crisis of his fate. This rare and spiritual love, which had existed on hope, which had never known fruition, had become the subtlest, the most exquisite part of his being; this love, to the full and holy possession of which every step in his career seemed to advance him, was it now to be evermore reft from his heart, his existence, at the very moment when he had deemed himself most secure of its rewards—when he most needed its consolations? Hitherto, in that love he had lived in the future—he had silenced the voice of the turbulent human passion by the whisper of the patient angel, “A little while yet, and thy bride sits beside thy throne!” Now what was that future! how joyless, how desolate! The splendour vanished from Ambition—the glow from the face of Fame—the sense of Duty remained alone to counteract the pleadings of affections; but Duty, no longer dressed in all the gorgeous colourings it took before from glory and power—Duty stern, and harsh, and terrible, as the iron of a Grecian Destiny.

And thus, front to front with that Duty, he sat alone one evening, while his lips murmured, “Oh fatal voyage, Oh lying truth in the hellborn prophecy! this, then, this was the wife my league with the Normans was to win to my arms.” In the streets below were heard the tramp of busy feet hurrying homeward, and the confused uproar of joyous wassail from the various resorts of entertainment crowded by careless revellers. And the tread of steps mounted the stairs without his door, and there paused, and there was the murmur of two voices without; one the clear voice of Gurth, one softer and more troubled. The Earl lifted his head from his bosom, and his heart beat quick at the faint and scarce heard sound of that last voice. The door opened gently, gently; a form entered, and halted on the threshold; the door closed again by a hand from without. The Earl rose to his feet, tremulously, and the next moment Edith was at his knees; her hood thrown back, her face upturned to his, bright with unfaded beauty, serene with the grandeur of self-martyrdom.

“O Harold!” she exclaimed, “dost thou remember that in the old time I said, ‘Edith had loved thee less, if thou hadst not loved England more than Edith?’ Recall, recall those words. And deemest thou now that I, who have gazed for years into thy clear soul, and learned there to sun my woman’s heart in the light of all glories native to noblest man,—deemest thou, O Harold, that I am weaker now than then, when I scarce knew what England and glory were?”

“Edith, Edith, what wouldst thou say?—What knowest thou?—Who hath told thee?—What led thee hither, to take part against thyself?”

“It matters not who told me; I know all. What led me; Mine own soul, and mine own love!” Springing to her feet, and clasping his hand in both hers, while she looked into his face, she resumed: “I do not say to thee, ‘Grieve not to part;’ for I know too well thy faith, thy tenderness—thy heart, so grand and so soft. But I do say, ‘Soar above thy grief, and be more than man for the sake of men.’ Yes, Harold, for this last time I behold thee. I clasp thy hand, I lean on thy heart, I hear its beating, and I shall go hence without a tear.”

“It cannot, it shall not be!” exclaimed Harold, passionately. Thou deceivest thyself in the divine passion of the hour: when the fever stakes, it will leave thee to the exhaustion of a lonely heart—the despair of a crushed and broken fate. We were betrothed to each other by ties strong as those of the Church,—over the grave of the dead, under the vault of heaven, in the form of ancestral faith! The bond cannot be broken. If England demands me, let England take me with the ties it were unholy, even for her sake, to rend!”

"Alas, alas !" faltered Edith, while the flush on her cheek sank into mournful paleness. "It is not as thou sayest. So has thy love sheltered me from the world—so utter was my youth's ignorance or my heart's oblivion of the stern laws of man, that when it pleased thee that we should love each other, I could not believe that that love was sin ; and that it was sin hitherto I will not think ;—now it hath become one."

"No, no !" cried Harold ; all the eloquence on which thousands had hung, thrilled and spell-bound, deserting him in that hour of need, and leaving to him only broken exclamations,—fragments, in each of which his heart itself seemed shivered ; "no, no—not sin !—sin only to forsake thee.—Hush !—hush !—This is a dream—wait till we wake ! True heart ! noble soul !—I will not part from thee !"

"But I from thee ! And rather than thou shouldst be lost for my sake—the sake of a woman—to honour and conscience, and all for which thy sublime life sprang from the hands of Nature, if the cloister may not open to my soul, may the grave receive my form ! Harold, to the last let me be worthy thee ; and feel, at least, that if not thy wife—that bright, that blessed fate not mine ;—still, remembering Edith, just men may say, 'She would not have dishonoured the hearth of Harold !'"

"Dost thou know," said the Earl, striving to speak calmly, "dost thou know that it is not only to resign thee that they demand—that it is to resign thee, and for another?"

"I know it," said Edith ; and two burning tears, despite her strong and preternatural self-exaltation, swelled from the dark fringe, and rolled slowly down the colourless cheek, as she added, with proud voice, "I know it : but that other is not Aldyth, it is England ! In her, in Aldyth, behold the dear cause of thy native land ; with her enweave the love which thy native land should command. So thinking, thou art reconciled, and I consoled. It is not for woman that thou desertest Edith."

"Hear, and take from those lips the strength and the valour that belong to the name of Hero !" said a deep and clear voice behind ; and Gurth,—who, whether distrusting the result of an interview so prolonged, or tenderly desirous to terminate its pain, had entered unobserved,—approached, and wound his arm caressingly round his brother. "Oh, Harold !" he said, "dear to me as the drops in my heart is my young bride, newly wed ; but if for one tithe of the claims that now call thee to the torture and trial—yea, if but for one hour of good service to freedom and law—I would consent without a groan to behold her no more. And if men asked me how I could so conquer man's affections, I would point to thee, and say, 'So Harold taught my youth by his lessons, and my manhood by his life.' Before thee, visible, stand Happiness and Love, but with them, Shame ; before thee, invisible, stands Woe, but with Woe are England and eternal Glory ! Choose between them."

"He hath chosen," said Edith, as Harold turned to the wall, and leaned against it, hiding his face ; then, approaching softly, she knelt, lifted to her lips the hem of his robe, and kissed it with devout passion. Harold turned suddenly, and opened his arms. Edith resisted not that mute appeal : she rose, and fell on his breast, sobbing.

Wild and speechless was that last embrace. The moon, which had witnessed their union by the heathen grave, now arose above the tower of the Christian Church, and looked wan and cold upon their parting. Solemn and clear poured the orb—a cloud passed over the disk—and Edith was gone. The cloud rolled away, and again the moon shone forth ; and where had knelt the fair form, and looked the last look of Edith, stood the motionless image, and gazed the solemn eye of the dark son of Sweyn. But Harold leant on the breast of Gurth, and saw not who had supplanted the soft and loving Fylgia of his life—saw nought in the universe but the blank of desolation !

We have not attempted to follow the progress of the story ; but the main thread of the interest may be traced through the passages we have given. For the rest, and the tragic conclusion of all on the battle-field, it is unnecessary to refer the reader to a work which he will be eager enough to get into his hands from what we have already said.

The portraiture of the times and the characterisation of the principal men who made its history, may be cited amongst the noblest triumphs of this class of romance. With the enchantment of romance it blends the dignity and weight of history. The character of William is drawn with great truth and power, and skilfully distinguished in its craftiness and treachery from the franker bearing and more honourable nature of the Norman chivalry whose gallantry helped him to the crown of England. Gurth, the brother of Harold, stands out in his gentleness and fidelity in strong relief; and the devotion and sweet heroism of Edith shed an abiding beauty on the story which will long linger in the memory of its readers. But, as we have already indicated, the character of Harold is the masterpiece of the work. We hope Sir Bulwer Lytton may fulfil his half-promise of penetrating farther into the field he has thus opened—rich in lore and incident, and which no writer hitherto has approached with such success as he has achieved in this brilliant performance.—*Atlas*, June 17.

*Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe with his North American Indian Collection*, 2 vols. London. Published by the Author, 1848.

Mr. Catlin's first impressions in London are not very amusing. His humour is coarse and heavy, and wide of the mark. A single specimen will suffice. Driving through the streets (on the wrong side), he is nearly forced upon the pavement by a huge omnibus:—

I sat still of course till the omnibus had left us, nearly crushed, but luckily not damaged, when I said to my footman, "Why, what does this mean?—what do you call the 'left side' in this country, I should like to know?" To this he very distinctly as well as amusingly explained, that the invariable custom in England is when meeting a vehicle to turn to the *left*, and when *passing*, to turn to the *right*. But why did the policeman and the conductor say we were both right, or "all right?" "Why, sir, you know wen the omnibus olds up to land a gent or a lady, or to take em hin, it would be very hawkd to drive off wen the lady ad one leg hin the bus and the other hout; so wen they are both hout or both hin, and all right, the conductor ollows out 'Holl right!' and the bus goes hon, d'ye see, sir?" "Ah, yes, I thank you, Jerry, I understand it now."

The work abounds in similar lumbering imitations of Cockneydom, equally preposterous and unlike the original. The story of a "jolly fat dame" who fell in love with one of the Ojibbeways is spun out to a most wearisome extent: and the quantity of idle conversations, attempts at fun, and other stuff without mark or object with which Mr. Catlin has swelled his volumes, shows that, long as he has mixed with primitive men, he has very 'cute notions of the value of book-making, although he is a very awkward bungler at the craft.

But the point to which curiosity will be mainly directed in these volumes is the effect which the sights and sounds of a great city had upon the unsophisticated minds of the poor Indians. And here we confess to a little disappointment. There is so much making up in the book, that we cannot always trust to its statements, and must revert for our satisfaction

to final impressions rather than particular details. The Indians, it seems, were very much struck with the poverty they saw in the streets, and thought that France was better governed, because the people looked happier. (Mr. Catlin appears to be much of the same opinion, and breaks out into astounding panegyrics upon the wise and prosperous government of Louis Philippe.) The Indians were particularly wounded by seeing black men sweeping the crossings, but were consoled when they discovered that they were only Hindoos and the like. One of their greatest delights consisted in taking out in their drives a quantity of half-pence and throwing them to the beggars. Their memorabilia is not otherwise important or very suggestive. They used to amuse themselves counting the number of gin palaces on their rides, and in Paris took a great deal of trouble about the statistics of ladies followed by lap-dogs. We do not find that there was much originality of observation in these people, or that they attempted large subjects. They were attracted by things on the surface; trifles pleased and satisfied them; and amongst themselves their delight was to crack jokes upon the personal oddities with which they had come in contact, not sparing each other when the fit was on.

The character of the red man, as thus tested, is quite as elevated in fact as it has been made to appear in fiction. Stripped of all picturesque accessories, he still appears to advantage. The personal demeanour of the Indians in the new circumstances in which they were placed was quiet and gracious, and, in their own way, highly dignified and courteous. They bore the shock of the novel grandeur and urgent curiosity by which they were surrounded with singular ease and self-possession. Their gravity and sincerity sustained them admirably. Good nature was one of the traits most frequently brought out in their intercourse with the great world. They were deeply sensible of kindnesses, and even bore occasional rudenesses with a most instructive toleration. The principal trouble to which they were exposed was from the incessant efforts that were made to convert them to Christianity. Wherever they appeared religious books were poured in upon them from all sides, and they carried away with them to the prairies a whole cargo of bibles. Clergymen constantly called to talk to them on these subjects, and, although they were fairly wearied out at last, they bore it all with patience and kindliness. What they had seen of civilized places had not helped to give them a very satisfactory view of the practical working of Christianity, and the answer of the war-chief on one of the last of these occasions to two gentlemen who visited them for the purpose of expounding the Gospel, will show the good sense and sound feeling with which, exhausted as they were by such appeals, they continued to meet them :—

They were introduced to the Indians and their object explained by Jeffrey. "The War-chief then said to them, as he was sitting on the floor in the corner of the room, that he didn't see any necessity of their talking at all, for all they would have to say they had heard from much more intelligent-looking men than they were, in London, and in other places, and they had given their answers at full length, which *Chippewa* had written all down.

"Now, my friends," said he, "I will tell you that when we first came over to this country, we thought that where you had so many preachers, so many to read and explain the good book, we should find the white people all good and sober people; but as we travel about we find this was all a mistake. When we first came over we thought that white man's religion would make all people good, and we then would

have been glad to talk with you, but now we cannot say that we like to do it any more." ('*how, how, how!*' responded all, as Jim 'who was then lying on a large table, and resting on one elbow, was gradually turning over on to his back, and drawing up his knees in the attitude of speaking).

The War-chief continued :—

"My friends—I am willing to talk with you if it can do any good to the hundreds and thousands of poor and hungry people that we see in your streets every day when we ride out. We see hundreds of little children with their naked feet in the snow, and we pity them, for we know they are hungry, and we give them money every time we pass by them. In four days we have given twenty dollars to hungry children—we give our money only to children. We are told that the fathers of these children are in the houses where they sell fire-water, and are drunk, and in their words they every moment abuse and insult the Great Spirit. You talk about sending black-coats among the Indians : now we have no such poor children among us ; we have no such drunkards, or people who abuse the Great Spirit. Indians dare not do so. They pray to the Great Spirit, and he is kind to them. Now we think it would be better for your teachers all to stay at home, and go to work right here in your own streets, where all your good work is wanted. This is my advice. I would rather not say any more." (To this all responded "*How, how, how!*")

The speeches made by the Indians on several occasions, as reported by Mr. Catlin, are not remarkable for that stirring eloquence and pictorial diction for which they are popularly celebrated. They are distinguished, on the contrary, by directness of purpose and the almost entire absence of embellishment.

As it is in all other communities, there were special "characters" amongst them. One kept a note-book, in which he jotted down all the surprising facts he fell in with, including curious statistics, extraordinary murders, suicides, and crimes in general. Another was an old dandy, who took delight in ogling his audience, and fancied that every lady who spoke to him was smitten by his personal attractions. These little traits come out amusingly enough, and show that vanities and foibles are common to all mankind, developing themselves according to the measure of their opportunities.

One of the circumstances which surprised them most was the preservation of game. This was first discovered to them in Dublin :—

After passing through several of the principal streets they were driven to the Phoenix Park, where they left their carriage, and, taking a run for a mile or two, felt much relieved and delighted with the exercise. The noble stags that started up and were bounding away before them excited them very much, and they were wishing for their weapons which they had left behind. However, they had very deliberately and innocently agreed to take a regular hunt there in a few days, and have a saddle or two of venison, but wiser Daniel reminding them of the *game-laws* of this country, of which they had before heard no account, knocked all their sporting plans on the head.

Nothing perhaps astonished them since they came into the country more than the idea that a man is liable to severe punishment by the laws for shooting a deer, a rabbit, or a partridge, or for catching a fish out of a lake or a river, without a license, for which he must pay a tax to the Government, and that then they can only shoot upon certain grounds. The poor fellows at first treated the thing as ridiculous and fabulous ; but on being assured that such was the fact, they were overwhelmed with astonishment.

An amusing incident occurred at the Hippodrome during the period of their stay at Paris. Franconi offered them an engagement on condition that they were good riders, which Mr. Catlin assured him they were :—

As the best proof, however, he proposed to bring out a horse, and let one of them try and show what he could do. This we agreed to at once ; and having told the

Indians before we started that we should make no arrangement for them there unless they were pleased with it and preferred it, they had decided, on entering the grounds, that the exercises would be too desperate and fatiguing to them and destructive to their clothes, and therefore not to engage with him. However, the horse was led into the area and placed upon the track for their chariot-races, which is nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference ; and, the question being put, "Who will ride ?" it was soon agreed that Jim should try it first. "Wal, me try em," said Jim ; "me no ride good, but me try em little." He was already prepared, with his shield and quiver upon his back and his long and shining lance in his hand. The horse was held ; though, with all its training, it was some time, with its two or three grooms about it, before they could get the frightened creature to stand steady enough for Jim to mount. In the first effort which they thought he was making to get on, they were surprised to find that he was ungirthing the saddle, which he flung upon the ground, and, throwing his buffalo robe across the animal's back and himself astride, the horse dashed off at his highest speed. Jim saw that the animal was used to the track, and, the course being clear, he leaned forward and brandished his lance, and, every time he came round and passed us, sounded a charge in the shrill notes of the war-whoop. The riding was pleasing, and surprised M. Franconi exceedingly, and when he thought it was about time to stop he gave his signal for Jim to pull up, but, seeing no slack to the animal's pace, and Jim still brandishing his weapons in the air and sounding the war-whoop as he passed, he became all at once alarmed for the health of his horse. The Indians at this time were all in a roar of laughter, and the old gentleman was placing himself and his men upon the track as Jim came round, with uplifted arms, to try, to stop the animal's speed, just finding at that time that Jim had rode in the true prairie style, without using the bridle, and which, by his neglect of it, had got out of his reach, when he would have used it to pull up. Jim still dashed by them, brandishing his lance as they came in his way : when they retreated and ran to head him in another place, he there passed them also, and passed them and menaced them again and again as he came round. The alarm of the poor old gentleman for the life of his horse became very conspicuous, and, with additional efforts with his men, and a little pulling up by Jim, who had at length found the rein, the poor affrighted and half-dead animal was stopped, and Jim, leaping off, walked to the middle of the area, where we were in a group, laughing to the greatest excess at the fun. The poor horse was near done over, and led away by the grooms. M. Franconi came and merely bade us good by, and was exceedingly obliged to us. Whether the poor animal died or not we never heard, but Jim was laid up for several days. On asking him why he ran the horse so hard, he said it was the horse's fault, that "it ran away with him the moment he was on his back—that the creature was frightened nearly to death : and he thought, if it preferred running, he resolved to give it running enough."

From these extracts it will be seen that there is some matter for speculation in the volumes ; and if Mr. Catlin had been content to reduce his work to one half its bulk, limiting himself to a close record of the sayings and doings of his Indians, he would have produced a much more readable book, and escaped the censure to which an injudicious literary ostentation has exposed him.—*Atlas for June.*

*South Australia ; its Advantages and its Resources. Being a "Description of that Colony, and a Manual of Information for Emigrants. By George Blakiston Wilkinson. London : Murray. 1848.*

"THE great demand for labour in South Australia," writes Mr. Wilkinson in the first chapter of his book, "during the past few years, has naturally directed the attention of the colonists to Great Britain as the mart for supplying the deficiency ; and many efforts have been made to induce emigration to Adelaide, which, however, although, partially successful, have not hitherto obtained a supply commensurate with what is required. Thus

notwithstanding the thousands of persons who have arrived in the colony during the last two years, the cry for and the complaints of scarcity of labour have been at no time greater than at present, at least so far back only as last August." To which it may be added, that the great demand for employment in Great Britain has naturally directed our attention to the Australian colonies, and especially to that of South Australia, in such a manner as to ensure for Mr. Wilkinson's book the attention which it so well merits.

Mr. Wilkinson is, at the same time, an amusing and a sensible writer. He gives us much sound advice, and presents us with many clever pictures of colonial life. He looks at the settlement in many different aspects—comment upon its agricultural and pastoral resources as well as on its mineral wealth; and arrives at a conclusion, which, however favourable it may be, we cannot consider unsound. We have the concurrent testimonies of several other writers in support of Mr. Wilkinson's estimate of the state and prospects of Southern Australia—a colony which in the course of a few years has emerged, almost as one from the grave, into a condition of unexampled prosperity which promises to be enduring.

The remarks which we offered last week, when reviewing Mr. Byrne's volumes, render it unnecessary that we should say, in this place, anything regarding the general question of colonisation. The description of labour that is required in South Australia is not professional labour. The professions are overstocked. Miners are much wanted—carriage is much wanted. And owing to the abstraction from agricultural pursuits, for more profitable mining operations, of some portion of the available labour of the settlement, farming men and shepherds are much wanted. Mr. Wilkinson, like all other writers on such subjects, offers his advice freely. Some of it, as that which relates to the lashing and cleeeting of cabin furniture, is applicable to the condition of all who go down to the sea in ships. The rest is of specific application and much more value. Mr. Wilkinson is a great advocate for matrimony. He advises men to marry first and emigrate afterwards. Here are his reasons, and they are weighty ones:—

The married man has many and great advantages over the single, and his home (however homely it may be) will contrast favourably with the bachelor's; not only is his happiness enhanced and his labour cheered, but, besides this, an active woman does many things for her husband which he can find neither time nor inclination to do for himself. I should say, therefore, to all settlers or intending emigrants, "*Get married before going out*, as the cheaper and better course; but, before you marry, tell your intended the mode of life she may expect, that there be no surprise manifested when it is too late to change." Viewed only in a mercenary and politic light, the wife is a great saving to her husband; if he is poor, she cooks for him, makes and mends his clothes, keeps his house in order, looks after the poultry, and does a host of little things that he must unwillingly resign if deprived of her assistance. Thus she is a profit and a great help. But when he returns fatigued with his daily labour (and people do not play out there)—when, weary and languid, he comes in sight of his hut—his heart warms at the comforts he knows he will meet, and the light shining out through the crevices in the door, walls and roof cheers his very soul, and he feels happy that she—the preparer and crown of all this additional happiness—is anxiously waiting to receive him. When he opens his door (no bolts or bars are wanted where are no thieves or bushrangers) his clean hut and smoking supper (not mere potatoes and salt) make him think that, if he should be so unfortunate as to lose his present helpmate, he must either break his heart at once or get married again directly.

Here is a graphic and amusing picture of the life of a cattle-owner in South Australia :—

In order that some idea may be formed of the cattle-owner's life at his station, let me imagine the reader to be the master, and in his bed, in a hut like the generality in the Australian Bush ; and, further, suppose that about his usual time (day-light) he awakes and opens his eyes. His bed-room shall be formed of slabs of wood fitted into a groove at top and bottom ; the top is the wall-plate, the bottom the sleeper or foundation ; these slabs put close together makes the walls all round, except in one place where there is a window, and in another where there is a door. The window is not often glazed, but more generally covered with calico ; or perhaps it is only a kind of trap-door, that lifts up to give light when needed ; which is but seldom, for the sun shines through the crevices of the hut with sufficient force to make formal apertures unnecessary ; which crevices also keep the hut cool in summer, and when winter comes are daubed up with clay if requisite. After washing and dressing, you become anxious to see the progress the hut-keeper has made in his work ; and, opening the door, you find yourself simultaneously in your parlour, drawing-room, and kitchen. This is furnished with table, chairs, or stools, the latter rough but strong ; and with slabs or boards as shelves, on which are ranged your stock of plates and crockery, looking meagre and scarce enough, but supplied by an extra number of tin pots and plates, which remind you of the constant breakages by your male attendant, against which you are now provided by these more durable articles. One more shelf is seen containing a number of bound books, and perhaps a late English paper or two (about five months old) ; for the huts generally have some shadow of a library, which strangely contrasts with the rough woodwork, the naked thatched roof, and the tempered clay or lime floor.

After seeing that the hut-keeper has commenced clearing the hut and preparing breakfast, you go out at the door, and are greeted by the sunrise, which should be the bushman's signal to commence his daily work. About fifty or a hundred yards from the hut are your stock-yard, men's huts, dairy, pigsties, and other buildings ; and around these you see the milch cows standing ready to be driven to the bails, while their calves are kept in a separate pen of fold, dry under foot, with a bedding of straw, and secure from their enemies, the wild dogs. The men are all up, and preparing to milk, and the stock-man, with a thin cloud of smoke issuing from his mouth, is seen in the distance, carrying his bridle in his hand, and trucking his horses, after finding which he will drive them to the huts, to be ready for use. On the side of that bank of clay may be seen a door from which a man has been passing to and fro with clean milking buckets, and tins, that glitter in the sun. This is the dairy, which is dug out in the ground like a cellar. Such dairies are often about thirty feet long and fourteen wide, the walls built up with stone, and heavy beams, with boards on the top, forming the roof, which is covered over with earth, and, when finished, is somewhat like the entrance to a railway tunnel. In the interior a row of tables, or more properly very broad shelves, is placed about breast high to set the milk upon, and down the centre may be seen a large table and other apparatus—as churn, salting-tubs, and the like. On each side are ranged the milk tins, clean and bright, and filled with yesterday's milk, which would have been sour and useless if not preserved with the greatest cleanliness in such cool places. Just outside the door is a large cask half-full of skimmed milk for the pigs ; or, if pigs are not kept, a puddle is observed, where the skimmed milk is thrown away.

After looking over the rest of the establishment, as the piggery, arable land and garden, your breakfast is ready, consisting of either a damper or leaven bread, bacon, ham, beef, fowls, eggs, mutton, butter or cream. All these ought to be the produce of your own farm ; the only foreign articles are tea and sugar, but which have been supplied you by the sale of your butter.

Perhaps some butcher or cattle-dealer has come into the neighbourhood to purchase fat cattle, and take a ride with you to the place where your herd are feeding, to look them over, find fault with the breed, and talk about the low price of meat. This you treat as “ all gammon,” little heeding any remarks of the kind ; but you endeavour to make the best bargain you can for ready money, or at least for a check on the bank.



After a long deal, you probably make some sales, when the whole mob is driven to the yards, and, the sold cattle being draughted out, you help to drive them a couple of miles along the road beyond their old run, after which they go steadily on to the town.

Whoever comes to your hut, whether a stranger or not, drinks with you, not wine but tea, for which the kettle is always on the hob, to be ready for any new arrival. Tea drinking and tobacco smoking are in vogue among all classes, and serve to while away many a dull hour. If in the bush you are hungry and without the means of obtaining food, then the advice is,—“Light your pipe and smoke;” so also, if thirsty,—“A smoke will relieve you.” If tired, there is nothing like smoking; and if particularly lively and happy—smoke; if you have made a good bargain—smoke; if a bad one—still smoke; but if you despise the weed, do not smoke, but be miserable and churlish with yourself and querulous at every trifle. \* \* \* \* \*

During the heat of the day, if no particular work present itself, you remain in your hut to talk or read, smoke and drink tea; but if you are busy, either draughting, branding, or seeking cattle, you pay little attention to the broiling sun. There is plenty of excitement attending many of the common occupations of cattle farming, such as hunting and sorting out the cattle on the runs, branding and draughting them in the yards, yoking and breaking in the young steers for draught, all which have to be done among most likely a good proportion of wild and savage-looking cattle. Some of the old stock-keepers are as cool as possible even in a yard filled with a mixed lot, among which are many termed Russians, and have only a small staff waddy, or nobby stick, wherewith to protect themselves.

Dinner is generally on the table at two or three o'clock, and consists of vegetables and salads grown upon the farm, and meat reared and fattened upon the pastures surrounding. It is accompanied by tea, which makes its appearance at every meal; and among the polite you may be asked to take a cup of tea instead of wine during the repast. At the tables of the rich and luxurious the difference is not seen between Adelaide and England; yet the difference ought to be great for any man who has to make his fortune and provide against a rainy day. \* \* \*

All work is over about six p. m., and tea ready; and if no friend or traveller is passing the night at the station, the evening is consumed over a paper or book, accompanied by smoking and tea drinking, or, if you please, your horse is put in requisition to carry you to a friend's hut, or whithersoever pleasure attracts or business requires.

With one more extract relating to the mineral resources of the colony we conclude our notice of a book, which is indeed a most valuable, as it is a most timely, addition to our stores of colonial literature:—

The first mine was discovered within sight of the town, on a broad bold range which rises from the plain on which Adelaide is built. The road from Mount Barker, and the different parts to the east of Adelaide, passed over this range; and, as the hill was steep, large drags were placed behind the drays to enable the bullocks to hold back and steadily descend the hill. One of these drags, striking against a stone in the road, broke off some shining substance, which was found to be good lead ore; and when this was seen every person was in a state of excitement until the place was opened and the load of ore discovered. After this event lead was found in other places along the range, and soon in places in all directions; and exaggerated accounts were promulgated, the only wonder being that all this had never been seen before. Copper and lead were found quite conspicuous in land of all descriptions; one man found them in his field, another dug pieces up in his garden; they were discovered in the dry water-courses, and clinging to the roots of trees; and each passer by, in town or out of town, had his pockets weighed down with specimens. Nothing was heard of but mines, minerals and mineral lands, special surveys and grand mining companies.

All this turned out well, and fortunate it was that it did so; for if mines of value had been opened, the excitement had so altered the channel of labour and steady industry, that the consequences would have been bad. In reality, then, the mines are not only plentiful and abundant, but the ores are extremely rich, perhaps exceeding in value any before discovered elsewhere. New comers are particularly struck

with the great show of wealth ; but it has developed itself so gradually to the colonists that they are becoming indifferent to it, and think little of new mineral discoveries, having made up their minds by anticipation to all such, and merely say, " Ah ! no doubt it is everywhere." The rage for carrying about specimens has, moreover, subsided, and only chimney-pieces are now burthened with them.

The misery and poverty of the colonists was at its highest pitch in the year 1843, in which year only 598 acres of land were sold by Government, and this at an average of 1*l.* 6*d.*; whereas, in the former year, the amount sold was 17,081½ acres, and in 1844, 3,428 acres ; since that time the amount of land sold has been very large. Special surveys of 20,000 acres each have been purchased, besides a large quantity of eighty acre sections. The price of land sold by the Government has been considerable, as much as 88*l.* 15*s.* per acre having in one instance been paid for eighty acres ; and in many cases the land has realised from 40*l.* to 50*l.* per acre.—*Atlas for June.*

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*Posthumous Works of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. Edited by the Rev. W. Hanna. (Daily Scripture Readings, vol. 3) Edinburgh : Sutherland and Knox. \* 1848.*

IN this volume of the *Horæ Bibliæ Quotidianæ*, the Old Testament commentary is brought down to the close of Jeremiah ; and there the present series ends. The next instalment of the Posthumous Works will contain the first volume of the *Horæ Sabbaticæ*—a devotional commentary upon the New Testament.

A great portion of the present issue is occupied with illustrations of the Psalms. The commentary here naturally assumes more of a devotional character than distinguished Dr. Chalmers' meditations on the historical books of the Old Testament. It reveals more of the heart of the writer ; tells us more of his self-questionings, of his aspirations, of his zealous, earnest, yet humble nature. In this respect it approaches more nearly to what, judged by Dr. Hanna's description of the *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, we are to expect from that work. Of these " readings" the editor says, " They are contemplative and devotional, passing generally into direct addresses to the Deity. . . . The meditative faculty takes its flight from one or other of the elevations to which the word has raised it ; but it soars freely and broadly away. And the region oftenest visited, and from which it brings the richest treasures, is the inner circle of the private and the personal." And this, in a lesser degree, is applicable to the commentary upon the Psalms, which has something of the character of a religious journal. Many passages will be read with profound interest, such is the insight they afford into the heart of the wise and pious writer. There are some meditations on the earlier part of the 37th Psalm which touchingly record the trials which it was his lot to endure in connection with the great cause with which he had so manfully and energetically identified in himself :—

This psalm is supposed to have been written by David during the evening of his days, and when at rest from all his enemies ; more a psalm of general instruction in piety and righteousness than of an occasional character. I delight in it greatly, both for the truth of principle and the experimental wisdom which mark its lessons. . . . The dissuasive against fretfulness is most strikingly and peculiarly applicable to myself ; and as grounded, too, on the consideration, that they against whom I fret will soon be brought to a common reckoning with myself. " Grudge not one against another : the judge is at the door." " Do all things without murmurings and

ings." . . . To "trust in the Lord and do good," is a comprehensive description of what subjective Christianity is in the general, as made up of faith and works ; but it also has a special application here to the case of those antagonists whose will of opinion is at the time wrongously carrying it over ours. God, if we but trust in Him, and do His will, may do us justice even on this side of death—giving us even here, if we but delight in Him, those other objects of delight on which our worthy and good desires are set—bringing to pass the way as we want it, if we but commit it to Him—and making the goodness of our cause manifest to all men. Meanwhile, let us be still in God, and wait patiently for the further evolutions of His Providence, and fret not ourselves because of the temporary influence and advantage over us which are possessed by other men. Let me in nowise fret against them, or indulge in that wrath which worketh not the righteousness of God. If our counsel be His counsel, it shall stand and be established. Let me in all cares, therefore, and cogitations about what is best for our Free Church, ever exercise myself unto godliness ; possessing my soul in patience, because assured that, if the counsel of them who are opposed be not of God, it will come to nought.

Give me the grace of meekness, O Lord ; I shall not have less of standing ground for my own counsel and views in consequence. And O for peace, for peace against enemies, and above all for the abundance of that peace in Christ which He has promised to His disciples, while He warns them that in the world they shall have tribulation. The hostilities which David experienced were of a grosser kind than those by which I am exercised ; but the lessons and the exercises which he observes or prescribes under them are fully applicable to controversies of another sort—such as the confidence that whatever is the purpose or design of the Lord, that shall stand—that whatever of malice or artifice has been employed against those of upright conversation, will in His good time be exposed and overthrown—the superiority of which the man of a pure and honest policy, with the little he yet has gained for it, has over adversaries of another spirit, though for the present carrying all before them—the certainty of a final triumph for all that is right and reasonable, and defeat of the opposite.

In the comments upon Isaiah and Jeremiah there is a just appreciation of the sublimity of those magnificent writers. Dr. Chalmers took no common delight in the poetry of the scriptures, and in his many-sidedness regarded them, at times, in their purely literary aspect. We give the following brief passage as characteristic of one of the phases of the writer's intellectual character :—

Isaiah xiv. 9-20.—"Hell" is *sepulchrum*—Hades—the lower parts of the earth—not Gehenna or the place of punishment. Can aught be imagined more impressive than the kings of the nations, raised up from their thrones to meet the ghost of the King of Babylon ? or aught more pathetic and powerful than their reception address ? What a humiliating contrast—and with what effect it is given, between him when in glory as Lucifer, son of the morning, and him in his grave with the worms spread under him, and the worms covering him ! And all this was laid upon him as a punishment to his arrogance and high thoughts. He was brought down to *Shaol* (verse 15.) "to the sides of the pit." Bernadotte, after the battle of Leipsic, says of Napoleon, in his despatches—"Is this the great captain who made the nations to tremble ?" And Sir Walter Scott in his description of the proud barons of Roslin, each in his own chapelle, seems to have caught at least the poetic inspiration of verse 18. As a mere literary composition, the passage before us is beyond all rivalry.

There are some interesting remarks in the commentary on Isaiah, relative to the future prospects of the Jews. They refer more immediately to the prophecies contained in the 59th and 60th chapters ; and will, we doubt not, be read with no common interest by a considerable number of our readers :—

Isaiah lix. 16-21.—The expressions used in this passage are not adequately met by any past deliverance of the Jews, or any chastisement inflicted yet upon their adver-

saries. We believe that when to the islands He will repay recompense, it will be a wide-world hostility that He shall then deal with. It looks as if the small remnant of altogether Christians, over-borne by infidelity, united perhaps with Popery, will have their first dawnings of a day of redemption in the manifestation of God's favour to the Jews, whether through sensible tokens from Him, or through the symptoms among them of a national return to that faith which rests on the foundation of their own prophets, as well as of the apostles of Christianity. This may cause a re-action among the powers of this world; but the spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against them, and the result will be a universal triumph for the church, whereof Zion shall then be the centre or capital. And the Redeemer will then come to this metropolis of the regenerated world, (Zech. xiv,) but whether in the way of a personal appearance or not I am not able to say.

Isaiah lx. 1-10.—This seems still an address to the Jews, who will by this time form the nucleus and central attraction of the Christian church—a church in broad and discernible contrast with a world lying in darkness and wickedness; nevertheless, all round will many flock towards this peculiar society. The general effect of the chapter is highly in favour of its being the Jews who are here set forth as the centre towards which there is to be a wide-world movement. Even themselves will be solemnised with a spectacle in which they will so obviously discern the hand of God—in turning the hearts of kings to favour them, and bringing wealth and crowds of adherents towards them from all the quarters of the earth. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem will then prove the type of a far more glorious fulfilment—when the isles of the Gentiles shall give in, and become the willing tributaries of a spiritual monarchy that will rule over the men of all lands.

11-22.—I cannot doubt the identity of this prophetic description with that in Rev xxi. 22-26; and if so, it greatly confirms the now growing persuasion that the Jews will bear a very prominent and ostensible part in the world's regeneration. The Gentiles are clearly represented as tributary and subordinate to the Jews, though they shall be willing tributaries, and will yield spontaneous obedience to the government of truth and righteousness that will then be set up in the earth. God will then be recognised by all as the Mighty One of Jacob ..... Verse 17, last clause, is a notable. We do not understand how to take the expressions that would indicate a disappearance of the solar and lunar light from that new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—Hasten that blessed time, O Lord, when the people shall all be righteousness; and, O grant to me and mine that we shall stand with acceptance on that day before the Son of man.....This chapter forms altogether a most regaling prophecy; and serves greatly to establish the future restoration of Israel, as being the common subject both of the Apocalypse and the older prophets.—*Atlas for June.*

## ORIGINAL NOTICES.

### *Dr. Hoffmeister's Travels, in Thibet.*

We continue our notice\* of this interesting tour in the Himalayas. Having left the travellers enjoying "The Coolies' chorus" at Lippa—we rejoin them at Kanum, where a Buddhist monastery and the Lama's dwelling and the chief Lama are thus described:—

"Mounting a sort of henhouse-ladder, I reached the terrace immediately above, to which I was obliged to fight my way against several furious dogs. Here I found myself on a level with the roofs of the houses below; street and house-tops are here one and the same, and covered with the same layer of earth: in not a few cases when the door below is wanting, the only entrance to the house is from its roof.

"On the top of one of the largest houses, I saw an aged man, in a brownish red mantle and a red cap, pacing up and down, and diligently threading his rosary backwards and forwards between his fingers, while a younger man and woman, both

attired in the same hue, were spreading out the grain on the flat house-top. Other figures, also in red gowns, and not one without the rosary, were gliding about, bringing forward fresh sheaves of wheat. I at once concluded that this was one of the Buddhist monasteries, which I knew to exist in Kanum. The old man beckoned to me to approach, and I stood for a while looking at these people as they moved up and down; they were soon joined by several women clad in the same capuchin of brownish red. They were the brethren and the sisters of the monastery and nunnery, and the aged father was the Lama or President of the former.

"I wandered on along several other roofs, everywhere received without the slightest shyness or reserve, and even gladly welcomed. One old woman, whose grandchildren I had been caressing, came to me in a very friendly manner, and discoursed to me at great length and with most voluble loquacity: the peroration of her address, — all the rest of which was utterly unintelligible to me, — being loud peals of laughter, in which all her neighbours of both sexes took part. In conclusion, the venerable dame presented me, amid many extraordinary gesticulations, with a bundle of herbs and vegetables from her kitchen garden. I endeavoured, as best I could, to make myself understood by her; but all my efforts only occasioned fresh bursts of laughter; for the language of these people is totally different from the Hindui, no less than from the Hindostani, being known as the *Kunauri* or *Milchan*.

"I now bent my steps toward our tent, laden with various species of grain peculiar to this district, for the most part winter corn, bicuspidated barley, wheat of most remarkable beauty, &c. The summer fruits of the earth are peas, vetches, broad Windsor beans, turnips, and oleaginous plants.

"Meeting my fellow-travellers on the way, I returned with them straightway, to visit a more distant quarter of the town. we found it all alive with industrious inhabitants, busily engaged in the labours of their harvest-home. They generally use, for carrying in the corn, large baskets, which they bear upon the back; much of it is however also brought in from the terraces on asses. One apparently prosperous and wealthy man, — probably a naturalised foreigner, for he wore a garment of white muslin, and a flat turban instead of the felt cap, — was looking down at the labourers from the roof of his house, giving them directions and imparting his commands. Another party was occupied in treading out the grain with horses, on a spacious threshing-floor, enclosed by a wall. This is the only service that horses are here required to perform; they are never yoked to any vehicle, nor made to bear a saddle: the wild and spirited animals are chased round upon the spread-out corn; a man with a stick hung with little streamers, and another with a long whip, were driving them up and down at a gallop. This mode of threshing makes a fearful dust, and the straw is trodden to nothing.

"After wandering along several narrow, dirty lanes, between half-dilapidated walls, and dwellings ornamented with very ancient horns of the bhural and the wild goat, we reached the last row of houses, contiguous to which is a grove of tall juniper-trees. That tree here attains a height of from thirty to forty feet. A long line of sepulchral-looking monuments forms the boundary of this spot; among them stand several of the urns to which I have so often alluded, — one of a brownish yellow, one white, and one black, under the same roof: what these different colours signify, I failed in every attempt to ascertain.

"Our attention was attracted by a large edifice at the extremity of the town: it is a hollow square, enclosing a small, open court. An old man with a venerable hoary beard, clad in the ordinary red mantle, and busily engaged in counting his rosary amid muttered prayers, came forward upon the roof and beckoned to us. He made himself known as a head-Lama, and promised to do the honours of the temple to which his dwelling is attached, as soon as he should have finished his devotions. Without much ceremonizing, we accepted his invitation, and, as a preliminary step, descended by the uncouth ladder into the court, to seize the favourable opportunity for seeing the interior of a Kunawuree dwelling. The ground-floor contains only store-rooms and cow-stalls; in the second story, which has a verandah about two feet wide, towards the court, we found an apartment which appeared to be the Lama's state-room, for it contained two rudely-worked chairs and a table, articles of which he was exceedingly proud. Meantime he was so completely absorbed in his rosary, that he seemed utterly unconscious of our throwing open every door and window.

shutter in his house. The plan of the building would have excited our admiration,—being upon the whole both pretty and judiciously devised,—had not all the details been so shabbily and unskillfully executed. Every door and window opens into the inner court. Upon the roof, and on the top of the colonnade which surrounds the court, are little gardens, filled with iris, datura, and tagetes, which find abundant nourishment in the material of the roof.

“When at length his prayer admitted of a pause, the aged Lama led us down into the court, by the trunk of a tall tree with steps hewn in it,—the only kind of stair I ever saw in these parts,—drew out a long wooden key, and intimated by a significant and mysterious gesture that we should follow him. The long key opened a large folding door at the bottom of the court, the entrance to the sanctuary or small temple, which, as a great favour, he was about to show us.

“What strange and wondrous things did we see crowded together in this darksome hall! The light of heaven glimmers in only through an aperture in the ceiling, and through the open door, the sacred threshold of which we were not allowed to pass. The principal object is a large gilded idol, representing *Mahadeva* whom I should not have expected to find in a Lama temple. The image stands in a sort of shrine, with two open doors painted with golden stars and enclosed in a gilt border; its effect, in this magic and shadowy light, was most unearthly: it was almost the only object that could be distinctly recognized amid the surrounding gloom. A balustrade, hung with red streamers, enclosed the space round it; to its right, lay a multitude of strange instruments apparently of very ancient date,—huge-bellied brazen trumpets, with drums and kettle-drums of most various dimensions; to its left, a number of flags, a great bell, and divers coarsely painted figures of clay. At the first glance, the walls appeared hung with many-coloured paper; but when the eye had become accustomed to the lugubrious shades, we perceived them to be covered with small tablets of unbaked clay, about the size of ordinary Dutch tiles. They are apparently manufactured in a wooden mould, and contain diminutive figures of Buddha, in four different colours, yellow, red, grey and white. In many places, they had fallen off and were lying on the ground; of these the old priest willingly gave us as many as we wished to have; unfortunately however, these works of art are fragile in the extreme. Strange to say, with all his absorbing and long-continued prayer, the aged Lama displayed not the slightest veneration for his gods, but replied to our queries, and gesticulated amid great laughter, ever and anon sinking again into his devout abstraction: moreover, he had evidently reckoned with avaricious longing upon the money he received at parting.”

“The Chief-Lama had announced his intention of honouring us with a meeting, promising at the same time, to exhibit the interior of the great temple, beside which we had encamped. Climbing up the stair-tree, we entered the building by a small, low door, which led us into a long and lofty ante-chamber, washed with yellow paint. On its longest side were doors opening into the temple itself. Here we were met by the Chief-Lama, a figure whose whole appearance and bearing were striking and majestic in the extreme. I felt as though I were beholding one of the philosophers of antiquity, Cato or Seneca himself. Picture to yourself an aged man of tall and stately form, wrapped in the long and ample toga of dark-red wool: his head uncovered, his snow-white locks cut short, while his long and hoary beard flows down upon his breast: the rosary suspended from his girdle, and under his arm a large book.\*

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\* It is commonly asserted, as mentioned by Mr. Hamilton, that the art of printing, that mighty engine of good and of evil, has from a very remote period been practised in Thibet, though so limited in its use by the influence of superstition, that it has not undergone any improvement. Copies of the religious books of Lama-worship are multiplied, not by moveable types but by means of set forms of the nature of stereotype, which are impressed on thin slips of paper of Thibetian fabrication. The alphabet and character are acknowledged to be derived from the Sanscrit. It is a general belief throughout Thibet, that the arts and sciences had their origin in the holy city of Benares, which, as well as other Indian places of pilgrimage, is much venerated, and not frequently visited by the devout Thibetians. Although religious ceremonies of every kind are performed exclusively by the Lamas and Gylongs, the laity are not restricted from the study of their sacred books.—*Tr.*

After saluting the Prince, he opened the doors, so as to afford us a full survey of the whole interior of the temple. Here too, the largest of the many images of the gods was a gilded *Mahadeo*, the other smaller ones being of stone or of bronze. To the right and left stood large, green, varnished cabinets, painted in gold, with a number of drawers, containing manuscripts : a multitude of mystic objects filled the remaining space. Unfortunately, it was impossible to make ourselves intelligible to our kind and venerable friend ; for, besides the language of this district being unknown equally to our interpreters and to ourselves, his deafness precluded even the slightest attempt at conversation."

Here are other instances of their perilous wanderings :—

"Meantime, leaving them to their dilatory proceedings, we descended the last thousand feet, where difficulties again awaited us, as the lower part of the mountain is very steep, and consists of smooth, yellow granite, and quartz-rock ; our course was moreover frequently interrupted by precipitous chasms and gullies, cut by snow-torrents. The slope immediately on the banks of the river here, as on those of all the more considerable streams among these mountains, consists of perpendicular ramparts of great height, so that it was found utterly impossible to approach the channel of the river, far more to build a bridge : and not a trace of bridge-building was to be seen,—not a single tree had even been brought down to the water's edge.

"There was here but one route by which we could descend. It consisted of the remains of an avalanche, which in spring had choked up the bed of the river, and had hitherto served as a bridge. Unfortunately this mass of debacles had recently fallen in, and one gigantic tower of snow was now left standing alone on either side ; even these mighty piers of the quondam bridge had been partly washed away by the current at their base, while the glowing sun above, no less fatal a destroyer, caused the melted particles to trickle down their sides. We descended with great difficulty on these wet and dirty banks of snow, and when all was done, we found ourselves at the very margin of the river indeed, but without any means of transit across its rapid waters. We were constrained, on account of the distance from the wood, and of the difficulty of transport, to relinquish all idea of bringing down timber and beams for building ; ropes of sufficient length too were wanting, and if we had had them, they must have proved useless by reason of the frowning crags on the opposite shore. At length a huge cedar-stem, torn down by the rushing avalanche, was disentangled, and one grand effort was put forth to drag it to the narrowest part of the stream ; after long and arduous labour, in the course of which we were all drenched to the skin, and covered with black mud, we were forced to abandon this plan also ; for the tree became deeply imbedded in the sand, and no power of ours could move it from the spot. In this dilemma, we at last learned that a better place for constructing a bridge was to be found elsewhere ; for actually our pioneers had been too indolent even to obtain proper information regarding the locality.

"In order to reach the spot pointed out to us, we were obliged to clamber up an abrupt cliff, then to ascend a steep acclivity, several hundred feet in height, and covered with loose fragments of rock, and finally, to scale a conical mass of granite, without the slightest vestige of a path. The slope of loose debris was expected to present the most insuperable obstacle : it proved otherwise ; the blocks of stone did not yield beneath our feet, and when we reached the granite rock above, we found flat ledges and narrow fissures enough, so that, clambering up with hands and feet, we did at last gain the top of the cone, just in time to guide our coolies,—who were at that moment coming up,—to the right course by our shouts.

"The second spot selected for the passage of the river, seemed at any rate, less dangerous than the first ; for although the stream, fifty feet across, dashes its raging billows through the narrow gorge, a solid pier presents itself in the midst of its eddy, in the shape of a huge mass of rock. If it be but possible to gain that point, all is safe ; for it lies not very far from the opposite shore : unfortunately, however, it offers no jutting corners, but presents, on the side towards which we descended, a smooth face of from sixteen to twenty feet in height. Without delay we proceeded to the work of building ; there was no time to lose ; for already, in the depths of this contracted defile, the shades of twilight were threatening to overtake us : each coolie must needs give a helping hand ; stones were collected, and trees hewn down and driven into the bed of the river.

"The work advanced more rapidly than I had expected. As soon as a few firm points in the stream had been secured, the rock in its centre was, with the assistance of a hastily-made ladder, speedily gained; from it a second rock was reached by means of a short bridge laid across, and thence the opposite bank itself was attained. At each hazardous spot, one of our party seated himself, to stretch out a helping hand to the coolies and coolias, and thus bring them safely across. After three hours of very arduous toil, the whole party and the whole baggage were on the further side. But we were still far from our station of Chasoo; a steep acclivity rose in front of us, and when, with much difficulty and fatigue, we reached its top, we found ourselves deluded, again and again, by a false hope, as, at each turn of the path, we expected to see the village immediately before us.

"At length however it did appear,—like a green oasis in the rocky desert at our feet. What a refreshment for our weary eyes and limbs!

"Our route continued along the banks of the river, in a north-easterly direction; we were some eighteen hundred feet or so above its waters, and yet so near the brink that we could cast a stone into its pools. But soon the few faint traces of a path disappeared; we followed our guide in silence, as he stepped forward, deeply imprinting his wary footsteps, and searching for unyielding spots of ground or firm and solid stones. Often we were obliged, in order to turn the flank of a smooth and perpendicular face of rock, to slide down several hundred feet; often again our way led us over the jagged edge of a projecting cliff, overhanging the deep and rugged gorge. In many places the only possible means by which we could advance, was to lie flat on our faces, and thus glide down, while the guide directed our feet, and another attendant held us firmly by the neck. Our "Alpen-stocks" were nearly useless, as we were forced to use both hands to help ourselves.

"Thus sliding in every variety of posture, standing, sitting, lying prostrate, proving each stone before we ventured upon it, or,—when the pioneer with a bold spring had precipitated into the depth the entire layer of loose earth over which our course lay,—rummaging out, with the points of our poles, hollows in the wall of rock which might serve as props on which to rest our weight, we advanced in a most tedious and unpleasant manner; and the continual view of the open abyss, ready to swallow us up together with the rolling débris, was so overwhelming, that at each tolerably secure spot, we sank down faint and exhausted. The glare of the sun however soon drove on the weary traveller from his rest,—still forward, forward,—once more to attempt this hazardous exploit.

"Those parts in which we had to scramble down over loose débris were decidedly worse than all the rest; for there, the stones, detached by those who followed, rolled downwards on the advanced guard of our party.

"For six long hours our path proceeded after this fashion. How we one and all passed so prosperously over the dangerous spots,—the very remembrance of which still makes me shudder,—and still more, how the heavy-laden bearers passed over them \*without breaking their necks, is to me a complete enigma. It was one of the most arduous days of our whole travels, and one the perils of which I would not willingly go through again."

Chasoo is like his oft described Himalayan hamlet, a village of flat houses and apricot gardens, with inhabitants *as before*. Indeed the inevitable repetition of circumstances in an accurate diary, makes it rather wearisome, and tends to swell the book unnecessarily.

We shall therefore continue the narration at the 12th letter on the frontier of Thibet:—

"After repeated unsuccessful attempts, His Royal Highness succeeded, on the 6th of August, in traversing the boundary of Thibet; not indeed at the place originally contemplated, but in a highly interesting part of the country; and thus we actually penetrated within the barriers of the Celestial Empire!

"Four sturdy yak-oxen stood in readiness for us to mount their woolly backs; the baggage-sheep were saddled and packed, and a merry band of village dames and maidens, all clad in the loose red trowsers, were bustling about with the remainder of our luggage, amid incessant laughter and singing. The men, on the frontier and



in Thibet, act as bearers only when forced to do so ; and the whole burden of agricultural and of domestic toils they also leave to the women. It was a matter of some difficulty to gain a firm seat on the backs of our novel steeds, caparisoned with our Greek capotes by way of saddles ; for they are very shy, and kick with their hind-feet, turning their heads round perpetually, as if about to gore their riders. About half-past nine o'clock, we set out on our expedition, leaving behind us the apricot-groves of Namdja, and thus bidding farewell to the last oasis in the desert of rocks and of débris through which the Sutlej forces its way.

"Although our path appeared, from a distance, to be extremely dangerous, it proved quite sufficiently firm and level for our broad-footed yak-oxen, noble beasts with the thick, silky, white fringe under the body, and the bushy tail, both of which sweep the ground : but soon the steepness increased so much that these poor animals began to groan, or rather grunt,\* in the most melancholy manner, and this unearthly music gradually rose to such a violent rattle, that,—driven rather by its irksome sound than by the discomfort of our saddleless seats,—we dismounted at the end of the first half-hour.

"How dreary, yet how imposing, is the prospect of those rude, steep, rocky masses of shattered slate, between which the roaring Thibetian river thunders its dark yellow waves. Not a shrub, not a green herb to gladden the eye ; as far as it can reach, nothing is seen but rock after rock, tumbled together in wild ruins, or frowning in stern crags, descending in deep and startling precipices, or towering,—if indeed the mist allows a glimpse of those stupendous heights,—into bold mountain peaks and lofty pinnacles, crowned with everlasting snow.

"The narrow path winds, for several hours, along the ramparts of the gorge,—which consist of yellowish-gray débris,—at a level of from five to eight hundred feet above the channel of the river ; frequently interrupted by deep and rugged hollows, constraining us to make great circuits. Besides the brooks,—which indeed are by no means numerous,—I found a number of interesting plants : the region of snow is also encircled by a belt of verdure ; but unfortunately, beyond the compass of the snow-streams, this fresh vegetation abruptly terminates, and nothing is left but that parched, cheerless worm-wood, and some few dwarf cypresses.

"We were now mounting higher and higher : suddenly we halted on the brink of a perpendicular chasm, cleft in the rocky bulwark of the river-glen by the little brook Koopsung or Oopsung. We descended to the water's edge, a depth of from four to five hundred feet, by a steep flight of steps hewn in the living rock, a difficult descent, and more particularly so to our yak-oxen. This rivulet, which leaps down into the Sutlej in beautiful cascades, afforded us the refreshment of pure water, a circumstance worthy of note, since we found drinkable water only twice on this tour. In the hollow beside its margin we found, lying down to rest a flock of Thibetian gouts and sheep, laden with Cashmere wool ("Lena") and Shawl-wool ("Uhn") packed in sacks laid across their backs. We were now upon the great road leading from Ladak through Thibet.

"Turning back on gaining the height on the further side of the ravine, we beheld the whole procession of female bearers, only then winding down the long stair. One plant after another here presented itself ; at first only prickly steppe-plants, but presently roses, willow-herb and gentians ; for we were, while ascending higher and higher still, approaching nearer and nearer to the snow-line, and to the pass which defends the boundary of the Celestial Empire. The clay-slate, which had hitherto accompanied us, altogether disappears here, and makes way for a yellow granite, huge masses of which form the summit of the pass : between these, the ground is covered with a wide-spreading and thorny furze,—species of *Genista* and *Astragalus*.

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\* From this peculiar sound the animal derives its name of *Bos grunniens* ; by some naturalists it is designated the *Bos poephugus*. Besides the important article of trade furnished by the yak-oxen in their tails, which are sold in all parts of India as chowries, and as ornamental trappings for horses and elephants, and commonly used in Persia and Turkey for standards, dyed crimson and known under the name of horse-tails, they are valued by the natives of Thibet for their long hair, used in the manufacture of tents, ropes, &c., and for their rich and abundant milk.—Tr.

"From the top of an immense block of granite, we commanded, for the first time, a panoramic view of the plains of Thibet. Below us extended a countless succession of mountain ranges, each one loftier than the more distant one beyond; the last gentle wave of this mighty ocean of hills dying away, in the remote horizon, into a broad, straight line,—the first we had seen for many a long day; it was the elevated table-land of Thibet.

"The wild and rugged character of the banks of the Sutlej had now passed away: and we here found its waters flowing between softly sloping hills, still however as naked and sombre, as monotonously gray, as those over which we had passed before: only in the depths of the little vallies did we here and there see a verdant stretch of flourishing wheat fields, and a group of flat-roofed houses embosomed in an apricot grove: far as the eye could reach, no forest was to be seen. Yet these bare and desert ranges of hills had a beauty, a charm, which I know not whether to attribute to the exquisite radiance shed over them by the gorgeous illumination of the western sky, to the mysterious and spell-bound unknown that lay concealed beyond, or to the exciting feeling that we were on the very threshold of the Celestial Empire.

"Our resting-place, the frontier village of Shipkee, was not yet visible; but we could descry three or four more distant villages, and could follow,—alas! with our eyes only,—a path winding across the barren mountain-ridges, into the interior of that hidden land. How much did I envy the lammergeiers the freedom of their flight, as, poised in mid-air, they circled high above our heads!

"To our left, towered the majestic Purkyul, with its thousand sharp cones and pinnacles, like some gigantic Termites-hill: the greater part of it was covered with snow.

"We descended from this commanding point by gentle zigzags, through tall bushes of furze, the home of a multitude of partridges and of small mountain-hares (*Lagomys*);\* and in two hours we arrived at Shipkee: the last portion of the way only was fatiguing from its steepness.

"The village, built in the form of a semi-circle round the valley of a little rivulet, lies in the centre of a wood of apricot-trees, amid the tender verdure of rich fields, which, by means of skilful irrigation, are made to bear two crops yearly. The houses,—from twenty to thirty in number, and many of them very ruinous,—stand about two hundred feet above the river, which here bears the name of LUNG,—a name however which the natives seem unwilling to pronounce.

"We had heard much of the rude inhospitality of the Thibetians; but nothing occurred in our own experience to confirm such a statement. We were suffered to carry on our proceedings undisturbed, while we set up our tent on the roof of an untenanted house of one story; the long-cued, red gowned figures only pressed forward inquisitively around us, and watched our movements with a smile. They were smoking their small silver pipes the while, or turning their prayer-cylinders; others, shaking their heads, were examining, with the deepest attention, the texture of our clothes, the buttons, knives, and utensils,—in short, every thing on and about us; and the women, clad in the same red costume, and tricked out with amber, brass and many-coloured stones, were standing a little farther off, laughing immoderately.

"Notwithstanding the Emperor's mandate, which forbids the supplying of any victuals to foreigners under pain of being ripped up, these villagers brought us milk and apricots in as great abundance as we could possibly desire. By degrees, the

\* An animal unknown to scientific tourists among the Himalayas, until a comparatively recent period: it was discovered by Dr. Royle, and named after him the *Lagomys Roylei*. To the Zoologist it is peculiarly interesting, as the other species of the Genus, from all of which it differs more or less, have been found only in Northern Asia and among the rocky mountains of North-West America. The length of the *Lagomys Roylei* is about nine inches: like most of the other animals inhabiting the elevated regions of Kunawur, Thibet, &c., it has a soft rich fur below the coarse outer hair. The former is of a blue-black colour; the latter dark-brown; and usually about an inch in length: the face is somewhat shaggy, and the ears are of a singular funnel-like form. By some travellers the *Lagomys* has been erroneously described as a tailless rat.—T.R.

whole population, men, women and children, assembled to stare and to laugh at the strange, unwonted intruders. The men are tall and well made, and have moreover, generally, agreeable features : still, the Tartar descent is betrayed by the broad cheek-bones, and the long oblique eye turned upward at the outward extremity. The difference between the population of Northern Bissahir and that of Thibet is scarcely perceptible ; the features, the costume, and the manners and customs are the same, with this distinction only, that the inhabitants of Bissahir are friendly, merry, and yet modest ; those of Thibet on the contrary, the most impudent, filthy, vulgar, rabble upon the face of the earth ; they cheat and chaffer like the Jews, and practise deception whenever opportunity offers.

"The costume of both sexes consists of a caftan, a pair of loose drawers, and high cloth boots of motley patchwork ; the women are marked only by their drawers being a little longer, and by their plaited cues of black hair, shining with grease, which hang down the back in a multitude of narrow cords, bound together with imitation-agates made of glass, innumerable shells, and pieces of amber. Round the neck they wear, besides amulets, from ten to twenty strings of lumps of amber, false stones, lapis-lazuli, and turquoises of great beauty. The men content themselves with one cue, which, to make it very long and thick, is interwoven with sheep's wool.

"Among the numerous dignitaries of this little place, who without the slightest shyness forced their way into our tent were two doctors, an elderly and a younger man. They intimated their earnest desire to make my acquaintance, and the elder one, by way of salutation, touched my brow with the points of his folded hands. Our conversation was necessarily somewhat monosyllabic, as neither our interpreter nor any one of our attendants could speak the language of Thibet. I understood only enough to convince me that these people are extremely ignorant, and physicians as it were by inspiration alone. One showed me his case of surgical instruments, which hung from his girdle ; a long iron case, with a little drawer, beautifully inlaid with brass. It contained a number of lancets, or rather fleams, which are struck with a hammer to open a vein, a variety of rudely wrought iron knives, and a razor. He had set his heart on exchanging his instruments for mine, and for the sake of curiosity, I actually gave him one of my lancets for two of his fleams : he departed quite proud of his new possession.

"Having positively ascertained that no Chinese official in the Emperor's service was here posted to hinder our progress, we proceeded the next day in our attempt to penetrate into the interior of the land.

"We crossed several spurs of the ranges of hills, for the sake of reaching the nearest lateral valley, with its small village and gladsome brook ; for where there is no water, the eye wanders only over arid masses of broken slate, with a sear and scanty clothing of thistles and steppe-grasses, thorny *Astragalus* and bushy *Genista*. All the villages are situated at a height of several hundred feet above the Sutej.

"Within three hours we reached the next village, Krok, which had been visited by one European only, a long time since ; smiling fields, and apricot trees bending beneath a load of fruit, encircle this neatly-built group of houses. On the flat roofs, we saw the women busied in threshing out the wheat, with flails exactly similar in form to those used among us in Germany,—whereas in Kunawur and in the valley of the Buspa, the grain is trodden out by horse or oxen driven forward over the sheaves. Even on the slope above Krok, we found the usual slabs of stone with Lama inscriptions, the piles being here of great extent. From this place a steep descent of some four hundred feet leads to the terraced fields of the well watered valley, waving with rich crops of young and tender barley ("*Njong*" and yellow wheat, ("*Jaong*,") already partly reaped. Above the quartz rocks of the river-side precipices, there appears a deep stratum of very beautiful iron-ore, (hematite) which however, owing to the want of timber for fuel, cannot be turned to any account.

"I was the first of the party to reach the village, which consists of some thirty scattered houses. I sought shelter from the overwhelming heat of the sun, beneath a spreading apricot-tree ; but scarcely had I established myself there, to enjoy the luxury of repose, when the inquisitive villagers discovered my retreat, and gathered in troops to obtain a full view of this extraordinary apparition of a European : women in long drawers, and cloth boots with felt tops,—men in the red or white "*Bakoo*" with the broad woollen belt,—the elders of the village smoking their silver

pipes. A couple of aged Lamas enlightened the rest on the subject of my descent and of my fatherland. My clothes and my pockets, my portfolio of plants and my boxes of insects, all were examined with minute attention and unshrinking importunity; and the very garments were well nigh torn from off my back; moreover, I am shocked to say that during all this overhauling, the fair sex decidedly manifested the greater impudence.

"Meanwhile, the Prince with his companions had arrived, and straightway the process of inspection and manipulation re-commenced from the beginning. When they perceived that we had a mind to make purchases, they produced a multitude of strange wares,—trinkets, necklaces, pipes, &c.—for all of which they asked the most exorbitant prices. Each man wears a brass spoon, a tinder-pouch, and a woollen sling with stones in it, hanging by his belt; the women have, in addition to these, a small pair of brass pincers, which they use for twitching out the hairs from their chin, and many other non-descript instruments besides. Willing as they were to part with their goods and chattels for money, however trifling the coin might be, their jealousy on other points was keen in proportion to their avarice: specimens of seeds and of various kinds of grain which I had collected were secretly abstracted from my pockets, and they could only be prevailed on to tell me the names of the river and the village, on condition of my not writing them down. One of the elders of the people, a fine-looking old man with a shrewd countenance, on my attempting to draw his portrait, flew at my sketch-book, and endeavoured forcibly to snatch it from me; when that measure of violence failed, he had recourse to the pathetic, throwing himself on his knees before me with gestures of deepest anguish, and seizing me by the beard.

"This was the only means which I discovered on this occasion for distancing from our tents the uninvited guests; whenever their importunity exceeded all bounds, I assumed an attitude as if about to draw their portraits; instantly they fled, neck and heels, as if driven away by some evil spirit. Nevertheless I did succeed in committing to my sketch-book some few costumes.

"The faces were, for the most part, of really frightful and repulsive ugliness,—the bridge of the nose deeply depressed,—the nasal stump scarce visibly protruding,—and the mouth very large and gaping wide.

"The most hideous and filthy were the women, many of whom were spinning wool with the spindle, but without using the bowl as is customary with the women of Nako and Leoo.

"We returned to Shipkee accompanied by two of the inhabitants of Kjek, who imparted to me, on our way, that the tablets of stone above described are paid for by the people of the village, that on solemn occasions the heads of families cause many such to be made, and that the Lama alone understands the art of engraving them. The inscription "*Om man neh pa deh hung*" is found unchanged here also, but sometimes repeated several times on one slab.

"Our night at Shipkee was by no means of the most agreeable; till a very late hour we were incessantly disturbed by the intrusions of those impudent Thibetians, who boldly forced their way into our tent, always bringing some new article for sale. Moreover, to add to our disquietude, the gnats and other insects were most annoying, and allowed us scarcely any sleep.

"Setting out at nine o'clock on the following morning (the 8th of August) to re-ascend the pass, we gained its height in two hours and a half, and arrived the same evening once more at Namdja. At that place, while I was sitting alone in the tent, a company of Lamas appeared, and straightway there arose the sound of soft and solemn singing. First one voice began by reciting,—with alternately rising and falling cadence,—a sort of monologue; then the chorus joined in, with melodious voices and long sustained notes, in a somewhat high key. The whole strain reminded me of the anthems of the Romish Church with the amen of the chorister boys; and altogether, as an accompaniment to the strange figures in their picturesque red mantles and red caps with their yellow Lama insignia, produced a solemn and romantic effect.

"From Namdja, we descended, by a steep path, covered with loose, rocky fragments, to the Sulej, which we were now to cross. The "*sangho*" here, although spanning a stream fully thirty paces wide, is the worst we ever passed over; an old and tottering fabric,—fragile at the best, being woven only of willow branches and bass from various trees. In the middle of it, we were obliged to help ourselves

forward almost entirely with our hands, the open frame-work of sticks which had served as footpath having fallen out : and, to add to the difficulty, it is so loose that the two extremities being fastened to the opposite banks it sinks suddenly towards, the centre, forming a sharp angle.

"Fresh toils awaited us on the further side, as we must needs cross the stupendous dam which here confines the course of the river,—a ridge of rocks, six thousand feet in height,—before we could enter the valley of the *LEE*. From afar, the path seems like a narrow stripe drawn upon a smooth wall, however we found it in reality less dangerous than those we had traversed on previous days.

"At the entrance of the oasis on which stands the small village of *GIMUTH*, (*Muth*) a number of Lamas again advanced to receive the Prince, with their choral chanting, said to consist of portions of the "*Tamshuh*," their sacred book.

"Above the green spot we turned to the Northward, ascending a lofty pass by a difficult, but well-kept path. From this elevation we beheld the wide-spread tract of mountain wreck, stretching along the left bank of the *Lee*, in tame, undulating hills, and melting away in the dimness of a distant and undefined horizon. The path itself is covered with gray lime-stone. We marched on for eight hours before arriving at the large village of *NAKO*, situated in the midst of this steppe, at a height of eleven thousand, two hundred feet above the sea. Here apricots refuse to thrive, and no second crop of grain can be obtained. The agricultural produce consists chiefly of rape, ("*Njunker*") "*Phapur*," wheat, barley, spelt and leguminous plants. In front of the village, which lies between huge granite blocks, is a little lake, surrounded by willows, the only trees to be seen in the neighbourhood. The costume is, upon the whole, the same as that of *Namdja*, except that the men wear no eues ; and the women,—of whom I saw many spinning wool in the market-place, while others were seated, weaving busily at a primitive kind of loom,—wear, round the throat, a most extraordinary ornament, like a dog's collar, and round the waist a sort of bell-rope covered with blue glass-beads.

"Before setting out for *Leco*, we were conducted by the Lama,—a man still in the prime of life,—over the temple, an unadorned, square building, painted dark-red, which stands at the west end of the place. The lowly wooden door was opened to us without any difficulty, and we were permitted to enter. It is the only aperture by which light penetrates ; consequently, the darkness of the interior was such, that it was not till we had gazed for some time that we could distinguish the various images of the gods, which the Lama was explaining to us. Over against the door stands, raised upon a pedestal, a small idol ; a larger one is placed immediately behind it. The first image represents "*Lobun Putna*," his face is green, and he is clothed in stuff. The second or principal figure is called, "*Dorjee Simba*," over his head hovers the blue, winged and beaked "*Chakium*," holding in his beak a string of pearls. To the right hand of these two, stands the yellow "*Nana theia*," to the left the red "*Vinshun joongna*." Further off, stands in a niche on the right, "*Thevadna*," and to the left, "*Naburnangse*," the complexions of the two latter are green and blue respectively. A quadrangular space, separated from these images of the gods by a threshold of large beams, serves as a floor on which to dry the blades of "*phapur*," the food of the priests.

"The walls are unfortunately in a very ruinous condition, but we could still distinctly trace on them a finely executed painting in size-colour, in which Chinese forms and Chinese taste are easily recognised. Rows of sitting figures with very expressive faces, are there represented ; each figure is about six feet high, and surrounded by all manner of volutes and fantastic ornaments in gold and various gay hues. The ceiling is also covered with Chinese designs in gilding, and ancient Chinese banners of bright colours are hung from the pillars of the middle aisle.

"All the images of the gods are of some merit as works of sculpture, but unfortunately so covered, as indeed everything else is, with dust and dirt, as to make it evident that no cleansing hand has touched them for many a long year.

"The Lama manifested endless uncertainty regarding the antiquity and the purpose of this sanctuary ; moreover, he allowed us to take as many as we chose of the little clay figures of every imaginable Indian divinity, which lay heaped up together in a niche.

"Over against this temple stands another smaller one, built in the same style, and of fully as great antiquity. The principal idol contained in it is the statue of a

female divinity, standing in the middle wall : it is the goddess "*Doolma* !" over her the "*Chakium*" is again seen to hover, with its square, blue wings, and beaked head. Dragons with long probosces stand on either side, and small white elephants at the feet of the image. On her right and left are seated four figures, with faces of four different colours ; their names were not mentioned to us. The Lama indeed stated them to be the servants of "*Doolma*," and alleged that they had no names. The remainder of the walls is covered with figures of Buddha.

"Not a little dissatisfied with the indistinct explanations given to us by the Lama, we quitted Nako, and rapidly descended one declivity after another, to the banks of the Lee. Leaving the village of Maling to our right hand, we proceeded west-ward towards the bridge, a very beautiful and substantial structure of cedar-wood, which here unites the steep and rugged banks.

"A quarter of an hour's march beyond it, led us to the village of LEEU. It lies two thousand, five hundred feet lower than Nako, reposing against the face of a projecting rock, which forms the angle between the little river Lipa and the Lee, and the highest ridge of which is a shattered, indented granite crag, crowned with the remains of ancient walls, encircling the summit, and apparently marking it as having been formerly the site of a fort. This rocky crest conceals at first the sweet sequestered village with its apricot-trees, and its beautiful, well watered and well cultivated fields. Crossing the Lipa, we ascended the height beyond, which forms a continuation of the lofty ridge on the opposite bank of the Lee, on which Nako stands. From the summit we once more commanded a view of the Chinese snowy mountains of Purkyul.

"The vegetation on the loose masses of granite and of clay-slate, along which we were now marching, is scanty in the extreme, and the path unfrequented and desolate : one single merchant, conveying his store of opium on the backs of several asses to Ladakh, was the only person we saw. At length, on entering the glen of the Chooling, we beheld, glistening before us, the golden and verdant fields of the twin villages of Sooling and Hang-mat. Cavaliers mounted on finely caparisoned steeds, the first riding-horses we had seen for a very long time, now met us on the way.

"HANG lies beyond the Chooling, and its wide-spread tillage covers a large tract of country. The view of these smiling fields, reaching far down into the hollow, was most refreshing to our weary sight, and formed a striking and agreeable contrast to the abruptly rising, limestone mountains, thickly strewn with loose debris, which, in comfortless sterility, bound the fruitful valley. With the exception of some few poplars, there is a total absence of trees ; gooseberry bushes are met with on all sides but their fruit only ripens at a very late season.

"On the 12th of August, we accomplished the crossing of one of the most formidable passes, that of HUNGARUNG,—twelve thousand feet high,—to the head of which we ascended by comparatively easy mountain paths, over acclivities covered with masses of travelled limestone. The descent on the other side, however, proved proportionably steep, as we scrambled down to the deep-cut glen of a mountain stream, to trace its onward course. Our path wound in a serpentine manner along the boulder-covered steeps, lower and lower still, till at last we saw lying before us the apricot groves and the deep hollow of the vale of Sungnum.

"Sungnum is a considerable village, containing some forty dwelling-houses, and a great number of small store-houses, which appear like wooden boxes. A temple of somewhat recent date, and a multitude of Chokhdens, neatly wrought in wood, and placed beside the houses in groups of three,—grey, white, and yellow,—mark the zealous Lama-worship of the place.

"We heard in this village exceedingly pretty singing. The women of Hang had also charmed us with several very pleasing melodies, which however, owing to their sudden transitions and modulations, and the habit of melting the notes into each other, are peculiarly difficult to recollect or to note down. One song which we had heard even at Lippa and at Namdja, had a more marked air than all the rest ; they called it "*Soongnumook*." Whether the name of the place Soongnum has any connection with the tune, I know not. It has three strophes, and while one division of the chorus sustains the concluding notes of the second, the other joins in with the third strophe. Occasionally also they repeat a strophe according to the character of the words they sing to it, which they vary each time at pleasure.

"The tilled lands of Soongnum lie on either side of the little river Bonkioo ; their crops are barley and "*phapur*." The necessary purchases and other preparations for

our further journey obliged us to rest one day at this place ; we therefore pursued our peregrinations on the 14th along the valley of the RUSKALONG, passing close below a very elegant temple, picturesquely situated on the brink of the naked and commanding rock, not far from the little hamlet of Ruskalong. These "*Lama Denals*" are usually two stories high, and painted white, with the exception of the two balconies of the upper story, which are almost always black. The roof is painted red, and intersected by little grooves, formed like gutters ; it is surmounted by several small, yellow-roofed, pointed turrets.

" After the passage of the river, we again scaled a steep acclivity covered with loose slate, with here and there some few straggling *Deodara* cedars and *Neoza* pines,—poor and dwarfish trees. Still the ascent continued, tedious and severe, and before long, we left all trace of wood behind us : bushes of honey-suckle and stunted cypresses bordered our path till we gained an elevation of ten thousand feet, when we found ourselves surrounded by a wide-spreading carpet of polygonum, blue geraniums, and dock, interrupted here and there by a desolate surface of broken rock, unadorned by a single plant. On the crest of the BENUNG pass, I found, to my surprise, *Spurge* growing in great abundance, exactly similar to our own,—the *Euphorbia exigua*. On the other side of this summit we caught a distant view of Kanun ; and, proceeding in the direction of Labrung, along the naked top of the lofty mountain ridge, we reached our appointed camp at Tapung, still considerably higher than the latter village.

" During the whole of this march, but more especially on the highest part of the pass, we had to fight against a violent south wind, and towards evening the atmosphere became decidedly chilly. The thermometer fell at eight o'clock p. m. to 7° (48° Fahrenheit). We saw on our way a flock of strong, large-boned goats, laden with salt, coming from Thibet, via Nako. In these mountain regions, salt is very highly valued as an article of trade. At Leco I saw a woman who had, attached to her mantle, a little purse filled with salt. To my inquiry, what was contained in that little bag, she replied that it was full of "*Loo*:" these people give it to their children as we do sugar, by way of a dainty.

" On the following day, we once more reached the banks of the Sutlej, where I was struck by the remarkable difference between the forest clothing of the mountains along that river, and of those on the other side of the Benung pass, although the geological formation continues the same. Here they are green with cypresses, *Neoza* pines and cedars, and soon we entered a cedar forest, which was all alive with the loud chirping of a species of large *Cicada* (frog-hopper.)

" After traversing the scene of this sylvan concert, we reached the banks of a small rivulet, the point of junction with our former road, which now led us the same evening once more to LIPPA. There I found, to my great joy, every one of the patients who had been brought to me on our first visit, perfectly cured. From Lippa we followed our old track across the ERRENG pass,—which seemed in the ascent infinitely longer than it had done before,—to PANGER ; and thence on the 17th of August, we proceeded, by way of Cheenee, on the dak road down the valley of the Sutlej.

" CHEENEER appeared, in the glorious weather with which we were now favoured, far more pleasant and inviting than it had done on our previous visit. Much of the snow which then covered the mountain had now thawed, and what remained was rapidly melting. We often heard the thunder of an avalanche though we never saw

grapes,—both at Jengera and at Cheenee. The people were just then busily engaged in preparing the grapes for transport to Simla, and already large baskets were standing packed.

" In the evening a procession, the distant sound of which we had heard for hours before, passed by our tent. A large ark, hung with drapery, on the centre of which towered a gigantic red plume composed of several yak-tails, was borne on the shoulders of two-men ; it was preceded by two trumpeters, labouring with distended cheeks to blow their unwieldy instruments, full six feet long ; next to them marched drummers, beating hand-kettle-drums of various sizes ; cymbal players, and several other musicians, with divers serpentine trumpets. We followed in the rear of the long train till it reached the temple, where the end of the ceremony consisted in the

bearers of the ark raising it on high, and setting it in motion with vibrations of great violence, and of as bold a swing as the length of the staves would permit. The name of the divinity inhabiting the ark was variously reported to us ; but "*Takoo*" seemed to be the prevailing designation. The people of Cheenée had been fetching home the ark, — their holiest shrine, — from another place, where it had been, for a considerable time, in a temple united with other gods."

Having thus journeyed with the travellers within the confines of this mysterious land, we shall leave them to pursue their return to Simla, via Rampoor and Kotghur, and unless something of more immediate interest comes to hand, we shall return to this pleasant volume for further extract.

*Capture and destruction of Lyons, from Lamartine's History of the Girondists.*

THE most painful part in the recital of civil wars, is that after having described the battle field, the historian is compelled to recount the horrors of the scaffold and public executions.

The republican army entered Lyons with an appearance of moderation and kind feeling, calculated to give to their occupation of it rather the air of a reconciliation than a conquest. Couthon's first care was to command that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be scrupulously respected.

Not the slightest tumult or violence was permitted ; and peasants from Avergne who hurried to the scene of hoped-for plunder, bringing carts, mules and sacks to carry off the spoils found in the richest city of France, were dismissed empty-handed, and sent back murmuring and discontented to their mountains. Lyons was selected as an example of the severity of the republic.

No longer satisfied with punishing individuals, Terror desired to make the punishment of an entire city at once an example and a warning to all others.

The Jacobins, friends of Chalier, long compromised both by the Royalists and Girondists of Lyons, came forth from their hiding-places calling loudly for vengeance on the representatives, and demanding of the Convention that their enemies should be given up to them.

For sometime the representatives sought to restrain this fury, but finally, they were compelled to yield to it, contenting themselves by reducing it to order by the institution of revolutionary tribunals, and decrees of extermination.

II. In this matter, as well indeed, as in all the acts of the Reign of Terror, the odium of all the blood that was shed has been thrown upon one individual. The confusion of the moment, the despair of the dying and the resentment of the survivors, made it difficult to judge who was guilty of the deed, and not unfrequently handed down for the execration of posterity the names of the most innocent. History has its chances as well as the battle field, and absolves or sacrifices many, whose character it is the work of after ages to place aright before the world.



Thus then were all the crimes committed by the Republic of Lyons, laid to the charge of Couthon, merely, because he chanced to be the friend and confidant of Robespierre in the suppression of federalism, and in the victory of the united republicans over civil anarchy ; but a careful examination of dates, facts and words impartially considered, will effectually do away with so unfair a charge.

Couthon entered Lyons rather as a peace-maker than an executioner, and opposed with all the earnestness his position permitted, the excess to which the Jacobins carried their vengeance. He strove against Dubois-Crancé, Collot d'Herbois, and Dorfeuille, to moderate the wild fury of these fierce spirits, and was by them denounced to La Montagne and the Jacobins, as one who prevaricated and showed an undue indulgence to their enemies. Finally, he withdrew ere the first sentence of death was past, in order to escape being either a witness or accomplice of the blood shed by the representatives of the implacable party of the Convention.

III. Couthon, Laporte, Maignet, and Chateauneuf Randon, triumphantly entered Lyons at the head of their troops, and repaired to the Hotel-de-Ville, escorted by all the Jacobins, and a noisy mass of people, clamouring loudly for the spoils of the rich, and the heads of the federalists. Couthon addressed these turbulent persons, promising all they asked, but earnestly recommending the preservation of order while he claimed for the Republic the sole right of selecting her enemies, and punishing them according to their offences.

From the Hotel-de-Ville the representatives went to take up their abode in the empty palace of the archbishopric, whose naked apartments, tottering walls, and dilapidated roof, beaten in during the bombardment of the city, gave to their abode the appearance of an encampment among some ancient ruins. Dubois-Crancé, second in command of the besieging army, and also a member of the Convention, presented himself at the palace in the course of the same evening accompanied by his mistress, who invariably formed part of his military retinue. He had been unable to shelter himself with his other colleagues, since they had been compelled to abide beneath smoking ruins and dismantled buildings.

The conqueror of Lyons, compelled to pass the night upon a wretched flock bed, and indignant at the contempt and indifference of his colleagues, who thus consigned him to the miserable lodging he occupied, departed from the archiepiscopal palace on the following morning, loudly complaining of the marked insolence of Couthon's behaviour towards him, and took up his abode in one of the hotels of the city ; while the Jacobins, offended with the temporising measures of Couthon ranged themselves around Dubois-Crancé, who that evening convened a meeting of the mal-contente in the public theatre, whose scorched walls and half-burned interior abundantly testified the resistance it had made, and the punishment that had followed such resistance. Dubois-Crancé reformed the Central Club, and harangued the Jacobins less in the tone of a commander than a confederate.

At the conclusion of his address the people uttered loud shouts, exclaiming " Long live Dubois-Crancé," and perambulated the streets, singing the most ferocious and sanguinary songs, while petitions to the Convention to

continue the command of the army to this general were to be seen in the vilest spots, awaiting the signature of all who should approach them.

Couthon and his colleagues perceiving that Dubois-Crancé, in conjunction with the Jacobins was on the point of gaining over the soldiery, whilst the Clubbists were equally active with the officers, wrote to the Committee of Public Safety to request the immediate recall of the Jacobin general, and addressed a series of proclamations to the troops and people, earnestly recommending a strict observance of discipline, order, and clemency.

"Brave soldiers!" said Couthon, "before entering Lyons, you swore to see the lives and property of its citizens respected, nor will you lightly regard a vow dictated by your own sense of honour, and the desire of preserving your well earned glory from tarnish. Some unworthy individuals, unconnected with the army, may indeed be found willing to commit any excesses under the name of vengeance, in order to throw all the odium of their crimes upon you, brave republicans; but should you know such, renounce them—have them arrested—we will see prompt and fitting justice done!"

Couthon next commanded that the manufactories should be opened to all matters of trade, and commerce continued as usual. The Jacobins were alarmed at these measures, the army obeyed their general's advice, while Dubois-Crancé checked in his career and recalled by the Convention, trembled before Couthon, and humbled himself before Robespierre. The next act of Couthon was to close the clubs, so imprudently thrown open by Dubois-Crancé. "What," wrote Couthon to the Committee of Public Safety, "what can you expect from the citizens, when they see the deputies themselves urging them on to violate the laws?" He confined himself in conformity with existing laws, in sending before a military tribunal, every Lyonese taken with arms in his hand after the capitulation of the city; and a few days subsequently, he, by order of the Committee of Public Safety, instituted a second court under the title of "*Commission of Popular Justice*." This tribunal was to examine into the conduct of all such citizens, who, not belonging to the military force of the town, had, nevertheless, taken part in the armed resistance made by Lyons to the republic. The slow and judicial proceedings of this assembly afforded, if not a protection to such as were innocent, at least the opportunity of calm reflection on the part of such as were guilty. Indeed, Couthon kept back the order he had received for the formation of this tribunal during a period of ten days, with a view to furnish such individuals as might have criminated themselves either by word or deed, during the siege, time to escape; and no less than 20,000 of the citizens of Lyons kindly forewarned by his intervention of the danger that threatened them, quitted the city and took refuge amid the mountains of Switzerland or Du Forez.

IV. In the mean time La Montagne and the Jacobins of Paris incensed by means of the accusation of Dubois-Crancé at what they considered the dilatoriness of Couthon, urged the Committee of Public Safety to strike a blow against the second city of the republic, which should serve as a warning to future revolutionists. Robespierre and St. Just, although the intimate friends of Couthon, and moreover, perfectly satisfied with the victory achieved, finding their efforts to restrain the impetuosity of La Montagne utterly powerless, were compelled to affect a corresponding

violence. Barrère always ready to side with the most influential party, on the 12th November ascended the rostrum and read to the Convention, in the name of the Committee of Public Safety, a decree, or rather a *Plébèide*, against Lyons. "Let Lyons be buried beneath her own ruins," exclaimed Barrère, "and let the plough pass over the site of her edifices, save those devoted to the reception of the poor and needy—workshops, hospitals or buildings set apart for public instruction. The very name of the city shall perish amid its ruins, and it shall henceforward be known only by the appellation of the '*Free City*!' On the mouldering remains of this once famed place, shall be erected a monument to the eternal honour of the Convention, and to serve as an attesting memorial of both the crime and the punishment of the enemies of the Republic! This simple inscription shall tell the whole history:—"*LYONS took up arms against liberty*—"*LYONS has ceased to be a CITY!*" The decree exacted that a special commission, composed of five members, should inflict military punishment on all the anti-revolutionists of Lyons; that all the inhabitants should be disarmed, and the weapons found among the rich be distributed to the poor: that the city should be destroyed, more particularly the dwellings of the wealthy, and its name effaced from the map of republican towns, while the possessions of the richer part of its inhabitants should be divided among the patriots, by way of indemnity for their services!

The severity of this decree cast terror throughout Lyons. Couthon himself while affecting to approve of it, believed it impracticable, and again allowed a lapse of ten days ere he attempted to carry it into execution. This delay enabled the citizens to fly in great numbers. The representative with one hand held open the door for the victims to escape, while with the other he dealt at random the blows intended by the Jacobins to prove mortal. La Montagne on the contrary, desired the utter annihilation of Lyons from the moment in which Barrère pronounced its doom.

Collot d'Herbois, a man fatal to the city of Lyons, inveighed both in the Committee of Public Safety, and at the Jacobinical meetings of Paris, against the supineness of those representatives of the people entrusted with the special commission to that city. It might have been thought that some personal and deadly hatred to Lyons and its inhabitants stimulated the implacable animosity with which he sought its destruction. Report gave out that having neither talent nor any other requisite for the stage, he had chosen to make his *début* on the boards of the Lyons theatre, from whence he had been driven by the hisses and other unequivocal marks of disapprobation on the part of the audience. This he never forgot nor forgave; and the resentment of the disappointed actor glowed with undying fierceness in the breast of the representative; so, that, while affecting to revenge the republic, he was in fact revenging his own wounded pride. Dubois-Crancé gave his fullest support to the eloquence of Collot d'Herbois. He one day in the tribune of the Jacobins displayed the severed head of Châlier, pointing out one by one the five wounds inflicted by the guillotine, ere the work of decapitation was accomplished, and the axe had deprived the idol of the Lyonnese republicans of his life. Guillard, the friend of Châlier, raising his hands together at the sight of so horrible a spectacle, exclaimed, "In the name of my country, and the brothers of Châlier, I demand atonement for the crimes of Lyons!"

V. Couthon and his colleagues at length determined to yield to the injunctions of La Montagne, and reorganised the revolutionary committees. Couthon even invested them with a right of search, of surveillance, and of the power of denouncing royalists and federalists; he ordained domiciliary visits, and the placing of seals upon the houses and papers of suspected persons, but he encumbered all these measures with conditions and regulations which partly neutralised their effect. Lastly, Couthon carried out, though only in appearance, the decree of the Convention, which ordered the demolition of buildings. He went in state accompanied by the municipality on the Place de Bellecour, more particularly devoted to the destruction, from the opinion of its inhabitants, and the beauty of its construction. Carried in an arm-chair, as on a throne, above the ruins by four working men, Couthon struck with a silver hammer one of the houses of the place, pronouncing these words, "In the name of the law, I demolish thee."

A few beggars in tatters, pioneers, and masons, carrying on their shoulders pickaxes, levers and axes, formed the *cortège* of representatives. These men applauded beforehand the downfall of these edifices, whose ruin was gratifying to their envy; but Couthon, satisfied with having given the sign of obedience to the Convention, commanded silence, and then dismissed them.

The demolition was delayed until the time when the inhabitants of the place should have conveyed away their furniture and valuables.

After the ceremony the representatives passed a decree ordering the sections to enrol each twenty men to demolish the buildings, and to supply them with crowbars, hammers, tumbrils, and wheel-barrows, necessary for the removal of the rubbish. Women, children, old men, were allowed to work in proportion to their strength. Pay was given to them at the cost of the despoiled owners; but yet the work of demolition was not done. Couthon, again reprimanded by the Committee of Public Safety for his dilatoriness in carrying out his appointed work, and guilty in the eyes of the Jacobins of the blood he would not shed, warned besides of the near arrival of other representatives, charged with expediting the desired vengeance,—wrote to Robespierre and St. Just. He entreated his friends to relieve him of the weight of a mission which weighed upon his mind, and to send him to the South. Robespierre recalled Couthon, whose departure was the signal of the calamities of Lyons.

The blood he had spared now flowed. The representatives Albitte and Javogues arrived; Dorfeuille, the President of the Commission of Popular Justice, had the guillotine erected in the Place des Terreaux, and also in the little city of Fervis, another centre of national vengeance in the heart of the insurgent mountains.

Dorfeuille presided at the head of a central club, at a funereal fête consecrated to the manes of Châlier. "He is dead!" exclaimed Dorfeuille; "he died for his country!" "Let us swear to imitate him, and to punish his assassins!"

Dorfeuille then read, amidst the sobs and imprecations of the crowd, a letter written by Châlier, at the instant he was ascending the scaffold. His adieux to his friends, his parents, the woman he loved, were full of tears; to his friends and brethren the Jacobins, full of enthusiasm.

Liberty, democracy, and religion mingled in a confused invocation of Châlier's, to the people, to God, and to immortality. His death gave solemnity to his language, and the people received it as the legacy of a patriot.

VI. Dorfeuille presided for the first time on the morrow, at the tribunal; Albitte and his colleagues, who had just succeeded Couthon, summoned the army of Rousin to Lyons, and formed a similar corps in each of the six adjoining departments; both within and without the walls, the fugitives found nought save treachery; the suspected nought save betrayers; the accused nought save executioners. Thousands of priests, nobles, merchants, farmers, crowded the prisons of the departments, and were dispatched in carts to Lyons, where five spacious prisons received them for a few days, to surrender them to the scaffold.

Amongst the number of the victims whose body or mind was thus early doomed to death, was a young girl, Mademoiselle Alexandrine des Echerolles, who had lost her mother, and whose father had fled. She came daily to the gate of the prison, entreating permission to see her aunt, who had supplied the place of her mother, and who had been confined there on suspicion of royalism. She saw her led to execution, and followed her to the foot of the scaffold. It is to her pen that we owe some of the most touching and dramatic episodes of the siege.

Albitte deemed too lenient was superseded, like Couthon, by Collot d'Herbois and Fouché, the new proconsuls appointed by the Montagne. Collot d'Herbois was filled with a ferocious vanity, which saw no glory save in excess, and whose fury was tempered by no moderation.

Fouché was believed to be a fanatic; he was only a skilful dissimulator. More of an actor by nature than Collot d'Herbois by profession, he played the part of Brutus with the soul of Sejanus. Brought up in a cloister, Fouché had learned that monkish humility that stoops only to rise the higher; and he devoted himself to the tyranny of the people until he could become the instrument of a new Cæsar. He sought to ingratiate himself with Robespierre, and would have wed the sister of the deputy of Arras; but Robespierre repulsed Fouché from his heart and his family. Fouché, affecting exaggeration in his principles, had become intimately connected with Chaumette and Hébert. Chaumette was a native of Nevers, and had sent Fouché there to propagate the *Terror*; and in a few months he effaced the work of ages in the manners, fortunes, and laws of the province. More greedy than sanguinary, he imprisoned more than he immolated; threatened more than he destroyed. The plunder of the churches, the châteaux, and the sums extorted from the wealthy, which he sent to Paris, attested the energy of his measures, and caused the tolerance of his opinions to be overlooked. Impiety passed in his eyes for patriotism. "The French people," he wrote, "recognise no other dogmata than those of their sovereignty and omnipotence." He proscribed all religious emblems, even on the tombs; and ordered a figure of Sleep to be engraved on the gates of the cemeteries, with the inscription "*Death is an eternal slumber.*"

VII. Such were the two men sent by the Montagne to preside at the punishment of Lyons. Lyons wished to add to them Montant a stern yet virtuous republican; but he, on learning what was required of him, by the

example of Couthon, firmly refused to accept the office. The two representatives commenced by accusing Couthon of unnecessarily adjourning the destruction of the city, and the execution of the condemned. "The public accusers are about to proceed," they wrote, "the tribunal will judge three days in one, and the use of powder will accelerate the demolition of the city."

Collot had brought with him from Paris a band of Jacobins selected from the most fanatic of their party, and Fouché brought another from Nièvre, fearing lest old associations, or a mutual feeling of compassion for fellow citizens, might corrupt the inflexibility of the gnomes of Lyons. They paraded through the streets an urn containing the ashes of Châlier, and on arriving at the altar they had erected to his memory, they knelt before it. "Châlier!" exclaimed Fouché, "the blood of aristocrats shall be the incense we will offer you."

The sacred symbols of religion were destroyed, and the churches profaned by impious and indecent songs, dances, and ceremonies. "We have yesterday founded the religion of patriotism," wrote Collot, tears fell from every eye at the sight of the dove that consoled Châlier in his prison, and which seemed to mourn over his image. Vengeance, vengeance, was the unanimous demand. "We have sworn that the people shall be avenged, and all that vice and crime have erected shall be destroyed. The traveller shall behold in the ruins of this superb and rebellious city nought save a few huts, inhabited by the friends of equality."

VIII. The heads of ten members of the municipality fell next day, and a mine exploding destroyed some of the finest buildings in the city. A patriotic proclamation, signed by Fouché and Collot, to the clubbists of Lyons and the departments of the Loire and the Rhoné, to stimulate their energy, thus summed up their rights and their duties:—"Every thing is permissible to those who act in the spirit of the Revolution, the desire of a legitimate vengeance is an imperative necessity. Citizens, all those who have favoured rebellion, directly or indirectly, have hazarded their heads to the block. If you are patriots you will be able to distinguish your friends, you will sequester all others. Let no consideration stop you—neither age, sex, nor relationship. Take by force all that a citizen has, that is superfluous—for any man to have more than he requires is an abuse. There are persons who have heaps of linen, shirts, and shoes; claim all this. By what right should any man keep in his wardrobe valuables or superfluous garments? Let gold, silver, and all precious metals flow into the national treasury! Extirpate all forms of worship: the republican has no God but his country. All the communes of the republic will hasten to imitate that of Paris, which, on the ruins of a Gothic form of worship, is about to elevate the temple of reason. Aid us in striking these great blows, or we shall ourselves strike you."

These proclamations of vengeance, pillage, and atheism, were so many indirect reproaches to Couthon, who had held such different language a few days previously.

Conformably to the spirit of this proclamation, Fouché and Collot created commissaries of confiscation and delation. They actually awarded a sum of thirty francs on each denunciation, the sum being doubled for

certain heads, such as those of nobles, priests, monks, and nuns. They only gave the price of blood to him, who in person directed the searches of the revolutionary army, and who delivered the suspected person over to the tribunal. A multitude of wretches lived upon this infamous traffic in the lives of citizens. Cellars, lofts, sewers, the woods, nocturnal emigrations into the neighbouring mountains disguises of every kind, in vain were resorted to by compromised men and trembling women to conceal themselves from the incessant searches of the greedy informer. Hunger, cold, fatigue, sickness, domiciliary visits, treason delivered them, after some days, over to the satellites of the temporary commission.

The cells were choked with prisoners. Whilst proprietors and merchants were perishing, the houses were destroyed beneath the hammer. Shopkeepers, lodgers, families expelled from the proscribed houses, and had scarcely time to leave their houses, to carry off the old, the infirm, and children, to other residences. Every day pickaxe was seen attacking staircases, or tilers unroofing houses. Whilst the alarmed inhabitants were throwing their furniture out of the windows, and mothers carried the cradles of their children over the ruined rafters, twenty thousand pioneers of Auvergne and the lower Alps were employed in razing the abodes to the ground. The cellars and foundations were blown up with gunpowder. The pay of the demolishers amounted to 400,000 francs (16,000£) for each decade; and the demolitions cost 15,000,000 of francs (600,000£), to destroy a capital of more than 300,000,000 (12,000,000£) worth of edifices.

Hundreds of workmen perished, buried beneath the walls that fell in, having been recklessly undermined. The quai Saint Clair, the two facades of the place de Bellecour, the quais of the Saone, the streets inhabited by the commercial aristocracy, the arsenals, hospitals, monasteries, churches, fortifications, pleasure-houses on the sides of the hills on each bank of the river, presented but the appearance of a city riddled by cannon-balls after a protracted siege. Lyons, almost uninhabited, was silent in the midst of its ruins. Workmen, without employ or bread, enrolled and subsidised by the representatives at the cost of the rich, seemed, axe in hand, to revel over the carcase of the city which had nourished them. The noise of walls falling, the dust of destroyed houses which hung over the city, the sound of cannon fired, and the discharges of the musketry, which mowed down the inhabitants; the rolling of carts, which from the five prisons of the city conveyed the accused to the tribunal, and the condemned to the guillotine, were the only signs of life amongst the population: the scaffold was its sole spectacle,—the acclamations of a people in rags, at every head which fell at their feet, was the only fête.

IX. The commission of popular justice, instituted by Couthon, was transformed, on the arrival of Ronsin and his army, into a revolutionary tribunal. The day after the arrival of this body of soldiers—these lieutors of the republic—the executions began, and lasted, without interruption, for ninety days. Eight or ten condemned, died every day, on leaving the tribunal, on the scaffold erected permanently in front of the steps leading to the town-hall. Water and sand, spread every evening after the executions around this sewer of human blood, did not suffice to cleanse the earth. A red and fetid mud, constantly trampled by a people thirsting to see

their fellow-creatures die, covered the square and reeked in the air. Around these actual shambles of human flesh, there was a scent of death. The exterior walls of the Palais Saint Pierre and facade of the town-hall were smeared with blood. On the mornings of the days of November, December and January, the most fertile in homicides, the inhabitants of the vicinity saw rising from the soil a moisture—it was the blood of their fellow country-men, immolated on the previous evening, the shade of the city, as it evaporated in the sun-shine. Dorfeuille on the requisition of the quarter, was compelled to remove the scaffold to a distance: he placed it over an open sewer. The blood, trickling through the planks, flowed into a ditch ten feet deep, which carried it to the Rhône, together with the filth of the neighbourhood. The washer-women were compelled to change the spot of their washing places, that they might not wash their linen and bathe their arms in blood-stained water; and when at last the executions, which increased like the pulsations of an inflamed body, reached an amount of twenty, thirty, and even forty a day, the instrument of death was placed in the centre of the Pont Morand, over the river. They swept away the blood, and cast the heads and bodies over the parapets into the swiftest current of the Rhône. The sailors and peasants of the islets and lower grounds, which intersect the course of the river between Lyons and the sea, found perpetually the heads and bodies of men stranded on those islets, and caught in the bulrushes and osier beds which surrounded them. These victims were nearly all the flower of the youth of Lyons and the neighbouring countries. Their age was their crime, as it made them suspected of having fought. They went to death with all the daring of youth, as if they were marching to battle. In the prisons, as in bivouacs the night before a battle, they had but a handful of straw each man on which to lay their limbs on their dungeon stones. The danger of compromising themselves by appearing to take an interest in their fate, and dying with them, did not intimidate parents, friends or servants in their tenderness. Night and day large numbers of wives, mothers and sisters wandered round the prisons. Gold and tears, which flowed abundantly, opened the hearts of gaolers, and obtained for them interviews, conversations, and last farewells. Escapes were frequent. Religion and charity, so active and courageous in Lyons, did not recede in presence of suspicion or disgust, but penetrated into these subterranean retreats to aid the sick and suffering, nourish the hungry, and console the dying. More than six thousand prisoners were at a time locked up in these dépôts of the guillotine.

X. A whole generation was there swallowed up. There were assembled all the men of condition, birth, fortune, and various opinions, who, since the Revolution, had embraced the opposite side, and who, in common rising against oppression, were here united in the same crime and the same death. Clergy, nobility, citizens, tradesmen, people,—were all mingled there together. No citizen against whom an informer, an envious neighbour, an enemy appeared, escaped from captivity, and but few captives from death. All who had name, fortune, profession, a manufactory, a house in town or country—any one who was suspected of any inclination of the cause of the rich,—was arrested, accused, condemned, and executed, by anticipation in the minds of the proconsuls



and their purveyors. The *élite* of a capital and several provinces—La Bresse, La Dombes, Le Forez, Le Beaujolais, Le Vivarais, Le Dauphiné—passed through these prisons and these scaffolds. The city and the town seemed decimated. Castles, first-class houses, manufactories, even the residences of the country people, were shut up within the circumference of twenty leagues round Lyons. Thousands of properties were sequestered. Doors and windows were sealed up. Nature herself seemed affected by the terror of man. The anger of the Revolution had attained the power of a divine scourge. The plagues of the middle ages did not throw more gloom over the appearance of a province. On the roads from Lyons to the neighbouring villages and the towns, nothing was met but detachments of the revolutionary army, forcing doors in the name of the law, searching cellars, lofts, even the litter of the cattle, striking the walls with the butts of their muskets, or leading chained two and two fugitives discovered in their retreats, and followed by their weeping families.

Thus were brought back to Lyons all the notable and illustrious citizens whom Couthon had allowed to escape—sheriffs, mayors, aldermen, administrators, judges, magistrates, advocates, doctors, architects, sculptors, surgeons, governors of hospitals, benevolent societies,—accused of having fought with, or succoured the combatants or the wounded, or having given food to the insurgent people, or made secret vows for the triumph of the defenders of Lyons. To these they added the relations, sons, wives, daughters, friends and servants, assumed to be accomplices of their husbands, brothers, fathers, or masters, guilty of being born on the spot, and of having breathed the air of insurrection.

Daily the principal turnkey of the gaol, read with a loud voice the names of the prisoners summoned before the tribunal. Every breath was suspended whilst the summons was being read. Those thus called upon embraced for the last time their friends, and distributed their beds, quilts, clothes, and money, amongst the survivors. They assembled in long files of sixties or eighties in the court, and then threaded the crowd on their way to the tribunal. The judges were nearly all strangers, and in no way intimidated by any fear of responsibility hereafter. These five judges, each of whom separately had a human heart, judged together like a mechanical instrument of murder. Watched by a suspicious mob, they themselves trembled under the terror with which they smote others. Still their activity did not satisfy Fouché and Collot d'Herbois. These representatives had promised to the Jacobins of Paris, prodigies of rigorous administration, yet the slowness of these trials and sentences caused them to be accused of half measures. The days of September rose as an example before them. Dorfeuille thus wrote to the representatives of the people:—A great act of justice is in preparation, of a nature to astound future ages. To give this act the majesty which should characterise it—that it may be as grand as history—it is requisite that the administrators, the army, magistracy, and public functionaries should be present, at least by deputation. I wish this day of justice to be a festival; and that is the right word. "When crime descends to the tomb, humanity breathes again, and it is the festival of virtue."

(*To be continued.*)

*Roland Cashel, Nos. 1 and 2.*

THE scene of Lever's new Tale opens in South America : but before the end of the first No. it is transferred to Ireland, where the author is on more genial ground.

It will save every one a world of trouble to take the following short summary of the tale from the book itself :—

"You have never met this Mr. Roland Cashel, I believe?" said Mr. Softly, as he filled a very large claret glass and tasted it enjoyably.

"Never," replied Jones, whose teeth were busily engaged in smashing almonds and filberts, in open defiance of a tray of silver nutcrackers before him. "I don't think he has been in Ireland since a mere child, and very little in England."

"Then his recovery of the estate was quite unexpected?"

"More accident. Kennyfeck came upon the proofs when making some searches for a collateral claim. The story is very short. This lad's father, whose name was Godfrey Cashel, was a poor lieutenant in the 81st, and quartered at Bath, when he chanced to discover that a rich old bachelor, there, a certain Godfrey Browne, was a distant relation of his mother. He lost no time in making his acquaintance and explaining the relationship, which, however, brought him no more substantial benefit than certain invitations to dinner, and whist parties, where the unfortunate lieutenant lost his half-crowns.

"At length a note came one morning inviting him to breakfast, and to 'transact a little matter of business.' Poor Godfrey read the words with every commentary that could flatter his hopes, and set out in better spirits than he had known for many a year before. What then was his dismay to discover that he was only wanted to witness the old gentleman's will! a very significant proof that he was not to benefit by its provisions.

"With a very ill-repressed sigh, the poor lieutenant threw a glance over the half-opened leaves, where leasehold, and copyhold, and freehold, and every other 'hold' figured among funded property, consols, and reduced annuities—with money lent on mortgages, shares in various companies, and what not,—a list only to be equalled by the long catalogue of those 'next-of-kin,' who, to the number of seventeen, were mentioned as reversionary heirs.

"'You are to sign your name here, Mr. Cashel,' said the solicitor, pointing to a carefully scratched portion of the parchment, where already the initials were pencilled for his guidance.

"'Faith! and it's at the other side of the book I'd rather see it,' said the Lieutenant, with a sigh.

"'Not, surely after seventeen others!' exclaimed the astonished attorney.

"'Even so—a chance is better than nothing.'

"'What's that he's saying?' interposed the old man, who sat reading his newspaper at the fire. The matter was soon explained by the attorney, and when he finished, Cashel added—'That's just it; and I'm to sail for the Cape on the 4th of next month, and if you'll put me down among the rest of the fellows, I'll send you the best pipe of Constantia you ever tasted, as sure as my name is Godfrey Cashel.'

"The old man threw his spectacles up on his forehead, wiped his eyes, and then replacing his glasses, took a deliberate survey of the poor lieutenant who had proposed such a very 'soft' bargain. 'Eh! Clinchet,' said he to the attorney, 'can we do this for him?'

"'Nothing easier, Sir,—let the gentleman come in last, as residuary legatee, and it alters nothing.'

I suppose you count on your good luck,' said old Browne, grinning.

"'Oh, then, it's not from my great experience that way,' said Cashel. 'I've been on the 'Duke's list' for promotion seventeen years already, and, for all I see, not a bit nearer it than the first day: but there's no reason my poor boy should be such an unfortunate devil. Who knows but fortune may make amends to him one of these days? Come, Sir—is it a bargain?'

"'To be sure. I'm quite willing—only don't forget the Constantia. It's a wine I like a glass of very well indeed, after my dinner.'

"The remainder is easily told: the lieutenant sailed for the Cape, and kept his word, even though it cost him a debt that mortgaged his commission. Old Browne gave a great dinner when the wine arrived, and the very first name on the list of legatees, his nephew, caught a fever on his way home from it, and died in three weeks.

"Kennyfeck could tell us, if he were here, what became of each of them in succession; four were lost, out yachting, at once; but, singular as it may seem, in nineteen years from the date of that will, every life lapsed—and stranger still, without heirs, and the fortune has now descended to poor Godfrey Cashel's boy, the lieutenant himself having died in the West Indies, where he exchanged into a native regiment. That is the whole story, and probably in a romance one would say that the thing was exaggerated, so much more strange is truth than fiction."

"And what kind of education did the young man get?"

"I suppose very little, if any. So long as his father lived, he of course held the position of an officer's son—poor, but in the rank of gentleman. After that, without parents—his mother died when he was an infant—he was thrown upon the world, and, after various vicissitudes, became a cabin boy on board of a merchantman; then, he was said to be a mate of a vessel in the African trade, employed on the Gold Coast; just as probably a slaver—and last of all, he was lieutenant in the Columbian navy, which, I take it, is a very good name for piracy. It was in the Havannah we got a trace of him, and I assure you, strange as it may sound, Kennyfeck's agent had no small difficulty in persuading him to abandon that very free and easy service, to assume the rights and immunities of a very large property.

"Kennyfeck was to meet him on his arrival in England, about ten days ago, and they spent a few days in London, and were—but hark! there comes a carriage now—yes, I know the step of his horses—here they are!"

Having at length arrived at Kennyfeck's house, we borrow the following scene in the author's usually racy vein, and which gives an insight into the character of Roland:—

"Mr. Kennyfeck engaged in a row!" cried Softly, almost incredible at the tidings.

"Yes. I fancy that is about the best word for it," said Cashel, sipping his wine.

"I suppose one ought not to mention these kind of things, but of course they are safe with you. They'll never go further I am certain."

"Oh, never—not a syllable," chimed in the two.

"Well then, on our way here, I learned that there were to be races a few miles from Coventry, and as I saw our friend Kennyfeck had no fancy for the sight, I just slipped a few half crowns into the postboy's hand and told him to drive there instead of taking the Liverpool road. Away we went at a good pace, and in less than an hour reached the course. I wish you saw the old gentleman's face when he awoke from a sound nap, and saw the grand stand with its thousand faces, all in a row, and the cords, the betting ring, and the whole circumstance of a race ground. By good luck, too, the sharp jerk of our pull-up, smashed a spring, and so we had nothing for it, but to leave the chaise and wait till it could be repaired. While my servant was away in search of some kind of a drag or other, to go about the field—there was no walking, what with the crowd and the press of horses, not to speak of the mud that rose over the ankles—we pushed on, that is, I did, with a stout grip of Kennyfeck's arm lest he should escape—we pushed on, into the ring. Here there was rare fun going forward, every fellow screaming out his bets, and booking them as fast as he could. At first, of course, the whole was all ancient Greek to me. I neither knew what they meant by the 'favourite,' or 'the odds,' or 'the field,' but one somehow always can pick up a thing quickly, if it be but 'game' and so, by watching here, and listening there, I managed to get a kind of inkling of the whole affair, and by dint of some pushing and elbowing, I reached the very centre of the ring where the great Dons of the course were betting together.

"'Taurus even against the field,' cried one.

"'Taurus against the field,' shouted another.

"And this same cry was heard on every side.

"'Give it in fifties—hundreds if you like better,' said a young fellow mounted on a smart looking pony, to his friend, who appeared to reflect on the offer. 'Come hurry

on, man. Let's have a bet just to give one an interest in the race.' The other shook his head, and the first went on, 'What a slow set, to be sure.—Is no one willing to back the field, even? Come then, here's a hundred pound to any man who'll take the field against Taurus, for two thousand.'

"Let me have your cob," said I, "and I'll take the bet."

He turned round in his saddle, and stared at me, as if I were something more or less than human, while a very general roar of laughing ran around the entire circle.

"Come away, come away at once," whispered Kennyfeck, trembling with fright.

"Yes you had better move off, my friend," said a thick set, rough-looking fellow, in a white coat.

"What say you to five thousand, Sir, does that suit your book?" cried the young fellow to me, in a most insolent tone.

"Oh let him alone, my Lord," said another. "Take no notice of him."

"I say, Grindle," cried a tall thin man with moustaches, "who let these people inside the ring?"

"They forces their way, my Lud," said a little knocker-kneed creature, in a coat four times too big for him, "and says to Bill, de—pend upon it, Bill, them's the swell mob."

The words were scarcely out of the fellow's mouth, when a general cry of the 'swell mob' resounded on every side, and at once they closed upon us—some pushing—others elbowing—driving—and forcing, so that what with the dense crowd, and the tight hold Kennyfeck now kept of me, I was pinioned, and could do nothing. At last, by a vigorous twist, I shook them off from me, and laid two of the foremost at my feet; this I did with a Mexican trick I saw they knew nothing about—you first make a feint at the face, and then dropping on the knee, seize the fellow by both legs, and hurl him back on his head—just stand up, I'll not hurt you."

"Thank you—I understand the description perfectly," said Mr. Softly, pale with terror at the proposed experiment.

Well, the remainder is soon told. They now got in upon us, and of course, I needn't say, we got confoundedly thrashed—Kennyfeck was tumbled about like a foot-ball, every one that had nothing else to do, had a kick at him, and there's no saying how it might have ended had not a certain Sir George Somebody recognised our poor friend, and rescued him. I'm not quite sure that I was quite myself about this time—Kennyfeck has some story of my getting on some one's horse, and riding about the course in search of the originators of the fray; the end of it, however, was, we reached Liverpool with sorer bones than was altogether pleasant, and although, when Kennyfeck went to bed, I went to the theatre, the noise only increased my headache, and it needed a good night's sleep to set me all right again."

"Mr. Kennyfeck taken for one of the swell mob!" exclaimed Softly with a sort of holy horror that seemed to sum up his whole opinion of the narrative.

"Very bad, wasn't it?" said Cashel, pushing the wine past; "but he's a capital fellow, took the whole thing in such good part, and seems only anxious the story shouldn't get abroad. Of course I needn't repeat my caution on that subject?"

We must give another scene:—

"Shall we have a Fandango?"

"I don't know it; I never saw it danced."

"Well, the Manolo, then;"

"Nor that either," said both girls, laughing.

"Well, will you learn? I'll teach you the Manolo. It's very simple. If you'll play the air, Miss Kennyfeck, it runs thus,—" here he opened the pianoforte, and after a few chords, struck with a masterly finger, he played a little Spanish dance; but with a spirit of execution, and in such an exciting character of time and measure, that a general exclamation of delight broke from the whole room; Mr. Jones himself forgetting all rivalry, and Mr. Softly laying down his newspaper to listen, and for a moment carried away by the fascination of the spirit-stirring melody.

"That is the Manolo; come, now, and let me teach you, first the air and then the dance."

I never could succeed to give it that character of bold and haughty defiance from you," said Miss Kennyfeck.

"Nay, nay, a man's hand is always so rude and heavy, it needs the taper finger of a lady," here Cashel bent and kissed the hand he held, but with such a deference and respect in the salute, that deprived the action, so novel to our eyes, of any appearance of a liberty,—“of a lady,” he resumed, “to impart the ringing brilliancy of the saucy Manolo.”

“Then play it over once more, and I’ll try,” said Miss Kennyfeck, who was a most accomplished musician, and had even already caught up the greater part of the air.

Cashel obeyed, and again the plaudits followed even more enthusiastically than the first time. With a precision that called forth many a hearty “bravo” from Roland, Miss Kennyfeck played over the air, catching up all the spirit of its transitions from gay to plaintive, and from tender to a strain bold, daring, and energetic.

“Now for the dance,” exclaimed Cashel, eagerly, as he busied himself in removing chairs and pushing back sofas. “Will you be kind enough to assist me with this table?”

Mr. Softly, the gentlemen thus addressed, rose to comply, his face exhibiting a very amusing struggle between shame and astonishment at the position he occupied.

The space cleared, Roland took Olivia’s hand, and led her forward with an air of exceeding deference.

“Now, Miss Kennyfeck, the step is the easiest thing in the world. It goes so, one two, one two, three, and then, change—exactly, quite right, you have it perfectly. This is, as it were, an introduction to the dance, but the same step is preserved throughout, merely changing its time with the measure.”

It would be as impossible to follow, as it would be unfair to weary the reader with the lesson, which now began, and yet we would like to linger on the theme, as our memory brings up every graceful gesture, and every proud attitude of the fascinating Manolo. Representing as it does by pantomimic action, a little episode of devotion, in which pursuit and flight, entreaty, rejection, seductive softness, haughty defiance, timid fear, and an even insolent boldness, alternate and succeed each other. All the movements which expressive action can command, whether of figure or feature are called forth. Now, it is the retiring delicacy of shrinking, timid loveliness, half-hoping, half-fearing, to be pursued—Now the stately defiance of haughty beauty, demanding homage as its due. At one moment, the winning seductiveness that invites pursuit, and then, sudden as the lightning the disdain that repels advance.

Not the least interesting part of the present scene, was to watch how Olivia who, at first, made each step and gesture with diffidence and fear, as she went on, became, as it were, seized with the characteristic spirit of the measure; her features varying with each motive of the music; her eyes, at one instant half closed in dreamy languor, and at the next flashing in all the brilliancy of conscious beauty. As for Roland, forgetting, as well he might, all his functions as teacher, he moved with the enthusiastic spirit of the dance—his rapturous gaze displaying the admiration that fettered him; and when, at last, as it were yielding to long proved devotion, she gave her hand, it needed the explanation of its being a Mexican fashion to excuse the ardour with which he pressed it to his lips.

Mrs. Kennyfeck’s applause, however, was none the less warm; and, if any of the company disapproved, they prudently said nothing; even Mr. Softly, who only evidenced his feeling by a somewhat hasty resumption of the *Morning Post*, while the elder sister, rising from the piano, whispered, as she passed her sister, Bad jockey-ship, Livy, dear, to make fast running so early.”

“And that is the—what d’ye call it, Mr. Cashel?” said Mrs. Kennyfeck.

“The Manolo, Madam. It is of Italian origin, rather than Spanish: Calabrian, I fancy; but, in Mexico, it has become national, and well suits the changeful temper of our Spanish belles, and the style of their light and floating costume.”

“Yes, I suspect it has a better effect, with short drapery, than with the sweeping folds of our less picturesque dress,” said Miss Kennyfeck, who, for reasons we must not inquire, took a pleasure in qualifying her approval.

“I never saw it appear more graceful,” said Cashel, with a blunt abruptness far more flattering than a studied compliment. Olivia blushed; Mrs. Kennyfeck looked happy, and the elder sister bit her lips and threw up her eyebrows, with an expression we cannot attempt to render in words.

“May I not have the honour of introducing you to the Manolo?” said Cashel, presenting himself before her with a deep bow.

"Thank you, I prefer being a spectator ; besides, we could have no music—my sister does not play."

"Olivia blushed ; and, in her hasty look, there was an expression of gently conveyed reproach, as though to say, "This is unfair."

"Do you like music, Mr. Cashel ?" continued Miss Kennyfeck, who saw the slight cloud of disappointment that crossed Roland's features ; "Oh, I'm certain you do, and I know you sing !"

"Yes," said Cashel, carelessly ; "as every one sings in that merry land I come from ; but I fear the wild carollings of a Ranchero would scarce find acceptance in the polished ears of Europe."

"What are the melodies like then ?" asked Miss Kennyfeck, throwing into the question a most eager interest.

"You shall hear, if you like," said Roland, taking up a guitar, and striking a few full chords with a practised hands. "This is one of the war songs," and without further preface he began. Had he even been less gifted than he was as to voice and musical taste, there was enough in the bold and manly energy of his manner, in the fiery daring of his dark eyes, and the expressive earnestness of his whole bearing, to attract the admiration of his hearers. But beside these advantages, he was not unskilled in the science of music, and even made so poor an instrument, a full and masterly accompaniment, imitating, as few but Spaniards can do, the distant sound of drums, the dropping fire of cannon, the wild abrupt charges of battle, and the low plaintive sounds of suffering and defeat ; so that as he concluded, the whole character of the performance had ceased to be regarded as a mere musical display, but had the absolute effect of a powerfully-told story."

There is not much of a story as yet ; the above extracts will therefore give a fair idea of the book ; and we should not omit to notice that the illustrations by Phiz are done in a new, neutral tinted style, which is at once novel and pleasing, as the lights and shadows can be given with more ease and effect.

### *The Image of his Father—No. 3.*

THE amusement and interest of this comic tale increases rapidly. The present No. has abundance of mirth exciting matter. Take a sample of "the young monkey Dando," who was introduced to our readers in the last notice. How he is to be tamed into personifying the bashful Hugh, will try the ingenuity of the authors not a little.

It is not to be wondered at, that the schoolmaster should have dire misgivings in passing off such a youth for "one of his oldest scholars." However Dando had now too much self-interest in the plot, having been promised a pound a week by Impey, not to be punctual to his engagement with the Doctor whose attempts to school such a scamp, are admirably hit off:—

"If he adopted the authoritative, Dando would only put his finger to his nose ; while, if he essayed the coaxing, he would thrust his tongue into his cheek. Whenever the boy opened his mouth to speak, the schoolmaster drew his breath in between his teeth, and threw up his hands in horror at his violent grammatical blunders. And when he begged of the lad "for goodness gracious sake to mind what he was about with his nominative case," Dando would only cry out in answer, "Who's a touchen' on him ?"

"Once, the Doctor endeavoured to wheedle Dando into learning a page or two of grammar, but when he asked him next morning after breakfast "what he called an article," the only answer the "young monkey" made, was "Well, I should call you a werry rum article, old 'un !" The first time they sat down to

dinner, he nearly drove both the schoolmaster and his lady out of their senses, by telling Mrs. Vyse that "he'd take some of them there *biled tatars*." In vain did the Doctor cry, "My dear boy, who on earth calls them *tatars* I should like to know?" for he only replied indignantly, "Why, Jim Berry do; and seeing as how he keeps the Halbert can, and deals in nuffen else, I should think he ought to know the name on 'em!"

"But if he worried the poor schoolmaster half out of his life, Mrs. Vyse came in at least for her full share of the annoyance. Scarcely a moment passed but what she was "dratting that young monkey," and vowing that one boy was more trouble than a dozen girls. He never would wipe his feet—a point on which the schoolmaster's wife was even more particular than most ladies. Indeed you could almost count the nails in his boots from the *dirty* type impressions he invariably left behind him on the brown holland's all the way up the stairs. If she didn't catch him scratching his name with a pin on the polished dining-room tables, she would be sure to find he had written it on the ceiling in the bedroom with the smoke of his candle.

"The second night after Dando had set foot in the house, she told Vyse there really was no doing anything for that young monkey. Now, there was that beautiful polished stove in the library quite ruined, by the boys' nasty way of spitting through his teeth into the grate as he did; and as for her beautiful bright poker, why, she felt perfectly satisfied she should never be able to clean it, for it seemed to her as if the young monkey took a pleasure in making it red-hot. Again, it was only that very day she had found him in the parlour, with one of those horrid sharp-pointed peg-tops, going to spin it, with all his force, on her best Brussels. And when she took it away, what did the nasty, dirty, young rip do, but creep up stairs and steal her pot of pomatum; and next time she came into the room, lo! and behold if he hadn't made a great big slide with it all down the carpet, by rubbing it well in, and there he was, sailing away, right across the room, crying out—'keep the pot a bilen'—as if he had got the Serpentine in our back parlour. Oh! what she should do if that young monkey stopped in the house much longer, was more than she could take upon herself to say. Now, there was that poor old cook had given her warning already. And no wonder! for the way in which that wicked, wicked, unfeeling boy, had treated that poor—poor, fat old thing—whose nerves were none of the strongest—was positively cruel. The very first night he was in the house, what must he do, but put a good ounce of gunpowder right in those great, big, kitchen snuffers, and the first time she went to snuff the candle—off it all went, and nearly blew the good, stout soul, right under the grate. The next day, too, just because poor cook wouldn't let him have a sop in the pan to go dropping the grease all over the stair-carpet, what did the revengeful young monkey do, but take the poor thing's false front—which she had only just had newly baked and done up for the Sunday—out of its little box which was standing on the dresser, and must needs black-lead it all over, till, upon my word, it looked as if it was a cast-iron one."

"Nor were Mrs. Vyse's complaints any way ill-founded or overdrawn. For, of an evening, while the poor lady was quietly darning her Joseph's socks, if he wasn't shooting at her spectacles with his potato pop-gun, he was swallowing her balls of cotton and bringing them out at his nose. Sometimes he'd steal up quietly behind her chair, and then putting his mouth close to the industrious and unsuspecting lady's ear, would blow into it such a cat-call, that she'd drop all her work and jump up into the air in a state of the most awful alarm; for in order to perfect himself in the art, Dando had had his centre tooth extracted, and could now whistle as shrilly as a railway-engine before entering a tunnel."

"Dando would post himself at the first-floor window, and if he saw a lady's school coming that way, he'd kiss his hands to them, and cry out, "Hylow,

Lizar, leave us a lock o' your hair?" and "I say, Clara, who are you winkin at?" And when the enraged governess shook her parasol at him and called him a "young monkey," he'd immediately discharge at her bonnet some half dozen balls of whiting done up in thin paper so as to break directly they hit the mark. This, with water, upon some foot passengers, and lumps of coal upon others, caused such a succession of rings at the gate and complaints from persons requesting to speak with the gentleman of the house, that at last the Doctor began to rue the day when he had received the "young monkey" into the bosom of his family.

"In this manner, three days were passed, and on the fourth Mr. and Mrs. Vyse were suddenly thrown into a dreadful state of confusion by the stoppage at the garden gate of a glass coach, on the box of which, beside the driver, sat a native East Indian Servant, dressed in the white turban and petticoats of his country. This was quite enough to assure them that the long-expected and dreaded Major had come at last. Immediately all the servants were sent flying right and left to seek Dando. But alas! the "young hopeful" was no where to be found. Vyse, however, thought it best to run out and welcome "home" the old gentleman, who, for fourteen years, had paid his bills with such promptitude and punctuality. The Major and his daughter, whom he had brought with him, had however alighted from the coach; but had both stopped at the garden gate to look up at something on the roof which had attracted the attention of a dozen or two giggling spectators. The schoolmaster with an inward feeling that something was wrong, himself turned round to see what was the cause of the crowd. And then the Doctor nearly sunk to the earth with shame, as he beheld the plaguy Dando out on the parapet, dressed in all his new clothes, in the act of painting an immense pair of black curly-tailed mustachios on the huge plaster cast of the Goddess Minerva there; upon whose head he had already forced one of the schoolmaster's old broad-brimmed hats, and into whose mouth he had stuck a short clasp pipe. So indignant did the Doctor feel at this treatment of his presiding deity, that there is not the least doubt, had it not been for the presence of the Major, he would have sent for a policeman, and despite of the consequences, given the son that was to be, into charge then and there."

"The jolly hairbrained and good tempered Major Burgoyne, who to get a shot at a black partridge would wade up to his knees through swampy fields; and to get a snipe or two, stand the whole day in muddy jheels"—had at last got his quietus by a pučka jungle fever, the intermittent nature of which rendered him very irritable.

His arrival at the school had greatly discomforted the inmates—and whilst Mrs. Vyse was busily engaged scrubbing and brushing up the young scapegrace, the schoolmaster endeavoured to prepare his so-called father for the meeting; fortunately, the Major had been equally wild and inattentive to his studies; and was prepared to make every allowance for the image of himself.

It has been seen that Dando was not easily drilled into learning any thing, and of his part of the plot, he was equally ignorant:—

"At this moment the door opened and Dando entered with an extensive clean collar, and the ends of his hair all wet, and his face red and shiny with the good scrubbing it had received from Mrs. Vyse's heavy hand. At first, feeling a little abashed at the presence of the strangers, the boy leant against the door-post swinging his leg about, whilst he hung down his head and looked up at the visitors shily, out of the corners of his eyes; for not having received any instructions from Vyse, he was at a loss how to act.



"Vyse seeing the old Major smiling for the first time, as he viewed his son through his glasses, turned round to Dando and said, "Is that the way you behave to your father, Hugh? when you haven't seen him for the last fourteen years. If I were you I should go and embrace him."

"The schoolmaster had no sooner given him the hint, than Dando rushed forwards, and throwing his arms round the neck of the old gentleman, exclaimed "My Fa-a-ther!" in the same theatrical tone, as he had so frequently heard "the heroine of the Domestic Drama," at "The Vic." repeat the self-same words, after a supposed equally long absence from her fond parent. The old man pressed his fancied boy to his bosom, and held him there without saying a word, while his grey head shook with emotion as it rested on Dando's shoulder. The boy returned hug for hug, and winked and thrust his tongue in his cheek to the observant Vyse."

"Perceiving this, the schoolmaster put his hand before his eyes as if the scene was too affecting for him, and turning his back to Nelly, began frowning and making menacing grimaces at the unabashed "young monkey."

"At length the old man's arms dropped powerless down, and he said in a voice choked with emotion, as Dando rose from him, "Well, thank God we've met, boy! thank God we've met! for I was sadly afraid we should never see each other again—at least in this world," he added, as he buried his face in his handkerchief. The boy, however, was no sooner quit of the Major, than Nelly, who with her eyes full of tears, all the time had been standing by, anxiously waiting to greet the brother, by whose side she had so often longed to be, now folded her arms around his neck and kissed him till his cheeks were bathed with her tears. But Dando, though little affected by the old Major's hugging, evidently gave himself up to this part of the ceremony with considerable relish. For Nelly being what he called "a nice young gal," he returned her caresses with interest, each time lifting up his left leg, and shaking it behind him with delight at Vyse."

"Well, Nelly," said old Burgoyne, taking the lad between his knees as soon as he could get him away from his daughter: "he isn't much like me, is he? I think though, there's a look of your poor mother about the upper part of his face, don't you?" And here Dando, much to Vyse's horror, began rolling his eyes about, first to one side and then to the other, like the Turk's head on a Dutch clock.

"Oh, papa! how can you say so," exclaimed Nelly, lifting up her hands. "To me, I never saw such a strong likeness as there is about the mouth and chin. Now look here, dear!" she continued, rising and placing her small white gloved hand over the boy's nose and eyes, so as only to leave the lower part of his countenance visible, "Isn't this the very image of that picture of dear mamma we had taken when we were up at Manantoddy." But unfortunately for the resemblance, Dando here thrust his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, after the elegant style of Mr. Thomas Matthews, upon whom "the mantle of Grimaldi" is said to have descended, causing a profuse perspiration to break out all over the bald head of the schoolmaster.

The girl tapped him playfully on the cheek, telling him "he was an impudent rogue," while the father said "the young dog had got just the spirits he had when he was his age." Then turning to Dando, he said, chucking him under the chin, "Anything for a bit of fun, eh, Hugh?" whilst to the schoolmaster, who was looking very black, he added, "Ah! we've all been boys in our time, haven't we, Doctor? And up to the very same tricks too, I'll be bound; at least, I know it was so with me."

"Very true, Major; very true!" replied Vyse, not a little gratified to find that—thanks to parental prejudice—even the boy's vulgarisms were ascribed to the flightiness of youth. "We all know the adage—and those old saws have a

world of wisdom in them, Major—that 'like father, like son;' and I'm sure I've always found it so."

"Perfectly right, Doctor Vyse," answered the invalid, shaking his head and growing—in his delight in seeing his boy—quite amiable and considerably less captious than he would have been at other times. "I think the lad's got his father's spirits and wild ways—or at least those I had once. Oh, I was a rare flighty one, I was!" he added, laughing away at the recollection of some of his youthful vagaries. "The tricks, too, I used to play off on my poor old grandmother!" Then taking another peep at his supposed son, said "Yes, now I come to look at him again, Nelly, his chin and under-lip are the picture of his poor dear mother's. Ha-ah! you don't recollect anything at all about her, I suppose, Hugh?"

"Oh! don't I just," replied Dando, with a side jerk of the head, and determined to know as much as possible; "and a werry lovely crittur she wore—nothing at all like old mother Wyse here, and from all I recollects the werry himage o' me." Then, all of a sudden, without any earthly cause, he added, "Crikey, don't I love my mother!" making Vyse, who had often heard that song sung in the streets, turn quite cold all down the back.

"The Major, however, being entirely ignorant of the popular melodies of his native land, imagined it to be a sudden outburst of affection, and merely replied, "There's a good boy. Hugh, I'm glad to hear you say so. Dear! dear! she was very fond of you, lad. I thought it would have broken her heart, poor thing, when she parted with you."

"Well, it were werry kind on her to be so particular fond o' me," replied Dando, with a smile on his lips ready on the first occasion to expand into a broad grin, while Vyse, who had taken up the showy volume of PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY from off the table, and was pretending to be reading it, frowned, and looked "birch rods" at the boy from over the top of the book, but finding his menaces were thrown away upon the lad, he rose up and marched indignantly to the window, satisfied that the barefaced deception could not hold out for many minutes longer.

"While all this was going on, Nelly had drawn from her muff a small conical parcel, and having taken a sugar imitation quarter of an orange from it, held it up temptingly to Dando, who no sooner saw it than he rushed towards her. The boy's experience in confectionary never having risen above brandy-balls, he had no sooner put it to his lips than he cried out "Oh my! Aint it plummy!" and as the *liqueur* inside of it ran down the corners of his mouth, he kept drawing up his leg, and rubbed his waist-coat up and down, saying, "Why, I'm a spillen' all the gravy," and as Nelly put her arm round his neck and kissed him on the forehead, he added, "I say, my dear, are you a-going to cum this every day o' the week?"

"After the orange he had a bunch of sugar cherries, and while he was busy scrunching these, he turned round to the good tempered girl—who was laughing at his extraordinary, and, to her, novel ways—and looking up in her face, said, "I say, Nelly, do you like cobblers?" alluding to the sherry ditto, of which he had so often heard the dashing Isaacs, who was a regular frequenter of the Casino, speak in terms of extreme approbation. "Ah!" he went on, while his imaginary sister stared with wonder as to what the boy could possibly mean, "Aary says cobblers is the sweetest things he ever put his lips to, and ven you lends us a shilling, Nelly, I'll treat you to one; only from what Aary says, I'm afeard one cobbler 'ud be more than you could manage, for they 'er so strong that they'd upset you in no time. But I'll tell you what I likes."

"Well, what?" asked the girl.

"Why, 'dog's nose,' " answered Dando, meaning some peculiar concoction of beer popular among the lower orders. "In summer, you know, it's so jolly cool. Cohen says he'd go miles any day to have a good pull at his fav'rite 'dog's nose.'"

"What nonsense you *are* talking, to be sure, Hugh! I never saw such an impudent fellow as you have grown!" replied Nelly, laughing. "And do you know, when you left India, you were such a little, weak, delicate thing; that we all said you were more like a girl than a boy, and would take after mamma, at least in the gentleness and amiability of your temper."

"Come, I say," answered Dando, throwing himself back, and looking knowingly at Nelly, "there aint no green about my eye."

"Good gracious, no!" answered the simple-minded girl, laughing, "of course there isn't! It will be quite time enough for you to be green about the eyes when you're as bilious as poor papa is." But Dando, who had little faith in what he elegantly styled "soft soap," kept shaking his head incredulously, while he pointed with his thumb over his left shoulder. So Nelly pushed him playfully from her, saying, "I declare you're worse than what I've heard poor dear mamma say papa was when he was a young man."

"Lor' bless you, I'm as quiet as a hair gun," answered Dando, breaking away from Nelly, "ven you takes me while I'm in the humour, and that's now he added, but, suddenly, he stopped short, for seeing the corpulent Vyse lifting up his long coat tails previous to sitting down, Dando gently slid the chair a short way back, and the wretched schoolmaster deposited himself on "the Brussels," making the same noise that a pavior does when letting go his rammer.

"Good gracious, my dear young friend!" exclaimed Vyse, as he sat on the floor, gasping for breath. "You might have done me a serious injury." The dear young friend, however, made no reply; but as he stood behind the Doctor, he put his fingers together and constructed a juvenile gun, and snapping his finger and thumb, took an imaginary shot at the bald head of the prostrate schoolmaster.

At this horrible crisis, Mrs Vyse, whose anxiety for "her dear Joseph" again forced her to step in and see "how matters were going on," entered the apartment; but perceiving the "dear Joseph" with his eyes shut, panting on the floor, the visitors all up in confusion, she made sure that Vyse and the old officer had come to blows, and that "her dear Joseph" had been severely punished for his duplicity. So she rushed back again up stairs, and having double locked herself in the "linenroom," exclaimed, "Ah! this comes of Joe's not having confessed like Master Edward Robinson."

"The boy's awkward practical joke however gave a serious turn to the conversation, and the old Major calling Dando to him, said, "Really, Hugh, you should not go on in this wild harum-scarum way! And what is all this about your not minding your books? The Doctor says, you won't attend to your Latin!"

"Quite correct, sir!" cried the angry schoolmaster, forgetting, in his desire to get Dando punished the danger of abusing the boy. "I don't suppose our dear young friend knows one line of either his VIRGIL or HORATI OPERA."

"Well! I don't know nuffin about them there 'hopperas,'" answered Dando, impudently; "at least I knows most on the 'S'AMBLAE.' And what's more, I knows the 'Delphi hoppera o' NORMA too, and werry fast-rate I thinks it—in pertikler Paul Bedford."

"The old man that had passed all his life in India, little dreamt that the operas that Dando referred to were of so utterly unclassical a character as the productions of the minor theatres, the names of which establishments the Major

was even not so much as acquainted with. So he looked with wonder at his supposed son, and turning round to Vyse, said, "Well, the lad is not so *very* ignorant after all. Are these really good works now that Hugh speaks of—eh Doctor?" he added; for though the old soldier had derided the knowledge of Latin, he was still proud to find, as he fancied, that his boy knew some little about it.

"Well! certainly!" stammered out Vyse, with the blood mounting up to his bald head, as he hardly saw away of concealing the lad's ignorance. "Why, we can only look, Major, to what our first scholars say on the subject! and the *ΑΔΕΛΦΗ*, you know, has immortalized Terence."

"Terence!" exclaimed Dando, with vehemence; "you means Wright—there aint no Terence among 'em."

"Of course not, certainly, my dear young friend," ejaculated Vyse, in vain trying to quiet the lad, encouraged as he was by old Burgoyne's nods—for the Major was delighted to find the boy getting the advantage of the schoolmaster as he thought—"I believe they were very highly spoken of by both Bentley and Porson! and they, you know, sir"—and the Doctor smiled learnedly as he showed off his knowledge—"were some of the best and deepest read commentators we've had for years!"

"Bentley and Porson some of the best common tatars! There a'n't no *common tatars* of the sort!" cried Dando, jumping from his chair with excitement, for he fancied he had now got upon a subject, which, from his extensive acquaintance with the baked-potato men under St. Clement's archway, made him more than a match for Vyse. "Ask Jim Berry, father," he continued, "and he's been over agin the 'Delphi night after night, up to one and two o'clock in the morning! Don't believe him, Nelly, he knows nuffen at all about it. The only common tatars I've ever heerd tell on is Kidneys and Champions, and neither of them's deep red either."

"Here the wretched Vyse, who had turned as pale as a cheap printed cotton after the first washing, asked the Major, in order to change the conversation, "whether he could have the pleasure of offering him or his daughter any refreshment."

The poor invalid's refreshment, however, was only a glass of quinine, and his peevishness which had for a time been warded off by the novelty of the scene, now returned with redoubled force, and was as usual vented on his unfortunate daughter. These episodes are however unpleasant, and as our purpose is only to convey pleasure we shall pass over the remainder of the visit; but to the very modest, though far from hearty request of Dr. Vyse that his son should return after the vacation, he got the following rebuff:—

"But the irritable Major was by this time in no humour to "mince matters" with the Doctor, so turning sharply round upon him, he said, as he looked at him sternly from head to foot, "I wonder, sir, that you have the impudence, after your wife's neglect of my child, to ask me to entrust him again to your care. For more than fourteen years I've paid you for the training of my boy's mind and heart. And how have you performed the task? Why, because his father was far, far away, and could keep no watch upon you, you let the lad run wild in the streets, to pick his morals, his manners, and his very talk, out of the gutter."

The tortured feelings of the Doctor and his wife, who had been so involuntarily led into the plot by the wily attorney, rendered them the reverse of happy: and to add to their misery, it transpired during the visit, that the runaway Walter Farquhar, the first cause of all this deception, had

been 4th mate of the ship in which the Burgoynes went home, and had made himself known to Nelly, to the great annoyance of her father, who persisted in deeming him an imposter. So ends the first portion of No. 3 and the remainder is occupied with the doings of the Farquhars. It may be remembered that they were engaged to dine at Impey's who made great preparations by displaying all the plate and paraphernalia which he had collected from the effects of the noble families whom he had ruined. As soon as the Lithargic Brigadier retired to the sofa to take his forty winks after dinner,—Mrs. Brigadier indulged the lawyer with some scenes of camp life, and to make the picture appear as real and probable as possible, the author has borrowed some incidents from the diary of a certain lady of notoriety, whose *non-chalance* in describing earthquakes, and such like trifles, has become proverbial :—

"Mrs. Farquhar—finding a willing listener in the insinuating little lawyer—began to run over the stories she loved to tell of the battles she had seen, and to develope the military taste which her attention to her boy had in a measure kept concealed at their first meeting. To every observation that Impey made she managed to drag in something about India in answer, and to introduce anecdotes of some of her adventures "up the country," astonishing the gentle Hugh by the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the "slaughter" she had witnessed, and making Impey smile at the *mannish* tone and half-slang terms with which she embellished her discourse.

"Will you allow me to cut this pine-apple for you, Mrs. Farquhar," asked Impey, holding a silver-bladed knife over the one he had hired for the occasion.

"No, thank you, I'm sick and tired of the things," replied the lady, laughing. "They're no treat to a person that's seen them, over and over again, growing wild in the grass—with leaves six feet high—as I used when we were up at Ramoo. By-the-by that was a ticklish time. I really thought it was all up with us!" and the lady shook her head, while Impey stared again at the peculiarity of her language. "You know it was just before the Burmese war, when Maha Bandoola—a first-chop native chief—took the command of the Arracan army, which was going to invade Bengal—as they said—and the stupids up at Calcutta were actually croaking away like a pack of old women—ha! ha! ha! Well, directly we heard the news at Ramoo, and that Bandoola intended to march against us immediately, why our boys began croaking too. 'Erect a battery on the hill towards Rutnapullung,' says that wiseacre Postans of the 13th.—'Of course,' answered I, 'to be the work of fairies in the night.'—'Wait till they run up their stockades, and then throw one shot from cantonments into the battery,' cries that donkey Cockett of Baylis's troop.—'Guardian sylphs all the while protecting our men of course,' I replied laughing."

"Well, and how did you manage after all," asked the polite lawyer pretending to be disgusted with the conduct of Postans and Cockett.

"Why Farquhar and my brother-in-law, Woollaton, had decided upon getting our two nine-pounders into the bastion, and setting to work forthwith to cut the embrasures to fit them. But oh, dear me, no! the wiseacres couldn't see the use of such things, though it was all so clearly explained that even I understood it as well as hemming the handkerchief I was making."

"Bless me, you don't mean to say so!" ejaculated Impey, with mock indignation, though he couldn't make out one word of the military jargon. "But let us hope the fellows were severely punished!"

"Ah! that they were," continued the lady, in high spirits, "for as soon as it was day-break, up came Bandoola with a tremendously strong corps, through

secret roads they had cut in the jungle, and bullied us fearfully. Captain Hodder immediately rushed out to meet and oppose them, leaving three companies of the 27th under Tennison to maintain their position. I had taken up my post, as usual on the top of the house, and a first-rate view I had of the field of action to be sure! Besides, the chimney pots, you know, kept off the bullets that whizzed past me every minute. There I saw the Sipahs march forward under a heavy fire with commendable steadiness and great alacrity, and drive the enemy from the hill by our shrapnell. After this we opened Woollaton's battery, and treated the enemy to a good shower from our five-and-a-half inch mortar and two nine-pounders. The effect, I can assure you, was beautiful to us in cantonments, but I'm afraid that's the only effect it had."

"Indeed!" said Impey, throwing his head back, whilst he was thinking how long it would be before coffee was announced. "How was that?"

"Why I'm sorry to say we only killed on an average four or five each time, and *that*, you know, is a very small number for so great an expenditure of powder and shot. However the enemy rushed on, drove our men before them like a flock of sheep with a wolf at their heels, and captured one of our guns—though the artillerymen fought like heroes, and two were killed at it. It was here that little Grant proved such a trump"—(Impey threw up his eyebrows at the words.) "Poor fellow! he was shot whilst waving his sword over the gun, and cheering on the men in tip-top style. All after this was a regular confusion and I declare my heart leapt to my mouth, as I saw the Cassay horse ride clean through our troops, and proceed to bear down upon the cantonments. So I rushed down stairs, and was just in time to hear Woollaton—like the fine fellow he is—crying out to the Sappers and Miners, 'Now, my brave lads, who volunteers to take muskets?' But I blush to tell you, Mr. Impey, a dead silence ensued."

"Good gracious! I never heard of such cowardice," replied the little man, sipping his port. "What did you do then, Madam?"

"Why I thought that perhaps the curs might be shamed into doing their duty, so I cried out, 'You'd better give *me* one, Woollaton, and I will head the party.' And here the lady brought her hand down on the table with such vehemence, that the lawyer jumped back in alarm at his proximity to so war-like a woman. "But it was all to no use, for not one of them would stir a stump. Ah! it's a sad thing to think of men being so lost to all right feeling! So in a short time afterwards it was a regular case of *saute qui peut*, and we all had to cut and run for our lives. It was such close work, too, that I had only just time to empty my chest of drawers I can tell you. And as it was, I left more than half of my traps in them, and among other things some small bottles, saying to myself, 'I only hope the scoundrels will try their contents,'—for one, you must know, contained nitric acid and another a strong solution of lunar caustic, do you see?" and the "heroine" laughed as she nudged Impey in a not very lady-like way.

"Ho! ho! I understand—to poison the black ruffians, answered Impey, forcing a laugh, and almost beginning to fancy there was a suspicious flavor about the glass of port-wine he had just drunk off. "It's a pity, my dear madam, all the officers' ladies a'n't like you, and then we could do with half the number of men, you know."

"Well, now, I call that a very good joke, don't you Walter?" cried the lady, taking the speech as a compliment, and turning to her supposed son. But seeing the lad almost horror-stricken at the tale he had heard, she said, "Ah, Walter! you'd never have done for a soldier, I can see. Why the mere story of a battle's made you look quite pale and chop-fallen."

"Nor was the timid boy's horror lessened when Mrs. Farquhar, a few minutes afterwards, drew up her black satin sleeve to shew them the scar of a bullet

wound she had received in her arm, during the retreat, whilst she told them that three others had passed through her "poshteen" near the shoulder, without doing her any injury.

"At this moment the old Brigadier, aroused by the servant—who had come to announce coffee—closing the door, rose from the sofa, and as he rubbed his eyes, and gaped, he said, "By the bye, Joanna, I forgot to tell you—a-a-a-ah good gracious, how sleepy I am—I forgot to tell you something, I say. Who do you think I met down at the Oriental this morning?" And as the lady put her head on one side to think, the Brigadier continued, "Why, old Major Burgoyne of the 25th."

"The words no sooner fell from his mouth than a visible effect was produced upon all parties. Impey was instantly intently occupied with something in his plate, for he feared even to look at Hugh. Directly the boy heard the news he jumped from his chair, and gasped out "What my——" but he was stopped short by a kick from the lawyer under the table.

"Yes! your old schoolfellow's father come back from India, you see, *Walter!*" added the ready Impey, with a marked stress upon the last word, so as to bring the boy back to a sense of the part he was acting.

"And as it did bring that sense back, Hugh fell powerless in his chair, while his head dropped on his bosom."

We have scarcely room for more extracts. The lawyer is evidently getting into a fix, and we must bring this notice to a close with the following:—

"The lawyer seeing this, tried to prevent the conversation reverting to the return of the Burgoynes, by giving Mrs. Farquhar another opportunity for an Indian anecdote, and asking her "Whether it was true she had been taken prisoner?" But scarcely had the lady began the narrative of her captivity, than the very first sentence suggested to the Brigadier—whose mind was still musing upon his old friend, Burgoyne—something in connection with the invalid major; and he interrupted the conversation by saying,—

"By-the-by, talking of paddy-field, Joanna, just reminds me of something I forgot to tell you. Burgoyne's brought pretty Nelly over with him, and there's been a nice piece of work there, I can tell you. From all I heard from the Major, too, Nelly seems to have acted very imprudently."

"Indeed!—you don't say so!" answered the lady, making up her mind it was some love affair, and being still woman enough to be particularly curious about all such matters. "What is it, Farquhar? for goodness' sake tell me, for I'm dying to know—what is it, eh?"

"Why, it seems," continued the Brigadier, throwing himself on the other yellow sofa, that on board the 'Lady Macnaughten'—the Burgoynes came over in the 'Lady Macnaughten,' Joanna—there was a big-whiskered scoundrel—some trumpery fourth officer or other, I think the Major said he was. Well, this scoundrel, you see, heard that Nelly's father was rolling in money, and found out—though where on earth he got it from I can't say—found out, I repeat, that we were very old friends of the Burgoynes. So what does the big-whiskered vagabond do, but go playing the fool with Nelly until the girl got head over ears in love with him; and then he actually wanted to make out to the old man that he was Walter Farquhar, our son."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Impey, forcing a noisy laugh, and pretending to be bent double with the absurdity of the joke, while all the time he was writhing with horror at the prospect he saw of the runaway's immediate return. But to brave it out he roared so loud that he quite drowned the indignation of Mrs. Farquhar, who kept bobbing her head and fuming away unheard. Still the rapt Hugh lay unconscious of all that had passed; for he was away with

the father he knew he could not get to, with his eye still fixed on the same vacancy.

"Directly the Brigadier went on with the story, Impey's loud, shrill laugh stopped as suddenly as a railway whistle, and with his neck stretched out of his white stock, he listened anxiously for fear even a word should escape him.

"Yes, I knew you'd hardly believe it, Joanna, but upon my word, if the scoundrel didn't try to cram Burgoyne's," continued old Farquhar, who had been laughing because Impey had,—*"with a cock-and-bull story, about his having been flogged from school eight years ago. However the old man,—who is far from a fool, you know, Joanna—caught the vagabond beautifully; for you see when we were met by him at Nagpore—you remember my dear—when the Major was so cut up about that letter he'd had from Doctor Vyse, saying, his boy was going on so badly?—Well, it so happened, Mr. Impey,"—and he turned to the lawyer—"that quite by accident there—and it only shews you how things turn out sometimes—we shewed Major Burgoyne that very letter you sent us about having put Walter to the law, and your very foolishly refusing to take the usual premium on such occasions, though it was very good of you, I'm sure. So of course the Major instantly knew the fellow was a downright—a—a—dear me, what is the word? I've got it at the tip of my tongue too!—a—a—"*

"Scoundrel!" suggested the impatient lawyer. And as the inactive-minded Brigadier, with his eyes shut in thought, shook his head and hands in answer, his wife kindly hinted "*Villain.*"

"Good gracious! how dull you are, Joanna," exclaimed Farquhar, with disgust. "Now why can't you use the intellects that Providence has blessed you with? Ah! Impostor! that is the word I wanted. Well, as I was saying then, old Burgoyne knew the fellow was a downright Impostor, for as he said very truly, how could Walter Farquhar have run away eight years ago, when scarcely two years back the boy was studying the law?"

"Of course, of course!" laughed Impey, as he began to see some little chance of escape, "that was very clear! Well I never heard of such cool impudence! But there are such people in the world, I'm sorry to say, madam!"

"Cool impudence, indeed! downright wickedness, I call it," replied the lady, stirring her coffee with great energy, "to trifle with the poor girl's best feelings as the man seems to have done—the vagabond! And how was poor Nelly Farquhar?" she added, addressing the Brigadier.

"Why I can't say, Joanna!" said the Brigadier, undoing the three bottom buttons of his waistcoat; "I didn't see her, you see, for the Major had only his boy with him, and very fond of the lad he—" But his sentence was interrupted by the white-faced Hugh starting up from the sofa, with his long wet black hair hanging in disorder about his face, and crying out "He's got no boy, he's got no boy, I say," and as he said the words there was an hysterical catch in his breath, and a wildness in his look, that frightened them all, and set them wondering what had come to the boy. Impey, more frightened than any, found a ready excuse in the wine the Brigadier had made him drink, and whispering as much to the mother, the lawyer again went off into a fit of laughter, declaring the boy was "quite funny." Then turning round he gave Hugh a look that silenced him for a time.

"Now, compose yourself, Walter, dear," said Mrs. Farquhar, taking a cup of tea, and seating herself by Hugh's side. "Here, drink this, and don't go on in such a way, or you'll make yourself ill! Besides it's so foolish of you, when you know, Walter, you were at school with Hugh!"

"The boy said not a word in answer, for he was determining within himself that as soon as he was out of Impey's sight he would tell all and be free. The old Brigadier, however, annoyed at being "cut short" in his tale, said,



"Ah! it's ridiculous of you, Walter, going on in that way, when I saw the boy with my own eyes—and very fond of his father he seems too. Poor old man! he told me it was a great consolation to him to have seen the boy, for now that he had looked upon his only boy once more, he says he can die happy."

"Take me home! take me home!" shrieked Hugh, as the horrid words rang in his ear. It was in vain that Mrs. Farquhar caught him round the waist as he sprang up from his seat, for he burst from her crying, "Let me go to my father! Oh do let me go to my father!"

Impey here interposed, and rushed with Hugh out of the room, where, by the threat that if he exposed the boy's deception, he would be immediately hung, he at length forced him to persouate Walter a few days longer.

(To be continued.)

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History of British India. From 1805 to 1835. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. Vol. III. (Vol. IX. of 'Mill's History of British India, by Wilson.')* Madden.

THIS volume completes Mr. Wilson's annotated edition and continuation of Mill's *British India*. A thinker of a much more original and powerful cast than Mr. Wilson might have been unfavourably circumstanced by such close comparison with Mill as his task naturally suggests: and it is perhaps impossible, either in justice to the first distinguished historian of British India, or to truth, to evade altogether the comparison forced upon us. But justice to Mr. Wilson requires also that his work should be estimated by its own intrinsic merits.

The notes contributed by Mr. Wilson to the six volumes which contain Mill's *History*, present much curious and recondite learning, and much most valuable information. They, on some occasions also, serve the useful purpose of modifying too trenchant and sweeping conclusions of Mr. Mill respecting native character and civilisation in India. In so far they admirably subserve the cause of truth and tolerant judgment; but in no case, do they materially affect the grand outlines of Mill's history, or invalidate his conclusions respecting personal character or public policy. Mr. Wilson's supplementary narrative is in manner unambitious, in style easy and flowing; and it fills up effectually, with its frequent references to authoritative and accessible sources, the gap which the lapse of time had already opened between the concluding period of Mill's history and the present day. It was hardly to be expected that the author should have displayed Mr. Mill's capacity of divining and portraying individual character by felicitous selection of incidents and brief pregnant remarks; or have rivalled that power which in Mr. Mill was so remarkable, of presenting the political workings of the period with an entire unity, while at the same time the action, re-action, and counter-action of individual powers were

shown busily at work throughout it. It is no disrespect to Mr. Wilson, who is by far the most accomplished linguist, the most learned antiquarian and ethnologist of the day, to say that he falls short of that intuitive and creative power of mind which is quite as indispensable to the historian as to the poet, of the higher class.

Mr. Mill's strength was eminently that of the historian. Without any of Mr. Wilson's extensive acquirements in oriental philology, without any of the advantages of the flood of light thrown by recent researches on the antiquities and social peculiarities of India, without (at the time his *History* was composed) the same unlimited access to official documents, Mr. Mill, by the power of original genius, has produced a most truthful and instructive history. The native acuteness and wariness of his judgment; the persevering industry with which he had devoted himself to the analysis of the human mind and of social phenomena; above all, his knowledge of man as man, apart from and above what books can teach; furnished him with standards whereby to test the value of assertions, and with clues to puzzle out what was left concealed by half-told tales. His rare faculty of combination enabled him, after sifting and analysing his materials, to reconstruct the complex mass of political and military transactions with a vividness of presentation that has never been surpassed. As a mere literary composition his *History of British India* is undoubtedly open to criticism. A stern and uncompromising disposition, to say nothing of the bias of his peculiar philosophy, had sometimes led him astray. And yet it would be difficult to name any one historical work to which as a whole we would assign the preference when compared with it. In a peculiar turn of mind, and in the effect it produces upon the reader, we would place its author nearer Tacitus than any other historian.

Throughout the whole annals of the Anglo-Indian government no act more creditable to the Directors can be found than in their selecting for patronage and high promotion, and on account of his *History* alone, a writer who had told so many, and what must have been to them, in most instances, such unpalatable truths. Mr. Mill's book is the work of a proud and independent intellect, to the manliness of which the Anglo-Indian government paid homage.—*Examiner*, June 24.

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*The Rise and Fall of Rome Papal.* By Robert Fleming. Reprinted from the first edition in 1701. With Notes, Preface, and a Memoir of the Author.

[MR. ROBERT FLEMING was a minister of the Scottish Church in London during the reigns of William and Anne and the early part of George the First. His *Rise and Fall of Rome Papal* was written at a time when Protestant Europe was reasonably alarmed at the gigantic projects of Louis the Fourteenth, and the prospect of Papal domination. Although moral reflections and advice are mixed up largely in his book, the main object of Mr. Fleming is to identify the Pope with Antichrist, and fix the date of his downfall as predicted in the Revelations. The different "trumpets" he conceives refer to occurrences previous to the Reformation; the "vials"

begin with that great event. By a system of chronology he makes the dates correspond with the events to which he likens them. The fourth vial he conceived began in his own age; a blow to "the Beast" was inflicted by the substantial success of William of Orange against the French; but, continues Mr. Fleming, writing in 1700—"First as to the remaining part of this vial, I do humbly suppose that it will come to its highest pitch about A. D. 1717, [confirmed closely enough for prophecy by Marlborough's victories,] and that it will run out about the year 1794"; another apparent verification that excited considerable attention at the time, and caused the circulation of several editions of the book both in England and America. Mr. Fleming considers that Antichrist will continue to exist, in a low condition, till the year 2000, but will receive the death-stroke in 1848. "If we may suppose that Antichrist began his reign in the year 606, the additional 1,260 years of his duration, were they Julian or ordinary years, would lead us down to the year 1866, as the last period of the seven-headed monster. But seeing they are prophetic years only, we must cast away eighteen years, in order to bring them to the exact measure of time which the Spirit of God designs in this book. And thus the final period of Papal usurpations (supposing that he did indeed rise in the year 606) must conclude with the year 1848."—*Spectator*, May 27.

*The Personal History of Louis Philippe, Ex-King of the French, from 1773 to 1848. Comprising the only English edition yet published of the Work of M. Boutmy\*, Member of the late Chamber of Deputies. With Supplementary Particulars, including the Principal Events of the recent Revolution until after the arrival of the Deposed Sovereign at Claremont in England. By a Member of the Middle Temple.*

[THE facts in the personal history of Louis Philippe are so remarkable in themselves, that they would have attracted public attention in the case of a less conspicuous personage: the adventures and "mots" of the King of the French have been told so often, in so many forms of publication, that it is a reader's own fault if he does not know all about "the man for cunning's various arts renown'd." M. Boutmy, a member of the late Chamber of Deputies, and a friend of the "dynasty," appears to us to have added nothing new of any consequence to the biography of the Citizen King; but his narrative derives a character from his courtier-like colouring and his French manner. The narrative resembles what the ancient orators plainly called a panegyric; but Louis Philippe is only favoured, not bedaubed. M. Boutmy comes down to 1845; but the translator has added a summary account of the late Revolution, and the causes which led to it.]  
—*Ibid.*

*Account of some recent Improvements in the system of Navigating the Ganges by Iron Steam-vessels. By Albert Robinson, Civil Engineer.*

[MR. ROBINSON is the engineer who originated and conducted the experiment of running private steam-boats against those of the East India Company on the Ganges. In this publication he gives an account of the old method, with two boats, one the steamer for locomotion, the other for freight or passengers; and the new plan, with only one vessel, like the steamers of Europe. The object of Mr. Robinson's innovation was greater speed and less expense; both of which were successfully attained. The question of financial success, as we understand it, depends upon whether the Government will run at such low freights and fares, paying the loss out of the taxes, as to drive private companies from the field. The publication contains illustrative plans and plates which give a very good idea of the Ganges and the two systems of navigation. There are also a few hints on rendering the Ganges more navigable,—which, if Mr. Robinson has a detailed plan upon the subject, should have been treated at greater length: the principle is to agitate the water, and so prevent it from depositing the sand it holds in solution.]—*Ibid.*

*Partnership with Limited Liabilities, (according to the Commercial Practice of the Continent, of Europe and the United States of America,) for the Employment of Capital, the Circulation of Wages, and the Revival of our Home and Colonial Trade.*

[EVERYBODY knows that partnership "*en commandite*" allows of a business to be carried on by subscription, each person being responsible to the amount of his subscribed share and no more. In England, the system is occasionally permitted by express act of Parliament, as in the case of railway companies; in France, it is legalized for any undertaking. The benefits of the principle seem to depend upon two things,—the economical condition of the country, and the national character of the people. On the Continent, where capital was and perhaps is scarce, and the people are timorous to a degree, a limited responsibility might be advisable; probably it was a natural necessity that gave rise to the law. In this country, there is no lack of capital, skill, commercial enterprise, or even a reckless spirit of gaming in trade. It is not industry, or the means to employ it, that we require; but fresh channels—a wider field of industry.

The nominal subject of this volume, however, forms but a small portion of it. The author gives a sort of commercial autobiography of himself; takes a review of the manufacturing, financial, and trading history of the country during the war; and discusses all sorts of subjects of an economical cast.]—*Ibid.*, June 3.

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### *My Sister Minnie.*

IN some points of view this novel is an improvement upon Mrs. Daniel's former fiction. The attention is not drawn off by a double story, and the graver incidents which cause the distress are less theatrical and improbable than those in *Jeremiah Parkes*, though still extreme enough. This greater simplicity of design, however, is gained at some expense of strength, variety, and matter: there is more of mere writing in the work, either in the form of minute description of trivial circumstances, or in a mixture of reflection and sentiment,—each class of composition displaying feminine delicacy and sentiment, but too slight to interest the reader, who expects force and breadth. Mrs. Daniel has also avoided a fault of her late husband, which consisted in continually repeating himself: but in doing so, she exhibits a similar deficiency of resources. The main element of the story may be founded in nature, but the means by which it is conducted and the characters in which it is exhibited are peculiar and limited; they represent no class in life, or any, natural type. In short, both story and persons in *My Sister Minnie* are engrafted by fancy on the stock of the old novel. The feminine genius of Mrs. Daniel endows this unreal matter with a fragile grace of form; but criticism nowadays is not to be satisfied with an elegant tenuity of composition,—nor, we suspect, the world at large either.

*My Sister Minnie* is the story of a beautiful engaging girl, but deficient in strength of will. Her aunt has married a German teacher; and thus offending her noble family and friends, she is exposed to poverty and privation with her husband. A deadly passion for revenge takes possession of both, and the husband on his deathbed commits his share to his wife. To carry it out, she writes a lamenting letter to Lady Gertrude, Minnie's mother, recommending her son, Ernest Leiden, to her protection during a visit to England made on account of his delicate health; and he is received as one of the family. A passion springs up between Ernest and the heroine; but is broken off by the watchfulness of Minnie's sister, who writes the tale. Subsequently, Minnie marries a Mr. Seymour Warburton; and then Aunt Leiden, by a series of artful schemes, contrives to place Minnie in an equivocal position with Ernest, excites her husband's jealousy, and a separation takes place. After an interval sufficient for the distress, Lady Edith Leiden on her deathbed avows her conduct, and the married pair are again united.

The whole story is, as we have said already, written with great sentiment and elegance, some of the deeper scenes with truthfulness and an approach to pathos; but the substance, when not unreal, is common. Abstract the Iago-like proceedings of Lady Leiden, and the distress may be matched in many houses in many streets. Some, no doubt, will say that this is nature: but it is not the nature for fiction, which requires both depth and breadth in itself and in its treatment. Every apprentice has his distress, so has every schoolboy; "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." And this trouble, if the occasion arises for telling it as a fact, is not without its interest, just as a portrait of the commonest individual has its attraction if well painted. A particular face, however, will not do for an historical or a poetical picture, merely because it has an owner; and the attempt to make

it fit fails, because the very act changes the literal truth, till it ceases to be truth at all. It is the same with common incidents : they are natural as long as they are facts—as soon as they are transplanted to fiction they lose their naturalness.—*Ibid.*

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*Beatrice Chesterford ; a Novel. In two volumes.*

[THERE is nothing new in the elements of this novel, nor is there the lesser novelty of form or manner which may arise from a close observation of some peculiar section of existing society. The main interest of the story lies in the deprivation of the rightful owner of property by the villainous arts of a near relation ; which arts are exposed at last, and justice triumphs. Some variety is given to this tale by carrying back the narrative to that part of the last century when Romanists were legally exposed to penalties for the exercise of their faith ; and a touch of reality is imparted by the introduction of quaint and peculiar characters, probably drawn from actual existence. The mere technical skill of the writer is so respectable as to approach to power in parts ; but there is great want of art. The narrative opens before the Norman Conquest, and continues till all the actors are dead and buried save one.]—*Ibid.*, June 24.

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*The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connexion and Historical Development. By Augustus Neander. Translated from the fourth German edition. By John M'Clintock and Charles E. Blumenthal, Professors in Dickinson College. With a Preface by a Clergyman of the Church of England.*

[THIS work by Neander was written in opposition to Strauss's well-known *Life of Jesus*, and with the view of neutralizing the mythical interpretations of that singular book. The translation was undertaken by two American professors, in order to counteract various translations of Strauss that had been circulated in the United States ; and it is now reprinted in this country with a similar object, under the superintendence of an Anglican divine. The purpose and genius of the author have given rise to a commentary on the events of Christ's life, rather than a narrative of the life ; and he handles some things with a freedom of interpretation which will look almost as unorthodox as Strauss himself, though much less offensive. It is a curious and learned book, if not so clinchingly convincing as is desirable in this kind of controversy.]—*Ibid.*

*Hand-book of Bengal Missions, in Connexion with the Church of England ; together with an Account of General Educational Efforts in North India* BY THE REVD. J. LONG.

The wide field of observation implied in this volume, has been thoroughly gleaned for the purpose of making it a work of reference for Educational and Missionary Societies. It is impossible to follow the compiler,—for whose diligence, however, we feel great respect. Some of the incidental

matter is eminently interesting,—but it cannot be dissociated from the religious record. In the appendix we find specimens of the first English poems by a native of Bengal, Baboo Kasi Prasad Ghose. We subjoin the following :—

SONG OF THE BOATMEN TO GUNGA.

Gold river ! gold river ! how gallantly now  
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow ;  
In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies,  
Like a white-wing'd spirit through topaz-pav'd skies.

Gold river ! gold river ! thy bosom is calm,  
And for thee the breezes are shedding their balm ;  
And nature beholds her fair features pourtray'd  
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely display'd.

Gold river ! gold river ! the sun to thy waves  
Is fleeting, to rest in thy cool coral caves :  
And thence, with his tiar of light, in the morn  
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river ! gold river ! how bright is the beam  
That lightens and crimson thy soft flowing stream ;  
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,  
Whose waves, as they burst, in their brightness are flashing.

Gold river ! gold river ! the moon will soon grace  
The hall of the stars with her light shedding face ;  
The wandering planets will over thee throng,  
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river ! gold river ! our brief course is done ;  
And safe in the city our home we have won ;  
And as to the bright sun now dropp'd from our view,  
So, Gunga ! we bid thee a cheerful adieu !

There is also an autobiography of the author, who was educated as a free scholar in the Hindoo College, and showed a taste for poetry from his earliest boyhood. He has composed songs in Bengali ; but most of his verse is in English.—*Athenæum*, June 17.

*The Oriental Interpreter, and Treasury of East India Knowledge.  
A Companion to the Hand-Book.* BY J. H. STOCQUELER, ESQ.

A most valuable book of reference to every reader of works which treats of India and the East.

The only drawback to the entire usefulness of such a production is the unsettled and ever varying topography which causes such a disrelish to readers, and which even the diligence and ability of the author could not altogether rectify so as to render the words and names easy and certain to be found. He has, however, done so much that we must not blame him for not accomplishing the impossible. The fund of information respecting every thing that relates to our Eastern Empire, in all respects, is very complete and excellently arranged.—*Literary Gazette*, May.



## LITERARY EXTRACTS.

### *Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton, Esq., &c.*

Mr. Templeton visited Louis Philippe at Neuilly, from whence he returned "enchanted with the admirable manner" of his Majesty :—

"There is something wonderfully interesting in the picture of a royal family living *en bourgeoise*—a King sitting with his spectacles on his forehead and his newspaper on his knee, playfully alluding to observations whose fallacy he alone can demonstrate ; a Queen busily engaged amid the toils of the work-table, around which Princesses of every European royalty are seated, gaily chatting over their embroidery, or listening while an amusing book is read out by a husband or brother ;—even an American would be struck by such a view of monarchy.

"The Duc de Nemours is the least prepossessing of the princes ; his deafness, too, assists the impression of his coldness and austerity ; while the too-studied courtesy of the Prince de Joinville towards Englishmen is the reverse of an amicable demonstration."

Louis Philippe, who appears to have been singularly communicative on this occasion, observed that the Duke of Wellington should *always* be our Minister of Foreign Affairs, and, amongst other things, related an anecdote of Metternich—a touch of profound diplomatic character :—

"*Apropos* of Metternich ; the King told a trait of him which I have not heard before. In one of those many stormy interviews which took place between him and the Emperor, Napoleon, irritated at the tone of freedom assumed by the Austrian envoy, endeavoured by an artifice to recall him to what he deemed a recollection of their relative stations, and then, as it were, inadvertently let fall his hat for the Prince to take it up ; instead of which Metternich moved back and bowed, leaving the Emperor to lift it from the ground himself."

It is not stated how Napoleon took this, but it is probable he had his revenge ; for, according to the same authority, he was always on the watch to detect and punish the slightest infraction of the forms and respect that hedge the kingly divinity—of which Louis Philippe gave the following instance :—

"The Emperor was one day seeking for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Monecy, one of the tallest men in the army, who was present, immediately stepped forward, saying, 'Permettez, Sire. Je suis plus grand que votre Majesté !' 'Vous voulez dire plus long, Muréchal,' said the Emperor, with a frown that made the reproof actually a severity."

If Napoleon ever made such a retort, all that need be said about it is that great men sometimes say and do things that are strangely unworthy of them.

Of the obstinate and foolish conduct of Charles X. up to the last moment of the Revolution of the Three Days, we have a case in point, which was recounted to the author by a stranger whom he had afterwards reason to suspect was no less a person than Marshal Marmont :—

"The greatest difficulty was to persuade his Majesty that the entire affair was any thing but a street brawl. He treated the accounts with an indifference bordering on contempt ; and at every fresh narrative of the repulse of the troops, he seemed to feel that the lesson to be inflicted subsequently would be the most efficacious check to

popular excess in future. To give an instance,—a very slight one, but not without its moral, of the state of feeling of the court :—at four o'clock of the afternoon of the third day, when the troops had fallen back from the Place du Carrousel, and with great loss been compelled to retreat towards the Champs Élysées, Captain Langlet, of the 4th Lancers, volunteered to carry a verbal message to Versailles, in doing which he should traverse a great part of Paris in the occupation of the insurgents. The attempt was a bold and daring one, but it succeeded. After innumerable hairbreadth dangers and escapes, he reached Versailles at half-past seven. His horse had twice fallen, and his uniform was torn by balls ; and he entered the courtyard of the Palace just as his Majesty learned that his dinner was served. Langlet hastened up the great staircase, and, by the most pressing entreaties to the officer in waiting, obtained permission to wait there till the king should pass. He stood there for nearly a quarter of an hour : it seemed an age to him, for though faint, wounded, and weary, his thoughts were fixed on the scene of struggle he had quitted, and the diminishing chances of success each moment told. At last the door of a saloon was flung wide, and the Grand Maréchal, accompanied by the officers in waiting, were seen retiring in measured steps before the king. His Majesty had not advanced half-way along the corridor when he perceived the splashed and travel-stained figure of the officer. " Who is that ?" demanded he, in a tone of almost asperity. The officer on guard stepped forward, and told who he was and the object of his coming. The king spoke a few words hastily and passed on. Langlet waited in breathless eagerness to hear when he should have his audience—he only craved time for a single sentence. What was the reply he received ?—an order to present himself, " suitably dressed," in the morning. Before that morning broke there was no King in France ?"

Here is an anecdote of Sir Robert Darcy, who possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities of coolness and imperturbability so important in diplomacy :—

" One evening, when playing at whist, at Potsdam, with the late King of Prussia, his Majesty, in a fit of inadvertence, appropriated to himself several gold pieces belonging to Sir Robert. The King at last perceived and apologised for his mistake, adding, ' Why did you not inform me of it ?' ' Because I knew your Majesty always makes restitution when you have obtained time for reflection.' Hanover was then on the *tapis* and the King felt the allusion."—*Atlas*, June 10.

### *French deduction from Nelson's Tactics. From " Sketches of the last Naval War."*

DURING this decline both moral and material in the French marine, an improvement had taken place in the British, over and above the great advantage arising from continual exercise in all climates at all seasons, with the stimulus of success. While the old discipline of the French navy was destroyed by the ideas of the Revolution, that of the British was reformed, improved, and carried to the very highest pitch of excellence, by St. Vincent. At the same time, too, arose a man exactly suited to the crisis, and capable of taking advantage of the perfection to which the British navy had been brought, by hurling its perfect force at the inferior condition of the French and Spanish ships. That man was Nelson. Impetuous and daring by nature, thoroughly versed in his profession from the most extensive combination to the minutest details—to which last he paid the profoundest attention, he saw at once the deficiency of the French marine, and, discarding the old cautious system of tactics that had been continued by the British Admirals at the commencement of the Revolu-

tionary war, he threw himself almost recklessly upon his enemy, without regard to nominal superiority, satisfied that, with his crews and his gunnery, the disparity of numbers was not real. Had the French navy been better disciplined and better trained, these tactics of Nelson would have been too hazardous to adopt ; because to bear down upon a fleet at right angles, or to throw a few leading ships upon the enemy without regard to the time when the others might come into action, would involve the destruction of the leading vessels and the defeat of the armament. Hence, the French moral deducible from Nelson's professional life is not to imitate his tactics, but his preparations.

" The battles of Aboukir and Trafalgar have overturned the olden ideas of naval tactics. Have they substituted rules of an infallible strategy, a strategy which it is the interest of our admirals to study ? There are, doubtless, circumstances wherein they might profit by those daring examples. But those tactics, we think it has been sufficiently proved, can only be used by the strong against the weak—by veteran against unpractised navies ; and it is not against such that we have to prepare : it is against an enemy who remembers the lessons of Nelson, and will be ready to practise them again if we can only oppose him with a new order of battle, instead of with better squadrons. The last war presents subjects more worthy of our study than tactics. The English did not owe their triumphs to the number of their ships, to the greatness of their maritime population, to administrative wisdom, nor the wise combinations of the Admiralty. The English beat us because their crews were better trained and their squadrons better disciplined than ours. That superiority was the fruit of some years' cruising, and was the work of Jervis and of Nelson. It is the secret mechanism of that silent and gradual work which we must investigate ; for we must study Nelson organizing his fleet ere we can understand him fighting with such successful rashness ; we must examine the means before we can comprehend the end. \* \* \*

" The things which Nelson attempted with his ships during his remarkable career, the risks and perils to which he exposed them in his adventurous Odyssey, will strike every seaman with astonishment. Not to speak of Aboukir Bay, into which he led his squadron at sunset, with no other guide than a wretched sketch found in a French merchant-ship—without recalling his perilous expedition in the Baltic—where is there an officer who will not admire his last cruise in the Mediterranean, wherein he conducted his fleet, and that old Victory, accustomed to more careful treatment, through unknown passages, which even in the present day appear impracticable for such ships ? There were no difficulties of navigation which, in such a school, the English did not learn to surmount. Such is, in part, the secret of those persevering cruises which even in the depth of winter kept our ports blockaded and our shores alarmed. Such is the best explanation of those rapid movements which disconcerted our projects, those unforeseen concentrations by which the English squadrons seemed to be multiplied over the face of the globe.

" That which we may most profitably study in Nelson, that man of such prodigious energy as well as such uncommon valour, is his nautical activity still more than his military daring. It is by taking this view that we recognize all the importance of that collection (Nelson's Despatches) which has served as the basis of our work. That monument which has been raised with religious care to the hero of England is also an historical monument. These semi-official despatches, these unstudied effusions affording unquestionable proofs of the ardent love of the service, the professional enthusiasm which distinguished Nelson above all his rivals, transport us into the heart of the enemy's camp, and enable us at this day to enter the tent of Achilles. For our own part, we rejoice to say we return from this excursion more tranquilized as to the future, more assured, even by our reverses during the last war, since they neither arose from the character of our population nor from the nature of things, but from the temporary inferiority which circumstances had imposed upon us."—*Spectator*, June 10.

*From Stirling's Annals of the Artists of Spain.*

"A great deal of learning and research," says Mr. Stirling,

'Was devoted to the investigation of rules for representing sacred subjects and personages. The question was handled in every treatise of art. That considerable portion of Pacheco's book which relates to the subject is said to have been furnished by his friends of the Jesuits' College at Seville. But the most complete code of Sacropictorial law is, perhaps, that of Fray Juan Interian de Ayala; which was not, however, promulgated till the race of painters for whose guidance it was designed was nearly extinct. Fray Juan was a doctor and professor of Salamanca, and one of the compilers of the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy; his book, which was in Latin, was entitled '*Pictor Christianus Eruditus, sive de erroribus qui passim admittuntur circa pingendas atque effingendas Sacras Imagines.*'—Matriti in fol. 1730. A translation into Castilian, by Dr. Louis de Duran, appeared at Madrid in 2 vols. 4to. in 1782. The work is, as might be expected, a fine specimen of pompous and prosy trifling. For example, several pages are devoted to the castigation of those unorthodox painters who draw the cross of Calvary like a T instead of in the ordinary Latin form; the question, whether in pictures of the Maries at the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection, two angels or only one should be seated on the stone which was rolled away, is anxiously debated, and the artist is finally directed to make his works square with all the Gospels, by adopting both accounts alternately; and the right of the Devil to his horns and tail undergoes a strict examination, of which the result is that the first are fairly fixed on his head on the authority of a vision of Santa Teresa, and the second is allowed as being a probable if not exactly proven appendage of the fallen angel.

"All the writers on this curious subject strongly reprobate any unnecessary display of the nude figure. Ayala censures those artists who expose the feet of their Madonnas—which Spanish women are always so chary of displaying—almost as severely as he does the indecent lunner whom he records to have painted for a certain church a holy Virgin suffering martyrdom on a St. Andrew's cross, in the state in which the good Lady Godiva rode through Coventry. Pacheco illustrates his argument against immodest altar-pieces by a singular anecdote of their distressing effects. He had it, he says, from a grave and pious bishop, himself the hero of his tale. The picture was a '*Last Judgment*,' by Martin de Vos, once in the church of the Augustines, now in the Museum at Seville; and is like other works of this master, a composition of considerable power and merit, but disfigured by ill-placed episodes of broad caricature. The grouping is effective; and many of the principal figures are nobly drawn, and full of various interest and character. But beyond them in the distance the eye is offended by a grotesque Devil, who quells certain of the damned that attempt to break their prescribed bounds, by means of vigorous blows of his trident, and administers to one of the more refractory a hearty kick with his cloven hoof, aimed in the most vulgarly insulting direction. Amongst a group of naked women in the foreground, one magnificent specimen of the Lais order, conspicuous for her fair flowing locks and full voluptuous form, is being dragged off by a hideous demon, terminating in a fish, and grinning with horrid glee. It was doubtless on this figure—"a woman remarkable," says Pacheco, 'for the beauty and disorder of her person'—that the eye of the Bishop chanced to rest when he was one day saying mass, as a simple friar, before the painting. His quick Southern imagination being thus suddenly and strongly excited, the poor man fell into a state of mental discomposure such as he had never before known. "Rather than undergo the same spiritual conflict a second time," said the good prelate, 'who had made the voyage to America, I would face a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda.' Even at the distance of many years, I cannot think of that picture without dread."

The narrative and criticism are varied by tales of miraculous or miraculously-inspired pictures, and by legends connected with art.

"Don Josef de Valdivielso, one of the chaplains of the gay Cardinal Infant Ferdinand of Austria, cites a yet more remarkable instance of celestial interference on behalf of an artist in trouble. A certain young friar, he says, was famous amongst his order for his skill as a painter; and took peculiar delight in drawing the blessed

Virgin and the Devil. To heighten the divine beauty of the one, and to devise new and extravagant forms of ugliness for the other, were the chief recreations of his leisure. Vexed at last by the variety and vigour of his sketches, Beelzebub, to be revenged, assumed the form of a lovely maiden, and so disguised, crossed the path of the religious ; who, being of an amorous complexion, fell at once into the trap. The seeming damsel smiled on her shaven wooer ; but, though willing to be won, would not surrender her charms at a less price than certain rich reliquaries and jewels in the convent-treasury—a price which the friar, in evil hour, consented to pay. He admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and leading her to the sacristy, took from its antique cabinets the precious things for which she had asked. Then came the moment of vengeance. Passing in their return through the moonlit cloister, as the sinful friar stole along, embracing the booty with one arm and his false Duessa with the other, the demon lady—‘ more like a woman than a demon,’ as the chaplain slyly remarks—suddenly cried out, ‘ Thieves ! ’ with diabolical energy. The snoring monks rushed disordered, each from his cell, and detected their unlucky brother in the act of making off with their plate. Excuse being impossible, they tied the culprit to a column, and leaving him till matins, when his punishment was to be determined, went back to their pillows or their prayers. The Devil, unseen during the confusion, re-appeared when all was quiet, but this time in his most hideous shape. Half dead with cold and terror, the discomfited caricaturist stood shivering at his pillar, while his tormentor made unmercifully merry with him ; twitting him with his amorous overtures, mocking his stammered prayers, and irreverently suggesting an appeal for aid to the beauty he so loved to delineate. The penitent wretch at last took the advice thus jeeringly given ; when lo ! the Mother of Mercy, radiant in heavenly loveliness, descended, loosed his cords, and bade him bind the Evil One to the column in his place ; an order which, through her strength, he obeyed with not less alacrity than astonishment. She further ordered him to appear amongst the other monks at matins, and charged herself with the task of restoring the stolen plate to its place. The tables were thus suddenly turned. The friar presented himself amongst his brethren, to their no small surprise, and voted with much contrition for his own condemnation ; a sentence which was, however, reversed, on the sacristy being examined, and its contents miraculously found correct. As for the Devil, who remained fast bound to the pillar, he was soundly flogged ; and so fell into the pit he had digged for another.”—*Spectator*, June 24.

### *Haygarth's Bush Life in Australia.*

THOUGH many of the topics in *Bush Life in Australia* have been already treated by various writers, that does not diminish the interest of Mr. Haygarth's sketches : for it is not the subject, but the treatment, which attracts the reader. When the matter is drawn direct from nature under the guidance of a quick eye and a good taste, it is a point of little consequence that various other writers have been over the same topic, if they have followed some common model both for their materials and their style. The three modes of stock-breeding, and the excitement of cattle-hunting, have often been described, but never with such fulness, spirit and gusto. The characteristics of the animals in their half-wild state have been studied, and are painted by Mr. Haygarth with the precision of a naturalist. The Aborigines are presented under a more truthful light than usual ; their defects and their abilities equally brought out. We have read before of the wonders of the *boomerang* in Native hands, but the following facts surpass expectation : perhaps on the confines of the land the Blacks are more skilful, and exert themselves more freely among friends than before an exploring party :—

“ The most curious missile is the boomerang, which may unquestionably be considered the most extraordinary offensive weapon ever found in the possession of

savages. It is a thin carved piece of wood, varying from two to three feet in length, and about two inches broad; one side is slightly rounded, the other is perfectly flat. When thrown, it must be held by that end which brings the flat side on the right hand, or outside. \* \* \*

"It is only when thrown for amusement that the wonders of the boomerang are fully developed. Whenever there was a camp of Blacks near our station, it used to be our great delight to assemble a few of the most promising of its inmates, and offer a prize, some tobacco or flour, to the one who acquitted himself the best with his boomerang: thus pitted against each other in friendly strife, they would go to work in earnest, and fairly astonish the White men. Doubtful as it may seem to those who have never witnessed the feat, an Australian Black can throw this whimsical weapon so as to cause it to describe a complete circle in the air; or, to give the reader a better idea of what is meant, he would stand in front of a tolerably large house, on the grass-plot before the door, and send his boomerang completely round the building, from left to right; that is to say, it would, upon leaving his hand, vanish round the right corner, and, re-appearing at the left, eventually fall at his feet. The whole circumference of the circle thus described is frequently not less than two hundred and fifty yards and upwards, when hurled by a strong arm; but the wonder lies wholly in its encircling properties, and not in the distance to which it may be sent.

"When forcibly thrown, its course is very rapid, equalling the speed of an arrow for about fifty yards, until it arrives at the point where it first begins to alter its course; thence it continues its career at about half speed, and so gradually flies with diminishing impetus, until, as usual, it returns to the spot whence it started. Its flight is not unlike that of a bird; and, occasionally, when great strength has been exerted, it hovers for a few moments before it falls to the ground, and, continuing its rotatory motion, remains in other respects quite stationary, much in the same way as a humming-top when it goes to sleep on the ground. A deep hurtling sound accompanies its course; during the whole of which it revolves with such rapidity as to appear like a wheel in the air.

"By holding it at the opposite extremity, so as to bring the flat side on the left hand, a circle may be described in the other direction, *i. e.* from left to right, for the flat must always be the outer side. But the prettiest evolution it can be made to perform is the following:—It is thrown with a tendency downwards; upon which, after having gone some twenty yards, one point of it tips the ground, three times successively, at intervals of about the same distance, rebounding with a sound like the twang of a harp-string; meanwhile it still continues its circular course, until, as before, it returns to the thrower. This feat is more difficult to accomplish than that of sending it through the air, and requires all the thrower's skill: there is one precise distance, and no other, at which it should first strike the ground; for if it does so too forcibly, its progress is wholly arrested; and if, on the other hand, it is not sufficiently depressed, and fails to come in contact with the ground, its course is then completely altered; for, shortly after passing the place where it ought to have rebounded, it begins to rise, and towers up in the air to the height of about fifty feet, whence it falls down almost perpendicularly."

One of the most interesting parts is the chapter relating to the Bush-rangers; who appear in Mr. Haygarth's pages less violent and brutal than in some other accounts: there are more conscience and consideration about the best of them, and a greater regard to the point of honour such as it is, than, we suspect, many of the sharp men among the colonists would display. After our author and his partner had been harassed, in the expectation of a visit from a gang, for so long a time that they ceased to trouble themselves about it, they were one evening surprised by the celebrated chief "Buchan Charley:"—

"He had lately been plundering a store, and was most bravely appalled; better in fact, than many of us whom he came to rob. His dress consisted of a new mole-skin shooting-coat, a gaudy waistcoat, with a profusion of watch-chain, cord trousers, and leather leggings; and he wore a 'cabbage-tree' hat, the ribands of which

streamed fantastically over his shoulders. A powder-flask was suspended at his side, two brace of pistols were stuck in his huge belt, and in his hand he carried a short and highly-finished double-barrelled rifle, probably the favourite Manton or Nock of one of our neighbours. He was a tall lathy-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty; and his countenance had an expression of calm determination, but of assumed recklessness rather than depravity.

"Well," said the bushranger, as he stalked into our little abode, 'I suppose you all know pretty well who I am? Buchanan Charley, as they call me. Now I'm not going to hurt anybody, if you're civil; but we want the money, arms, and horses; and those,' he added emphatically, 'we'll have.' 'A nice place you've got of it here,' said he, with a glance at our book-shelves; 'I could stay where I am all the rest of my life.' This seemed to remind him of the fearful uncertainty of its duration; for he looked grave, and for a minute or two laid aside his effrontery. In fact, all this volubility only betrayed the nervous excitement it was intended to conceal, or perhaps under which he unconsciously acted; for nervous he undoubtedly was in spite of his assumed coolness. My leather hat-case attracted his notice; he cut asunder the band which fastened the top, evidently not in the spirit of wanton mischief, but because in his agitation he did not see the key, which was standing in the lock. His talk was chiefly apologetical, and calculated to regain as far as possible our good opinion. He rambled incessantly from one subject to another: the disjointed fragments of his conversation, when put together in a more connected form, gave us in substance the following history.

"Ill treatment, he said, had brought him to his present situation. Having worked hard and steadily for several years, he had been paid by an 'order,' for which he could never get the cash, as the house in Sydney, on which it was drawn, had stopped payment, and he had no redress. So, finding that, in his opinion, 'honesty was a fool,' as Iago says, he tried its opposite; which soon brought him to a 'road-party.'"

Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, Charley made his escape, with a companion; turned bushranger; and was soon at the head of a gang. Then arose a serious question:—

"What sort of a life were they then leading? was it a change for the better, even after the horrors of the 'iron gang?' No; Charley confessed voluntarily that it was wretched beyond conception, and that, if he could have formed the least idea of what it was to be, he would rather have remained in his fetters. Lurking in caves and fastnesses of the bush, the very silence of which drove him to think—his greatest curse; hunted day and night by the mounted police; prevented from sleeping, or even taking a meal in security, by the knowledge that they were always on his track, with 'his hand against every man and every man's hand against him,' he was now more like a wild beast than a human being, and the never-ceasing strain upon his mind was, he said, almost insupportable; but it was then too late to retract.

"Yet there was courtesy even among bushrangers. About two years before Charley had become what he was, I had met him on his way to a station where he had been hired, and had put him upon the right road. This he remembered; and though he was now under what in a state of civilization would be called the 'disagreeable necessity' of taking one of my saddle-horses, he promised not to injure him, but to leave him where he might be afterwards recovered, all which he duly performed. Had I on the above-mentioned occasion ridden by without noticing him, he would probably have remembered that also, and instead of leaving my horse in a place of safety, would either have shot him, as he or his gang served many others,' or put him in some inaccessible part of the country, where he might not have been found again. We never know, in this fluctuating sea of life, when or in what manner a civility may be repaid."—*Spectator*, June 17.

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*From the very Joyous, Pleasant and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs and Atchievements of the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard. Set forth in English by Edward Cockburn Kindersley.*

TOWARDS the close of the war between the French and Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on the opposite banks of the river Garillan. You must know that if there were brave and gallant commanders on the side of the French, so were there also on that of the Spaniards, and amongst others the great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man; and another called Pedro de Pas. He was but two cubits in height, but a bolder creature could not be found, and he was so hump-backed and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.

One day this Pedro de Pas resolved to give the French an alarm, and crossed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about a hundred and twenty horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot soldier armed with a hacquebute. His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force and gain it. He executed his enterprise admirably, and gave the French so sharp and warm an alarm that they all thronged to that quarter, thinking it was the whole effort of the Spaniards.

The good Knight, who always desired to be where blows were exchanged, was quartered near the bridge with a brave gentleman called the squire Le Basco, squire of the stables to the King of France, Louis the Twelfth. These lost no time, when they heard the noise, in arming and getting to horse, proposing to go to the quarter where the affair was going on. But the good Knight looking over the river, perceived about two hundred Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance; and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went lance in hand to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards already prepared to pass; but like a furious lion he put his lance in rest and charged the troop who were already on the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry, he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge that they might not get in his rear, and like a chafed tiger defended himself so well with his sword that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about a hundred men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of seven or eight hundred horse coming to the enemy's support. The good Knight said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have done enough



to-day in having saved the bridge; let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good rapid space, the good Knight bringing up their rear and receiving every charge of the enemy.

At length he began to be sore pressed from his poor horse failing him through weariness, for he had fought on him the whole day. At this juncture a large body of the enemy made a fresh charge on the French, some of whom were borne to the ground. The good Knight's horse was driven backward against a ditch, where he was surrounded by twenty or thirty, who cried, "Yield, signor, yield." He was still fighting and could only say, "Gentlemen, I must needs yield, for alone I cannot resist your numbers."

His comrades were already at some distance retiring straight for their bridge, when one of them named Guyfray, a gentleman of Dauphiny, exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, we have lost all! The good captain Bayard is dead or prisoner, for he is not with us. And to-day he has led us so well and gotten us so much honour! I vow to God, that if I must go alone, I will return and be slain or taken but I will have some news of him." I know not which of the troop was most grieved when they found that Guyfray spoke the truth. They all dismounted, looked to their girths, and remounting galloped with invincible courage after the Spaniards, who were leading away the flower and jewel of all knighthood, solely by the failure of his horse.

You must know that the Spaniards, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm the good Knight whom they were carrying off, nor to take from him his sword, though they deprived him of a battle-axe he carried in his hand; and as they marched, kept asking him who he was? He who knew well that if he told them his name he would never escape alive (for the Spaniards feared him more than any Frenchman), replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile his comrades came up crying "*France! France!*" turn Spaniards, turn; you bear not off thus the flower of chivalry." The Spaniards, in spite of their numbers, were astounded at this cry; nevertheless they received without flinching this heavy charge of the French, though some of the best-mounted of them were borne to the ground. Seeing this, the good Knight, who needed but a horse, leaped from his own, and without putting foot in stirrup bounded on a noble steed whose rider, Salvator de Borgia, a gallant gentleman, had been borne to the earth by the squire Le Basco. When he found himself mounted he commenced wondrous feats of arms, crying, "*France! France!*" 'Tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape." When the Spaniards heard the name, and perceived their error in having left him his arms without requiring him to yield, rescue or no rescue (for had he once given his word he would never have broken it), their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed to have recovered their true guidon of honour, returned merrily to their quarters, where they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good Knight.

The good Knight died on a field of battle as became him, and as his ancestors for many generations had done; and the story of his "loyal service" closes thus:

To enumerate the virtues of the good Knight were superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it then to say that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him; being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolks and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger with two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In short, it would take a good orator his life to recount all his virtues; I who am unskilled in learning cannot pretend to it. But I humbly pray all readers of this history to be indulgent to what I have written, for I have done my best; though far short of what was due to the praise of so perfect and virtuous a person as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle lord de Bayard; whose soul may God of his grace receive into Paradise. Amen.—*Examiner*, June 10.

*The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.* By Charles Dickens.  
Chapman and Hall.

To this new and cheap edition of perhaps the best of Mr. Dickens' works—now completed—we are induced to do more than merely refer by the new Preface, which the author has furnished: wherein he gives some pleasant particulars of the manner in which he sought the sketches for his well-known picture of the Yorkshire schools:—

"I cannot call to mind, now, [he says] how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was a not very robust child, sitting in bye-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of PARTHIDGE, STRAP, TOM PIPES, and SANCHE PANZA; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other, connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher, and friend, having ripped it open with an inky penknife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them. With that intent I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter-time which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a schoolmaster or two, and was forewarned that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from the author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connection, and with

whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my travelling companion ; they bore reference to a supposititious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who didn't know what to do with him ; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school ; I was the poor lady's friend, travelling that way ; and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighbourhood, the writer would be very much obliged. I went to several places in that part of the country where I understood these schools to be most plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town which shall be nameless. The person to whom it was addressed was not at home ; but he came down at night, through the snow, to the inn where I was staying. It was after dinner ; and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table. I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man ; that we got acquainted directly ; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects, except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. Was there any large school near ? I asked him, in reference to the letter. 'Oh yes,' he said ; 'there was a pratty big 'un.'—'Was it a good one ?' I asked.—'Ey !' he said, 'it was as good as anooother, that was a' a matther of opinion ;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately ; but, though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table and looking me full in the face, said, in a low voice : 'Weel, Mистер, we've been very pleasant toogather, and ar'il spak' my moind, tiv'e'e. Dinnot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-measters, while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'e'e quiet loike. But I'm don'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak'e to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoundrels while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in !' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away. I never saw him afterwards, but I sometimes imagine that I desery a faint recollection of him in John Browdie."

One more extract we will make from the same Preface. In the original Preface to the book, Mr. Dickens had been induced to state that the *Brothers Cheeryble* were portraits—that the originals were yet alive—and that "their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence \* \* were prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they were the pride and honour." Of this admission Mr. Dickens has had to pay the penalty :—

"If [he says] I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters, from all sorts of people in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has since given rise, I should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say that I believe the applications for loans, gifts, and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to the originals of the BROTHERS CHEERYBLE (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life), would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the Rest of the Bank of England."

Mr. Dickens further in this Preface defends the imperfection of his hero's character. If Nicholas, he says, "be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper and of little or no experience ; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature."—*Athenæum*, June 3.

## • II.—BIOGRAPHY.

*Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M. P. By William J. O'N. Daunt, Esq., of Kilcascan, County Cork. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.*

MR. O'NEILL DAUNT, who represented Mallow in the parliament elected in 1832, seems to have acted as Mr. O'Connell's private secretary during the latter years of his life, and was of course his disciple and ardent admirer. The book before us has no appearance of being "made up." We have no doubt it is quite genuine, as far as it goes. It extends over the sixteen years of the author's personal knowledge of O'Connell: a small section of O'Connell's life, and not the most important, though the most recent; but filled with characteristic features of the man. Mr. Daunt is a Repealer of the moral-force school; zealous for the impracticable, eager after the unattainable, and as eloquently fluent as men who would storm the moon ought to be. But he is very clearly an honest, well intentioned man; and has set down nothing in his book, we dare say, that he does not know or believe to be true.

There is a great deal that is pleasing and amusing in it. The author shows much cleverness and a fair spirit; and very little that is faulty either in judgment or good taste. We leave his impracticable opinions altogether out of the question; only remarking what a pity it is that O'Connell's shrewd, practical sense, should not have had better employment in the latter years of his life than the misguidance of these young, honest, hot-headed followers. It is not the class of opinions to which "Repeal" belongs that we find most prevalent in the *Personal Recollections*. Being a faithful report of the talk of a clever, well-informed, observant man of the world, repeal plays second fiddle to matters more entertaining. The volumes contain remarks often hit off with great felicity, some characteristic stories excellently told, and occasionally, a dash of caricature quite pardonable for its humour. O'Connell's private talk has little of the excess of vituperation he was wont to indulge in publicly; or Mr. Daunt has discreetly pruned it.

But extracts convey the best notion of a book like this: any contrast or comparison of O'Connell's public life with his private habits or opinions not being called for here. We have very recently spoken of his public character and claims. The great act of his life was Catholic Emancipation, and its greatest service was that of restraining the propensities of his countrymen to violence. Even the writers of the *Nation* and *United Irishman* may shortly be expected to perceive the value of the doctrine, that within the law they have a power which recoils when they venture beyond it.

### A COUNTRY PRIAR ON THE VETO.

"He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto:

Now, *ma boughab,*' said the friar, 'you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to

yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez undherstands Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that—You see, boys, the veto is a thing that—the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of "hear, hear!") The veto is a thing that—in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!"

#### TORY DAYS IN IRELAND.

"Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of Tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor half-witted creature called 'Jack of the roads,' who in the earlier part of the century used to run alongside the Limerick coaches.—'He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run to Dublin from Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so; and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July, 1807, or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of Poor Jack.'

" 'Was the ruffian who fired at him punished?'

" 'Oh, no! To punish such an offence as *that*, was not precisely the policy pursued by the government of that day. Well, blessed be God! things are better now.'

#### A LESSON IN COW-STEALING.

"We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. 'I was once,' said he, 'counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered 'Why then I'll tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.'* So (continued O'Connell) I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

#### A ROBBER OUTWITTED.

"Passing a gravel-pit, O'Connell said, 'That is the spot where Brennan, the robber, was killed. Jerry Connor was going from Dublin to Kerry, and was attacked by Brennan at that spot. Brennan presented his pistol, crying "Stand!"—"Hold!"' cried Jerry Connor, "don't fire—here's my purse." The robber, thrown off his guard by these words, lowered his weapon, and Jerry, instead of a purse, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot Brennan in the chest. Brennan's back was supported at the time against the ditch, so he did not fall. He took deliberate aim at Jerry, but feeling himself mortally wounded, dropped his pistol, crawled over the ditch, and walked slowly along keeping parallel with the road; he then crept over another ditch, under which he was found dead the next morning.'"

#### OPINIONS OF PITT AND FOX.

"He struck me," said O'Connell, 'as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the House, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the House.'

" 'Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?' asked I.

" 'Yes—and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase.

The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

#### O'CONNELL'S FIRST BIG BOOK.

"The first big book I ever read," said he, "was Captain Cook's Voyage round the World. I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run away and take my book to the window, that is now converted into a press, in the housekeeper's room at Derrynane; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages upon the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I to sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

#### O'CONNELL AND THE SHEARES'S.

"I travelled with them in the Calais packet to England in 1793. I left Douni on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking of the execution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Sheareses. Hearing the horrible doings at Paris spoken of, John Sheares said, 'We were at the execution.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen, 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms,' answered Sheares; 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene.' 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Sheares answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words—'From love of the cause.'"

#### O'CONNELL AND LEDRU ROLLIN.

"In the month of July, 1843, M. Ledru Rollin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, addressed to O'Connell a proffer of French assistance in working out the liberty of Ireland. M. Rollin professed, on the part of his confederates in France, strong sympathy with the peaceful nature of the Irish movement; but he more than hinted, that his friends had an *arrière pensée* of affording military aid, should the British Government seek, by unconstitutional violence, to coerce the Irish Repealers. In a reply to this communication, read by O'Connell at the Repeal Association, he thus dealt with the offer of physical assistance.

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we deem it impossible that it should arise, the British Government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence; and confining its resistance to our claims—if it shall continue to resist those claims—within the ordinary channels of legalised administration."

"O'Connell was too wise, too loyal, and too wary, to give the least encouragement to offers, direct or conditional, of foreign military assistance. Pecuniary aid he was glad to accept; it was in its nature quite safe, and it essentially helped to promote the agitation. The pecuniary gifts of America were generous and frequent. France gave nothing; and O'Connell was not disposed to value very highly the empty proffer of a species of help, which required distinct and immediate repudiation in order to avert an embarrassing *démêlé* with the law. 'I wonder,' said he, one day, 'whether there was anything real in Ledru's offer. Some fellows have such an enormous deal of balderdashish vanity about them, that it is not unlikely Ledru only meant to get a little notoriety.'"

#### A WITNESS TO CHARACTER.

"The conversation turned upon legal practice in general, and the ingenious dexterities of roguish attorneys in particular. 'The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of,' said O'Connell, 'was one Checkley, familiarly known by the

name of "Checkley-be-d——d." Checkley, was agent once at the Cork assizes, for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence ; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. "Yes, my lord," said Jerry Keller, "I have three briefed to me." "Call them," said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable looking, farmer-like man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. "This is a witness to character, my lord," said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, "You know the prisoner in the dock ;" said Keller. "Yes, your honour, ever since he was a gorsoon !" "And what is his general character ?" said Keller. "Ogh, the devil a worse !" "Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought ?" cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and looking furiously at Checkley ; "he has ruined us !" "He may prove an alibi, however," returned Checkley ; "examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief." Keller accordingly resumed his examination. "Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant ?" said he. "He was near Castlemartyr, answered the witness. "Are you sure of that ?" "Quite sure, counsellor !" "How do you know with such certainty ?" "Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass ; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsneps and carrots ; and, what I thought a great deal worse of—he stole a brand new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labour, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to catch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock ! I wish I had a houl't of him." "It is quite evident," said the judge, "that we must acquit the prisoner ; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him ; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry ; and he certainly is anything but a partisan of his. Pray friend," addressing the witness, "will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property ?" "Troth I will, my lord ! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsneps." "Go to the Crown Office and swear informations," said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the alibi having clearly been established ; in an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the Crown Office. That gentleman was not to be heard of : the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs hardly be told, that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's thefts of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined ; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr. Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant-barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley !"

O'Connell's domestic qualities appear very pleasingly throughout Mr. Daunt's volumes. Many anecdotes show the strength of his family affections. From amidst other interesting remembrances of that kind we take a picturesque little glimpse of his wife in her girlish days :

"When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol ; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the curtsy with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

His Roman Catholic predilections are of course strongly evinced : but without that darker monkish shade which appeared towards the close of his life, both in public and private conversation.

"One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, 'I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to court the ruling powers by any writer who was not a Catholic himself.'

"'In the play of King John,' observed Mr Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), 'Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope.'

"'That,' replied O'Connell, 'is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual *dominion*. But I'll tell you a favourite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences, not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom ?'

"This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said : 'By the bye, Sir Thomas More had four-and-twenty grand-children—and so have I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one.'

The reader now perceives the manner of the book—and that it is lively, gossiping, amusing, and quite unpretending. It is all the better for its want of plan. The anecdotes jostle each other as they come, without order or arrangement ; but a book of this kind cannot be too easy and unforced.

"Walking through College Green, a countryman took off his hat and cheered him—such incidents, I need not say, were of constant occurrence. O'Connell said—'One day I was walking through London, with Tom Campbell the Poet, and a negro took off his hat and begged to thank me for my efforts against negro slavery. Campbell's poetical fancy was smitten, and he exclaimed with great fervour, 'I would rather receive such a tribute as that than have all the crowned heads in Europe making bows to me !'

"Passing the corner of Grafton Street, where it opens into College Green, a child stopped to stare at him.—'That's just the spot,' said he, 'where I stopped to stare at Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I ran on before him, and turned about to enjoy a good stare at him ; he was a nice dapper-looking fellow, with keen dark eyes.'

"Mr. — passed at the opposite side of the street. O'Connell pointed him out to me, saying, 'That is one of the richest men in Dublin, and he took a sure way to be so, of every shilling he ever touched, at least elevenpence-halfpenny stuck to his fingers.'

At Derrynane Mr. Daunt was told of a "cantankerous cur" whose fate was the reverse of a warning :

"O'Connell told us, that in the place where the dining-table stood, there had been a large rock, which he was obliged to blast when clearing the foundation for the dining-room. 'When the rock was bored,' said he, 'and the train of gunpowder ready to be ignited, I stood at the kitchen-door to watch the explosion. There was a cross-grained, ill-conditioned little terrier about the place, a *cantankerous cur*, that snarled and snapped at everybody, and was a general nuisance ; but as it had been my uncle's, I did not get it shot. It was an inquisitive brute, too, always peeping and prying, and I could not help laughing when I saw it peeping into the bore just as the train was about to be fired. 'Ha !' thought I, 'you'll catch it now, at last !'



The match was applied—bang ! went the rock in fragments, but the cur, instead of being blown aloft, was merely turned over on his back, and scampered off without receiving any injury, as soon as he recovered from the stunning effects of the shock. No doubt he wouldn't have escaped if he had been the least good in the world !”

We like few things better in the book than O'Connell's sensible scorn of the absurdities of the Young Ireland zealots.

“He spoke with contempt of the ‘Annals of the Four Masters.’ ‘They are little more than a bare record of faction or clan fights. “On such a day the chief of such a place burned the castle of the chief of so-and-so ;” there's a tiresome sameness of this sort of uninteresting narrative.’”

Again :

“Some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. ‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit ; it was first imposed on mankind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be of vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I can witness without a sigh the gradual disuse of the Irish.’”

O'Connell used to call himself the best abused man in the world ; and he had some claim to the distinction. But he was also about the worst praised man. His enemies and his worshippers have been equally indiscreet, and the censure and the praise alike extravagant. Such books as Mr. Daunt's may help to set the balance right. To the extent of the writer's knowledge and recollection, O'Connell here speaks for himself, and describes himself ; nor is the result displeasing or unkindly.—*Examiner*, May 20.

Mr. Daunt's acquaintance with O'Connell dates from about 1832. His personal knowledge of him does not extend over a very long period, but it was close and intimate. Being an enthusiastic repealer, a Protestant, and an active member of the Association, he enjoyed daily opportunities of cultivating the confidence of his chief, travelling about the country with him, visiting him at Derrynane, attending meetings and committees, and collecting the anecdotes, criticisms, and opinions which fell from the leaders of the agitation. O'Connell was, of course, the best talker of them all, had the longest and widest reach of experience, a prodigious memory, and great natural humour, which developed itself with the most brilliant effect in the art with which he told a story. Mr. Daunt caught up all these odds and ends, and noted them down in a diary, the cream of which is poured out into these desultory volumes. The contents are not of much value in a political point of view, but they are abundantly amusing, and have more freshness and novelty in them than might have been anticipated from so exhausted a theme.

Amongst other curious points about O'Connell, we learn that he was a great devourer of novels. He had read all Scott's novels, which he specially liked because Scott was a lawyer, and never made legal blunders in his plots, as Bulwer has done in *Night and Morning*. It seems that he once even contemplated a novel himself :—

“I think,” said I, “that you would be somewhat out of your element, assisting a novelist in his compositions.”

"Not in the least," he answered. "I was once going to write a novel myself."

"Indeed!—and what was your story to have been?"

"Why, as to the story, I had not *that* fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American war—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles."

He complained of Miss Edgeworth that she had never advocated the Catholic claims, which he considered an indispensable element in Irish tales. Dickens, up to a certain point, was an established favourite:—

"Among his favourites were the writings of Dickens. He was charmed with "Nickleby;" and he had regularly followed the fortunes of "Nell," the heroine of "Master Humphrey's Clock." But on arriving at the heroine's death, he threw away the book with a gesture of angry impatience, exclaiming—

"I'll never read another line that Boz writes! The fellow hadn't talent enough to keep up Nell's adventures with interest and bring them to a happy issue, so he kills her to get rid of the difficulty."

If Mr. Daunt has correctly transmitted the phraseology of O'Connell in conversation, the Liberator was not very choice or delicate in his vocabulary. "Fellow," "vagabond," and the like danced through his conversation with a recklessness not particularly creditable to his taste. A public writer who had written a sketch of him was a "fellow," and Charles II. was a "vagabond;" and this habit grew so unconsciously upon him that he flung about his epithets on occasions which rendered them ludicrous. Thus, talking of his enjoyments at Derrynane:—

"I had such exquisite weather there," said he; "in the shrubbery, a scoundrel thrush was singing merrily upon a spray; I took off my hat and made him a low bow; 'Sir,' said I, 'you are quite mistaken! It is not spring yet;' but the vagabond kept singing away, and never minded me."

This is playful enough, but the coarseness was habitual.

Considering the homage that was paid to him on all sides, it is not very surprising that O'Connell should have had a strong touch of vanity:—

"In the course of the conversation I asked him who, in his opinion, was our greatest man?"

"Next to myself," he answered, "I think old Harry Grattan was. But he was decidedly wrong in his controversy with Flood about the simple repeal."

The next scrap is much of the same cast:—

"O'Connell mentioned that at the election for a King of Belgium in 1830, which ended in placing Leopold upon the throne, three votes had been given for him.

He alluded to this strange circumstance often, and once went so far as to say that had he at that time been better known in Belgium, he would have run Leopold close!

The following is O'Connell's description of his first circuit, given "as nearly in his own words as possible":—

"It was at four o'clock, on a fine sunny morning, that I left Carhen, on horseback. My brother John came part of the way with me; and oh, how I *did* envy him, when he turned off the road to hunt among the mountains, whilst I had to enter on the drudgery of my profession. But we parted. I looked after him from time to time until he was out of sight, and then I cheered up my spirits as well as I could; I had left home at such an early hour that I was in Tralee at half-past twelve. I got my horse fed, and, thinking it was as well to push on, I remounted him, and took the road to Tarbett by Listowell. A few miles farther on a shower of

rain drove me under a bridge for shelter. While I stayed there the rain sent Robert Hickson also under the bridge. He saluted me, and asked me where I was going; I answered, "To Tarbet," "Why so late?" said Hickson. "I am not late," said I. "I have been up since four o'clock this morning."—"Why, where do you come from?"—"From Carhen." Hickson looked astonished, for the distance was near fifty Irish miles. But he expressed his warm approval of my activity. "*you'll do, young gentleman,*" said he; "*I see you'll do.*" I then rode on, and got to Tarbet about five in the afternoon—full sixty miles, Irish, from Carhen. There wasn't one book to be had at the inn. I had no acquaintance in the town; and I felt my spirits low enough at the prospect of a long, stupid evening. But I was relieved by the sudden appearance of Ralph Marshall, an old friend of mine, who came to the inn to dress for a ball that took place in Tarbet that night. He asked me to accompany him to the ball. "Why," said I, "I have ridden sixty miles." "Oh, you don't seem in the least tired," said he, "so come along." Accordingly I went, and sat up until two o'clock in the morning, dancing. I arose next day at half-past eight, and rode to the Limerick assizes. At the Tralee assizes of the same circuit, James Connor gave me a brief. There was one of the witnesses of the other party whose cross-examination was thrown upon me by the opposite counsel. I did not do, as I have seen fifty other young counsel do, namely, hand the cross-examination over to my senior. I thought it due to myself to attempt it, hit or miss, and I cross-examined him right well. I remember he stated that he had his share of a pint of whisky; whereupon I asked him *whether his share was not all except the pewter?* He confessed that it was; and the oddity of my mode of putting the question was very successful, and created a general and hearty laugh. Jerry Keller repeated the encouragement Robert Hickson had already bestowed upon my activity in the very same words, "*You'll do, young gentleman! you'll do!*"

His progress in his profession was rapid.

The first year I was at the bar I made 58*l.*, second year about 150*l.*, the third year 200*l.*, the fourth year about 300 guineas. I then advanced rapidly; and the last year of my practice I got 9,000*l.*, although I lost one term.

He abounded in recollections of the bar of his time, men of wit and practical jokers. There is a characteristic anecdote of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, a Catholic who distinguished himself by zeal in the cause *before* Emancipation. Some waggish barrister accused O'Gorman of being a musician, a charge which the latter stoutly denied:—

"A jury," said O'Connell, "was thereupon impannelled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading 'Not guilty' to the indictment for melodious practices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne under twelve different *aliases*—such as 'Con of the Seven Bottles'—'Con of the Seven Throttles'—'Crim-Con'—and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant:—'By virtue of your oath, Mr. O'Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?'—'Never, on my honour!' replied Purcell.—'Come sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play second fiddle to O'Connell?'—The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of guilty."

Here is another reminiscence of an Irish assize:—

O'Connell amused us with the story of a physician who was detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpoenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses?" demanded the judge. "On the plea of my heavy personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant; "I have been kept away from my patients these five days—and, if I am kept here much longer, *how do I know but they'll get well!*"

The following anecdote of Parsons, one of the wittiest men of his time, is amusing:—

Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys,—perhaps they had not treated him very well,—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day in the hall of the Four Courts an attorney came up to him, to beg his subscription towards burying a brother attorney, who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took

out a pound-note. "Oh, Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, "I do not want so much ; I only ask a shilling from each contributor." "Oh, take it, take it," replied Parsons ; "I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground !" "But, really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person." "For pity's sake, my good sir, take the pound, and bury twenty of them !"

Catholicity was the ruling passion with O'Connell. He said that if Dr. Johnson lived in these times he would take an active part in Puseyism, and he maintained from internal evidence that Shakspeare must have been a true Roman :—

"I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings, you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period, when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised, to court the ruling powers, by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of 'King John,' observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual dominion. But I'll tell you a favourite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences, not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England, have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom ?"

Of Cobbett he said that :—

"His mind had not an extensive grasp ; but what it *could* lay hold on it grasped with iron force. He was honest : he never saw more than one side of a subject at a time, and he honestly stated his impression of the side he saw."

Of Feargus O'Connor—

"In addressing the populace," said he, "Feargus is irresistible. He has great declamatory powers ; but he is wholly destitute of logical ability. He declaims admirably ; but he would not do for debate. He has vast energy, (he has taken that leaf out of my book), and energy always tells well in a speaker, especially a popular speaker."

"On being asked whether Feargus, or some Chartist leader, named Taylor, was the abler man, he said, "Pshaw ! don't compare them. Feargus has *done things*. What has Taylor done ?" But his admiration of Feargus did not extend to his writings. On taking up the *Northern Star*, he said, "Come, let us see what poor Balderdash has got to say for himself this week. Upon my word this *Northern Star* is a perfectly unique affair. Look where you will—editorial articles, correspondence, reports of speeches—it is all praise of Feargus ! praise of Feargus ! Well ! the notion of a fellow setting up a newspaper to praise himself is something new at any rate. The paper is, in this respect, quite a literary curiosity !"

It is not necessary to observe that the eulogy of Mr. O'Connor's oratory was on other occasions (not alluded to by Mr. Daunt) balanced by expressions of disgust and contempt, O'Connell's praise depended on circumstances ; and the "dear friend" of to-day, if he happened to shoot out of the course laid down by the leader, was certain to be the despised antagonist of to-morrow.

His sketches of the Irish patriots of his early days may be accepted as evidence of the class of men to whom the destinies of Ireland might again be confided if the repeal were carried. He had been relating to Mr. Daunt

an accident which had nearly cost him his life, when the following edifying conversation ensued :—

"Yes," said I; "but Ireland would have had other agitators. A country so aggrieved could not have lacked patriot leaders, though they might not have agitated prudently or wisely."

"Wisely!" echoed O'Connell. "Why, when I took the helm, I found all the Catholics full of mutual jealousies—one man trying to out-rival another—one meeting rivalling another—the leaders watching to sell themselves at the highest penny!—sold himself, Wolfe sold himself. ——— sold himself, and no doubt at a marvellous price!"

It must be granted to O'Connell that he was not only more honest but more discreet than these men. When Ledru-Rollin, in 1843, made a proffer of French assistance in carrying out the "liberty" of Ireland, he rejected the suggestion, and informed that hot-headed gentleman that the question must be restrained within the ordinary channels of legalised administration. Whatever may have been the faults of his career, the cultivation of foreign sympathies or assistance (except in the shape of money) was not one of them.

O'Connell's criticisms in literary matters were not distinguished by much discrimination. But we were hardly prepared for so grave an error of judgment as this about the authorship of Junius :—

"It is my decided opinion," said O'Connell, "that Edmund Burke was the author of the 'Letters of Junius.' There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world that the author of Junius must have made; if engaged in public life; and the entire of Junius's letters evinces that close acquaintance with the springs of political machinery which no man could possess unless actively engaged in politics. Again, Burke was fond of chemical similes; now, chemical similes are frequent in Junius. Again, Burke was an Irishman; now, Junius, speaking of the government of Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle;' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman in those days never would have used. Again, Burke had this peculiarity in his writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand. Again, it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply, I would say that Burke was master of many styles. His work on natural society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different in point of style from his work on the French Revolution as *both* are from the 'Letters of Junius.' Again, Junius speaks of the king's insanity as a divine visitation; Burke said the very same thing in the House of Commons. Again, had any one of the other men to whom the letters are with any show of probability ascribed been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book or remaining incognito. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship as fame, and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining incognito. In claiming Junius he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonour, for Burke died a pensioner. Burke, moreover, was the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius. Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a presumptive proof of the very strongest nature that Burke was the writer."

The assumption is as inconsistent with the character of Burke, as the whole tone and manner of Junius is irreconcilable with his taste and style.

There is an amusing chapter upon the annoyances brought upon him by his celebrity. He was bored from morning till night by curious and impertinent people. Foremost amongst them were the epistolary bores :—

"A letter once arrived from New York, and as he was not aware that he had any correspondent in that city whose communication could be worth the postage, he deli-

berated whether he should not return the letter to the post-office unopened. He did, however, open it, and found that it contained a minute description of a Queen Anne's farthing recently found by the writer; with a modest request that "Ireland's Liberator" might negotiate the sale of the said farthing in London; whereas many intelligent persons had assured him, he might make his fortune by it.

"At another time a Protestant clergyman wrote to apprise him that he and his family were all in prayer for his conversion to the Protestant religion; and that the writer was anxious to engage in controversy with so distinguished an antagonist. A similar epistle was addressed to him by a Methodist named Lackington. An American lady wrote to beg he would assist her in getting up a raffle. Some relation of hers, she said, had written a book in praise of Ireland; and this consideration would doubtless induce Ireland's most distinguished son to devote to her wishes the very short time requisite to insure the success of her project.

"He complained that the letters with which he was persecuted, soliciting patronage, were innumerable. 'Every body writes to me about every thing,' said he, 'and the applicants for places, without a single exception, tell me that *one word* of mine will infallibly get them what they want. '*One word!*' Oh, how sick I am of that '*one word!*'"

Autograph hunters and portrait painters thronged about him like locusts:—

"Of his autograph, however, he was generally liberal enough, until age had rendered the exertion of writing difficult. The very last time I saw him (January, 1847) he asked me if I wished for any of his autographs. I replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' said he laughing, 'I'll desire my secretary to write as many as you want.'"

The nature of Mr. Daunt's recollections may be gathered from these specimens. The work is essentially a work of gossip, but of a better kind than we usually receive from the Irish side of the Channel. It is remarkable, however, for its illustrations of the odd ragged staff of supporters and colleagues through whose agency O'Connell was enabled to work his ends. It is wonderful with what skill he wielded his strange materials, and what extraordinary results he wrought with such crooked tools.—*Atlas*, May 20.

### III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

#### *Notice of the Habits of the large Indian Boa or Rock Snake.\**

*By Lord Arthur Hay.*

[We have just received the Madras Journal of Literature and Science, No. 33, and have only time to extract the following article. We may have something more to say about the Journal in our next. We regret this is the last No. that we are likely to receive for a long time, as it entails a loss on the Society.]

BEYOND exaggerated and overdrawn stories regarding this animal, little is generally known relative to its habits and structure—I trust therefore that the few following remarks may be found of some interest to the general reader, though offering nothing of novelty to the experienced naturalist.\*

The great Boa Constrictor of India is one of the most dreaded enemies

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\* *Python molurus* of Linné. *P. Tigris*, Daudin. *P. bi-vittatus*, Schlegel. *Pedda poda* and *Bora*, Russell. Pl. 22, 23, 24, and 39. \*

of the denizens of the forest, for though totally devoid of poisonous fangs, its colossal strength renders it capable of overpowering most of the larger animals when once within its grasp.

The constricting serpents have been separated by most naturalists into two divisions, those of the new world retaining the generic name of *Boa*, and those of the old that of *Python*. In form and generic differences they disagree but slightly, and from all accounts they seem to possess similar habits.

The Boas of South America attain perhaps to a greater size than our continental Indian species, but still the *Pythons* of Sumatra, Java and most of the other Eastern Islands, have been found of almost incredible lengths; from 30 to 40 feet however may be considered the maximum length of these snakes, though few are found in Southern India of greater lengths than from 15 to 20 feet. I have received through the kindness of General Cullen what was considered in Travancore to be a large specimen of the Indian *Python*, it having been killed in the jungles of that country just after having swallowed a full grown spotted deer. Its victim was a doe and large with fawn at the time—the snake is 17 feet long and measured 4 feet in circumference when it contained its prey—this is one of the largest *Pythons* I have heard of, as having been killed in Southern India—that is authenticated specimens—though I have frequently heard of much longer and larger monsters having been seen, though seldom actually measured.

There can be little doubt that such a snake would be fully capable of overpowering the strongest man; and the natives of the jungle from whence my specimen comes assert, that *Bisous* are often destroyed by them. This remains to be proved by ocular demonstration, for though perfectly possible and far from improbable, few would believe it without unimpeachable evidence.

When first examining one of the large reptiles, the question naturally arises, how does it attack its prey, and when seized how is it possible to swallow it through so small an aperture as its mouth. A little further examination soon explains the difficulty, but as I do not suppose every one has the same opportunities I have had, and if so the inclination, I shall endeavour in a few words to show how beautifully nature adopts the structure of her ever varying forms for the position in which they are placed and to answer the ends for which they are created. On the first view the *Python* seems a heavy, thick though powerful snake, its body seemingly less rounded than the more active and graceful serpents. Its belly is cased in broad-flat uniform scales of a hard enamelled texture, the breadth of the body being their greatest length. These scutæ form in this, as indeed in nearly all snakes, the organs of locomotion. Its head is flattened, and its jaws are armed with two rows of strong teeth, bent backwards; these, when once buried in the flesh, act like hooks, and prevent any animal from withdrawing itself as long as the jaws remain closed; the vertebral column is so constructed that from the middle of each vertebra on both sides a rib articulates, so loosely, that the most perfect flexibility is retained; the lower ends of each pair of ribs are joined to the inner surface of the abdominal scales, and can through certain muscles be moved forward by pairs;

as each pair is moved, the scale to which it is joined does the same, and this being pressed upon the ground, the sharp posterior edge takes hold of the surface,—and so on with them all. This principle of progression may be best seen when a snake is ascending the steps of a stair, each scale in its turn being then easily observed to catch upon the sharp angle of the step, and form a point from which the next is moved. As far as I have been able to observe, the Python is sluggish in its habits and prefers lying in wait for its prey. The smaller ones feed upon frogs, small mammalia, such as rats, mice, &c. and also birds, principally partridges and quails, these living mostly on the ground. The larger ones, that are found in the jungle, lie concealed from view by some bush or long grass, and when lying motionless, resemble the trunk of a tree or bit of stone so closely, that the eye is frequently deceived as to the object. They adopt this method of lying in wait, from the comparative slowness of their progressive motion, their muscular powers being more adapted for constriction than locomotion. At the root of the tail, two organs may be seen resembling hooks or claws, which have been supposed by some authors to be mere useless rudiments of limbs, but to the animal they are of the most important use, particularly to the larger species; for by them, the snake fastens itself to a tree, thereby giving itself greater power and free use of its body when encircling some victim within its folds.

The neighbourhood of water, or the vicinity of some forest path is the favourite haunt of this reptile—his tail entwined round the trunk or stump of a tree, his body carefully hid from view by the thick foliage or rank grass of the jungle, he lies perfectly still and motionless waiting for any unconscious animal that may be repairing to the stream to slake its thirst. The moment its intended victim passes within reach the snake darts upon it, making the jaws meet in its throat, and entwining its body in folds around the chest of the prey, so as to cause suffocation; death ensues merely from want of power of expansion in the chest to enable the lungs to play. When satisfied that life is extinct, the reptile gradually unlocks each limb, by unfolding its body, and does not, to the best of my knowledge, further break the bones of its prey (as is commonly believed) to better enable deglutition; if any bones are fractured, it is merely from the force used in suffocating the prey. In the case mentioned above, there was not a single broken bone in the body of the deer, which is sufficient proof to show that deglutition can take place without fracture of the skeleton.

The next act is that of swallowing, and this is an operation that takes considerable time and exertion on the part of the snake. He generally commences by the head, which, being the smaller part, serves to extend the throat of the Python, and prepare it gradually for the immense strain it has to undergo when forcing down the more bulky part of the prey. The mechanism of the jaws of the snake is wonderfully adapted for the distention they have to undergo—the under-jaw articulates so loosely in the upper, that dislocation can take place at the symphysis without causing pain; in carnivorous animals and particularly among the feline or cats, such as the tiger, the condyle of the lower jaw is deeply set in a groove in the upper, which makes it, combined as it is with its shortness and the strength of the temporal muscles, the most powerful jaw in existence. The



tiger's jaws are merely meant to hold fast and tear his prey, for he, like the Python, bolts his food without mastication, the tuberculated molars in the back of his head being only to crunch and grind bones. From the depth of the sockets in which the condyles are placed, a lateral motion is impossible, whereas in the ruminating animals, its shallowness enables them to use the lower jaw laterally as well as perpendicularly. In the Python, however, beyond the act of holding its prey, the jaws are not of any use, and consequently, nature has only provided them with a structure to answer that end, already noticed in the recurved form of the teeth. Dislocation takes place as gradually as the increasing size of the prey renders distension necessary; the lower jaw hanging at length quite loose and disconnected from the upper.

It is an erroneous idea, though a very prevalent one, that the snake covers the whole of its victim with saliva from the tongue before swallowing it. A single glance at the structure of the tongue of any reptile, would at once prove the absurdity of this notion, that organ being of a very long and slender form, wholly unadapted for either licking or tasting. The glands that generate the saliva are only called into action when the animal has begun to swallow: the mucus then secreted naturally assists deglutition to a great degree, but it is never poured forth till the animal actually begins to swallow. To prevent suffocation while forcing the body down the œsophagus, two small muscles, attached to the lower jaw and also to the trachea, have been discovered, which can bring forward the larynx nearly to the mouth, which would enable any one to observe the larynx opening and shutting while deglutition is proceeding. After the entire animal is swallowed, a kind of lethargy pervades the system of the snake, and he then may be safely approached. Of this the natives are well aware and attack him in consequence without fear. Such are a few of the habits of this monster reptile. Much information regarding it is yet required, which could easily be gained by persons living in the neighbourhood of large jungles, where it always arrives at the greatest size, while a few notes, concerning the dimensions of specimens killed, made upon the spot, would go further towards our knowledge of the sizes arrived at, than all the vague conjectures or hearsay reports often so freely circulated without any foundation.—*Madras Journal of Literature and Science*, No. 33.

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## IV.—FINE ARTS.

*Mr. Mulready's Pictures at the Society of Arts.*

WHAT has hitherto appeared in our columns respecting this exhibition has done but inadequate justice to one of the most remarkable collections of modern art. It is brought together in aid of a scheme originated at the Society of Arts by Mr. Henry Cole, for the formation of a National Gallery of British Art by means of public voluntary contributions, which are to be obtained as well from an annual exhibition of the works of some one eminent living artist, as from subscriptions. The funds so raised are to be employed in giving the artist exhibited a commission for a picture, which is to be presented to the National Gallery ; and the inducements to subscribers to take part in the plan, beside the honour of having their names registered as donors of the picture, consist in a free season-admission to the exhibition, and (to take the instance before us) in the gift of a lithograph facsimile, by Mr. Linnell, of Mulready's chalk sketch of the 'Sonnet.' The masterly execution of this lithograph demands a word in passing. It is a piece of genuine Art, preserving not a little of the beauty of the original drawing.

The exhibited works of Mulready include some seventy or eighty finished pictures in oil, and about a hundred and fifty sketches, pen and pencil drawings, chalk studies, and other interesting progressive memorials of a great painter's career, which began some fifty years ago, and is now at its consummate height. The finished pictures fill a double line round the great room in the Adelphi, immediately underneath the pictures by Barry ; the sketches occupy an adjoining small room ; and there is a certain chronological order in the general arrangement. Necessarily, this is not very strictly observed ; but the first glance round the room on entering, at once shows a "painter's progress," to the practised eye. There are those wonderful pieces of landscape and still life, with occasionally a small human incident going forward in them, which showed the earliest bent of Mr. Mulready's genius, and exhibited a handling as careful, clear, and precise, with as masterly a feeling for form and colour, as the greatest of the Dutch masters had shown. From these we pass naturally to those more advanced works, in which, with the same fondness for precision and beauty of touch in points of detail, the human figure becomes the prominent object of interest, and the painter's genius identifies itself with character and expression. If anything now were wanted to complete this development of mind and skill, we turn to the finished sentiment and rich intensity of colour in those later pictures with which recent exhibitions of the Royal Academy have made every one familiar ; and feel grateful for the lesson of untiring study we have read, while we examined this series of delightful works. It manifests a continual effort on the part of the painter to rival and surpass himself. Every advance he made has been the stimulus to a new effort : and if we would understand the means by which increased facility and power are thus patiently and steadily obtained, they are at hand in the sketches of the adjoining room : among those sketches are certain "studies in black and white chalk, from nature, in the Royal Academy," never exhibited till now, which we venture to pronounce superior to any studies of a similar kind.

with which we are acquainted, whether in ancient or modern art. Let any impartial person compare them with what may yet be seen, or with what he may remember, of even the masterpieces in Sir Thomas Lawrence's collections of old drawings, and he can only arrive at that conclusion. Whatever reason the old draughtsmen may have had to refrain from carrying imitation so far, it is quite certain that they stopped at a lower point than this. The hardworking student, who is really in earnest, should undergo a daily study of these drawings as long as the exhibition remains open.

Our space will not permit us to enter into detailed examination or criticism of the finished pictures. Among our favourites in what we may call the middle term of Mr. Mulready's genius, are the 'Barber's Shop,' 'Idle Boys,' 'Lending a Bite,' and (above all) the 'Fight Interrupted.' The quiet humour and thorough truth of character in these subjects, the fancy gradually expanding, the increasing firmness of touch, the careful and steady execution, the unobtrusive yet perfect details, are above all praise. Of the earlier period we should mention 'A View in St. Albans,' 'Old Houses in Lambeth,' 'Two Views in Kensington,' 'an Old Gable,' and a charming small landscape of 'Boys playing Cricket.' To the style of the later period belong, we think, the 'Wolf and the Lamb,' the 'Convalescent,' 'Peregrine Touchwood and Josiah Cargill,' the 'Train up a Child' (a picture full of noble expression), 'All the World's a Stage,' 'Hay-making,' 'Choosing a Wedding Gown,' and the 'Whistonian Controversy.' In the picture of 'Punch' there are points of extraordinary cleverness, and some subtle strokes of character; but the composition is not good, the figures want connection, and it has an unsatisfactory effect upon the whole. But that we may not turn with an objection from what has given us pleasure almost without alloy, let us mark the surprising truth of two pictures omitted in our summary of the third period, 'Giving a Bite' and the 'Careless Messenger.'

We congratulate every one concerned in the getting up of this exhibition. The scheme it is intended to promote could not have been started under better auspices; and we heartily wish for it a subscription sufficiently large to render the proposed commission to Mr. Mulready commensurate with that admiration of his genius which this noble collection of his works must everywhere excite.

#### OLD SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

On a former occasion we spoke generally of the merit of this exhibition, and characterized it as one of the best within our recollection. The more dashing style of historical piece has been left of late years, (since Mr. John Lewis went to Cairo and Mr. Cattermole resumed the class of subjects better suited to water-colour drawing), to the Haghes and Weluerts of the New Society; but in that which first gave its marked character to the old institution, its members remain supreme. We never saw Mr. Cattermole to greater advantage than in the present exhibition. His free fine drawing, rich colour, and masterly composition, and the wonderful *breadth* of his effects in light and shade, were never better shown in his most elaborate efforts, than in the series of small drawings in this collection. We can only single out two for specific mention, but what a grim quaint humour there is in the 'Sintram,' sitting at supper with those tenantless suits of armour of his ancestors, one of which has tumbled from its balance as though the flagon had upset it as of old: and, in the 'Grace'

said by a party of monks in a Refectory what an exalted beauty of feeling, and what quiet grace of manner. How large in its truthful simplicity the small picture is ! Copley, Fielding, Prout, De Wint, and David Cox (the latter more especially), give us very admirable and complete specimens of their respective styles, each so well known ; and we think the highland landscapes by Evan (of Eton) singularly successful. The "Crossing the Tilt" is a well-planned and well-painted picture, honestly executed throughout. Mr. Topham, a recruit from the New Society, exhibits a very clever and careful subject from "Rory O'More," in which the expression of the girl's face ("arrah ! Kathleen, my darlint !") is remarkable for a most extraordinary beauty of sentiment combined with a perfect homely truth. Frederick Taylor has some capital things in his best manner. Mr. Alfred Fripp has one very clever drawing, and Hunt, in addition to his usual rich supply of humorous figure subjects and marvellous interiors, exhibits some fruit subjects, birds' nests, and so forth, which in this kind we never remember to have been approached by any one. The very fragrance of the dew upon the flowers is painted. Nor let us omit a hearty word of praise to Mr. Oakley, (who paints less harshly than of old, and makes obvious advance in the feeling of his subjects) ; to the noble sea-pieces of Bently ; and to the landscapes of Nesfield and Dodgson : the latter, like Mr. Topham, is a seceder from the New Society.—*Examiner*, June 24.

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*Critiques on Lieut. Rattray's Sketches in Afghanistan.*

LIEUTENANT RATTRAY'S "Sketches in Afghanistan," a work which has been for some time in preparation, and the appearance of which has been looked forward to with much interest, especially by all who took part in that exciting campaign, are now completed and ready for issue to subscribers. A framed collection of this very clever series of illustrations may be seen at Messrs. Herring and Remington's, in Regent-street. The sketches are full of character and truth. The prevailing nationality of them all is not to be gainsaid. They are executed in coloured lithograph with great freedom and distinctness, and by the uninitiated might easily be mistaken for water-colour drawings. They form, undeniably, the best gallery of illustrations of the Afghan war which has yet been given to the public.—*Atlas*, May 27.

A private view of a series of lithographs shewing the various costumes of the various tribes, portraits of ladies of rank, princes and chiefs, views of fortresses, passes, cities, and temples of Afghanistan, by James Rattray, Esq., afforded us another evidence of the advantage which society gains by the labours of those gentlemen in the military services who possess graphic talent. The facilities which come in their way enable them to make acquaintance with the hue and complexion of things that lie out of the ordinary path of the civil artist. This series of thirty lithographs by Lieut. Rattray evinces an eye for the picturesque, and no mean success as a draughtsman. To particularize would not be easy where there is an average amount of success in each example.—*Athenæum*, June 3.

*Exhibition.*

THE COURT OF LAHORE, executed by a Hungarian Artist. This exhibition contains a remarkable representation, not only of the Court of Runjeet Sing, under various circumstances, and portraits of the most famous of his family and paladins, but also of many oriental scenes of great interest. Among these, a Thuggee tragedy, on the eve of perpetration, is extremely curious, the murderers being, we were informed, all likenesses from the life. As a composition this picture is very effective, and there are others, of considerable landscape beauty. The principal, however, is a grand piece of above sixty figures, on the day of the Dessera, a splendid festival, where the king, on his golden chair, is surrounded by his relatives, grantees and officers of state. The magnificence of the costume, the brilliancy of the jewels, the mixture of wild fakers and fanatics, the elephants gorgeously dressed out and painted, and, in short, the entire compositions afford us a more perfect idea of such an eastern display than we ever received before. The likenesses and fidelity of all the scenes were vouched for by English officers who had been long in Lahore and other parts of India, and who happened to visit the exhibition at the same time with us; and altogether, we can truly report this to be among the most attractive of the novel sights of the season.—*Literary Gazette for May.*

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## V.—ESSAYIST.

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### *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; what is the meaning of them?*

LIBERTY! it must be something very agreeable, as the whole world seems to be calling out for it. Nobody calls for law, but the attorneys and the solicitors, and their litigious constituents. It is not, therefore, a good thing, law. And yet all men are politicians in their way, and seem to regard law-making as a matter of primary importance. But then again, the *people* prefer the laws that promote liberty, that is, the laws that do away with laws, and repeal them for ever. A law to place men above the law, would be a perfect law of liberty. But then it would be of no use passing such a law. It would pass itself, if you only shut up the parliament, discharged the officers of government, and let Nature reign supreme.

It is a sort of labyrinth. One begins to wander and lose one's way in its intricate mazes.

Why does France not take law as well as liberty for its motto? Why not take "law, liberty?" Does it want to live without law? Is law not worth fighting for? Is there no virtue in it? Can it be of no service to society? Does liberty comprehend all good, and law all evil?

Liberty! that is, permission to do as you please. This is its unqualified meaning. Law qualifies the meaning of liberty, and says you shall do only what the law permits. But if liberty be not qualified by law, then it means permission to do anything. Even equality itself, which qualifies liberty, can do so only by virtue of a law; if there be no law, there can be no

equality, because there is nothing to enforce it. There might be liberty without law. But equality is dependent on law for its maintenance.

What liberty means at present in France, or anywhere else, we cannot tell. In Ireland, England, and Scotland, the people may buy guns and pikes at the rates of 12s. 6d. and 2s. respectively, for the purpose of taking power from one class and bestowing it upon another; and manufacturers may execute orders for guns and pikes to destroy themselves, appropriate their property, and distribute it amongst the poor. And the Chartists may set up an opposition parliament, summon the officials of the other government and the editors of the press before its tribunal, "like spirits from the vasty deep;" or advance in warlike attitude by thousands to the house of legislature for the express purpose of taking the government into their own hands *before eight o'clock*. They may speak their mind freely upon all subjects and all characters. They may condemn all measures, and use as much reason and eloquence as they please to convince men, women, and children, that their rulers are bad men, and the system of government most pernicious. And there is not a fact in the great volume of history or of nature that they may not adduce in confirmation of their views. Still there is not liberty enough. They want still more. \* But how they can obtain it without law it is hard to say, unless it be got by anarchy, which they themselves disavow. Law must, therefore, be a good thing, a very good thing, since it brings forth liberty and establishes it in society.

Why not, then, have law on the motto? Law and liberty are parent and child, or husband and wife.

The French have been fighting for liberty for sixty years, and have not got it yet. Whose fault is that? The fault of Napoleon? one man against thirty millions? No, surely! Napoleon was merely the idol of Frenchmen. They made him when they worshipped him. Is it the fault of the Bourbons? What! a handful of men against a whole people! How silly the people must be if they cannot master a handful of men! What is it then that prevents the establishment of liberty? We do not know; except that the French will not establish it, or cannot find it, or do not know what it is. True, there is a sort of liberty in France; you may buy arms as in England, spend your last franc on gunpowder and lead, make violent speeches at the clubs, and do your best to get up an *emette*. But then you dare not publish a journal in favour of royalty or constitutional monarchy, nor make a royalist demonstration, nor call a royalist convention in Paris for the purpose of reorganising the monarchy *before eight o'clock*. The liberty is all on one side in France—the side that is unfavourable to law, or raised above it. Law would destroy this liberty, if it protected the right of every man to think, speak, and act, as he conscientiously believed to be right. What then will become of this liberty when the law recovers its power? And if the law do not recover its power, what will the liberty do? For liberty is a wild horse, and law is the curb that restrains it.

Nature provides a clue for the labyrinth of liberty, but then she has put it into the hands of law. This is the Ariadne that saves society from the monster. Law and liberty are a loving couple—who are the most amiable creatures when they walk arm in arm and do everything in concert, but tyrant and virago whenever they determine to act apart. Nor can we say

which is the greater tyrant—law without liberty, or liberty without law. We suspect the former is the safer of the two, and that if any person were allowed to choose whether he should live in London twelve months without law or without liberty, he would say at once, "Without liberty, to be sure. Law protects both person and property, liberty does not."

Gross or unrestrained liberty, we believe, is advocated by no party. But still we have no clue to discover what is the precise meaning of the liberty advocated by any one. And therefore the word, as commonly used in society, is almost destitute of meaning. We know the meaning of setting a debtor at liberty, or a dog, or a caged bird at liberty; but we have no precise idea of what any party means by setting a people at liberty. And now that the greatest liberals of France, with the enthusiasm of a whole nation to back them, have had an opportunity of explaining the word, it seems to have less meaning than it had before. That some law is necessary is evident, otherwise why call the National Assembly together? And that law is a good thing is evidently acknowledged by the same fact. But, then, why not put law upon the motto? Why stigmatise this good thing by refusing it a place amid the political trinity? Why not enthrone it along with them, since, if it reign at all, it must be the great directing and controlling power of the whole?

The motto, we suspect, is very defective. But, perhaps, the other two words may fill up the deficiency. Let us see.

Equality! what a strange abstraction, quite as vague as liberty! What is the meaning of it? We know the meaning of equal weights and equal numbers, equal heights and equal depths. We know that two steamers of four-hundred horse power each are equal in horse power, and two field-m Marshals are equal in military rank. But it does not therefore follow that the two steamers are equal in value, or the two field-m Marshals equal in talent. Equals, therefore, may be unequal. Two young ladies may be equally tall, and unequally beautiful. And nature has mixed up this inequality even amongst equals, so that equals in age, equals in rank, equals in size, beauty, talent, are all unequals in something else. Equality, therefore, naturally goes, with inequality, like law with liberty, and without the inequality nature could not exist. Inequality is the very condition of its being, the foundation of nature itself.

French equality, then, cannot mean positive equality. It means something else. What does it mean? Now that is just what we should like to know. We believe it has no definite meaning in France, because even the Provisional Government have quarrelled about its meaning, and the people are quarrelling about it, and there is no known definition of the word in circulation. It is a ghost. A word which has a meaning when you make use of it specially, like liberty—as when you say the two measures are equal—but which has no meaning at all when used absolutely in a motto.

It has a meaning when you say all men are born equal in respect to rank and title to fortune; but then that is communism, for if a child be the son of a rich father, it is born unequal to the son of a poor father. Equality, then, is communism—and many in France assert this, that equality without communism on the national flag is a national falsehood. They are right.

But is communism itself equality? Can all men have equal power? Even Owen, the greatest equalist in the world, lets every man reign as a committee-man for ten years. The ultra-communists might object to this, and say,—“Call you this equality? We tell you, sirs, that equality on the national flag is a national falsehood, so long as one man has more power, or more influence than another.” And they are right. Equality, as an abstract term, has no limitation. You must specify the amount of equality, or the *law* of equality which you adopt, or you convey no positive meaning by the use of such a word as a political principle.

Louis Blanc, in his philanthropic desire to realise this abstraction, proposes to give all men equal wages, and to pay good workmen no more than bad workmen. He would pay an artist for painting a Madonna and child, or cutting a Venus de Medicis, precisely the same sum per day as he would pay the scavenger for cleaning out a yard, or the sweeper for cleaning the street crossings. A lazy man he would pay his penny, and the active and industrious man his penny, like the householder in the parable, who paid those who wrought one hour precisely the same as those who wrought twelve. But even this is not equality. It is equality of pay, but not equality of work. Now perfect equality would insist upon equality of pay and work. Louis Blanc, therefore, is not an equalist after all. Moreover, equality insists upon equality of work, both in quantity and quality. To pay a bad workman as much as a good workman, is a departure from the principle of equality. They ought to be paid in such a way that the pay shall correspond with the work accomplished. But then, again, this would make the payments unequal and destroy equality. One equality destroys another; you cannot have both at once. You must be unequal in some way, do what you please. Your imagination itself cannot conceive a state of perfect equality, far less can your power or your wisdom realise it.

What, then, again we ask, is the meaning of equality in the French motto? We do not know, and we know no one who can inform us. The truth of the matter is, it has no meaning.

If, then, it has no meaning in itself, it can give no meaning to liberty, which also has none in itself. We have then two words in the motto without a meaning. Will the third throw any light upon them, or give them a definite form and tangible substance? We shall see.\*

Fraternity! very fine word! all brothers! and sisters included! for sisters are merely female brothers, as brothers are only male sisters. Well, does that throw any light upon equality? Do brothers regard one another as equals? Have they all things in common? We have known poor brothers who lived on the refuse of a rich brother's kitchen; nay, fathers who filled menial offices in the service of rich children. Fraternity is a relationship of blood that makes no promise of equality, nor even of companionship. Brothers very seldom are the companions of brothers in riper years. We know brothers in London who do not see each other once in twelve months, and who would sooner apply to strangers for relief or assistance than to one another in the hour of adversity. It is not always so, and there is something wrong when it is so. But fraternity does not guarantee friendship, far less equality. No rich married brother ever regards it as his duty to divide his income with his poor married brother.



If he send him a five pound note now and then, he thinks himself a very generous fellow.

Fraternity has a little meaning—a meaning of relationship. It is more definite than either liberty or equality. There is heart in it. It has a moral character which the other two have not. We seem, therefore, to be approaching to a meaning. But it is only an approach, and this is the last word of the three. So that, if we cannot find a meaning here, there is none to be found at all.

Let us take the best meaning of fraternity. Suppose a brother to do his duty to another brother, how would he treat him? Would he always supply him with money when he wanted it? When he got into debt by extravagance or folly, would he liquidate his debts, or become security for him? If his brother were a drunkard, or a profligate idle fellow, would he still persist in supplying him with money, providing him with a comfortable home and good food and clothing, treating him equally well as if his character were of the best description and his conduct irreproachable? Certainly not. Brothers, when they do their duty to brothers, always treat the best better than the worst. Fraternity, therefore, does not teach equality; on the contrary, it teaches morality; and equality does not teach morality, for it makes no distinction between the good and the bad.

There is confusion, therefore, in the French trinity; one word is at variance with another; for unless all the brothers are equally good, fraternity does not inculcate equal treatment. But nature does not make all brothers equally good. Fraternity and equality, therefore, are incongruous.

Besides, the affections must not be overlooked. These are passive and involuntary; we cannot love or hate as we will; we often regret that we cannot love those whom duty seems to command us to love. And we never fail to treat those whom we love better than those whom we hate. Fraternity itself admits of this distinction. But where is its equality? And if there be no equality of affection in us, how can there be equality of treatment in society? We must love and hate, like and dislike, in spite of all the mottos and flags in the universe. Political catchwords, can never reverse the laws of our nature.

There is a beautiful meaning in the word fraternity. But that beauty is purely moral. There is no morality whatever in liberty and equality. A moral meaning, however, is always indefinite, and depends for its strength or its weakness on the moral feelings of him who holds it. It prescribes no precise line or course for us to follow, nor does it provide a rule for definite judgment in particular cases. The men who use this word, fraternity, in France, are arming themselves with guns and spikes against each other. They have not yet realised its meaning, unless it be its evil meaning, for brothers do fight with brothers, and sisters scratch one another. Probably they all wish to realise the good, and each has his own favourite mode of attaining the end. But then this only shows the want of definition in the thing itself, and the inefficiency of the word as a principle to accomplish anything.

What is it then, that is wanting in this French trinity? A form, a body. This form can be given to it only by law. Law is the great former; it gives a definite and intelligible character to everything. Law

would define liberty, and give it a shape and character, an outline, and a limitation. It would make liberty a reality. But without law, liberty is a phantom; it is chaos; a king without a shape, that hath on its seeming-head only the seeming-likeness of a kingly crown. The Greeks had their political trinity of words as well as the French, and they wrote them on the door of the temple of Delphi. They were, "Liberty, Law, Peace;" three glorious words that have a meaning. For law gives meaning to liberty and peace, and liberty and peace in return give meaning to law. But without law there is no meaning, and therefore no hope of settlement for a nation that has not enthroned it along with liberty. Law and liberty should constitute a species of social and political religion. Liberty should be protected by law, and law should be sanctified and mollified by liberty. They are male and female; the one is bold, and the other is gentle in union; and they mutually tend, when living in harmony, to perfect each other; but living in discord, or in a state of alienation, they are not only incomplete, but have their worst features respectively developed by the absence of the only controlling and regulating principle which nature has ordained for each. Without law, liberty is often a greater tyrant than law itself, as woman is even more cruel than man, when once she loses that self-respect which is the best guardian of her moral reputation, the best regulator of her personal conduct. "The Parisians dare to call themselves free," said Vergniaud, the Demosthenes of the first revolution, after the massacres of September, when women cut off heads and stuck them on the iron railings for sport, or carried them about the streets in triumph; and men butchered priests, and nobles, and gentlemen, the inmates of prisons, lunatic asylums and hospitals, and at last anybody that was merely denounced as a fit subject for slaughter. "The Parisians dare to call themselves free! True they are no longer the slaves of crowned tyrants; but they are the serfs of the most vile and despicable wretches." This was liberty without law. It made all Europe tremble. It is a madwoman who has lost her caste, and is supplanted in the domicile of the heart by a rival. Law alone can restore her to reason and tranquillity, for he is her lover and her husband.

In law is the meaning of liberty, and in liberty the beauty and equity of law. Let these two words, therefore, never be parted. Their divorce is ruin, their union is peace. The Greek trinity is logically correct. It is a graduated scale of meaning, terminating in a positive conclusion—liberty, law, peace. After a lapse of two thousand years, with all the boasted superiority of an age of enlightenment, the French have not only not surpassed this admirable combination, but they have adopted in preference a series of words which are mere abstractions in themselves, and involve no guarantee either of social or domestic happiness or political tranquillity. The omen is not good. The French pride themselves in the logic of the revolution, and they talk of its gospel, its trinity, and its ideal perfection. But we think we have satisfactorily shown the want of logic and the want of conclusion in its three fundamental terms, a deficiency involving an omen by no means favourable to the amicable and satisfactory settlement of the republic. But *nous verrons* (we shall see). In less than a month we shall have an idea of the logical precision and conclusiveness of the revolutionary motto.—*Family Herald*.

## VI.—SCIENCE.

*Result of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole surface of the visible Heavens commenced in 1825. By Sir John Herschel, Bart., K. H., D. C. L., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh.*

[Third Notice.]

THE *Second* chapter of the work before us, on the *Double Stars of the Southern Hemisphere*, is doubtless of equal importance with the *First*, though the detection and measurement of these stars was regarded by our author as of subordinate interest, and therefore allowed to interfere as little as possible with the discovery of new nebulae, and the determination of the places of those already known. It would have required at least ten years to have reviewed the southern heavens with the 20 feet reflector, for the purpose of detecting close double stars. Hence, the catalogue of double stars is comparatively deficient in those of the first or closest class, whose distance is under two seconds. The numbers in the catalogue are a continuation of, those in Sir John Herschel's 6th catalogue, published in the 9th volume of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*. They commence with No. 3317, and terminate with No. 5442, so that the catalogue, occupying 72 pages, contains 2095 double stars. This catalogue is followed by tabulated micrometric measures of double stars, with a synopsis of those measures, a comparison of angles of position of double stars measured with the 7 feet equatorial, and the 20 feet reflector, and with special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the catalogue. The following is a brief notice of the stars thus specially referred to:—

$\lambda$  *Toucani*. R. Asc.  $0^h 46^m$  N.P.D.  $160^\circ 26'$ . Angle of position in 1835.92,  $78^\circ 30'$ , 1837.74,  $80^\circ 35'$ , indicating a pretty rapid angular rotation.

$\delta$  2036. R. A.  $1^h 12^m$  N.P.D.  $106^\circ 41'$ . Angle of position 1830.786,  $53^\circ$ ; 1836.958,  $38^\circ 05'$ , giving an angular motion of— $2^\circ 422$  per annum.

$p$  *Eridani*, R.A.  $1^h 33^m$  N.P.D.  $147^\circ 3'$ . Angle of position 1834.8,  $120^\circ 27'$ , 1836.723,  $119^\circ 30'$ , indicating a considerable orbital motion.

70. Dunlop. R.A.  $8^h 24^m$  N.P.D.  $134^\circ 10'$ . Angle of position 1826.3,  $20^\circ 8'$  (Dunlop,) 1836.994,  $351^\circ 27'$  (Herschel,) indicating a very rapid rotation.

$\beta$  *Hydrae et Crateris*. R.A.  $11^h 44^m$  N.P.D.  $122^\circ 58'$ . Angle of position in 1834.47,  $338^\circ 3'$ , 1838.09,  $342^\circ 2'$ , indicating a motion in this fine double star of  $1^\circ 077$  annually.

$\alpha$  *Crucis*. R.A.  $12^h 17^m$  N.P.D.  $152^\circ 9'$ . Distance of the stars  $5' 65''$ . This beautiful double star has excited the notice of all the more recent southern observers. Angle of position, 1826.45,  $114^\circ 24'$  (Dunlop) 1835.53,  $120^\circ 36'$ , (Herschel,) giving an orbital motion of — $0^\circ 699$ , annually, or— $0^\circ 378$ , taking Sir John Herschel's observations by themselves.

$\gamma$  Centauri. R. A.  $12^h 32^m$  N.P.D.  $138^\circ 1'$  "The extreme dimness of this remarkably fine but difficult double star,—each equal, and each of the fourth magnitude, necessarily renders the angles of position precarious." Angle of position 1835.32,  $351^\circ 35'$ , 1836.38,  $357^\circ 21'$ , giving an angular motion of  $+ 5^\circ 440$  annually.

$\gamma$  Virginis.\* R. A.  $12^h 23^m$  N.P.D.  $90^\circ 31'$ . As the complete establishment of the elliptic motion of this interesting double star is justly deemed by our author one of the great facts of modern astronomy, he has reinvestigated its orbit, by a careful examination of all the recorded measures. He was so fortunate as to observe, about the end of 1835 and beginning of 1836, the eclipse as it were of the one star by the other, a phenomenon seen also by Capt. Smith at Bedford in January 1836. Sir John has now abandoned the large elliptical orbit which he obtained, and which seemed to be rendered necessary in order to include the observations of Bradley and Mayer. By rejecting these observations, and using only the angles of position taken by the position-micrometer for the epoch of 1781.89, when it was first measured, by Sir W. Herschel, and that of 1845.34, which was taken by Capt. Smith, he obtained the following elements :—

Excentricity,	- - - - -	0.87952
Inclination to the plane of projection,	- - -	$23^\circ 35' 40''$
Position of ascending Node,	- - -	$5^\circ 33'$
Angular distance of Perihelion from Node on the plane of the orbit, or true angle between the lines of Nodes and Apsides,	- - -	$313^\circ 45'$
Epoch of Perihelion passage,	- - - - - A. D.	1836.43
Periodic time,	- - - - -	182.12 years.

Since this orbit was computed, Sir John Herschel has received from Mr. Maedler of Dorpat, the following measures of the angle of position of  $\gamma$  Virginis, beside which we have placed the almost contemporaneous observations of English Observers, in order to show the great degree of accuracy which has now been attained in measuring the angle of position of two stars very near each other :—

A. D. 1841. 355, Angles of position,	$200^\circ 6'$	1841. 34 Dawes	$200^\circ 3'$
1842. 361, according to	$196^\circ 11'$	1842. 34 Airy	$197^\circ 25'$
1843. 349, Maedler,	$192^\circ 9'$	1843. 33 Smith	$191^\circ 36'$
1844. 356,	$188^\circ 55'$		
1845. 367,	$186^\circ 57'$	1845. 34	$185^\circ 24'$

$\alpha$  Centauri, R. A.  $13^h 42^m$ . N.P.D.  $122^\circ 9'$ . "This superb double star," says Sir J. Herschel, "beyond all comparison the most striking object of the kind in the heavens, and to which the discovery of its parallax, by

\* Capt. Smith, in his Cycle of Celestial Objects, pp. 275-283, has given an admirable analysis of all the observations on this star previous to the Southern ones of Sir John Herschel, with an orbit calculated from the Bedford observations, which yields a period of about 180 years, differing only  $2^\circ 12'$  from the new period of Sir J. Herschel. —See this Journal, vol. vi., p. 234.

the late Professor Henderson, has given a degree of astronomical importance no less conspicuous, consists of two individuals, both of a high *ruddy* or *orange* colour, though that of the smaller is of a somewhat more sombre cast. They constitute together a star, which, to the naked eye, is equal or somewhat superior to *Arcturus* in lustre." The distance between the two stars has varied from 22".45, as observed by Sir Thomas Brisbane in 1824, to 16".12, as observed by Sir J. Herschel in 1837.44. Sir John is of opinion that the distance is decreasing at the rate of a little more than *half a second* annually, which, if continued, will bring on an occultation, or exceedingly close appulse, about the year 1867. The plane of the orbit passes nearly through our system. "Taking the co-efficient of parallax of a *Centauri*," says our author, (not a *Centauri*, as misprinted in Mr. Henderson's paper,) "as determined by Professor Henderson at *one second*, it will follow from what has been said, that the real diameter of the relative orbit of one star about the other, cannot be so small as that of the orbit of Saturn about the Sun, and exceeds, in all probability, that of the orbit of Uranus." It must therefore be an object of the highest interest with astronomers, to obtain a succession of the most accurate measures of the distance of the two stars.\*

The importance of *Astrometry*, or the method of obtaining an accurate numerical expression of the apparent magnitude of the stars, has been universally admitted by astronomers, for it is chiefly by a comparison of these magnitudes at different epochs, that we can become acquainted with changes that have taken place upon their surface, or ascertain the periods of their variation. Our limits will not permit us to describe the ingenious and admirable methods by which our author has endeavoured to determine the comparative intensities of the light of the stars; but we shall give the results in the following Table, which contains the photometric determination of the comparative intensities of the light of 69 stars,  $\alpha$  Centauri being taken as the standard, and made 1.000:—

Sirius	-	4.052	$\alpha$ Crucis	0.377	$\gamma$ Argus	-	0.174
Canopus	-	1.994	$\alpha$ Aquilæ	0.350	$\alpha$ Gruis	-	0.169
$\alpha$ Centauri	-	1.000	Spica	0.309	$\theta$ Scorpii	-	0.159
Arcturus	-	0.726	$\eta$ Argus	0.262	$\beta$ Argus	-	0.158
Rigel	-	0.654	Fomalhaut	0.262	$\epsilon$ Argus	-	0.152
Procyon	-	0.520	$\beta$ Crucis	0.255	$\delta$ Canis	-	0.152
$\alpha$ Orionis	-	0.484	$\gamma$ Orionis	0.207	$\epsilon$ Orionis	-	0.146
Lyra	-	0.446	$\epsilon$ Canis	0.198	$\theta$ Centauri	-	0.142
$\alpha$ Eridani	-	0.441	$\gamma$ Crucis	0.195	$\epsilon$ Sagittarii	-	0.141
Antares	-	0.404	$\gamma$ Scorpii	0.192	$\alpha$ Pavonis	-	0.140
$\beta$ Centauri	-	0.399	$\alpha$ Trianguli	0.179	$\beta$ Gruis	-	0.138

\* In concluding this notice of the Southern double stars, we may mention that Mr. Mitchel, of the Observatory at Cincinnati in the United States, has discovered that the fine star *Antares* is double. This important observation was made by means of an achromatic telescope, mounted parallactically, and executed at Munich by MM. Mern and Mahler. Its aperture is nearly twelve inches English.—STAUPE, *Études Stellaires*, note 64, p. 48.

$\beta$ Canis	-	0.184	$\alpha$ Lupi	-	0.102	$\gamma$ Cervi	-	0.074
$\delta$ Argus	-	0.132	$\alpha$ Phœnicis	-	0.101	$\pi$ Argus	-	0.074
$\lambda$ Argus	-	0.131	$\zeta$ Argus	-	0.101	$\beta$ Cervi	-	0.073
$\zeta$ Orionis	-	0.123	$\alpha$ Leporis	-	0.100	$\epsilon$ Orionis	-	0.073
$\beta$ Ceti	-	0.122	$\delta$ Scorpil	-	0.098	$\gamma$ Virginis	-	0.070
$\kappa$ Orionis	-	0.120	$\eta$ Canis	-	0.093	$\gamma$ Trianguli	-	0.067
$\sigma$ Sagittarii	-	0.116	$\gamma$ Aquilæ	-	0.092	$\beta$ Trianguli	-	0.064
$\gamma$ Centauri	-	0.107	$\delta$ Capricorni	-	0.088	$\delta$ Crucis	-	0.062
$\epsilon$ Centauri	-	0.105	$\mu$ Argus	-	0.087	$\delta$ Cervi	-	0.060
$\delta$ Orionis	-	0.104	$\zeta$ Centauri	-	0.085	$\alpha$ 2 Canis	-	0.056
$\epsilon$ Scorpil	-	0.103	$\alpha$ Muscæ	-	0.084	$\alpha$ Circini	-	0.052
$\iota$ Argus	-	0.103	$\kappa$ Argus	-	0.075	$\nu$ Argus	-	0.045

In comparing the photometric results with the conventional scale of naked eye magnitudes, Sir John Herschel has found, that if these conventional values be increased by the constant fraction 0.4142 (or  $\sqrt{2}-1$ ), the new scale of magnitudes so arising will represent the distances of the respective stars, to which they are ascribed, from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the light of the stars themselves; that is, so that differences of brightness shall be merely apparent, and supposed to arise solely from differences of distance. Were this scale substituted for the present arbitrary one, " $\alpha$  Centauri," says our author, "would be our normal star of the first magnitude,  $\beta$  Crucis of the second,  $\kappa$  Orionis of the third,  $\nu$  Hydræ of the fourth, and  $\delta$  Volantis of the fifth; and these are the magnitudes which actually stand annexed to those stars in our catalogues respectively. The effect of such a change, would be to place the nomenclature of magnitudes on a natural, or at all events, on a photometric basis, easily remembered,—the relation between the Magnitude and the Light of any star being given by the simple equation,  $M^2L=1$ ,  $\alpha$  Centauri being taken as the unit both of light and magnitude."

In our author's Fourth chapter, *On the distribution of stars, and on the constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere*, he treats—first, of the statistical distribution of stars; secondly, of the general appearance, and telescopic constitution of the Milky Way;\* and, thirdly, on some indications of very remote telescopic branches of the Milky Way, or of an independent sidereal system or systems bearing a resemblance to such branches. The indications referred to under the third of these heads, are deduced from a phenomenon of a very interesting kind, which Sir J. Herschel seems to have been the first to notice. It "consists in an exceedingly delicate and uniform dotting or stippling of the field of view by points of light too small to admit of any one being steadily and fixedly viewed, and too numerous for counting, were it possible so to view them." Our author was always satisfied of the reality of this phenomenon at the moment of observation, though the conviction was not permanent, the idea of an illusion arising from physiological causes having subsequently arisen.

\* Our author has represented in his thirteenth plate the course and aspect of the Southern Milky Way, from Antinous to Monoceres, delineated with the naked eye by faint lamp-light in the open air.

Sir John has, however, given the right ascension and north polar distance of 37 points of the heavens where this *whiteness*, or "*stippling of the ground of the sky*" was seen or suspected. In like manner, he has given the places of the points where the ground of the sky is perfectly dark or black, and "certainly devoid of any such stippling or nebulous phenomenon."

On the 25th of October 1837, Sir John was fortunate enough to obtain a view of the anxiously expected comet of Dr. Halley, and in his fifth chapter, occupying 21 pages, and constituting, in our opinion, one of the most interesting portions of his work, he has given his observations on this singular member of the solar system, illustrating them with thirteen beautiful drawings of it, and adding some curious speculations on its physical condition, and on that of comets in general. On the 29th October, its appearance was most singular, and such as he had never observed in any previous comet. Its nucleus small, bright, and highly condensed, was shielded or capped on the side next the sun by a vivid but narrow crescent of nebulous light, the front of which presented an outline nearly circular, with an amplitude of about 90° from horn to horn. Within this was situated the nucleus, but at a distance behind the front or vertex of the crescent, considerably less than its *versed sine*.\* On the 1st of November, it had the common appearance of a comet, with its nucleus and slightly diverging tail; but on the 26th of January, after its return from the sun, it had assumed a most surprising and totally new appearance. Its head was sharply terminated, like a ground glass-lamp shade; and within this head was seen "a vividly luminous nucleus," like "a miniature comet, having a nucleus head and tail of its own, perfectly distinct, and considerably exceeding in intensity of light the nebulous head." As the comet rose higher, a minute bright point, never greater than 4", and like a small star, was distinctly perceived, and this point Sir John calls the nucleus. On the 25th January, the following measures were taken:—

Diameter of the comet's head in R. Ascension,	-	229"	.4	13 <sup>h</sup>	38 <sup>m</sup>
Distance of the nucleus from the vertex,	-	118"	.3		
Diameter of the head in Declination,	-	237"	.3	14 <sup>h</sup>	15 <sup>m</sup>

Upon repeating these observations in the "strong morning twilight," the results were—

Diameter of the head in R. Ascension,	-	196"	.7	16 <sup>h</sup>	25 <sup>m</sup>
Diameter of the head in Declination,	-	252"		16 <sup>h</sup>	29 <sup>m</sup>

The deficiency in this second measure of the head obviously arose from the effect of twilight; but we can only account for the increase in declination by concluding "*that the change was real, and that the comet was actually increasing in dimensions with such rapidity that it might almost be said to be seen to grow!*" M. Valz had pointed out the increase in the dimensions of comets as they receded from the sun, but an increase in the ratio of 5 to 6, and in so short an interval, must be regarded as a different phenomenon. On the 26th, the nucleus appeared as a star of the 10th mag-

\* This is no doubt Mr. Cooper's '*Fan*,' and M. Arago's '*Sector*.' The tail was obliterated by the twilight, and subsequently appeared.

nitude, furred and nebulous; and the dimensions of the comet had greatly increased, the diameter in right ascension being 309", and in declination 329", so that the total bulk of the comet, exclusive of the coma, had greatly more than doubled in 24 hours. On the 28th January, upon looking through the 20-foot reflector, Sir John exclaims—"Most astonishing! The coma is all but gone, but there are long irregular nebulous tails in various directions." "The nucleus is now no longer a dim misty speck, but a sharp brilliant point. I cannot, however, raise a well-defined disc on it." "It is like a planetary nebula, a little hazy at the edges, 2" or  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter." "I now see a sharp, all but planetary disc, diameter fully  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ", quite distinct from the haze about it. It is like one of Jupiter's satellites in a thick fog of hazy light." "I can hardly doubt," Sir John adds, "that the comet was fairly evaporated in perihelion by the sun's heat, and resolved into transparent vapour, and is now in process of rapid condensation and re-precipitation on the nucleus." The comet resumed its former size on the 29th, and afterwards gradually disappeared as it receded from the sun. Sir John notices the following points as especially remarkable:—

- 1st. The astonishingly rapid dilatation of its visible dimensions.
- 2d. The preservation of the same geometrical form of the dilated and dilating envelope.
- 3d. The rapid disappearance of the coma;
- 4th. The increase in the density and relative brightness of the nucleus.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss the speculative views which these phenomena have suggested to our author. He rejects the hypothesis of Valz, that the volume of the comet is directly proportional to its distance from the sun. He maintains that the laws of gravitation are insufficient to account for such a form of equilibrium as that of the comet, which was paraboloidal, and that such a form, as one of equilibrium, is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as of attractive forces. "But if we admit," he adds, "the matter of the tail to be at once repelled from the sun and attracted by the nucleus, it no longer presents any difficulty." In order to obtain the repulsive power, Sir John hazards a theory which supposes the sun to be permanently charged with electricity. The cometic matters vaporised by the sun's heat, *in perihelion*, the two electricities separated by vaporisation, the nucleus becoming negative and the tail positive, and the electricity of the sun directing the tail, in the same manner as a positively electrified body would an elongated non-conducting body, having one end positively, and the other negatively excited. The separation of Bielas' comet into two, travelling side by side, like the Siamese twins, presents a new difficulty, which it would not be easy to explain. But here we are beyond our depth; and rather than admit Electricity as an agent residing in every sun, and acting upon every system, we remain content with the humbler supposition, that the rays of the sun may, in the exercise of their chemical and physical influences, find some ingredients in the tails of comets, upon which, by their joint action, they may generate forces capable of producing the phenomena which we have been considering. If we once admit Magnetism and Electricity as agents in our Sidereal systems, the Mesmerists and Phrenologists will form an alliance with the Astrologer



and again desecrate with their sorceries those hallowed regions on which the wizard and the conjuror have long ceased to tread.\*

The elements and perturbations of the sixth satellite of Saturn having been elaborately investigated by Bessel, and very little being known respecting the rest, Sir John Herschel availed himself of his advantageous position at the Cape, to make a series of observations on these interesting bodies. Our readers are no doubt aware that after the fourth satellite had been discovered by Huygens in 1655, Cassini discovered the fifth in 1671, and the first, second, and third, in 1684. Sir W. Herschel discovered, in 1780, the sixth and seventh nearer the planet than the rest, the seventh being the nearest. As this nomenclature was very unsatisfactory, many astronomers named them by giving numbers corresponding to their distances from the planet; and Sir John Herschel has proposed to distinguish them by a series of heathen names, as in the following Table:—

Order from the Planet.	Old Order.	Discoverers.	Sir J. Herschel's Names.
I.	7	W. Herschel, 1780	
II.	6	W. Herschel, 1780	Enceladus.
III.	1	D. Cassini, 1684	Tethys.
IV.	2	D. Cassini, 1684	Dione.
V.	3	D. Cassini, 1684	Rhea.
VI.	4	C. Huygens, 1655	Titan.
VII.	5	D. Cassini, 1671	Iapetus.

Although it would be difficult to banish from our Solar System the names of the heathen gods by which the primary planets are distinguished, yet we must enter our protest against the admission of a brood of demigods. The nomenclature in the first column of the preceding Table is doubtless the proper one, and the adoption of it can be attended with no more inconvenience than we are accustomed to in analogous matters. If the houses of a street are numbered before it is completed, the numbers must be changed whenever a new house is placed on a vacant area. If it is proper or necessary to give names to the secondary planets, our mythological knowledge must be more extensively put in requisition, for we cannot allow the planet Saturn to have a monopoly of the gods. We must find names for the *four* satellites of *Jupiter*, and *Uranus*; and *Neptune* will make a similar and a heavy demand upon Lemprière.

\* Our astronomical readers will be gratified to learn that M. Leverrier has found that the periodical comets of 1770 and 1844 are two different bodies; that two of the comets of Faye, Vico, and Lexell, passed close to Jupiter; and that all these comets, now permanently attached to our system, have come into it and been detained by the action of Jupiter and other bodies. M. Leverrier proves that the comets of Faye and Lexell have been in our system for at least a century, and have come a dozen of times near the earth without being observed. The comet of 1844 he proves to be the same as that of 1678, which has travelled into our system from the depths of infinite space, and been fixed among us centuries ago. It will revisit us in 1849.

Sir John Herschel concludes his work with a *Seventh* chapter, containing *Observations on the Solar Spots*, and conjectures respecting their cause. The figures of the spots, of which he has given us *thirteen* in a very interesting plate, were delineated from magnified images formed on a screen by means of a 7 feet achromatic refractor. One of these spots, seen on the 29th March 1837, occupied an area of nearly *five square minutes*, equal to 3,780,000,000 square miles. "The black centre of the spot of May 25, 1837, (not the tenth part of the preceding one,) would have allowed the globe of our earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf." For such an amount of disturbance on the sun's atmosphere, what reason can be assigned? Sir John Herschel justly observes, that the heating power of the sun is the cause of the great disturbances in our own atmosphere; but as there is no such source of heat to act upon the sun, we must seek for the cause within the sun itself. Now, the spots are clearly connected with the sun's rotation; and it has been long known, that they do not appear in the sun's polar regions, but are confined to two zones, extending, according to our author, to about 35 degrees of N. and S. latitude, and separated by an equatorial belt, on which spots are very seldom found. Hence he considers the phenomenon of the spots as due to circulatory movements, to and from the sun's poles in the fluids which cover its surface, modified by its rotation about its axis; and he tries to find a probable cause for these movements. Having observed a striking deficiency of light in the borders of the sun's visible disc, extending to some distance within it, he justly infers from this deficiency the existence of an atmosphere; and he adduces "the extraordinary phenomenon of the rose-coloured solar clouds witnessed during the total eclipse of July 8th, 1842, \* \* \* \* as definitively settling this question in the affirmative." Assuming, then, the extent of such an atmosphere "to be considerable—not merely in absolute measure—but as an *aliquot part of the sun's radius*," its form, in virtue of the laws of fluid equilibrium, must be oblately spheroidal, and consequently its equatorial thickness greater than its polar thickness. Hence, the escape of heat must be greater from the polar than from the equatorial zone, and the latter must possess a higher temperature. In this respect, the sun resembles our own earth; and on this supposition our author thus reasons respecting the causes of the spots:—

"The spots in this view of the subject would come to be assimilated to those regions on the earth's surface in which, for the moment, hurricanes and tornadoes prevail—the upper stratum being temporarily carried downwards, displacing by its impetus the two strata of luminous matter beneath, (which may be conceived as forming an habitually tranquil limit between the opposite upper and under currents,) the upper, of course, to a greater extent than the lower—thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vorticose motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate; with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below, as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region, so that their centre (as seen in our water-spouts, which are nothing but small tornadoes) appears to retreat upwards. Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot, and disappearing after it."

We have been much disappointed at finding, that Sir John Herschel either has not observed, or has not described the extraordinary structure of the *fully luminous* disc of the sun, as we and others have repeatedly seen it through Sir James South's great Achromatic;—a structure which should have been more distinctly seen at the Cape than in our climate. This structure of which, if we recollect rightly, we have seen a beautiful drawing made by Mr. Gwilt, resembles compressed curd, or white Almond soap, or a mass of asbestos fibres lying in a *quadraversus* direction, and compressed into a solid mass. There can be no illusion in this phenomenon:—It is seen by every person with good vision, and on every part of the sun's luminous surface or envelope; and we think affords an ocular demonstration that that surface or envelope is not a *flame*, but a soft solid, or thick fluid maintained in an incandescent state by subjacent heat, and capable of being disturbed by differences of temperature, and broken up as we see it when the sun is covered with spots or openings in the luminous matter.

Such is a brief and very imperfect analysis of a work which exhibits in a high degree the patience and the genius of its author—a work which had he done nothing else would have given immortality to his name. Whether we view it as an independent production, or as the completion of the labours of his distinguished parent, it is a work truly national, to which, however, the nation has contributed nothing. To the liberality and devotion to science of one individual we owe the valuable results which it records, and to the munificence of another its publication in a separate form, and its gratuitous presentation to the Universities, the Societies, and the principal philosophers in Europe and America. Wealth may well be coveted when we find it thus judiciously employed, when in the possession of genius; and thus liberally expended, when belonging to rank and station. It is then that “the fruit of wisdom is better than gold, and her revenue than choice silver,” and that they “who love wisdom shall inherit substance, and have their treasures filled.”

(To be continued.)

### *Fortification of Paris.*

[Continued from our last No. in which see Plan.]

UNDER the Empire, the French continental frontier was bounded by the Rhine and the Alps; the right resting on the Mediterranean, the left on the German ocean, its front covered by the states of the Confederation of the Rhine. But the peace of 1815 gave a new determination to this frontier, converting some of its most salient points into advanced bases of operation for an enemy in case of war. Thus the allied powers dispossessed her of Chinay, Marienburg, and Philippeville, which brought their advanced posts within seven marches of Paris. They deprived her also of Sarrelouis, Landau, and Hunnengen, which left Alsace and Lorraine completely uncovered. The possession of Porentrury, established them beyond the Jura, while in the Alps they remained masters not only of all the great military roads, but likewise of several vallies which descend towards France. In the north from the line of Belgian fortresses, they threatened Champagne and Paris. From the lower

Rhine and the Moselle, from their grand dépôts at Coblenz, Mayence, Luxembourg, Sarrelouis, and Landau, they enveloped Alsace and Lorraine. From the Swiss frontier they could move on Champagne or Lyons; and from Italy, and the fortresses of the Alps, invade Burgundy or Provence. Thus open on so many sides to hostile aggression, the French Government with admirable foresight, and consummate sagacity, have, since the year 1830, been unremitting in their exertions to endow France with a well-combined and powerful system of national defence, that shall render impossible the recurrence of the disasters of 1814.

When we are once acquainted with the general outline and form of a particular territory and have carefully examined the frontier configuration of the neighbouring countries from which hostilities are to be apprehended, it requires no great effort of strategical combination to determine either the direction of the war, or the defensive dispositions which will probably be made to arrest its progress.

A perfect and comprehensive system of national defence requires upon each frontier a line of fortresses in ratio to their extent and physical configuration; upon each great line of invasion one or two fortified intermediate positions, such as large entrenched camps in which an army can maintain itself for any length of time, connected with the frontier fortresses and the interior by a chain of posts and positions, to cover and facilitate the movements of the defensive army; and in the centre of the kingdom, a great place of arms, under cover of which, in case of disaster, a last struggle for national independence might be made. The rules of art at the present day require two different descriptions of fortified places; viz. fortresses of dépôt and fortresses of manœuvre. The former should be strong and few in number, capable of containing *matériel* for the supply of a large army, artillery, equipages, reserves of small arms, in fact ordnance stores of every nature and kind. They ought, moreover, to contain numerous *ateliers*, an arsenal of construction, and at all times the *matériel* of a large hospital, and extensive magazine of provisions. The regiments ordered to assemble in these places ought to leave them well armed, organised, and ready for the immediate operations of the field. At a later period in these fortresses the reinforcements of the army are organised, and, if the commencement of a campaign should prove disastrous, or should the army be so inferior to the enemy, that from the first it has been compelled to act on the defensive, it will double its force by resting on one of these places, which ought to be situated on a navigable river, the better to obtain supplies and facilitate manœuvres of the army. The next are fortresses of manœuvre, which serve to facilitate the movements of an army, and to fetter or defeat altogether those of an enemy. They ought exclusively to be situated in mountains, the vallies of which they block up, or *à cheval* on rivers running perpendicular to the frontiers. In this case should the enemy prepare to effect a passage, he must create all the means of execution, as the permanent bridges over it are not in his possession, while the army which is acting on the defensive, manœuvres in perfect security on either bank, and can bring its whole force to bear on a part of the enemy's when they are divided; and should it succeed in defeating that part which has not yet effected the passage of the river, the other will be exposed to all the disastrous consequences which follow the loss of an army's line of communication.

But above all, the capital itself must be secured against a *coup de main* ; for if the heart of a state be uncovered it is useless to fortify the extremities. In fact, under the centralized system of modern governments, the military power of a nation is in ratio to the invulnerability of its capital. It was the combination of these military and political considerations which presided over the fortifications of Paris. So long as the capital was uncovered, the enemy, breaking through the frontier fortresses pushed on from bivouac to bivouac, to the Seine. Now an invading army must be sufficiently strong, not only to gain two or three battles, but to undertake the siege of several frontier fortresses, previous to an advance on the capital. But it is not on a particular system of fortification, territorial configuration, or the constitution of an army, that a system of national defence must be based ; but on a combination of them all ; for of all dramas, war is one in which the unities should be the most rigorously observed.

France has six frontier faces to cover : the first extending from Dunkirk to the Scheldt ; the second, from that river to Bâle ; the third from Bâle to Besançon ; the fourth, from the last named point to Nice ; the fifth forms the line to the Pyrenees ; and the sixth, the maritime line of the ocean. For the protection of these six fronts, the following defensive dispositions are in a forward state of completion. First, from the Channel to the Moselle ; at Valenciennes and Bouchain, works have been constructed to defend the entrance of the Scheldt, and secure the inundations of that river ; at Maubeuge, a central point of manœuvre ; at Avesnes, which, on the left, observes Chinay ; at Sedan and Verdun, situated *à cheval* on the Meuse, the pivots of manœuvre of an army charged with the defence of the Ardennes ; lastly, at Longay, to oppose an enemy debouching from Luxemburg ; and at Vouziers, which is to be fortified as the grand dépôt of the army destined to arrest the march of an enemy on the plains of Champagne.

From the Moselle to the Rhine, the passes of the Vosges near Bitsch and Phalsburg are to be fortified, and a new place constructed at Haguenau, to supply the protection which Lower Alsace formerly derived from Landau. The Rhenish frontier also requires that the *débouchés* of the Vosges towards Thann should be covered, and the entrenched camp at Belfort finished. The position at Belfort admirably fulfils all the strategic conditions of an intrenched camp, and would exercise a commanding action on the operations of an enemy advancing upon Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté.

The frontier of the Jura requires numerous defensive dispositions, the execution of which are also in progress. They consist in the construction of a fortress towards Les Rousses, the point of junction of ten different great roads leading from Geneva ; and of a second upon the heights des Bancs at Parre Châtel, in order to cover the passage of the Rhone. In this direction, also, they are completing the exterior works of the Fort de Joux and of Besançon, and organising in their rear a point of junction with Alsace ; and on the western side of the Vosges, a *place de dépôt* and concentration at Langres to connect Lyons with Paris.

Towards the Alps the fortifications of Lyons being completed, will be the great object of an enemy advancing from Switzerland, Piedmont, and Upper Italy. Important works are in progress of execution at Grenoble, Besançon, Mont Dauphin, as well as at Antibes and Toulon.

On the frontier of the Pyrenees, some further dispositions are required at Perpignan ; in the vallies of the Arriege, Arreau, Aspe ; and at St. Jean Pied de Port, Oleron, Bayonne and Toulouse.

Upon the line of the ocean, the points which require the most urgent works are Fort Medoc, the Point de Graves, the Rocks of Boyard, Quiberon, Brest, Cherbourg and Havre.

Lastly, for the defence of the interior of the country, the works at La Fêze, Laon, Soissons, Vitry and Chalons sur Marne, must be completed.

If in 1814, at Soissons, Langres, Belfort, and at the junction of the Seine and Marne, there had existed fortified positions, the allies would not have occupied Paris.

But, after fortifying each frontier, securing the capital, and completing the defensive dispositions of the interior, it was indispensable, by taking advantage of the natural features of the country, the rivers, vallies, mountains, woods and forests, to establish between the different frontiers themselves a well combined *ensemble* ; and by the direction of military roads, the formation of magazines, strong fortified positions, *tetes du pont*, &c., to connect them, in order to enable the armies charged with the defence of each frontier, to concentrate, rapidly and move *en masse* on the flanks and rear of the enemy. The completion of the great lines of railway, to which the French government have taken care to give a strategic direction will greatly facilitate this operation.

To resume : France possesses in the north three great lines of defence :—

1. The frontier fortresses.
2. The Seine and Paris.
3. The great natural entrenchment in the rear of Paris and Lyons, extending from the mountains of Avergne to the mouth of the Loire, prepared to receive or to put in action the last resources of France.

On the east, three lines :—

1. The Rhine, the Jura and the Alps.
2. The Vosges, the Saone and the Rhine.
3. The long chain of mountains, a rampart of 100 leagues, extending almost from the Ardennes to the Mediterranean, of which the Meuse, the Saone and the Rhine form the ditch.

Lastly, on the south, the line of the Pyrenees ; and on the west the maritime line of the ocean.

The first period of defence, would, therefore, embrace the frontier fortresses, supported by the great fortified positions, on the flanks of the lines of invasion.

The second, the defence of these positions supported by Paris and Lyons.

The third, Paris and Lyons supported by the interior.

And, lastly, of the interior itself supported by a *levée en masse* of the whole population—the concentration of the last resources of the country.

For imparting to this defence all the energies of which it is susceptible, France possesses an army of 450,000 men, combining in the highest degree all the essentials of a powerfully constituted force, whether we consider its organisation, discipline, interior economy and *morale*, the tactical instruction of the soldier, or the science of the officer. In the event of a war, this force might be doubled by simply recalling to the ranks the men whose 6 years' period of service has expired, whom the conscription law subjects to a prolongation of 6 years' further service : 50,000 men of this category are annually

discharged from the service. Thus the operation of the law in question diffuses through the entire population, the elements of military organisation and instruction, and endows France with the first essential of a good military system, viz., a powerfully organised national reserve.

To this regular force must be added the corps of veterans and invalids, 1,000,000 of well organised National Guards, and the *Arrière-ban* of a whole population trained to arms,—a force which if fitted for the active operations of the field, backed by a small nucleus of the regular army, would suffice for the defence of the capital, the central and frontier fortresses and enable France if true to herself to sport with the efforts of coalesced Europe.

The fortifications of Paris, the pivot of the whole system of the national defence, was a profound conception, and warranted by the experience of the past.

If, in 1805, Vienna had been fortified, the capture of Ulm would not have decided the war. If in 1806, Berlin had been fortified, the Prussian army defeated at Jena might have rallied, and waited for the arrival of the Russians. If again in 1818, Paris had been capable of holding out for a few days only, what an influence it would have exercised on the events of the world!

But not on the government of France alone have these considerations, inculcated by the soundest principles of military science, prevailed. A single glance at the military map of Europe will shew, by the defensive dispositions which have been made in Belgium, Holland, Prussia, the states of the German Confederation, Austria and Russia, how deeply they influence the state policy of all the great powers of the Continent.

Great Britain alone, confiding in her insular position, and her hitherto invincible navy, has neglected to make any disposition for the defence of the interior of the country. But the history of the two great maritime states of antiquity—Athens and Carthage, have demonstrated that fleets alone are not always sufficient to repel invasion; and in our own times the opinions of St. Vincent and Nelson have gone far to confirm this truth.

Should, therefore, our maritime frontier be once forced, and the war have to be waged on our own soil, the national existence of the British Empire, may, like that of Carthage of old, be risked on the single cast of a die.—*Fraser, December.*

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### *On Setting out Viaducts on a Curve.*

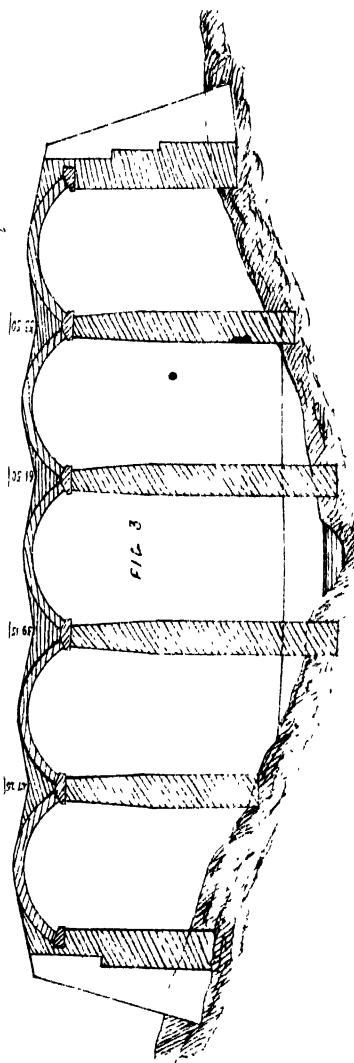
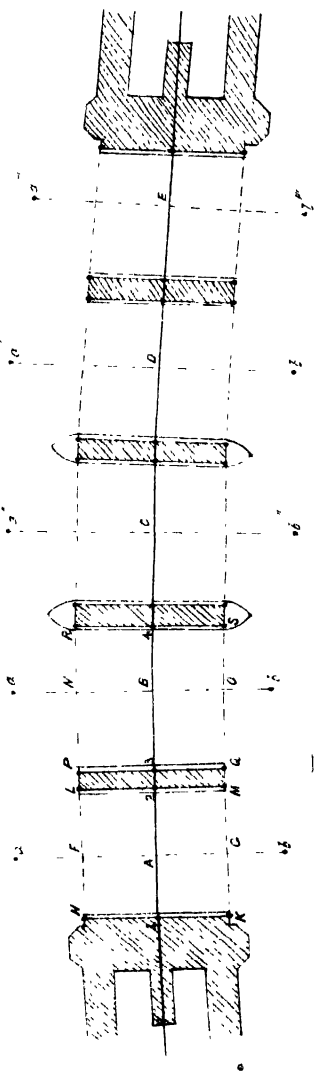
[See Plate.]

LAST month we presented our readers with some instruction by Mr. Haskoll on the methods of setting out works on the skew, we have now the pleasure of annexing thereto, some valuable suggestions by the same gentleman on the subject of viaducts.

In setting out a viaduct on a curve, the first points to be obtained on the ground and on the centre line, will be the centres of the arches; and the distances of these from each other will depend on the dimensions of the span and the thickness of the piers, and each of them must be set out on a curve of a given radius, which should be done by chords or by tangents. By dividing the distance in inches by the number of chains in the radius, we shall get the offset to the chord, as nearly as it can be set out, and half

# SETTING OUT VIADUCTS ON A CURVE

FIG 1







this offset only will be used when setting out by tangents. In Figs. 1 and 2, we have a viaduct on a curve of 40 chains radius, the distance from centre to centre being 30 feet for the span, and 4', 6" for the thickness of each pier;  $30' + 4', 6" = 34' 6"$  will therefore be the distance from centre to centre, either of the arches, or of the piers, or 414", and  $414 \div 40 = 10'' .3$ , insetting out by chords, or 5.1 in setting out by tangents; let A, B, C, D, E, be these centres of arches on the curve A E. In Fig. 1 in the plate, it will be seen that the arches are all square, that is, that the span of the face nearest to the centre of the curve is equal to the span of the outer face, each being of 30 feet; were it otherwise, we should have a conoidal arch, and this of course will greatly increase the inequality of the piers at each end. Now, in these cases, the difference between the arc and the chord is so small, that it may be disregarded, and we may assume the length of the chord for that of the arc, in calculating the difference be-

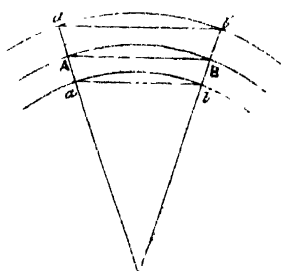


FIG 2

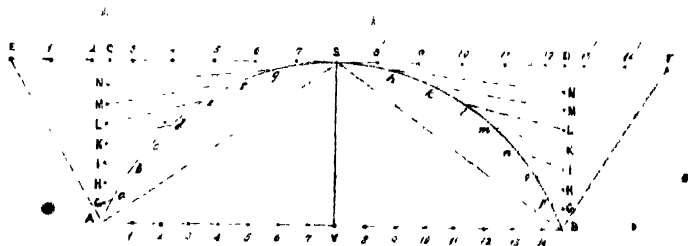


FIG 4.

tween the lengths of  $A B$ ,  $a b$ ,  $a' b'$ ; let  $A O$ ,  $B O$  be the radii of 40 chains, or 2640 feet,  $a O$ ,  $b O$ , radii  $2640 - 15 = 2625$  feet, and  $a' O$ ,  $b' O$  radii of  $2640 + 15 = 2655$  feet, that is, assuming the transverse axis of our arch as 30 feet; we have

$$\begin{aligned} A O \text{ or } B O : A B &:: a O \text{ or } b O : a b, \text{ that is,} \\ 2640 : 30 &:: 2625 : 29.82, \text{ or } 29' 10'' \text{ nearly,} \\ \text{and } 30' - 29' 10'' &= 2''; \end{aligned}$$

that is that 2'' is the quantity which we shall have to deduct from the thickness of the piers on the inner side of the curve in order to make  $a b = A B$ , that is 30 feet, half the difference, or 1' being deducted from each side. By the same reasoning we have

$$\begin{aligned} A O : A B &:: a' O : a' b', \text{ that is,} \\ 2640 : 30 &:: 2655 : 30.17, \text{ or } 30', 2'' \end{aligned}$$

we have therefore 2'' again for the difference, half of which is to be added to each side on the pier at the end on the outer curve.

Moreover, we have

$$2640 : 4.50 :: 26.25 : 4.47;$$

and as

$$2640 : 4.50 :: 26.55 : 4.53 \text{ nearly,}$$

therefore at the end nearest the centre the thickness of the pier will be

$$4.47 - .18 = 4.29,$$

on the centre line 4.50 as given, and at the end of the pier, on the outer curve, or the farthest from the centre of the circle, we shall have

$$4.53 + .17 = 4.70.$$

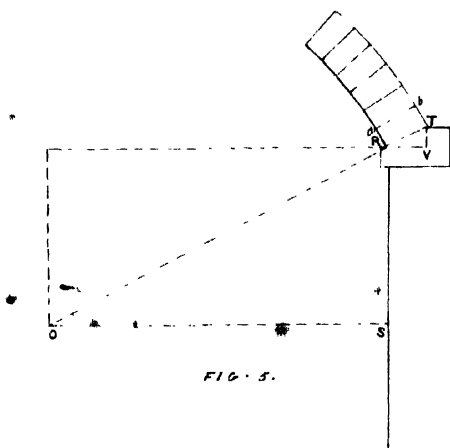
The above calculations have only been gone into to show what the dimensions of the piers will be, as also to explain more fully the principles on which such a work as a viaduct on a curve is set out. With regard to the practice, having found the centres  $A, B, C, D, E$ , Fig. 1, set out lines perfectly at right angles to the common chord, shown at  $A$ , as at  $a A b$ ,  $a' B b'$ ,  $a'' C b''$ ,  $a''' D b'''$ , &c., producing them sufficiently out of the works that the stumps, securely driven in, may be easily found again; and let it be remembered, that if these centre lines of arches are lost by the stumps being pulled up, the work will require fresh setting out, when the ground may not be in a very convenient state for doing so. Having now found the centre lines of the arches, measure off from  $A$  towards  $a$ , and towards  $b$ , half the width of the viaduct, say 15 feet, as at  $F$  and  $G$ ; also from  $A$  set out on the centre line, half the span as at 1 and 2, and from 1 and 2 on each side of the centre line, and at right angles to the common chord, set out again half the width of the viaduct, 15 feet, as at  $H, K, L, M$ , when  $H F$  and  $F L$  will each measure half the span, as will also  $K G$  and  $M G$ , if the dimensions have been correctly set out. Now from centre  $B$  proceed

in the same manner, as first on  $a' B b'$ , on which set out  $N$  and  $O$ ; then from  $B$  on the centre line, say off 15 feet, at  $B 3$  and  $B 4$ , next  $3 P$  and  $3 Q$ , also  $4 R$  and  $4 S$ ; check as before, when  $P N$ ,  $R N$ ,  $Q O$ ,  $S O$ , will each measure half the span. And now measure the two ends of the piers, when  $L P$  should measure 4.70, and  $M Q$  4.47; treat the arches  $C$ ,  $D$ ,  $E$ , &c., in the same manner, when the position and dimensions of all the piers and abutments will be set out, and consequently the uniform span of the arches; in setting out in deep water, staging, and if necessary boats or rafts are provided. With regard to batter, this is generally a matter of levels, when the batter reaches to the foot of the piers; in Fig 2, the sides of the piers are plumb for a certain depth from the surface; but suppose the batter to be  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. per foot, at depth 47.25, we shall have for batter  $47.25 - 10.00$  for rise of arch, and  $\text{springer} = 37.25 \div 4 = 9\frac{3}{4}$ ", near enough for practice for batter on each side; and at 59.15, we shall have a similar calculation, due attention being given in every case to take the gradient into calculation, and to operate only on the depth below the springer. Having carefully taken the levels over the site of the piers, checking on all  $B M$ s, the heights to formation are easily obtained, from which deducting surface heights from datum, and from the remainder the rise of the arch and depth of springer, carefully including the depth of the level of springer, as at (Fig. 3) in the plate, we obtain the height of the pier. Care is required in doing this as it is the only means of obtaining a true and uniform batter, and avoiding a distorted line, which always shows itself strongly in the arises of the piers.

In the curves which we usually set out in railway works the versed sine bears but a small proportion to the length of chord; but for reservoirs and other engineering works, we may have to set out curves where the versed sine may bear a much greater proportion to the chord, as in Fig. 4, where let  $A B$  be the chord, and  $V S$  the versed sine; set out  $A C$  from  $A$ , and  $B D$  from  $B$ , each equal to  $V S$ , and at right angles to the chord  $A B$ ; also from  $A$ , set out  $A E$ , at right angles to  $A S$ ; and from  $B$ ,  $B F$ , at right angles to  $B S$ ; through  $C$ ,  $S$ ,  $D$ , set out  $E F$  at right angles to  $S V$ ; divide  $A B$  into any number of equal parts, as at 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and picket them; divide  $E F$  into an equal number of equal parts, as at  $1'$ ,  $2'$ ,  $3'$ ,  $4'$ , &c., and plant rods at each; and now divide  $A C$ , and  $B D$ , each into an equal number of equal parts, as at  $G$ ,  $H$ ,  $I$ ,  $K$ , &c.,  $G'$ ,  $H'$ ,  $I'$ ,  $K'$ , &c., and stump these also. Now standing at 1, bone out  $11'$ , and an assistant standing at  $G$ , let him bone out  $G S$ ; intersection  $a$  will be a point on the curve; repeat the same at 2, and at  $II$ , when  $b$  will be a second point on the curve; again at 3, and at  $I$ , and  $c$  will be a third point, until we have also  $d$ ,  $e$ ,  $f$ ,  $g$ ,  $h$ ,  $k$ ,  $l$ ,  $m$ ,  $n$ ,  $o$ ,  $p$ . Of course  $A B$  may be divided into any number of feet, from  $V$  to  $B$ , and  $V A$ . This method only applies where  $A B$  and  $V S$  are accessible lines, but where this is the case, and where a considerable number of points on the curve are required, and  $A B$  only 200 or 300 yards, it is an expeditious and accurate way of getting the curve.

In setting out culverts in sidelong ground, attention must be given to the length required for the arch; in general it will be sufficient to set out the foot of the slope with accuracy, and multiplying the total height of the culvert by the ratio of slope, set back the result for the end of the arch.

In setting out the bevels of springers to segmental arches, the following proportions are to be observed ; in Fig. 5,



$$O R : O S :: R T : R V ;$$

that is

As the radius is to half the span, so is the depth of arch stone to R V ; and that is,  $O S : R S :: R V : T v$ .

that is

As half the span, is to the radius minus the rise of the arch, so is R V, to T V, the rise of the bevel.

For the extrados thickness of arch-stone,

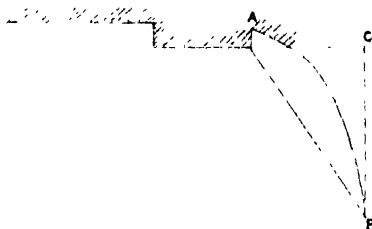
$$O R : R a :: O T : T b :$$

that is

As the radius for the intrados, is to the thickness of arch stones at the intrados, so is the same radius plus R T or the depth of the arch-stone to T B.

To set out the slope of a wing wall under the coping, on the masonry, has been as yet omitted ; to do which may use the following simple means :—in Figure 6, let A be the point in the pilaster and abutment where the top of the wing wall runs in, and let B be the top of the newet ; strain a line between A and B, and fasten it down at those points ; set out C square with A and B on the top of the embankment, and make C level with A the top of the pilaster ; by stretching a line from C to any point on

the line A B, we get the required level of the wing wall under the coping, wherever the second line touches the top of the masonry, each of the lines being in the inclined plane A B C.



Artizan, June.

### The Great Comet of 1264 and 1556.

MR. HIND considers that there is a very high probability in favour of the supposed identity of the comets of 1264 and 1556; and he looks for its return about this time. He has just published a little work\* which contains, he believes, nearly all that is known on the subject from the writings of ancient historians, chroniclers, and cometographers, the whole data on which the identity of the comets of 1264 and 1556 has been inferred, and ephemerides for facilitating its re-discovery. The little work needs no recommendation from us; the following "General Remarks" transferred to our columns will, however, spread the interest attaching to the probable re-appearance of a great comet revolving round the sun in the long period of nearly three hundred years:

"The results of the calculations into which I have been led, relative to the comets of 1264 and 1556, induce me to place some confidence in the correctness of the supposition as to their identity. We have seen, that, on certain hypotheses, with respect to the time of perihelion passage, the comet might visit these parts of space, without a chance of its becoming visible, or at any rate conspicuous to the naked eye; and this circumstance is sufficient to account for our not being able to trace the history of the comet satisfactorily before the year 975.

"If we assume the period of revolution about  $291\frac{1}{2}$  years, we have the following numbers, shewing the dimensions of the ecliptical orbit—

Major Axis .....	87.98	(The Earth's mean distance=1.)
Minor Axis .....	13.29	
Aphelion distance ..	87.48	
Perihelion distance	0.505	

\* "On the Expected Return of the Great Comet of 1264 and 1556." By J. R. Hind, For. Sec. of the Astronomical Society, &c. p. 78. Hoby.

"The comet in its aphelion is therefore situated at a distance of eight thousand three hundred millions of miles from the sun—a space which light would require more than twelve hours to traverse, though moving at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second of time. In perihelion, the comet's distance from the sun is less than forty-eight millions of miles. The minor axis of the orbit is one thousand two hundred and sixty millions of miles broad.

"The heliocentric latitude in aphelion is  $29^{\circ} 49'$  south. The ascending node is passed about fifty days before the perihelion, the radius-vector being 1.182; and, consequently, the comet's distance outside the earth's orbit, 0.185. The passage through descending node occurs thirty-one days and a half after perihelion, the radius-vector being 0.872, and therefore the distance from our orbit, inside, 0.132. Hence it is easy to see that the comet approaches very near the earth at the ascending node, when the perihelion takes place about May 8th, and at the descending node when it falls about August 21st.

"The earth is the only planet which is likely to produce any very great perturbations in the elements of the comet's orbit. Professor Mädler has investigated how far the semi-axis major would be altered by the near approach of the comet to our globe in 1556; but it appears that, in this case, the earth had no serious effect, the time of revolution being increased fourteen days and a half only. The united effects of the great planets in the system, and other causes, may tend to retard the next return of the comet to perihelion many months, possibly several years; for, although the trajectory does not encounter the orbits of the larger planets, these bodies must still exercise very sensible influence on the movements of the comet at a considerable distance from the sun. The actual calculation of the perturbations during a period of six hundred years is out of the question, especially upon such data as we now possess; we must, therefore, be content to watch closely for the re-appearance about the positions indicated by the elements of 1556. It will be a matter of high importance in this department of astronomy, should the comet return agreeably to our expectations: and I venture to hope that observers will keep a close look-out at every favourable opportunity, and not be entirely discouraged if the half-century should be completed, before this celebrated body discloses itself to our view.

"It was remarked in 1845, that the elements of the comet discovered in the Southern Hemisphere in December, 1844, bore some slight resemblance to those of the comet of 1556; but the differences are far too great to permit the supposition of identity. The ascending nodes differ  $60^{\circ}$ , the perihelia nearly  $20^{\circ}$ , the inclinations  $15^{\circ}$ , and the least distances 0.25. The perturbations of known planets are totally inadequate to produce variations of this enormous magnitude; and, as we may infer from analogy, that any unknown planets of great mass will lie near the plane of the ecliptic, there seems no way of accounting for such vast perturbations since the comet of 1556, near its aphelion, is always far removed from that plane.—*Literary Gazette, May.*

### *A New Cement.*

IN the science of construction one of the most important points to be attended to is the quality of the cement used, either for forming the joints for binding the materials together, or as a plaster for coating the exterior or interior parts of the work. The qualities of such a cement or composition should be, moderate price, quickness and hardness in setting, imperviousness to damp, freedom from exfoliation or destruction by exposure to changes in the atmosphere, and the capability of enduring a powerful heat without cracking or flying off from the surface on which it is spread. It has been reserved for a lady—Mrs. M. H. Marshall, of Edinburgh—to make the discovery of a composition for a cement which has many of these properties, and which she secured by a patent, about four years ago.\* This discovery has been made from long and patient reasoning and research, and from numberless experiments. The whole result of her investigation has been, that “if the constituents of any mineral body of which lime forms a part, be mixed in their true proportions (the lime being perfectly free from carbon), and these mixed with animal and vegetable remains, under circumstances of due moisture and heat, aggregation of their particles will take place at periods, varying with the substances under experiment, from a few minutes, to hours, weeks and months.” It were needless for us here to enter into a description of the several very useful experiments which the inventor instituted to perfect her discovery; suffice it to say, that upon the principle which she has laid down, a valuable and entirely new architectural cement has been composed. To this she has given the name of *Intonáco*, which is merely the Italian word for wall plaster.

It is of a pure white colour, and when mixed with Roman cement, forms an excellent stone colour. It is capable of receiving good polish, and of maintaining that polish when exposed to changes in the atmosphere. With it imitations of marbles and granites can be formed. It is said to have already proved itself, after a trial of years, to be a cure for damp arising from porosity, or from sea salt. Further, besides as a plaster for walls, it serves admirably for flooring. The flooring in the sunk story should be laid upon brick,† shivers or coarse gravel, filled in and beaten hard with sand or clay, (never with rubbish), up to within an inch of the floor level: that inch of *Intonáco* of the coarsest and cheapest sort, will make a floor as firm as sandstone, and it may be jointed or not, at pleasure, to represent tiles. It sits hard in a few hours, and in eight or ten days after finishing, an apartment done with it may be inhabited.

All our plasters shrink in drying; but the *Intonáco*, instead of shrinking, expands, so that it is necessary to leave a small space between architraves and linings to allow for this expansion. This prevents the lodging of vermin; and it is a curious fact, that neither rats nor mice will ever venture to penetrate through this cement. Perhaps one of the most im-

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\* This is certainly a most extraordinary and useful discovery; and we can only regret that neither the “*Artizan*” nor the “*Builder*” gives the composition of the Cement, which must have been made public, when the patent was registered. We have, however, sent for the necessary register of patents and shall give the proportions and ingredients in a future No.—ED. P. M.

† Kooah.



portant branches of usefulness for this composition is for the coating of the interior walls of stables. It is well known that common lime used on the walls of stables, combining with the ammonia so copiously thrown off from horses and their litter, forms a compound gas which is totally unfit for respiration, and therefore destructive to the health and life of animals confined in it ; and in time the process totally destroys the very substance of the lime itself, so that it crumbles from the surface, and from between the stones of the wall, thus rendering the stables unsightly and unsafe, besides subjecting them to incessant repairs. The experiments that have been made, prove that the Intonáco remains unaltered under the action of the most powerfully concentrated ammonia, or any other gas evolved from animal bodies. Its resistance to fire is not the least of its useful qualities. Half an inch depth of it has been known to protect lath from intense fire for two hours.

Perhaps we may be pardoned if we here mention some of the marked peculiarities which are observable in most large conflagrations of houses. These are the constant and rapidly recurring sounds of sharp explosions, resembling those of artillery, which, from the peculiarity of sound, do not arise from the splitting or rending of wood or masons' work : and the effect of these explosions is invariably to accelerate and extend the progress of the conflagration. On close examination by one who has turned his attention to the cause of these explosions, it was found that in a case of a large fire in Manchester some years ago—"A side wall of a warehouse was pulled down, it is presumed with the intention of insulating the fire ; a view was thus gained of the interior, where the fire raged fiercely among goods apparently piled in the middle of the floor ; three or four explosions took place in rapid succession ; the lath and plaster were projected, as it were, *en masse*, from the opposite wall, and, at the same moment, there was a rush of whitish flame, outward and upward, where finding nothing to fasten upon, it expired in the sky exactly in the manner of exhausted gas." Our observer—on experimenting—discovered that, "As soon as the heat rose to a certain pitch in the front of the lathed panels experimented upon, there was emitted from the back of them a dense smoke of a peculiarly pungent and disagreeable odour. The simple apparatus of a wine-glass, wrapped in a wet handkerchief, speedily demonstrated that this smoke in part consisted of *steam*, and, with the assistance of a friend, it was found that it owed its pungency to the presence of pyroligneous acid, and its offensive odour to that of carburetted hydrogen gas, the same gas that is burned in our streets." It is thus easy to account for the violent explosions when we know that this highly inflammable gas is generated behind the lath and plaster of a building on fire.

It is not in the province of this paper to explain how these gases are formed. It may merely be stated that the pyroligneous acid is produced from the heated wood-work ; and that, in manufactories of pyroligneous acid, the quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas, which comes off along with the acid, is so great as to require an apparatus for its removal and consumption.

In respect to the price of the Intonáco, this will, of course, rest with the manufacturers. It has been sold at the following rates :—the coarse, 2s. 8d. per cwt. : the fine, or pure white, 3s. 6d.

## *Great Suspension Bridge at the Falls of Niagara.*

\ (From the *Toronto Colonist*.)

THIS day, the 13th of March, 1848, will for ever be remembered by all who witnessed the awful and sublime spectacle of the crossing of the first car, sustained by a wire cable; the car was capable of holding four persons. It was understood that Mrs. Ellett, the lady of the distinguished engineer who has undertaken the construction of the bridge, had determined to accompany her husband; but in consequence of the cold, with some snow, she was prevailed on to stand among the interested spectators, who had the high gratification to behold the grandest scene ever witnessed; when we take into consideration the position of the intended bridge being in view of the great Falls on one side, and the whirlpool on the other, while the elevation of the car was 250 feet above the awful rushing river. The wire cable was only one inch diameter, so that it appeared but a thread in our eyes.

A little after eleven o'clock, Mr. Ellett took his seat alone in the car. Being among the spectators on the Canada side, I can say, in justice to the feelings of all present, a breathless anxiety filled every heart, and when he reached about half way our fears gave way for his safety, and a shout of joy broke forth from all, which overpowered (in our ears) the thunder of the great falls, and was re-echoed from the opposite side. On arrival at the stand, three warm-hearted cheers, (cold as the day was), awaited the intrepid and enterprising gentleman; and, on his returning, three hearty cheers, and one for his lady, as her determination to accompany her husband was known. The cool, determined aspect of Mr. Ellett was observed by all.

Truly we live in a wondrous age—to see a gentleman floating through the air, 250 feet above the waters, on wires such as are used in electricity; when we reflect upon it our imagination is raised so, that the mind regulated by the experience of past days is lost in astonishment. It was indeed a proud spectacle for all, but especially for those who promoted and had taken an interest in the construction of the bridge; all surmises are put to flight as to the practicability of it, by this day's exhibition. The work is progressing very rapidly, and no doubt is entertained of its proving highly profitable to those who have had the good fortune to invest their funds in the splendid undertaking.

It is the first attempt of the kind, on this mighty outlet of the inland seas to the Atlantic Ocean, and Mr. Ellett must feel gratification and commendable pride that he is the first man who ever crossed in a carriage through the air, on wire, from one empire to another—thereby, it is to be hoped, leading to a happy, prosperous, generous, and reciprocal union, a firm chain of friendship between mother and daughter.

### *A substitute for Punkas and Tatties.*

SIR,—In a recent clever contribution to your excellent Journal, by my ingenious friend, Mr. Dredge, he illustrates his meaning by referring to the Turkish pipe. I had a model constructed, and while looking at it in action, it occurred to me that the principle was susceptible of application to purposes of ventilation. Let us suppose a reservoir of water, sufficiently often renewed, in winter it might be warm, in summer cold, a simple air-pump—the few tubes necessary, of sufficient diameter—having been properly arranged, might be set in motion, yielding an ample supply of moist, fresh air, devoid of all impurity

**Moist air** is beneficial in certain diseases. I would recommend a ventilating apparatus, on the principle here laid down, to the consideration of the managers and directors of the Hospital for Consumption. For the treatment of consumption in private houses it would likewise be applicable, also to that of pulmonary inflammation. There would be no difficulty in fixing the apparatus. It might be worked by hand, by a smoke-jack, by the wind, or even by a turnspit-dog. The water, if desired, could be impregnated with perfumes or with medicinal substances, the genial, and, it might be, healing influence of which would flow in with the air current.

The foregoing suggestion is calculated to find favour in warm climates—Egypt, the Indies, Australia, Africa, and even the south of Europe. There would be coolness and pure moist air, free from dust and insects. Any one who has sat ill at ease—perhaps sick—consumed by a glow that seems to inflame his very blood, could appreciate the relief accruing from a pure, moist, temperate atmosphere, free from winged plagues, sand, dust, and every impurity. Air, were it from impure sources, could hardly escape the deterging influence of a chlorine or vinegar wash. The apparatus I recommend would answer better than the punkah, which merely drives the same foul atmosphere backwards and forwards; or the reed screens, drenched with moisture—lattices, by means of which suffering Europeans try to mitigate the sultry torment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

H. M'CORMAC, M. D.

Belfast, May 13, 1848.

*On the Preservation of Wood intended to be employed for Building purposes, and more particularly for Railway Sleepers. By Messrs. B. Hutin and Boutigny.*

[Translated from the *Moniteur Industriel* for the *Mechanic's Magazine*.]

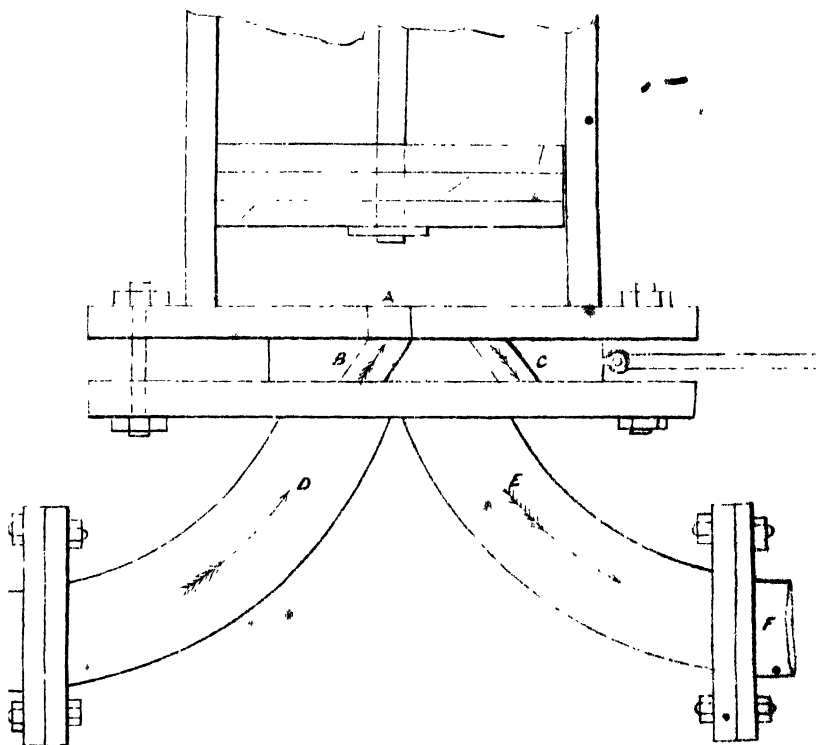
It is the constant action of the moisture and the oxygen of the atmospheric air, which, penetrating into the very heart of the wood by absorption and infiltration, produce on the elementary fibres a slow combustion, which destroys the wood, and to which Liebig has given the name of *eremacausis*. These elements of destruction enter by the ends of the wood only, and according to the grain; hence it results that, if they are not allowed to operate upon the wood, it may be preserved for an almost indefinite period. Observation and experience, as well as scientific data, indicate that the most natural way of effecting this, is by hermetically closing the absorbing extremities of the wood. The methods which have been employed or proposed to be employed for this object, have been deemed inefficient by the authors, and they have therefore suggested a new one, which is as follows:—They propose to dry the ends of the wood, to neutralise their hygrometric properties by a slight combustion, and to hermetically close them by means of a mastic, which penetrates between the fibres, incorporates itself with them, and prevents their being deteriorated by the destructive elements referred to. This process, which is stated to be simple, cheap, capable of being carried out by any workman anywhere, and not to require either machinery or workshops, is performed in the following manner:

1st. The ends of the wood are immersed in a carburet of hydrogen, such as schistoil, which penetrates very far and very rapidly into the wood.

2nd. The ends are fired, and the moment the flame goes out, are then plunged, to the height of a few inches, in a hot mixture of pitch, tar, and gum lac, which is slightly sucked up between the fibres, so as to form at each end a sort of hermetic seal.

3rd. The wood is then tarred all over by the ordinary methods.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

## Hydrostatic Pressure Engine.



SIR,—The above sketch explains the principle of an engine which I have contrived, for employing hydrostatic pressure as a motive power.

B C is a side valve with diagonal ports. When it is placed in the position represented in the sketch, a column of water descending from a reservoir is admitted through D and A, to the cylinder, and raises the piston.

When the position of the valve is reversed, so that *C* is opposite *A*, a passage to the exhausting-pipe *E* is opened, of which the continuation *F* is prolonged downwards, to such a depth, (now exceeding 33 feet,) as may be attainable, so that the whole weight of the lower column of descending water, as it leaves the cylinder which is open at the top, acts through the medium of atmospheric pressure, in *drawing down* the piston.

I am informed, that in some of our large towns, the use of water at considerable pressures is procurable for mechanical purposes : and it may be probable, in cases where an engine of *small* power only is required, that it may be applied as a motive power—safe, convenient, and economical ; especially when the situation of a workshop admits of the full effect of the descending-pipe *F*.

It is obviously desirable that some sort of air vessel should be connected either with the cylinder, or the adjoining induction pipe to give an elasticity to the stroke of the upper column of water ; which, without such an addition, would probably act injuriously on the parts in connection with the piston.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H.

Stone Easton, Bath, April 28, 1848.

*Henry Fielder, of Carlton Villas, Maida Vale, Middlesex, for improvements in construction of Iron Beams or Girders. Patent dated, Nov. 9th, 1848.\* Enrolled, May 9th, 1848.*

THIS invention relates to the construction of girders and other similar beams generally, and in the specification is divided into three parts, as follows :—First, in the construction of new beams or girders, by combining malleable iron with cast iron, which he denominates compound girders, or beams. Secondly, this principle, as applied for strengthening or repairing old girders or beams that may be deemed too weak, or that may have been fractured. Thirdly, in the construction of new girders or beams entirely of malleable or wrought iron. The principle involved in the first part of this invention which the patentee describes as being of a novel character, consists in constructing of malleable iron, wholly or in part, the lower or tension flange of girders, beams, or bearers, the centre rib, and upper or crushing-flange, being composed wholly of cast iron or malleable iron ; instead of either separately, it may be a combination of both, which must be regulated according to the several duties such girders or beams may have to perform, or the division of the patent they may be classed under. In all cases, the connection of the two materials is effected by the process generally known by the term, “hot-rivetting,” which firmly unites the cast iron and malleable iron, and effectually insures an increase of strength in the compound girder commensurate with the tension power of the malleable iron applied, the proportion of which is, in all cases, to be equal to the whole estimated duty assigned to the girder or beam, ensuring thereby the sufficiency of such girders, in the event of fracture arising from any cause to the cast-iron portion of the same. The second part of this invention, which relates to the strengthening of girders, or for the repair of broken ones, by means of malleable plates, it will not be necessary to describe, as such

repairs or strengthening must be arranged according to the peculiarities of each individual girder or beam. The third part of this invention relates to the formation of girders or beams entirely of wrought iron; they are constructed in a very similar way to the foregoing description of compound girders, the flanges and rib being of plates of wrought or malleable iron, either welded together, or connected by means of hot-rivetting. The rib and flanges being thus produced of sufficient length they are rivetted together by means of angle iron, as represented in the antivibration girders. These girders are also furnished with sockets for the reception of transverse tie-beams, and are otherwise adapted to suit any particular purpose, as for fire-proof floors, where a series of arches are thrown between the girders, and for which they form the support. Various designs are represented for girders for bridges, in which the centre rib is of cast iron, and the crushing and tension-flange formed of malleable iron, combined with the cast rib by means of suitable angle iron, by the method of hot-rivetting before mentioned, the flanges being cased in thin plate-iron, in order to render them more ornamental, and at the same time serve as a protection from the weather. Having described the nature of his invention, and the manner in which the same may be performed, he claims:—First, the combination of cast iron and malleable or wrought iron in the construction of compound girders or beams, as described. Secondly, the construction of malleable iron-ribbed girders, as hereinbefore described.—*Artizan for June.*

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—*April 15th.*—Professor Wilson in the chair.—Mr. Layard exhibited to the meeting his beautiful drawings of the sculptures, bas-reliefs, and other objects discovered by him at the excavations made among the ruins of Nineveh. Much interest was felt in these remains of ancient art, the originals of which have in many cases fallen to pieces since their discovery. Some discussion arose about the antiquity of these monuments, the beauty of which seemed to preclude the belief that they could be of a very remote period. Mr. Layard having been requested to state his opinion of their age, said he had no doubt they were of much greater age than would result from a comparison of their artistic merit with that of other monuments of antiquity; but that he was in fact of opinion that the older specimens were the most beautiful. We had hitherto known nothing of Assyrian art, and could form no idea of its age from any considerations of that nature. The destruction of Nineveh dates from 612 B.C. Nineveh was then levelled to the ground; and the construction of these monuments must be of that age, at the lowest. The non-existence of any inscriptions in either Persian or Median, show that they must have been considerably older, as Median or Persian influence had been long predominant over Assyria. The most recent palace at Nimrud was built of fragments and slabs of older buildings, the ancient inscriptions and sculptures being always on the backs of the slabs, turned to the wall, and sometimes upside down; while the recent inscriptions were in their proper places, on the face. There were genealogies of Kings in almost all these inscriptions, of which the most recent names were identical with those on the monument of Bcyrt, where the Assyrian empire extended in the time of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon; and he was inclined to think that the recent palace must be attributed to their times. He observed that it was not the practice in the East to destroy the older buildings

for the purpose of making new ones of their ruins, unless where a total change of race had taken place in the interval ; he consequently inferred that generations, and even centuries, must have elapsed between the construction of the earliest and more recent buildings. In the present case there were local reasons for proving, almost to conviction, that the older ones were in ruins long before the recent ones were erected. Tombs of obvious antiquity, and even Egyptian Scarabæi, and cartouches were found over them, several of which were now at the British Museum. A genealogical series gave seven names in regular succession ; and by the third King in that list, the oldest palace was built. The little real progress made in reading the Assyrian characters, prevents any positive determination of these monarchs' names ; and such readings as we find, or fancy we have found, show little or no resemblance to any known historical name. The only one which seems pretty certain, is that of Ninus.

A paper "On the coins of the Kings of Saurashtra," by Mr. E. Thomas, was then laid before the meeting. There was not time to read the whole of the paper, but we have been allowed to abstract some of the principal points. The earliest notice of these coins is contained in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, but since then several additional medals have been discovered, and many investigations made, considerably advancing the knowledge of a dynasty which has been utterly lost to history. The best authorities on Indian numismatics make a difference of many centuries in the period in which these princes reigned. Prinsep places the most recent of them in the second century B.C., while Colonel Sykes was inclined to bring them down to the fourth or seventh A.D. But with this uncertainty of date, there is no doubt that the locality of the Sah dynasty was the country, of which Gujarat is the principal province. A late discovery of a large number of coins at Junir, had enabled Mr. Thomas to bring forward a series of Kings, from Iswara Datta to Swami Kudra Sah, whose reigns he places between 170 B.C. and 50 B.C. The arguments on which he founds this result must be read at length : we can merely say here, that they appear to be as conclusive as it is possible to be where there is no contemporary history whatever. Many of the coins have, it is true, dates upon them ; but the characters are unknown : and if known, the era is uncertain. Mr. Thomas proves that these dates are written in cyphers, without local value, as in Greek, having different forms for units, tens, and hundreds ; and gives good reasons for concluding that, with one exception, all begin with 300. The era he would apply to these dates is that of Sri Harsha, made known to Orientalists by the publication of Albirumi's work relative to India, by M. Reinaud ; this era begins 457 B.C.

These coins are generally beautifully executed. The head is the same in all, and is surrounded by an inscription in Greek characters, but ill-formed, imperfect, and illegible ; the earliest, however, being the best. The date precedes the inscription. The reverse is in good, legible, Devanagari character, containing the name, title, and paternity of the sovereign, with a symbol in the centre, which has been looked upon either as a Buddhist *Chaitya*, or the Mithraic flame. The Greek certainly is not a translation or transcription of the Indian legends, because the same inscription on different coins is accompanied by different reverses.

The writer proceeds to show that the Sah dynasty in Gujerat was succeeded by that of the Indo-Scythians ; and the latter, by the Guptas of the Allahabad inscription ; also that the Guptas were succeeded in Gujerat by the Vallabhi dynasty whose era is known to date from 319 A.D., though there is no evidence to show whether or not that year coincides with the first establishment of the family on the throne.

The paper concludes with a short *resumé* of the facts made known by these coins ; and will be found a valuable step made to enlighten the historical darkness of ancient India.—*Literary Gazette for May.*

\* INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—MAY 9, 1848.—Joshua Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was "Observations on the causes that are in constant operation tending to alter the outline of the coasts of Great Britain, to affect the entrances of Rivers and Harbours, and to form Shoals and Deepes in the bed of the sea." By Mr. J. T. Harrison, M. Inst. C. E.

After noticing the gradual deterioration which the harbours of Great Britain are undergoing, the paper gave as the causes of these effects—The action of fresh water, of the tidal wave, the wind waves, and springs, and atmospheric changes dwelling principally upon the tidal and wind waves.

Professor Airey's and Mr. Scott Russell's views on the positive wave of translation (first order) and the oscillating wave (second order) were examined.

The peculiarity of the former being, that the motion of the whole mass of the water was in the same direction as that of the wave itself—whilst in the latter, the motion of the water was alternately opposed to, and in the direction of the wave.

The tidal wave was considered as a purely oscillating wave in the open sea, changing its character as it passed into shallow water.

It was supposed, that a wave of the first order was generated, whenever the water, heaped up by a projecting headland, passed and made its escape into the adjoining water, at a lower level, and that it carried with it gravel and shingle into mid-channel.

The regularity of the bottom of the English Channel and the material of which it was composed, were instanced to prove that the bottom was now in progress of formation; from the aqueous action of this deposition of matter.

The effects of the tidal wave along the coasts at Poole, and in the Isle of Wight were given, to show that such a wave of translation was generated, and crossed the channel from the Departement de la Mancha. The results of a series of experiments upon the action of waves on transportable materials, showed, that certain definite forms were assumed by sand, or shingle, under given circumstances. For instance, that the depth of the end of the foreshore, below the water, depended upon the size and character of the wave acting upon it.

It was urged, that the end of such a foreshore was to be found at ninety or a hundred fathoms under water, stretching from Ushant to the south-west coast of Ireland, and that the tidal wave in its progress up the channel drew down to the mouth, the material thrown into it by the waves of translation from the headlands.

The accumulative action was seen, in the carriage of sand through the Straits of Dover, to be deposited on the sand banks of the North Sea.

Referring to Mr. Palmer's paper "On Shingle Beaches," the destructive, accumulative, and progressive actions of the wind waves were considered.

The cases most favourable for the display of the effective action of each, were adduced.

The influence of tides by varying the height of the water, and that of air on shore wind in facilitating the destructive action by retaining the water at a higher level, were pointed out.

A flat foreshore was shown to prevent, in a great degree, the destructive action; whilst, on the other hand, deep water, whether from a strong inshore, tidal current, or from other causes, had a contrary effect, facilitating encroachments on the coast.

The progressive action was shown to depend principally upon the angle at which the waves strike the beach.

The general question of the travelling of shingle and of its ultimate destination, was considered at great length, instancing particularly the accumulation of shingle at the Chisil Bank and Dungeness.



The state of the Great Western Bay, between the Start Point and Portland, was examined, and arguments were offered to show, that it had been formed in a great measure by the encroachment of the sea. The process of this encroachment and the alterations in the mouths of the estuaries falling into the bay were analyzed, and extracts were given from Sir Henry De la Roche's work on the geology of Devon and Cornwall to prove, that this process was still in operation.

The summary of the arguments in the paper was, that the observed changes in our coasts and the mouths of the rivers, were the result of the combined action of the wind waves and of the tidal waves, and the attention of engineers was particularly directed to these actions in different localities, in order that by presenting to the Institution the result of their observations, an invaluable collection of recorded facts might be assembled, which would be of great benefit to the profession and to the scientific world.—*Artizan for June.*

## SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

### \*FROM THE BUILDER FOR APRIL.

*Sims' Steam Engine* :—A Novelty.—The economization of steam and fuel appears to be about to meet its maximum, or rather its minimum, in a recent patent taken out by Mr. James Sims of Redruth, the well known Steam-engine builder, the essential principle of which consists of the use of steam merely to shift the main sources of the motive power,—viz. two heavy weight-blocks to each of one, two, or more wheels—alternately from and to the centre of motion. The principle is said to be applicable either to rotary or reciprocating engines, or to engines working either on the expansive, or the condensing principle, but particularly to expansive and high-pressure engines. The wheel or wheels, too, may be made to revolve either way and the power may be transmitted either from the shaft or the periphery, and may be converted, as the special purpose of the Engine may require, into rectilineal motion by any of the known methods.

*Smokey Chimneys*.—Nicholson thus recommends a plan in his "Practical Builder ;" it consists of a funnel fixed to the covings, inclining to the size of a pipe, made in short lengths, to fix on the top, for several feet up the flue. The iron being a rapid conductor, the air is generally rarefied, and a space being left round the pipe, gives room for the downward current, without arresting the progress of the smoke. Believing the mode adopted by your correspondent in agitating the subject through the medium of your valuable publication the best course, I have ventured to follow in his track.—*Thomas Thom.*

### *Improvements in Trussing Beams and Girders.*

A patent has been taken out by Mr. Wm. Gibbons, of Corbyns-hall Worcester, for the application of bow-springs with the tie-rods employed in trussing beams and girders, and for the formation of cast iron beams and girders with grooves on their sides for insertion of the rods. The springs are intended to impart an upward pressure by adjusting them at about the centre and under

side ; they are also to be applied in compound beams or girders, at the points of junction of each of the main portions. We do not at first sight recognise their value.

*Mosaic of the Middle Ages.*—Mr. Digby Wyat announces an illustrated work on geometrical Mosaic of the middle ages : the specimens to be set forth in chromo-lithography, to give the exact appearance of the originals.

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### *Resisting power of Bricks, flat and on edge.*

SIR,—Actual experiments on the crushing weights of brickwork are very valuable to the Architect and Engineer, and I am therefore anxious to preserve in your valuable paper a record of two careful enquiries on that subject made in January last.

On Thursday, 27th January, two brick piers, each 9 inches square in the plane and 3 feet 3 inches high, were constructed—they were built of good sound Cowley stocks, set in cement of the usual proportions, and of good quality—one pier was built with bricks laid flat, the other with bricks on edge. They were proved on the 29th, two days afterwards, with the following results. The pier having the bricks laid flat-wise, compressed a quarter of an inch, then cracked under a weight of twenty-five tons and broke to pieces with a weight of 30 tons. The second one, with the bricks on the edge, did not compress, but cracked with a weight of 30 tons, and broke to pieces with a weight of 35 tons.—W. F.

### *Modern Bricklayers : Building Brick Columns.*

SOME observations on modern bricklayers which appeared a short time since in our pages with remarks on the use of cement, &c. brought us a number of indignant disclaimers from working men. Our correspondents may each and all be gratifying exceptions to a general rule, but the fact of a decay of skill amongst bricklayers is incontrovertible, and the causes are evident. We had many letters too on building brick columns, but could not render them available, and suggestions out of numbers for those at the Euston-square station. One recommended the use of an iron core in each column, which did not seem to us very advantageous ; if we are rightly informed, however, this course is being pursued there.

### *Porous Bricks.*

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent of Southampton, upon "Porous Bricks," he may safely use linseed or boiled oil externally. Let the brickwork become perfectly dry, in summer, and give it one or two coats of either, (boiled oil is the best.) No wet will ever get through it again. I have used it for brickwork and stone-work in town and country, or I would not recommend it.—*J. L. Home.*

*Electro-Magnetic Power, Motive or Locomotive.*

It has been suggested that motive power, and particularly locomotive, might be acquired by means of wheels with a numerous series of electro-magnets radiating from the centre, and working by successive attraction along an upper and an under line of rail, each of the four quadrants of the wheel being positively electrified as it came to face the under rail, and thus successively attracted by, or rather attracting the metal, and producing both rotary and progressive (or revolutionary?) motion. The mere idea of employing a series of magnets, in the production of rotary motion, is not a new one.

*Paper-colouring and Designing by Nitrate of Silver* and other salts has been suggested by the French Academy by M. Larocque, who intimates that he has discovered that nearly all salts are volatilized by aqueous vapour or with any vapour arising from saline solutions, and that in this way he has coloured papers in designs reserved in white, especially with nitrate of silver thus volatilized : some of these M. Larocque submitted to the Academy.

*The Conway Rail Tube.*—A correspondent describes the raising of the Conway Tube 14 feet by means of the hydraulic press. The rate of raising, he says, was 12 feet an hour, (weight 1,300 tons). The quantity of water required for a lift of 6 feet or one stroke of the press, was 70 gallons. The clamping of the chains and attendance to the engines, &c., occupied ten men. We understand that having been fixed in its place, the first train passed through it on Tuesday with a party of Directors. The cofferdam and the wharfs for the Docks at Grimsby, connected with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line, are nearly completed.

*Gloucester Cathedral.*—The editor of the *Gloucester Chronicle* makes the following judicious remarks as to this building :—"The Choir is one of the finest examples of the perpendicular style in its palmy days ; and boasts of an east window which is unrivalled in England in point of size. Extraordinary breadth has been given to this magnificent window by a skilful architectural contrivance.

Unfortunately however the effect of the east end of the choir is sadly marred by the modern screen that was placed there during an era of bad taste. How truly exquisite would be the perspective of the Lady Chapel if this screen were removed ; how great the additional dignity of the glorious east window of the choir !—We respectfully urge the Chapter to consider the matter. How often do aspirations for the restoration of the whole Cathedral cross the mind of beholders. The vastness of the cost apparently renders the attainment of such an object insuperable, yet some now living may see it done. A fine building is an educator of the people—it tends to refine their thoughts—to excite reverential feeling. The man who can enter the sacred and time hallowed walls of a great church—aye of the humblest church in our land—without feeling for the moment less worldly than haply he is, must be dead indeed to thoughts of a future.

**Portland Cement.** should be mixed with water to the consistency of mortar and applied immediately, care being taken to let the work on which it is to be used to be thoroughly wetted previous to its application. It should be worked in one coat ; and for stuccoing in dry situations, should be mixed with four parts of clean, well washed and dried, river sand to one of cement. In damp situations less sand should be used ; and for water works it should be used pure.

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FROM THE MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.

**Materiality of the Electric Fluid.**—Mr. Lake of the Royal Laboratory, Portsmouth, has communicated to the London institution the results of a singular experiment, which appears to show that the electric agent is really fluid ; and that when collected so as to exert its powers of attraction and repulsion, it obeys the laws of gravitation like carbonic acid and other gases. The electric fluid was received in a Leyden jar insulated on a glass plate. At the lower part of the jar was a crack in the side of a star-like form and from around this the metallic coating was removed. On charging the jar it was observed that the electric fluid soon began to flow out in a stream from the lower opening ; and on continuing the working of the machine, it flowed over the lip of the jar, descending in a faint luminous conical stream visible only in the dark until it reached the level of the outside coating, over which it became gradually diffused, forming as it were a frill or collar. When the jar was a little inclined on one side there was a perceptible difference in the time of its escape over the higher and lower parts of the lip, from the latter of which it began to flow fast. On discontinuing the working of the machine, the fluid first ceased to flow at the lip of the jar, and then at the lower aperture. On renewing the operation it first re-appeared at the lower aperture, and afterwards at the mouth. This very ingenious experiment appears to establish the fact that the electric fluid is material and is influenced, under certain circumstances, by the laws of gravitation.

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**Fall and Velocity of Rivers.**—The fall of a river influences in part, the velocity or force of its current, but not to such an extent that the rate of the fall could be taken as a scale for the rate of velocity. The Rhine, Danube, and Elbe are three very rapid rivers, yet they only exhibit a fall of one or two and very seldom three feet per mile. The "gentle Tweed" with an average fall of nearly eight feet from the affluence of Biggar water to the sea, is freely navigated by small boats, while a fall of only two feet in the Danube causes the greatest obstacles to navigation. The Severn and the Shannon are much alike in magnitude ; the average descent of the former is 26.6 inches per mile, of the latter only nine inches, and yet the Severn pursues its course without any rapids or falls, whilst the Shannon forms the magnificent falls of Doonas equalling the most celebrated in Europe.

MR. A. PETERMAN.  
*Trans. Geo. Soc.*]

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**New Aeronautic Machine.**—The *Mining Journal* quotes a letter from Rotterdam which states that "M. F. L. de Ruijter has invented an Aeronautic machine, which instead of requiring the power of the baloon, rises into the air from the *impetus of its own working*, with a weight of 200,000 Netherland

pounds, with *immense rapidity*, and can be steered at will." The "impetus of its own working"! What does that mean?

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*Passage of Gases through one another.*—If a liquid be interposed between the two poles of an electric battery and the body to be decomposed, the acid or the oxygen is found to pass through that interposed liquid to the positive pole, the hydrogen and the matter of the base to the negative pole, and without acting upon the substance of the interposed liquid. Thus, suppose a vegetable colour to tinge the water in an intermediate cup, acid will pass through it without reddening it, and alkali without making it green. Nay, an acid will pass through an alkaline solution, or an alkali through an acid; without uniting in either case to form a neutral salt, unless the neutral compound is insoluble—for in that case it falls to the bottom.—*Lord Brougham.*

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#### FROM LITERARY GAZETTE FOR APRIL.

*Bronzing by Electro Process.*—M. Becquerel presented to the Academy, in the name of MM. Brunel, Bisson, and Gauguin, specimens of different metals bronzed, electro-chemically, in a water solution composed of 500 parts carbonate potash, 20 of chloride of copper, 40 of sulphate of tin, and 250 of azotate of ammonia. For a brass deposit zinc is substituted for tin. With these solutions, iron, brass, steel, lead, zinc, tin, and the alloys of these metals, either with each other, or with bismuth and antimony, may, after a cleaning, according to the nature of the metal, be readily lacquered or bronzed; working cold, and using a brass or bronze positive pole.

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*Preservation of Wood.*—Mr. Geminy after numerous experiments, gives the preference to tar for the impregnation of wood, especially if intended for railway sleepers or for maritime works. Before impregnation, the wood is almost completely dried by high-pressure steam.

[As a general preservative both against rot and white ants, there is nothing equal to charring to timbers, or sleepers, &c., many of the patented solutions used, render the wood highly inflammable, we think tar would do so; and saw an account very lately of a building with kyanized timbers burning like touch paper].—Ed. P. M.

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*The Expected Comet.*—Astronomers differ about the comet expected by some to appear in the present year, and are of opinion that there is an error in the calculations; among them is Mr. Forster, who in a small treatise on comets, gives a long catalogue of nearly all the known comets, and asserts that every appearance of these phenomena was succeeded by some catastrophe, either local or general. Mr. Forster cites for example the comet which immediately preceded the universal deluge, and that which appeared towards the epoch of the famine in Egypt mentioned in the Bible.

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#### FROM THE SPECTATOR FOR JUNE.

Extensive new fortifications at Sheerness, completed last week, are thus described:—

"The entire line of fortification is one mile and a quarter, and the number of guns 118, some of which are of extraordinary size, weighing from 80 to 90 cwt. The whole line is surrounded by a deep moat, which is crossed at only one place, where the fortifications cross the high-road; and here there is some outer work, consisting

of a bastion and a ravelin, and a second moat where there are also two draw-bridges, and two pairs of strong gates."

We understand it is intended to erect batteries at the mouth of Weymouth harbour, and also on the Nothe: the necessary surveys have already been made.

#### FROM THE ATLAS FOR JUNE.

*Moving a House.*—Within the last fortnight the Americans have been outdone in this kind of work, at Messrs. Ransome and May's, Orwell Foundry, Ipswich, where a brick-built house, two stories high, 26 feet by 18, has been moved a distance of 70 feet, and raised  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, without sustaining the slightest crack in the walls or ceilings, or even in the papering of the rooms. The removal was accomplished under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Worby, the manager of the works; and the *modus operandi* seems to have been this:—A series of holes, 6 inches square, was first made through the brickwork, close to the ground, at intervals of three feet, all round the house. Through these holes were inserted cantilevers, or pieces of timber about 4 feet long, and the earth inside and out having been cleared away, the ends were made to rest on blocks of wood; so that, during the removal of the foundation, the superstructure would rest entirely on them. The next operation was to remove the foundation, and to lay in its place long pieces of timber, eleven inches square; these had a coat of mortar laid on, as a bed for the brickwork, and were then lifted up to the walls, forming a kind of framework, on which the cantilevers and blocks being removed, the house stood as firmly as it did on its original foundation. The building was then raised to the required height, one side being elevated at a time, and a number of longitudinal timbers of great strength laid underneath, and continued along the ground as far as the new foundation. As a precautionary measure, the sides of the house were bound in by means of stout planks run up at the angles, and fastened together with iron rods. The whole of this preliminary work occupied some time to complete, the workmen only turning to it when they had nothing else to engage them. The timbers, along which the house was to slide, having been well greased, three bottle-jack screws were brought to bear upon one end of the framework, and the process of locomotion commenced. The rate of travelling was about one foot in five minutes, but as a long delay occurred each time the screws were re-fixed and got into place, not more than twenty-five feet could be accomplished in a day. The house is now standing on its second foundation, none the worse for the experiment to which it has been subjected.

*Telegraphic Lighthouse.*—A plan, with suggestions for a telegraphic lighthouse, has lately been presented to Government by Mr. George Wells, of the Admiralty. Mr. Wells points out the numerous accidents that vessels have encountered, owing to the mistakes of mariners as to the distance and position of the several lighthouses on our coast, and states that the great objections to those which now exist are, first, their unnecessary elevation; secondly, the impropriety of coloured lights, which cannot be distinguished in foggy weather; and thirdly, the general insufficiency of the light, and its similarity in appear-

ance. To obviate these disadvantages, Mr. Wells proposes that in the existing lighthouses four or more circular apertures should be cut just below the lantern, and the openings fitted with glazed sashes of ground plate-glass, with the initial letter of the particular lighthouse painted in an opaque colour thereon, the light being so reflected as to render the unpainted glass transparent, and thus exhibiting the letter itself in bold relief. It is also suggested that, in constructing new lighthouses it would be better that they should not be carried to the present altitude, as the nearer the light is to the level of the eye the less probability would exist as to any mistake in the distance of it.

*Hunterian Museum.*—A building for the reception of the Hunterian Museum is about to be erected in Portugal-street, on the site of the premises first occupied as a theatre by Ben Johnson, and lately used as show-rooms by Alderman Copeland and Co.

*India Rubber Paving.*—Workmen are now covering the court yard of the Admiralty, Whitehall, with a paving of India rubber. It is laid down in pieces about 12 inches square and one in thickness. The quadrangle in Buckingham Palace, formed by the erection of the new wing, will also be covered with this material, which its projectors have named "Kamptolite." Its chief recommendation is, that it deadens all sound, rendering the passage of a vehicle or horses perfectly noiseless.

*New Velocipede.*—A new velocipede for use on railways has been tried with success. The object is to enable officials to visit places requiring inspection without the expense and inconvenience of an engine. It is worked by foot cranks, and is able to travel from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

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*Geological Discovery.*—Not far from the right bank of Nicolaïfskaia, in the government of Tobolsk, in Siberia, a rich mine of stones has been discovered in the midst of the establishment for the washing of auriferous sands. These stones present a perfect resemblance to diamonds, except that they are a trifle less heavy and less hard, although harder than granite. Specimens of the stones have been deposited in the Imperial Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg, and Russian mineralogists propose to call them *diamantoids*.

*Land Slips.*—There is a hill or precipice at Cotherstone, Yorkshire, called "The Hag," 95 feet high, at the junction of the Tees and the Balder, a picturesque object much admired by tourists. After the heavy rains of April, there was an accumulation of water in a field behind the eminence, which passed by a natural filter into the river. The "Hag," which had long been sapped and undermined in this manner, has since slipped to the extent of 70 yards, by 15 in breadth. The rocks in front were hurled with a tremendous crash into the Tees below. One stone thrown down is estimated to weigh upwards of nine tons. The footpath round the hill, and the road to a water-mill, have disappeared—stopped, without the ceremony of an order from the justices. The noise of the fall was heard two miles off. Another land-slip has recently been reported. It occurred near Porlock, Somersetshire, where about eight acres of Culdene Wood, has been forced towards the sea. The

land moved about 100 yards, taking the trees with it down to the water's edge, and cutting away the lower road to the romantic little church. The trees are now standing and looking prosperous on the beach, though some of them must have sunk several hundred feet. The spot is now said to have a very picturesque appearance. The caverns beneath this wood were, many years since, the resort of smugglers.

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FROM THE ATHENÆUM FOR JUNE.

*The Electric Telegraph Company.*—Having observed from time to time in your journal the various additions connected with our telegraph, it may not be uninteresting to record the recent improvement I have made in this branch—reducing the expenditure of battery power to one-tenth of the amount required before ; so that now, instead of working on the long circuit (a distance of about 250 miles) with an equivalent of 240 pairs of plates, 24 pairs do duty with a much more effective result—the reduced intensity not suffering so much by the defect of bad insulation. The most important point, however, is the economy of power, when it is applied to the numerous stations throughout the kingdom, and the increased facility of working through a much larger amount of circuit resistance. The addition consists in the substitution of a single small steel lozenge, three-quarters of an inch long, for the two 5 inch astatic magnetic needles, and placed between two small *coils* of peculiar shape. This form has the advantage, besides those already mentioned, of giving a signal free from that constant vibration of the needle against which so much has been said ; the pendulous action of gravity being very limited, from its better adapted form.

I am, &c,

NATH. I. HOLMES.

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VII.—TALES.

NOTICE.—We regret that space occupied by other matter, which we could not well omit, has hitherto constrained us to confine the portion devoted to Tales into a smaller compass than is desirable ; not but that Tales of the most interesting sort have been available.

We are only waiting patiently until an increase of subscribers will enable us to enlarge the *Magazine* to a size more adequate to the literary resources at our disposal.

However it is but just to remark, that the matter under the head "Original Notices," among the Reviews, are equivalent to Tales, being long and connected extracts from the best portions of those Books, as for instance in "The Image of his Father" and "Roland Cashel." Moreover the pages occupied by *Wit and Humour*, which we trust afford amusement, have been an after-thought, but also encroach on the space which we had at first set apart for tales.

We take this opportunity of notifying, that in an early Number will be commenced a new and highly interesting Tale, translated from Eugène Sue.—Ed. P. M.

*The Heirs Expectant—By Mary Howitt.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE very next day the Cornbury's coroneted coach stood at the door. Mrs. Ashenburst received her noble friend with open arms ; and her ladyship coming to tell news, had it literally extracted from her—so great was her inco-



capacity for talking, and so much easier was it to answer the comprehensive questions which Mrs. Ashenhurst from experience knew how to put, than to give a circumstantial relation of what she had to communicate. The sum and substance of all this was the arrival of the Honourable Miss Jacquetta Freemantle, the dominant spirit of this collateral branch of the Cornbury family, together with her so-many-years-junior brother, the Honourable Conyers Freemantle, whom it now was her pleasure to reconcile to his noble relations, after a ten years' dissension, and for whom she was desirous also of forming a matrimonial connexion—the corollary of all this being that Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter should be introduced to them the very next day, at Lord Cornbury's house in Berkely Square, the two families alone being present, in order to bring the young people acquainted before they mixed in general society. The two ladies understood each other's plans perfectly. Lady Cornbury, too indolent to plot or even devise a plot, was yet desirous of securing to the nephew, she had always loved, so beautiful a bride, and for the house of Conyers, whose well-being was dear to her as her life's blood—herself being of it—own cousin to the heiress whom the Honourable Mr. Freemantle, her husband's brother, had married—so noble an accession of wealth as the heiress of General Dubois must bring to it. Mrs. Ashenhurst, on her part, with but little delicacy of feeling, and unbounded ambition, bent only to aggrandizement, determined to plot and counterplot, so that she could but bring about a match so entirely to her heart's content as this.

In order to sound the General's thoughts on the subject, she mentioned the call from Lady Cornbury, and the proposed next day's visit; adding, "I can give a shrewd guess as to what is in her ladyship's mind all the time: she wishes to secure your niece for her nephew, knowing as well as any of us, though she says so little, that the first chance is worth having."

The General answered her with one of those sinister looks which she so extremely disliked—they made her uneasy; but his verbal reply was satisfactory. "He would not desire his niece to engage the attentions of a better man than the Honourable Conyers Freemantle—she would have his entire acquiescence in so doing."

All this plotting and assenting, however, was most sedulously kept from the knowledge of the party most interested in it. Mrs. Ashenhurst would not, for the world, that her daughter should have the remotest notion of it; nor was Jane aware of the arrival of the Freemantles, and the consequent reconciliation, till within an hour of making the visit—then nothing more was needed to give interest to a visit otherwise of a most commonplace character. Jane knew the only event perhaps capable of arousing the lethargic spirit of Lady Cornbury was this reconciliation; the only being for whom she had at any time evinced affection—of whom she appeared to have retained any memory, was this young man—"poor dear Conyers," as she invariably called him; although his lordship many a time so far exerted himself as to remind her "that Mr. Freemantle had given them serious cause of displeasure."

Whatever his misconduct had been did not concern Jane; she thought much less of him than of the pleasure his return must have afforded to his aunt; and accordingly, at her mother's instance, she put on the blue and silver brocade and the suit of Farnapore diamonds, in honour of the reconciliation, not of the guest, as was the design of Mrs. Ashenhurst.

The General congratulated Jane on her appearance; and her mother saw her seated opposite them, as they drove to Berkeley Square, in the firm persuasion that she was one-day-to-be the Lady Cornbury of Wilton and Court Conyers.

Whatever Lady Cornbury's pleasure might be in the reconciliation, to Jane's astonishment it made but very little visible alteration in her countenance and manners. His lordship, on the contrary, was astonishingly animated and alert; he really seemed as if his heart beat the quicker for it. On him devolved the

honour of introducing the parties to each other. Jane had not been prepared for the full ceremonial—the meeting with the Honourable Miss Jacquetta Freemantle. Jacquetta! she knew the histories connected with that name at Wilton; she knew the fair, meek face of the one Jacquetta who stabbed her lord, as the story told, with “a bodkin;” and the other, the haughty woman of imperial beauty, with eyes full of dreamy, fearful passion, whose crimes people spoke of in whispers, in dread lest the uneasy spirit which had troubled the scene of her guilt so long should again be given up from its awful place; and now certainly here was a third Jacquetta, not unworthy of these ancestors—a tall, haughty woman, of commanding figure and presence, approaching middle age, but evidently using no means to counteract the effects of time; as one regardless of man’s opinion, or of women’s either; as one would say, “What are these things, what is all the world, to the Honourable Jacquetta Freemantle? and am not I she?” Jane remembered the old housekeeper’s story, that the Lady Jacquetta was not dead; that for certain she had been seen in flesh and blood many a long year after people thought she had mouldered in her grave; and that for her part she believed the coffin would be a strong one, and the grave a deep one, that must hold her down. All this which she had listened to, and shuddered at the while, now came back to her mind with a fearful reality and a repelling influence as she saw the proud woman turn from her mother’s greeting with ill-disguised contempt, and then stand with her haughty head thrown back, one arm dropped, and the other held close to her waist, as if to still the knocking of her proud heart—the very attitude of the awful Jacquetta.

As Jane was presented, she rapidly eyed her from head to foot, and then gave her hand with that air of condescending greatness which the powerful assume to inveigle as much as to honour. Jane felt a repugnance amounting almost to horror, when the lady retained her hand, and, begging his lordship’s permission, conducted her half-way down the room. “I must introduce you to each other,” said she mysteriously, and the moment afterwards presented her to her brother, desiring him to improve the acquaintance. The gentleman to whom she was introduced was, in most respects, outwardly unlike his sister. He was singularly fair for a man, with flaxen hair, and those colourless eyebrows and eyelashes which give so unmanly a character to the countenance, and the general expression of his face, though cold, was by no means displeasing. In person he was above the middle size and of a good figure, but his manners were at times almost awkward and shy, while at others he assumed an air of indifference and haughtiness. A short time, but certainly not this one interview alone, convinced Jane of what was in truth the history of this young man’s education. Many years the junior of his strong-minded but imperious sister, to whom the management of the inheritance as well as the inheritance had been intrusted, he was compelled to assume a character in some respects opposed to his own. The better parts of his nature were cheerfulness, a certain degree of amiability, and extremely affable manners. He had been trained to be reserved and haughty; but there was a *gaucherie* about him which betrayed the mask, and hence his manners appeared variable and unformed. The only part of his natural character which had been zealously fostered, was what he inherited in common with the whole line, inordinate family pride. His feeling was less that he belonged to the universal human family than to the noblest branch of it—that he was a Freemantle engrafted on the old, true Conyers stock. Besides this, there was another ramification of the same passion—extreme personal selfishness;—that mean selfishness which makes the boy snatch the apple from the lips of his younger brother when he has eaten his own, and makes the man regardless of the feelings and convenience of others, when his own pleasure, caprice, or indulgence comes in the way. He was a character and person in the first instance to be seen with indifference; in the second, to interest to a certain degree, because it was dis-

covered that he had some native good properties ; but in the end to be despised, inasmuch as petty meannesses outweigh commonplace virtues. So far, came to the knowledge of Jane—a little more must be added for the sake of our readers.

As a boy, and as a youth even, Conyers Freemantle had been submissive and obedient to his sister, in virtue of that natural authority which strong minds acquire over weaker ones ; but as he advanced to manhood, his spirit began to crave after greater freedom of will ; there were certain buddings of rebellion in his mind, and though as yet it had rarely evinced itself in acts, it invariably strove against every command of his sister. Hence at this very time, when he knew his sister's designs to be matrimonial, he vowed with himself not to further them even by the lifting of a finger.

The result of this visit appeared sufficiently satisfactory to bring the parties together again in a short time. Little did Jane suspect of private meetings of which she was the subject, when the imperious Jacquetta treated for her hand on behalf of her brother, much in the same style as the ambassador of a sovereign prince might demand in marriage the daughter of an inferior line, with whom policy as much as inclination made it advantageous to unite himself. The matter was satisfactorily adjusted. The Honourable Conyers Freemantle was to take to wife Jane Ashenhurst, the fair heiress of the great nabob of Furnapore. So stated the fashionable newspapers, under the head "Marriage in High Life"—only giving dashes and asterisks for proper names. But Jane read no newspapers, nor busied herself with the passing tattle of the day ; and she was, perhaps, the only person in their whole circle who knew nothing of what was agitating.

Mrs. Ashenhurst supposed, as was natural, that the lover had gained the goodwill of his mistress—felicitating herself the while on the extraordinary success of the scheme ; and was perfectly charmed with the acquiescence of her daughter, though, from unpleasant recollections, she abstained from speaking on the subject to her at present.

All this time Mr. Freemantle considered Jane a party in the design upon him ; and though at first, as we have said, averse to the scheme from opposition to his sister, his self-love had already accepted the flattery of Jane's supposed willingness, and he was becoming less and less averse. The attentions, however, which he paid her—a large award from him who had hitherto thought no woman worthy of his slightest regard—were still so little beyond common courtesies, that they did not even excite her suspicion, leaving her entirely at liberty to think her own thoughts and pursue her own fancies at will ; his self-love, the while, giving all she said and did a reference to himself. This state of cross-purposes must, however, have worked itself straight, had they remained much longer together ; but at the end of the third day Mr. Freemantle returned to his country residence, without even a formal leave-taking of Jane, from a temporary pique against his sister.

A week of stately amities succeeded, and then a party was proposed to Court-Conyers—a visit of the bride-elect and her friends to her future home. Little could Jane imagine why the ungracious Jacquetta condescended to spend a whole morning in formally speaking of the family history—of its illustrious descent and alliances—of the Conyers, who were more illustrious than the Freemantles—of the family quarterings—of the family plate and jewels ;—"reserving the subject of the rent-roll for her brother ; though she understood it as well—nay, certainly better than himself ; and it would be found that all future branches of the family were infinitely indebted to her for the zealous management she had so long given to its most minute concerns. But," added she, with dignity, "had I laid down my life, it would not have been too much for so illustrious a name—though certainly you cannot be supposed to understand the responsibility of such an inheritance !"

Haughtily as all this information was given, contemptuous as had been its winding up, and little concern as Jane felt herself to have in it, she had too much general kindness—was too much disposed to give and receive pleasure—to appear indifferent to any gratuitous instance of good-will, even from a person so repugnant to her as the Honourable Jacquetta Freemantle.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE important day came. The distance to Court-Conyers was twenty miles ; the party was to take luncheon there, see the house, and return to London in the evening—which would easily be accomplished, as they were to travel post.

Lord and Lady Cornbury and Miss Ashenhurst occupied one carriage ; the General, Mrs. Ashenhurst, and Miss Freemantle the other. There could be no interest to Jane in the meagre conversation of her companions—she therefore occupied herself with her own thoughts, and some little curiosity she felt respecting the mansion they were about to visit, which to her imagination seemed to have something ogre-like about it. How the other triad occupied themselves is not known, further than that they appeared singularly gracious to each other, and to everybody else, on their arrival at Court-Conyers. Jane's imagination had not pictured a more sombre and forbidding exterior than the place presented. It seemed of large extent, square, heavy, and prison-like, built of stone which was black with age, with low round towers, small windows, and heavy-browed doors. It stood low, in an unpicturesque and unpleasing park ; woods of pine thickly interspersed with ilex and yew flanking it on either hand, and stretching behind upward to the brow of the only eminence for miles round.

"This place never looks cheerful," said Lord Cornbury, "come when you will."

"It never does," was his lady's reply.

"But we should not say so to you, my dear Miss Ashenhurst !"

"To me! Oh, sir, you are perfectly welcome to say what you please of this old castle for me!" said Jane, wondering in perfect simplicity what they meant: "for my part, I think it a hideous place!"

The laconic people made no remark, and the carriage waited its turn to draw up to the gloomy door.

If the Honourable Conyers Freemantle had been indifferent and silent in Berkeley Square, he seemed bent to make up for all deficiencies in his own house. Nothing could exceed the elaborate ceremonial of their reception. One thing soon struck Jane's attention most unpleasantly—that she was made, instead, as she supposed herself, the least important person of the party, the one for whom everything seemed arranged—for whom, in fact, everybody seemed to have come there.

When the party had refreshed themselves, the host requested the honour of her hand, and led the way in the domiciliary inspection, desiring her free opinion of all she saw, and begging she would suggest alterations according to her own taste ; at the same time insinuating that everything had been arranged by a Conyers or a Freemantle, and therefore of necessity had remained *in statu quo*. Every moment Jane's annoyance and suspicion grew ; she longed to join herself to the others, but they seemed to keep aloof, and she feared at the same time to make herself conspicuous or ridiculous. By degrees the whole tribulation of the intrigue came upon her, and she walked on from room to room silent and irresolute, which the lover mistook for passive obedience or timid admiration.

At length Jane found that, either intentionally or accidentally, they had missed their party ; and she now stood with him alone in a small room, appa-

rently in one of the towers, and to which they had ascended by a narrow stone stair. They entered the room : its aspect was forbidding, small, and gloomy, containing only tarnished folio volumes, arranged on shelves dusty and worm-eaten, two high leather-covered chairs, a desk, and a table. Jane started, for it seemed like the den of the ogre himself. She attempted to retreat ; but the door was shut, and her companion already had seized her hand.

"Charming Miss Ashenhurst," said he, "why will you persist in this cruel silence ? I confess to you that I was once indifferent to this match, but I am not so now. Jacquetta has lorded it so long, she thinks me still a child, and to be awed by the lifting of her finger ; but she will find I have the spirit of a Freemantle in me !"

"Let me go !" said Jane, withdrawing her hand, and really terrified.

"We will not trouble our heads about this old place," pleaded Mr. Freemantle, looking at her the while with unfeigned admiration. "You will have time enough to study it hereafter, and I must make up for lost time."

Whether he would have protested his passion on his knees, or by any other approved mode of lover-craft, cannot be known ; for Jane, though feeling, as it were, betrayed, and in a place which her imagination made fearful, and with her heart as cold as death, put him back with a dignity he could not withstand.

"Some strange delusion has been practised on you, sir," she said ; "for, till within this hour, I had no idea what this visit meant."

"Come, Miss Ashenhurst, I know this is the way with you ladies ; but the faster you fly, the faster I shall pursue : and I think I have you pretty safely now," said he, in a tone between good humour and triumph.

"I am sincere, Mr. Freemantle," said Jane, coldly and calmly—"I am most truly sincere, when I assure you of my entire ignorance of this scheme till within the last half-hour."

He looked at her for a moment as if he disbelieved his senses, and then burst into a loud laugh. "Come, come, Miss Ashenhurst, this is truly ridiculous ; you think it your turn to be cold now. I beg your pardon for my past indifference—punish it any way but by your coldness : but, to speak the truth, I was provoked with Jacquetta."

"I wish you were provoked with her now," said Jane, half amused, spite of herself, "if it would insure me your *present* indifference."

"Miss Ashenhurst," he returned, looking impatient, "there has been too much of this—I am tired of this child's play."

"Sir," said Jane, "your words are enigmas ; but I do not care about their meaning. I must now return to my friends."

"No !" answered he, almost fiercely, "I shall not part with you thus : you were in a different humour in Berkeley Square."

"Because, sir," said Jane, offended and angry, "I never thought about you in Berkeley Square."

"Upon my honour !" exclaimed he, in a tone and with a gesture which made Jane involuntarily look at the thickness of the walls. "And this scheme was concocted at Wilton among yourselves ! Do you know, madam, to whom you are speaking ?"

"To Mr. Conyers Freemantle," she replied, with an indifference that she did not feel.

"Madam !—Miss Ashenhurst !" he began, in a tone that still more terrified her ; and, in very despair, she laid her hand upon the iron pin of the door. To her inexpressible relief, it gave way, and the exploring party was in the act of ascending the stairs.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jane," said Lord Cornbury, who was foremost, and too unapprehensive to observe the disordered countenance of either herself or Mr. Freemantle. "We have certainly arrived inopportunistly."

"No, no," said the master of the mansion; "and you must see this chamber: it is of some renown in the house, being the one in which our ancestor, the astrologer, punished his contumacious wife."

"Ay, he poisoned her, didn't he?" said Lord Cornbury, as the whole party entered.

Jane, sick at heart, and filled with perfect loathing of the place and the people, walked hastily down the stairs to an open casement-window, that she might look out upon the sun-shine; but the wood of dark pine and yew lay all below, stretching to the very horizon. It was a dreary prospect; it seemed as if cheerful sunlight never came there; and an impatience to be gone seized upon Jane's spirit like anger.

"It is an evil place," thought she; "it fills me with feelings of revenge and cruelty!"

The party descended, Mr. Freemantle and his sister bringing up the rear.

"We have now seen all," said Lord Cornbury.

"All except the chapel," said Miss Jacquetta.

"We will not go there," yawned Lady Cornbury, seating herself on a sofa in the chamber through which they were passing.

"We will wait for you here," assented Lord Cornbury, seating himself by his lady.

"Come, Miss Ashenhurst," said Miss Jacquetta, gripping her with her hard hand.

Jane, as if under the spell of a destiny, obeyed; and the next moment was conducted through a low arched door, to which they descended by a flight of chilly stone steps into the chancel of a church. She looked behind her for her friends; but the door was shut, and she stood alone with this fearful woman, who for two moments gazed into her face with a steady, severe countenance, as if she would penetrate her very soul. Jane's imagination, excited as it was, was filled with terrible and undefined apprehensions; but she stood the scrutiny with an unblenching calmness.

The place was cold and silent as death, striking its sunless chill to the bone, while its influence fell solemnly on the spirit. Lofty and effigied tombs stood round; mural tablets of all ages were on the walls, and the floor was paved with graven stones and dark brazen plates of memorial. Two old, decaying banners, black and heavy with age, which had been borne by the Conyers in the wars of the Roses and the Plantagenets, depended from the roof over the pews of black carved oak, lined with ancient crimson velvet, where the proud Conyers had sat to worship for ages. A sombre light fell through the richly-painted panes of the large window that faced them, leaving the altar in perfect gloom, as if sunshine could not enter there.

At another time, or with less agitated feelings, Jane would have enjoyed this old place with a thorough zest; its antiquity, its solemnity, its gloom, would have produced a frame of mind in perfect accordance with it: but there was a disquiet in her spirit now, that unfitted her for any enjoyment; the muttered words, too, of her companion, filled her with a mysterious awe. "By the souls of our ancestors!" she spoke, as if thinking aloud, "if it were——" and then she clenched a key in her strong, bony hand, as if she would make the senseless iron feel.

Jane started, believing this had reference to what had passed between herself and Mr. Freemantle.

"But come," said Miss Jacquetta, "I brought you to see the burial-place of the noble Conyers, and the one Freemantle, its last lord!"

And so saying, with the key she held in her hand she opened a low door in the wall, and descending a few steps into perfect darkness, bade Jane follow her.

Jane hesitated to obey.

"You foolish child!" said Miss Jacquetta, speaking with a stern voice, that seemed sepulchral; "why need you fear to enter this place, where so many of your betters are laid? Come down, and see where the direct line of the noble Conyers, and those as noble, with whom they mated, lie piled, coffin on coffin, for twelve generations."

Jane considered how improbable it was that any evil was intended towards her, and descended the steps.

"Not one foot nearer!" cried Miss Jacquetta, speaking from among the coffins, as Jane had reached the middle of the vault—"Not one step nearer! farther *you* never can enter—here lie only the nobly born! fathers and sons for twelve generations, with their wives, none below a baron's daughter. You may go back!"

Jane felt displeased at this senseless parade of greatness. "And where," said she, as the lady emerged from the tombs; "where lies the wife whom we heard above was murdered?"

"Nonsense!" retorted the descendant of the Conyers: "do you believe whatever tradition hands down?"

"I heard it from a Conyers!" was Jane's answer.

Miss Jacquetta eyed her for a moment, and then said, bitterly: "That wife was the daughter of a commoner, and here she lies!" pointing to a raised tomb, one of seven which stood side by side, with its well-wrought marble effigy—"she lies here! These others also are wives of Conyers; and one of them a daughter, who married unwisely and came here to die."

"And here I must lie," thought Jane, "if I marry a Conyers—which Heaven forbid! Nay, I will die first!" mused she, as she walked down the aisle and saw the arms of the proud Conyers emblazoned above the Decalogue and the Lord's Prayer.

"You see the nobility of this house," said Miss Jacquetta, reconducting Jane into the chancel; "you see who those were that mated with them. It is not for *you*, young woman, to undervalue a Conyers. Remember what you have seen!"

Jane felt utterly incapable of replying, and Miss Jacquetta, neither seeming to expect nor desire an answer, motioned her to follow the door by which they had entered, haughtily keeping the advance; and presently afterwards they rejoined the party, who waited for them in the chamber.

Refreshments were again offered, of which all partook except Jane, who, though faint and weary, firmly refused; "I will not again break bread nor drink water in this house!" was her internal vow; and presently afterwards the carriages being announced, the party left Court-Conyers in the order they had arrived, the master not offering more than the most distant civilities to Jane, and remaining behind.

Jane began only to breathe freely when they left the demesne of the Conyers, and entered on the king's high-road. She turned to her companions to relieve herself by talking even on the most trivial passing subjects; but they were both fast asleep, nor did either of them wake till the carriage drew up at their own door at eleven o'clock at night.

When Jane took the place lately occupied by Miss Freemantle, in their drive to Grosvenor-square, she was immediately aware that some unpleasant rencontre had taken place. She could see by the indistinct light of the carriage-lamps the haughty, angry countenance of her uncle, and the perturbed anxiety of her mother: no word was exchanged, but the very silence seemed full of terrible omen.

Jane ran hastily to her own chamber, and thence sent to request an interview with her mother; but she was informed that Mrs. Ashenhurst also was gone to her chamber and desired not to be disturbed that evening.

What had occurred during the homeward drive Jane could in part conjecture; but her mother's refusal to see her filled her with an exquisite distress, even more painful than the other events of the day. The day itself was frightful in review; and Jane sat down in the state of one, who, waking from a terrible dream, finds the realities that encompass him even more distressing.

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#### CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT had occurred during the journey must now be briefly related.

Miss Jacquetta, quick-sighted as she always was, observed the apparent want of understanding between the lovers, and had extracted sufficient information from her brother to decide her line of conduct. Scarcely, therefore, were they seated in the carriage, when, with all the offended pride of a Conyers, she haughtily informed the General and Mrs. Ashenhurst of what she had discovered; adding, that "if Miss Ashenhurst was unaware of the great honour done her by these proposals, it behoved her relations to keep her from again offending. That, for her part, she did not now desire the connexion; still, as it was the wish of Mr. Conyers Freemantle that the affair should proceed, she was willing to sacrifice her own feelings; only she begged them to understand that a Conyers could not again be thus trifled with!"

Mrs. Ashenhurst internally resented this insolent harangue, but she waited to know the General's sentiments before she spoke. Great was her amazement then to find that, instead of retorting upon the arrogant lady and defending his niece, as she had hoped he would do, he joined entirely with her; reprobated Jane's conduct as childish and unpardonable, as what Mr. Conyers Freemantle could not in honour subject himself to a second time, and gave his word that no farther impediment on the part of his niece should prevent a marriage so entirely accordant with his wishes for her.

Spite of these concessions, good-humour was by no means restored. The General folded his arms as if in repressed anger against his niece; and the haughty Jacquetta sat like an angry porcupine, bristled at all points in her unmitigated wrath for the affront done to a Conyers by a daughter of a commoner.

Poor Mrs. Ashenhurst was like a troubled sea on which the storm comes from all points; she struggled with offended pride, with some maternal sympathy for her daughter, and with the consciousness that by neither General Dubois, nor Miss Freemantle was she considered a party in the disposal of that daughter. Again self-interest and ambition bade her bear all patiently and submit; told her that come what would the General must not be offended—that policy as well as duty demanded acquiescence: and that, after all, the match was excellent—spite of the arrogant Miss Jacquetta, most excellent! What would the Cornburys say if it were given up, especially when things had gone so far—and perhaps Jane had given Mr. Freemantle sufficient cause of offence. "She is so headstrong!" cogitated the poor lady; and then she remembered Brian Livingstone, and how pertinacious her daughter had been. The more she thought the more she fretted, and as she fretted she grew angry; and long before they reached London she had come to the conclusion so often come to before, that Jane was flying in the face of her duty, and ruining her good fortune!

Now for the first time in her life Mrs. Ashenhurst felt estranged from her daughter, and when she woke in the morning from a night of uneasy repose, she determined not to see her till she had encountered her friends in Berkeley Square. When Jane, therefore, inquired for her after a night far less refreshing than even her mother's, she was informed that Mrs. Ashenhurst was about leaving the house. Jane felt instantly the displeasure this implied, and without regarding the etiquette her mother had lately established, rushed into her dress-



ing-room. Mrs. Ashenhurst had that moment dismissed her woman, and Jane, seeing her alone, threw her arms about her neck and sobbed on her bosom.

"Oh, mother!" said she at length, "why will you break my heart with this coldness? What have I done to make you, like everybody else, my enemy?"

"Dear love," said her mother, touched by her daughter's sincere grief, "how can you talk so? How can you think of calling me, or any one, your enemy?"

"Does not every one scheme to drive me mad?" cried Jane, with bitter agony. "Oh, mother, mother, and could you countenance this hateful connexion? And did *you* know why I was taken to that horrible place?"

"My love, my dear love!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, wishing the while she did not feel so deeply sorry for her daughter, "everybody knew why we went. Surely you cannot pretend ignorance?"

"Then you were a party in this miserable intrigue," cried Jane, reproachfully. "You surely cannot wish me to marry that proud half-witted man; you surely cannot wish to put me in the power of that haughty, cruel woman!"

"Jane, Jane," remonstrated her mother, "your imagination runs away with your reason! You really distract me—do be calm, child!"

"I cannot; I feel frantic when I think of it!"

"Oh, then I must leave you till you are calm," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, moving towards the door.

"No, mother, do not leave me thus," said Jane, rising and repressing her emotion. "Oh, you do not know how miserable I am!"

"Well, love, what can I do for you?—you really are so violent!"

"I am calm—I will be calm; but tell me your mind about this wretched affair!" said the poor girl in a heart-broken tone.

"Why, my dear, what can I tell you that you do not know?" replied her mother, wishing sincerely she had never promoted the scheme.

"I know nothing!" said Jane.

"Do you not know that this match has been brought about by our friends the Cornburys?"

"No!"

"Why, my love, Mr. Freemantle himself must have declared his passion before he left Berkeley Square."

"Dearest mother, he never did!" was Jane's earnest reply.

"Really, love, you astonish me. But let me go, love; this is a queer business, and I must know the bottom of it."

"But, mother dear," said Jane, "before you go, let me beseech of you to be my friend. Oh, do, do!" cried she kissing her mother's hand tenderly, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "be my friend, dearest mother, and oppose this miserable connexion—you have a right to do it, when you know how wretched it makes me!"

"Let me go, let me go, love," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, truly pitying her daughter, and yet knowing how deeply committed she herself was in this affair.

"Listen to me, dearest, dearest mother, and be my friend—whom can I appeal to but you? Tell my uncle that I cannot marry. It is not Mr. Freemantle, that I reject—but I cannot marry; you know, dear mother, I cannot!"

Jane had overstepped the range of her mother's sympathies, and had touched on an offensive topic; her reply was accordingly—"I know no such thing, Jane; but this I know, that it is your duty to obey your uncle!"

"I could lie down and die," said Jane, in a voice of the deepest anguish, "to hear you talk thus, dear mother!—it is so unlike what you used to be."

"It is no use talking," replied Mrs. Ashenhurst; "you know your uncle as well as I do. What can I do! It is ridiculous of you to talk so. What can you do either?"

"I will never marry Mr. Freemantle," said Jane, firmly; "that is what I can do; I will go back to Harbury and earn my own bread first!"

"Really, Jane, how you surprise me! Well, you must take your own course—only I am sorry you are in such a temper." And Mrs. Ashenhurst, wonderfully relieved by the turn the conversation had taken, hastily left her dressing-room, stepped into her carriage, and was driven to Berkeley Square.

The proverb of the "frying-pan and the fire" might not inaptly be applied to the case of poor Mrs. Ashenhurst, were it not so inelegant. But it is too late to seek for another comparison now, as she is at this moment entering the breakfast-room in Berkeley Square.

There sat the still bristled Jacquetta, and there sat the sleek Lady Cornbury, looking ruffled and ill at ease, her Conyers, blood mounting to her quiet forehead from the enormous affront put upon the house the day before; and Lord Cornbury himself was walking up and down the room with a letter in his hand, which had come express from Mr. Conyers Freemantle that very morning; in which letter it was stated, "that notwithstanding the young lady's mistake in thinking a Conyers could be played with like a child's shuttlecock, he was more bent on the match now than ever, and should accordingly be in Berkeley Square that evening, in order to prosecute his suit, and accomplish the marriage at as early a date as possible."

The point at issue when Mrs. Ashenhurst entered was, whether considering the extent of the young lady's delinquency, it became his dignity to do so; nay, whether he would not compromise his honour by doing so.

Miss Freemantle had found an unlooked-for ally in Lady Cornbury, and their opinion was "that the indiscretion of Miss Ashenhurst forfeited the honour of so illustrious a connexion; that the thing did not admit of debate—a Conyers could not ally himself with such contumacy."

Lord Cornbury, on the contrary, was approving warmly of Mr. Freemantle's spirit, and declaring that Miss Ashenhurst was too charming in herself, and too important a match in point of fortune, to be thrown away for an idle pique of honour—for, after all, perhaps nothing but an idle lovers' quarrel.

The entrance of Mrs. Ashenhurst suspended the subject.—The ladies received her most coldly; she not only wished herself back in Grosvenor Square, but the whole calamity of losing her noble friends' countenance came upon her, and she felt how impossible it would have been to retract, had she come there for that purpose. Without vouchsafing any notice whatever of her greeting, Miss Freemantle haughtily left the room, intending it as a signal punishment and token of displeasure; but her retreat brought assurance to the enemy.—Mrs. Ashenhurst changed her tactics instantly; and now, instead of conciliation, as she had meditated, resolved on attack, confident in her accustomed influence over the indolent minds of her friends.

"It was so strange a thing," she said, "that Mr. Conyers Freemantle, who had such abundant opportunities of declaring his wishes, had not done so! She considered her daughter extremely ill-used, and certainly thought some explanation or apology was requisite from him."

Lady Cornbury opened her eyes, and absolutely stared at Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"To be sure! a most extraordinary lover," replied his lordship, "if the case really be so!"

"It is so," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, warmly; "and now, forsooth, you are all offended because Jane is surprised at the familiarity of a person who has never declared himself! I am sure I would never have gone to Court-Conyers, nor should my daughter, if I had known how matters stood!" added she, with a warmth and dignity that had its full effect on her hearers.

"My dear madam," said his lordship, in his most conciliatory voice, "you have just cause of complaint. But," continued he, assuming a jocular air, "I see how it is,—Mr. Conyers Freemantle was not to be driven into love by Miss

Jacquetta ; he is now in love of his own head—things will go on smoothly now, never fear. Read this letter, my dear madam,—I think it will satisfy you : or, rather, I will read it, without troubling you," said he, remembering some expressions which might perhaps give umbrage to the lady ; and accordingly he read the letter in his own way. " This must satisfy you, I think ! " said he, when he had done.

" Certainly, my lord ; he could not speak more handsomely," replied she.

" And you are satisfied too, my dear ? " said Lord Cornbury, turning to his lady, who was calming down into her ordinary quiet.

" So that Conyers is not to be refused and played with like a common person, I am satisfied," was her answer ; and as this was a morning of extraordinary exertion, she added the moment afterwards, " Miss Ashenhurst was always a favourite of mine, or I should not have wished Conyers to marry her."

Mrs. Ashenhurst, with unfeigned pleasure, expressed herself highly complimented.

" Then," said her ladyship, " we are friends again,—I hate the trouble of being angry."

" Oh," returned Lord Cornbury, in perfect good-humour, " we know you are a Conyers, and are privileged to resent a family affront—even when a Conyers is wrong," said he, bowing to Mrs. Ashenhurst.

" I am sure I do not know what Miss Freemantle will say," remarked her ladyship.

" Miss Freemantle is never so happy as when she is angry, therefore she will have reason to thank us," said his lordship, laughing.

The visit ended to the entire satisfaction of all parties ; there never had been more amity between them even at Wilton, and Mrs. Ashenhurst left the house assured that, some way or other, things would work themselves straight. " But," thought she, as she was driven along, " I will be perfectly passive : Mr. Freemantle shall plead his own suit, and to the General shall devolve the office of compelling Jane to obedience,—I never do any good when I interfere ! "

A succession of visitors and engagements occupied her through the rest of the morning, much to her satisfaction, for she determined not to encounter a second interview with her daughter.

The General returned to dinner in extraordinary spirits.—He too had been in Berkeley Square, where everything had likewise fallen out to his satisfaction. As a piece of pleasant news, he informed his sister and niece, that he had encountered no less a person than Sir Harbottle Grimstone in Pall Mall : and the nabob was extremely merry at the thought of the diversion he should have with this renowned knight among his London friends. Besides this, he brought with him a letter from Lord Montjoy, wherein his lordship spoke in the most flattering terms of having made the acquaintance of his excellent cousin Mrs. Ashenhurst, at her own pretty house at Harbury, and that he had not forgotten the extraordinary beauty of her little daughter. Moreover, his lordship promised himself the pleasure of a week's shooting at Denborough Park in the autumn.

Nothing could have been more gratifying to Mrs. Ashenhurst than this letter. She laughed with her brother at the unfortunate baronet, applauded his proposed practical jokes, and once in every half-hour, at least, told what a perfect gentleman was their noble cousin Montjoy.

The evening was spent at the opera ; Jane wearing the blue and silver brocade and the Furnapore diamonds, to please her uncle ; and Mrs. Ashenhurst having the pleasure of seeing that her daughter attracted universal admiration,—nobody thinking the while that a heavy and anxious heart beat under those splendid habiliments.

The next day Mr. Conyers Freemantle presented himself in Grosvenor Square ; but the ladies were not at home. He had, however, a prolonged in-

terview with General Dubois, the result of which was entirely satisfactory to both parties. The latter spoke of his unbounded passion, and earnest desire for an immediate marriage,—blamed Jacquetta for everything that had hitherto gone wrong, and hinted of marriage settlements. Whatever the nabob's promises or insinuations were, even the Conyers was satisfied, and internally called himself "a lucky fellow." After several hours thus spent in business, the gentlemen agreed to pass the remainder of the day together, and to close the evening at Vauxhall.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE next morning, while Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter were yet in their beds, the whole house was thrown into the greatest possible state of confusion by the stopping of a hackney-coach, out of which was supported, by Mr. Conyers Freemantle and a surgeon, the General himself, faint and bleeding. He was conveyed to his chamber, and the news carried to his kinswomen. Mrs. Ashenhurst was waked from a dream of wedding favours and coronets to hear the shocking tidings, which threw her into violent hysterics. Jane, full of the most incoherent apprehensions, hastily dressed herself and ran to the breakfast-room, where she despatched a servant to request admission for her if she could be of any service to her uncle, or to bring her back particulars of this strange event.

Mr. Conyers Freemantle attended the servant back. Every subject but this one seemed to shrink into minor importance, yet still she felt a momentary repugnance to encounter this man. Fortunately, however, just then her mother entered, folded in wrapping-gown and shawl, leaning on the arm of her woman, and looking well nigh as feeble as the General himself. Mrs. Ashenhurst was seated with great care and state in a large easy-chair; and then, with some little embarrassment both of manner and countenance, Mr. Conyers Freemantle informed them that he and the General had spent the last evening at Vauxhall; that there they had met a gentleman between whom and the General an old quarrel seemed to exist.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jane, clasping her hands, and comprehending at once the whole affair.

"Sir Harbottle Grimstone?" asked Mrs. Ashenhurst.

"The same," replied Mr. Conyers Freemantle. "A renewal of the quarrel took place, and a challenge from Sir Harbottle was the result. I had the honour to attend General Dubois as his second this morning, and I must acknowledge that his antagonist took no unfair advantage, though the consequence has been so unlucky."

"Is he dangerously wounded?" asked Jane.

Mr. Conyers Freemantle bowed to Jane with the greatest deference, and informed her, that a skilful surgeon was with him, but, as yet, had not given his opinion.

Mrs. Ashenhurst again fell into hysterics, and was conveyed to her chamber by her maid and daughter.

Many hours of the most dreadful suspense succeeded; the General resisting every solicitation, not only of the surgeon, but of his friends Mr. Conyers Freemantle and Lord Cornbury, who were now with him, to let his wound be examined. At the same time that he deplored this accident, he imprecated curses and vengeance on the head of Sir Harbottle, and insisted with fierce earnestness that he would not die. The surgeon at length declared that the General would be guilty of a species of suicide if he longer delayed the examination, and that, in fact, he himself would leave the house unless he was allowed to use his own means for his restoration. The General submitted; Mr. Conyers Freemantle and Lord Cornbury withdrew; the valet remained in the ante-room, and the sur-

geon was left alone with the patient. With what intense anxiety did Jane await the issue! "There is a mystery then about him," thought Mrs. Ashenhurst, in the midst of her agitation; "I wonder what it can be."

At the end of the examination, they were informed that the surgeon dared not give hopes, but that he earnestly requested to call in additional surgical aid, which the General violently opposed; that now Mr. Mortlake, his lawyer, was sent for instantly at his own request, with whom he was to remain undisturbed for two hours.

At length the surgeon joined them in the drawing-room.

"Dear madam," said he, with a distressed and anxious countenance, to Mrs. Ashenhurst, the moment he entered, "for God's sake, madam, if you have any influence, induce him to let me have assistance! The extraction of the ball might save his life, but I dare not perform it alone!"

"Why does he object?" asked she, her curiosity overpowering her anxiety.

"That, madam, is not the question!" said the agitated man; and then he turned to Jane.

"I will introduce *you* to the chamber if you will plead for me!" said he, in a voice of such distress as might have pleaded for his own life. "Cannot you influence him?"

"Oh, sir, I doubt it, I doubt it!" exclaimed Jane, clasping her hands; "but I will try!—or cannot I do something for you?—I think I could hand you your instruments?"

"No, no," said he; "I want the experienced manual aid of a brother-surgeon! He cannot live four-and-twenty hours without surgical aid!" groaned the poor man.

The next moment he was summoned to the General's chamber. A violent ringing of the bell succeeded; and the voice of the surgeon was heard directly after, reiterating his commands to the servant.

"Fly, as if for your life!" said he; "bring Mr. Haslop back with you as speedily."

The additional surgeon arrived. Again hours of suspense succeeded; again the lawyer was introduced; and the surgeons declining to give an opinion, withdrew to an adjoining chamber, where dinner was served to them.

Mr. Mortlake, like the surgeon, seemed to find the work for which he had been summoned beyond his skill; and Mrs. Ashenhurst, who was sufficiently collected to take note of whatever occurred, had a new subject of speculation afforded her by hearing that a second lawyer was also summoned with as much despatch as possible.

In the course of the evening Lord Cornbury called—called again with his solemn condolence, and offers on the part of his nephew, who feared he had displeased Miss Ashenhurst from the coldness with which she treated him, that he might be permitted to remain in the house through the night, in order to render any possible assistance either to General Dubois or to the ladies. Mrs. Ashenhurst most willingly assented, declaring that any gloom which appeared on her daughter's countenance arose from anxiety for her uncle, "she was so extremely attached to her uncle!"

As the night set in, Mr. Conyers Freemantle took his place by the drawing-room fire; Mrs. Ashenhurst, in a rick cloak and shawl, reclining in a large easy-chair, now feebly talking over "these melancholy events," and now dozing into pleasant forgetfulness. The lady's silken repose was contagious, and Mr. Conyers Freemantle also dozed in his chair. In a while, however, the lady's sleep went from her; and as she lay with her eyes open looking to the richly ornamented ceiling, she began to look forward into the future. How bright it all appeared! There was in it neither pride, power, nor pain; neither the haughty Jacquetta to frown her into insignificance, the General to control her,

nor her daughter's tearful eyes to fill her with an uneasy sympathy. "We shall have everything our own way then," thought she; "and then it will be my turn to frown on the haughty Jacquetta. And Jane, poor girl! shall certainly not marry this man. There's my Lord Montjoy coming down in the autumn; we'll choose a better match for her than this Conyers Freemantle, whom, after all, I never did like!" The ornaments of the ceiling might have been diamonds and rubies, so bright did they seem to the upturned vision of the pillowed lady. But we will leave her to her pleasant fancies, and look after the sterner realities of the night.

Jane all this time remained in her chamber in the deepest anxiety and distress of mind, believing herself the cause, though innocent, of this terrible event; and many and fervent were the prayers she put up that her uncle's life might not at this time be required from him.

In the General's chamber too was all agitation and anxiety. The lawyers sat together, pale and perplexed: the wounded man at one moment dictated to them what they should write, and the next broke forth into terrible imprecations on his enemy, then gave way to frantic passion, threatening to tear off his bandages—or lay back on his pillow, struggling with apparent agony of mind even more terrible than his bodily pain; the cold perspiration standing on his brow like drops of water, his features compressed, and his hands clenched and wrung together as if by a vice. The lawyers alternately gave place to the surgeons, and the surgeons to the lawyers—each declaring to the other that it was the most fearful death-bed they had ever witnessed. The work of the lawyers was at last completed; and the surgeons with pale lips and low voices declared that the most fatal symptoms had appeared, and suggested to him, that if he wished to see his relatives, or to see any other friend, it would be well to do it soon.

"I know how it is!" said the General in his customary bland voice—so different to what he had lately spoken with, that the surgeons started to hear it;—"I know how it is, I shall die!—I shall die!" screamed he forth in the high key of his fury, as if addressing some far off being—"I shall die!"

"Fetch me here a minister of the Church of England," said he, in a tone of absolute command: "and are you furnished as I ordered, Mr. Mortlake?"

The gentleman in question assured him that his commands had been attended to. The surgeon besought him to be calm, as he endangered his life by these efforts.

"Fools!" exclaimed he, in a tone of increasing irritation; "you know I cannot live!"

He then ordered additional lights to be brought, and the surgeons, thinking he was about to receive the sacrament, assisted the valet to arrange the room.

The minister entered, and the General bade him take his place at the right hand of the bed.

"Bid Mrs. Ashenhurst, her daughter, and Mr. Conyers Freemantle to hasten thither," he said in a hurried voice.

Again the surgeons prayed him to be composed; and the clergyman in his most persuasive tones began to speak of the holy calm of his spirit.

"Fools!" again exclaimed he, waving them back with a voice and gesture of infinite contempt.

The three who had been summoned entered: Mrs. Ashenhurst weeping violently, both from real agitation of feeling, and the effect the whole scene had on her nerves. Jane heard nothing, saw nothing, but her uncle; all past annoyances—all past provocation was forgotten; she saw only the generous, munificent relative who had raised them from obscurity to unbounded affluence, and who now lay at the point of a horrible death, as she believed through her own indirect agency.

"My beloved uncle," said she, falling on her knees at his bedside, and kissing his hand tenderly, "pardon me if I have ever displeased you—if I have been the means of your suffering thus!"

"Rise, Miss Ashenhurst," said the General, interrupting her; "the time is short—rise!"

Jane obeyed trembling. The General took her hand, and looked fixedly in her face. "I have loved you, Jane," he said: "you will find that I have loved you—you must now obey me!"

The calm, low, sweet, tone of voice in which this was said, overcame her, and she wept bitterly. He then took the hand of Mr. Conyers Freemantle and joined it to hers. Both started—a sudden revulsion seemed to turn Jane's heart to stone; she would have withdrawn her hand, but it was too firmly held.

"What hinders it," said the General, "that these two be not even now united in matrimony?"

The second lawyer produced a special license and ring, and the clergyman stepped forward.

"No, no!" screamed Jane, snatching back her hand; "it shall not be—it cannot be!"

Mr. Conyers Freemantle besought her to consent.

"Jane!" said the General, in a tone that touched her soul; "I am dying, and I beseech of you to marry this man!"

"I will not!" said Jane, passionately, "I cannot—indeed I cannot!"

"Tell me not of inclination! tell me not of love!" said he, in a deep solemn voice, as if she had spoken of them; "tell me not of passion! It is a dying man who warns you not to trust in these things—it is a dying sinner who warns you that these things have brought damnation to his own soul!"

Jane felt as if her existence was withered up before these blasting words. A silence like death was in the room—the General sank back upon his pillow, and the surgeons rushed to the bed. For five minutes he lay in one of those convulsions of mental agony which seemed to rack him like an instrument of torture; and Mrs. Ashenhurst venturing one glance on his distressed and distorted countenance, shut her eyes and buried her face in her handkerchief.

General Dubois seemed angry when he woke to the presence of so many spectators.

"Come, come," said he, starting up in his bed, "what folly is this? Reverend sir, do your office. Mr. Conyers Freemantle, you must receive your bride from my hands."

"Brother," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, "delay it, I beseech you, till your recovery!"

"I am dying!" he exclaimed, "and thou knowest it, woman!"

Mrs. Ashenhurst felt like a crushed worm.

The clergyman stepped up to Jane, and prayed her to comply with "the not unreasonable wishes of her dying relative." Mr. Freemantle attempted to take her hand, Jane put him back, and knelt at her uncle's bed.

"Ask my submission—my obedience, in any way but this!—for with this I cannot comply!"

The General made no answer, and Jane prayed fervently in spirit that this great trial might pass from her.

"It will never be done if it be not done now!" said the General, in a low, awful voice, indistinct beyond the bed, and which no one heard but herself. A deep thankfulness filled her soul, and she rose from her knees.

"No! no!" cried the General aloud, but in a broken voice; "it is only thus that I require obedience! It must be now—I am dying—it must be now!" said he, again sinking back on his pillow. Again the alarmed surgeons flew to his bedside.

"Jane!" shouted the General, again raising himself suddenly.

"For God's sake, sir, compose yourself!" said the surgeons.

"Mr. Freemantle!" shouted the General, "on your soul, promise me to marry my niece!"

"I promise!" replied he.

"My friend," said the calm voice of the clergyman, "leave these things for the higher concerns of your immortal soul!"

The surgeons consulted quickly together. Mrs. Ashenhurst, her daughter, and Mr. Conyers Freemantle were requested to leave the room. Lockjaw and paralysis had come on, and immediate death was apprehended.

In the course of the early morning, General Dubois expired. Mr. Freemantle, after proffers of the most willing service, retired to Berkeley Square, and Mrs. Ashenhurst retired to rest. Jane's heart meantime was agitated by the most conflicting sensations and emotions;—sincere thankfulness to Heaven that she had been delivered from this hateful marriage, while she deplored with tears the awful cause of its interruption. Self-reproaches filled her spirit for many a by-gone rebellious feeling towards her uncle, and then came rushing over her mind the memory of many a gift nobly given, and the poor girl wept with an entire abandonment to sorrow. Sincere, and earnest, too, were the prayers she put up to the Throne of Grace on his behalf. The proud sinner who cared not for his own soul died not unpleaded for; and mercy, perchance, abated somewhat of his penalty for her sake!

The curiosity of Mrs. Ashenhurst respecting the General's penitential garments, or whatever the mystery might be, was only the more stimulated by finding that the surgeon who had first attended him was bound to remain with the body during the performance of those rites which the dead require, and were performed by the confidential valet and an old woman, a perfect stranger to the household, introduced by the surgeon for the purpose.

All Mrs. Ashenhurst could learn was, that the cartilage of the nose had been pierced, and appeared at some time to have suspended a ring, and that one toe of each foot had been amputated. The surgeon never left the body until it was enclosed within its shell.

## CHAPTER XX.

OF course the sensation which the death of General Dubois, and the occasion of it, produced was immense. Sir Harbottle Grimstone had left London, and fled no one knew whither: it was conjectured that he had gone abroad. But neither with the public nor with Sir Harbottle have we any immediate concern.

The beatific vision which Mrs. Ashenhurst had indulged in her chair was not little deranged by this closing scene in the General's life. It was evident, that, from some unknown cause he not only favoured the suit of Mr. Conyers Freemantle, but was extremely anxious for its accomplishment; she did not doubt, therefore, but that its accomplishment was rigorously provided for in the will—perhaps the very heritage itself might depend on that condition. This new view of the case, therefore, of necessity altered again the tortuous line of her conduct: for the present, at least, Mr. Conyers Freemantle must be treated as the son-in-law elect—all future conduct towards him would depend upon the will. "Besides," argued her entire selfishness, "better far that Jane should reject him herself, if rejection is possible. I stand committed with my friends the Cornburys, and their countenance will matter nothing to her with the new connexions she will form; but there is no reason why I should needlessly affront my old friends."

It was late the next morning when Jane woke from the heavy sleep into which she had fallen long after day break. It was a melancholy waking to the business of the day. Her first thoughts were of him, who, but a few hours before had



been so full of life and strength and passion, but who now lay a disfigured corpse, in a near chamber;—of him, who had so fearfully passed from time to eternity, amid the agonizing conflicts of a troubled spirit, violent and unaccomplished wishes, and severe bodily suffering—like an angry sun setting among tempestuous clouds. No wonder that her spirit felt sad and desolate: yet, as her mind became accustomed to the awful strangeness of these events, she could not but take a hasty prospective view of her suddenly altered fortunes; but, unlike her mother, there was no general plan of conduct to be altered. She had no doubt but that she was the heiress of her uncle's immense wealth: she had no doubt, either, of his strong desire that she should unite herself to Mr. Conyers Freemantle: but she felt that a high and holy duty—higher and holier than mere obedience to wishes unexplained and apparently capricious—forbade such a union,—nay, though the very inheritance itself depended upon it; for, in common with her mother, she thought the will might restrict her as to marriage; and yet, when she remembered the muttered words of her uncle, "that the marriage never would take place if it remained then unaccomplished," she felt a strong persuasion that it would leave her free as regarded *him*, and for this she was thankful beyond the power of words. She determined, therefore, that since nothing could be positively decided till the will was known, though she would avoid Mr. Conyers Freemantle as much as possible, and give him no reason to expect other than her decided rejection, yet she would make him the cause of debate and misunderstanding with her mother.

Mr. Conyers Freemantle, too, had his thoughts. Jane's coldness—her avoidance of his presence—the horror with which she shrank from his touch, had all roused his self-love to the direst pitch of resentment. Love, admiration were gone: what he craved after now was revenge!—and revenge he vowed to himself he would have in performing the promise made to the dying man, assuring himself that Jane was bound by the will to marry no one but himself.

Never had Mr. Conyers Freemantle felt so strong to act, so filled with determinate character before. He went to his bed in the full intention of his purpose, he rose with it equally energetic. He moved, he looked, he spoke unlike himself—unlike the man of uncertain purpose, who had hesitated hitherto, and puzzled himself in the mazes of his own feeble-mindedness. He was great in this one purpose of accomplishing revenge upon the despiser of a Conyers!

Lord and Lady Cornbury could not but observe his altered demeanour; but they, good, easy people, thought it was all in the nature of things—he had so much to think about, he had such serious business on his hands; but they were glad to see him so cheerful!

Miss Jacquetta Freemantle knew better than they; she knew that no ordinary cause could have wrought him to this pitch of decision, of earnestness, almost fierceness of eye. He had determined with himself to stand alone and take counsel with no one in the unwonted strength of his new energy—especially he meant that his sister should have no hand in it; but the wily Jacquetta compassed him about with her snares, and, before he was aware, she was possessed of his secret. It was little that the haughty Jacquetta spoke; but that little confirmed her brother in his purpose, and established an entire working together through the future of this affair. Jacquetta was satisfied—her brother, too, was in her power: and she then sat down to luxuriate on the meditated body-and-soul subjection of their intended victim.

The morning of the General's death, Mr. Mortlake, attended by the confidential valet, set off for Denborough Park, to carry thither the melancholy tidings, and to take possession of the place.

Lord and Lady Cornbury, apparently more interested in Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter than ever, were full of attention and kindness; and the Honourable Miss Jacquetta Freemantle, in her haughtiness, consoled on the melancholy event.

General Dubois was to be buried in the tomb which he had built for himself at Denborough Park, and Mr. Conyers Freemantle undertook to accompany the body on its stately homeward journey; while the Cornburys, with Miss Freemantle, proposed returning to Wilton at the same time that Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter returned to Denborough Park. The whole journey was to be accomplished as speedily and as secretly as possible.

Mrs. Ashenhurst merely remained in London to give orders respecting the mourning dresses which were to be sent after them; and, in two days' time, Jane found herself travelling on the road by which she had so lately arrived in London. How different was that time and the present! "Surely never," thought Jane, "did contrasts so sad and singular meet in any life before! So lately as he was with us travelling upon this very road, who now will follow us—a corpse! Again, not twelve months past, we two who now sit side by side, so sat when we were driven from Harbury, on our journey to Denborough Park!" A deep melancholy fell on her spirit as she mused on these things—on this mingled retrospect, and all it brought with it, more splendid than consoling, much fuller of sorrowful experience than of even passing gladness.

Mrs. Ashenhurst, too, was deeply occupied by her own meditations; but they were entirely prospective, and very little varying from her former meditations. It is true that occasionally they were diversified by the recollection of Brian Livingstone, and Jane's pertinacious and determined attachment to him; but then she consoled herself with the thought that the prohibition which sundered them in the General's lifetime, no doubt would be in full operation even after his death, through his will. But, cogitate as she would, puzzle herself with difficulties as she might for a time, the result was always satisfactory; her daughter was the heiress of General Dubois!

That Mrs. Ashenhurst felt either regret or sorrow for the death of her brother, now the agitation and first shock were over, may by no means be asserted. Still, a feeble sort of conventional mourning pervaded her manners and mingled with her conversation. She looked the melancholy gentlewoman most gracefully, and with inimitable propriety alluded to the "dear deceased," her "poor dear relative," and her "late loss." Nothing could have been more unexceptionably supported than the character of mourner through the journey; while she internally congratulated herself on always being said to look well in mourning, especially as she had not to assume the weeds of a widow, and that the handsome mourning dresses which had been ordered for Jane would become her beautifully, especially since her countenance had so much more thoughtful an expression. But perhaps the most interesting subject of thought and speculation with Mrs. Ashenhurst we have yet omitted—access she should now assuredly get into the mysterious chamber, together with a knowledge of what the iron chest contained.

Let us, therefore, pass over the remainder of the journey, and even their drive through Harbury—so different from the last, and yet withal a species of triumph to Mrs. Ashenhurst, inasmuch as they were the objects of intense interest, and appeared to be now going to the full possession of their glory, even though under a temporary cloud.

All this we shall leave, and accompany Mrs. Ashenhurst, the morning after her arrival, into the General's apartment.

It was with a palpitating heart and a timid step that she entered it, as if fearful of making palpable the invisible presence which even then might lie within its walls. The room itself was no way extraordinary, furnished, like the rest of the house, with the utmost attention to luxurious ease; yet this very absence of anything peculiar to fix the mind upon seemed to give a suspicious character to the most common of its furniture. In what apparent respects did the easy-chair in which he had reclined seem different to the one in her own chamber? Yet she shuddered at the thought of sitting in it, in the same way

that one who suspects poison shrinks from a cup of sparkling wine. But, of a veritable truth, the mysterious chest, of which so much had been said, stood at the bed's head, barred and cross-barred with iron, as if it secured the wealth of a kingdom, or held within it an evil genius! Mrs. Ashenhurst did not dare to lay even a finger upon it. The guilt, the mystery, whatever it were, was connected, she doubted not, with the contents of that chest!

As she more calmly considered it, when the first excitement of the discovery was over, she was surprised to see, that though to every other chest, and cabinet and lock in the room, the seal of Mr. Mortlake was affixed, this was without. Here was a strange subject of speculation. Had Mr. Mortlake in very terror forborne to acknowledge it as a part of the General's property, or had the imprisoned mystery defied the bondage of a human seal? As she was thus pondering in a state of highly-excited curiosity, the door immediately before her, not the one by which she had entered, slowly began to open. She saw the noiseless turning of the lock-handle and the opening advance of the door with the freezing horror of one who believes himself in the coming presence of a spectre. The door opened scarcely one foot's space, and the figure of the valet presented itself. Seeing her before him, he appeared not less astounded than herself, and was about to make a hasty retreat. Mrs. Ashenhurst, who instantly suspected the man's design to be the searching of this mysterious chest, which he had purposely kept from the knowledge of Mr. Mortlake, bade him come forward.

"Robert," said she, with great severity, "you are detected!—come forward!"

"The man obeyed, pale and trembling: he had the nabob's keys in his hand.

"What are the contents of this chest?"

"I—I know not, my lady;—indeed, my lady, I never saw!"

"Your design was to see—and the keys are now in your hand!"

The man looked like a thief caught in the act.

"Have you courage to open that chest?" asked she. "There was something in the question, or in the tone in which it was put, that re-assured him.

"If you wish it, I can try, ma'am," was his answer.

"Have you ever seen it opened?"

"No, ma'am; General Dubois only opened it of nights, ma'am—and there was something queer about it; I never could shift it then, though he *could* easy enough; and now one may move it and welcome," said the valet, as if willing to bribe his lady with information which he had tact enough to see she was eager to obtain.

"Do you, then, say it is light?"

"No, ma'am, not light, but so as a man may move," said he, shoving it half an inch along the floor.

"Open it!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst.

The valet selected a key, and applied himself to the task, as if this was not the first time he had practised the mystery.

The sensation at the heart of Mrs. Ashenhurst cannot be told, as she saw the terrible lid about to move—about to reveal whatever mystery lay below it;—nor can any one easily appreciate the coolness and self-command with which she turned to the valet, as she compelled herself to look in—throwing the whole onus of the search upon him.

"You see, sirrah!—a human skeleton—are you satisfied? Close it instantly! and fetch hither Mr. Mortlake to affix his seal!"

The artifice was successful; the valet, confounded and ashamed, closed the chest in humble submission, gave the keys into her hand, and went to do her bidding. The keys dropped from her hand with perfect loathing, and she struggled with a horror that crept to her very heart; here then was the mystery of iniquity—the miserable remains of a human body!

"This chest, sir, awaits your seal!" said she, with a desperate calmness, as Mr. Mortlake entered the room.

"I have looked in vain for that chest!" he replied; "having received from General Dubois especial orders concerning it."

The tongue of Mrs. Ashenhurst clove to the roof of her mouth; and Mr. Mortlake, taking a paper from his pocket-book, read in the General's handwriting—

"I, Francis Dubois, solemnly enjoin upon those who commit my dust to the grave to lay also with it a certain iron chest, standing at my bed's head—and that, unopened, as it remains; as they trust to their own souls' repose!"

"See that it remains inviolate," said Mrs. Ashenhurst as she left the room, disappointed and yet filled with a new and horrible subject for mysterious wonder—wonder, too, which she was bound to keep in her own breast, and which she believed the valet, for his own credit, would also conceal. The valet, however, disappeared from Denborough Park that day, decamping, it was imagined, with treasure to an untold value, the jewels of carbuncle reputation never being found. The immediate pursuit of him was unsuccessful; and subsequent events diverted the attention of all parties to even more momentous subjects of interest.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WE will now pass over a space of ten days, and then look into the saloon the morning after the sumptuous funeral had been performed; assuring our readers that the nabob's magnificence in life was not disgraced by his consignment to the tomb, and that, together with his crimson-velvet-covered coffin, went into holy earth the other mysterious remains in their iron bondage—no small sum being paid to the church for admission, and that only on the secret assurance of Mrs. Ashenhurst to the bishop that it contained merely human dust, according to her solemn belief.

In the saloon, then, which was hung with black velvet, sat, in her graceful mourning, Mrs. Ashenhurst, full of the dignity of place; Jane Ashenhurst, beautiful, most touchingly beautiful, and solemnly interested as she was in all that went forward;—Lord and Lady Cornbury, silent, and with countenances as placidly unmeaning as ever;—the Honourable Miss Jacquetta Freemantle, and her honourable brother, who already looked round in proud anticipatory possession of this stately mansion, its great wealth, and its fair mistress;—all likewise in mourning.

Below them, and at a table, sat Mr. Mortlake and his brother lawyer, who had come down for the occasion; "An unnecessary expense," said Mrs. Ashenhurst; "but he had insisted upon it, and he came." There they sat, like solemn judges at a tribunal, the tied-up and sealed documents before them, which they seemed reluctant to open.

"It is a painful duty which devolves upon me—an extremely painful duty!" said Mr. Mortlake, as he slowly broke the seals, and then held the open parchment in his hands.

The assembled company started; but Mrs. Ashenhurst thought it was merely a form of words with which this gentleman prefaced such an office.

The whole room was a hush like death, and the deep voice of Mr. Mortlake read, as if the parchment spoke from the tomb—

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

"I, Francis Dubois, sound in mind, but wounded to death by my enemy Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Bart.—whom may the fiends confound!—seeing I am summoned from the deeds of the body to the judgment of the soul;—

"I, Francis Dubois, on this the twenty-seventh of May, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and —, in my hired house in Grosvenor Square, make this my last will and testament, to the cancelling of any former will or deed whatsoever.

"My house, park, lands, manors, situate in the parish of Denborough, in the county of —; together with whatever furniture the house contains, and whatever treasure in jewels, bullion, or coined money—may be found in any chest, cabinet, or under any lock whatever—excepting the iron chest which stands at my bed's head; together with my Indian spoil and articles of wearing apparel, my silver plate in daily use, and whatever the plate-chest, standing in the butler's room, also contains; several pieces of gold and silver brocade, silk-stuffs, and velvets; rings, buckles, and other personal jewels; clocks, cabinets, statues, and pictures, all and sundry which the house contains, excepting the iron chest aforesaid;—my carriages, horses, harness, and whatever is contained within my stables, carriage-houses, stable-yards, and stack-yards; together with all implements of husbandry whatsoever;—in fine, all my real and personal property whatsoever and wheresoever found, saving and excepting what is hereinafter named, I give and bequeath—" Mr. Mortlake wiped the perspiration from his brow—"I give and bequeath, with my eternal curse, to Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Bart aforesaid—"

Jane started to her mother's side, who, with a scream of horror, fell back in a swoon.

"My good sir!" exclaimed Lord Cornbury.

Mr. Conyers Freemantle started to his feet, and protested that it was beyond his comprehension.

Miss Jacquetta looked on Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter in cruel triumph.

Lady Cornbury opened her eyes and wondered what it meant.

"Be calm, dearest, dearest mother!" said Jane, as Mrs. Ashenhurst started up in frenzy.

"This is a colleaguings with Sir Harbottle Grimstone!" said she. "The will, Mr. Mortlake, is a forgery!"

"Madam," said Mr. Mortlake, calmly, "the disposition of the property was not less astounding to myself than to you; and therefore I required the assistance of my friend Mr. Villars, and his presence at this trying moment."

"The will shall not stand, sir!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, in haughty indignation. "Read on, sir, and let us hear what further iniquities it contains!"

Mr. Mortlake bowed, and read on.

—"Not from love or favour make I this bequest, but from the eternal hatred I bear him the said Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Bart. and for the sake of the hatred I conceived for him when we first met; and because I know of a surety that these things which are bequeathed to him by myself, Francis Dubois, can never do him good: on the contrary, that certain ruin, misery, and perdition will cling to him who inherits them, to him and to his heirs;—wherefore, lies among the great secrets which the judgment-day will reveal—for this reason shall the inheritor be mine enemy Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Bart. aforesaid; and hereby I am revenged."

"My good sir," said Lord Cornbury, "my unfortunate friend could not have been in sound mind."

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, "here are evident signs of insanity!"

Mr. Mortlake shook his head. "Mr. Villars," said he, "you can bear testimony to this subject!"

Mr. Villars declared it to be his solemn opinion that General Dubois was of perfectly sound mind; there was no evidence whatever to the contrary—nothing, in fact, could have been cooler or clearer, or more collected, than his conduct during the whole time they were together.

"But," said Mr. Mortlake, "I foresaw this suggestion, and obtained therefore the evidence of the medical men on this subject." He produced a paper signed to the same purpose by both surgeons.

Mr. Conyers Freemantle stood leaning with his two palms on the table, Mrs. Ashenhurst likewise remained standing, Lord Cornbury drew his chair to the table, and Mr. Mortlake taking up the parchment again, read—

"To my sister, Katherine Ashenhurst, widow of Captain James Ashenhurst, of the Life-Guards, deceased, I leave—nothing—"

Jane again started to her mother's side; but her mother put her back with indignation. The face of Mrs. Ashenhurst was first crimson, and then deadly pale, but she stood firm.

"Read on, sir!" she said.

A laugh-like sound was heard from the chair where the haughty Jacquetta sat. Lord Cornbury was the only person who turned round to notice it.

"Read on, sir!" repeated Mrs. Ashenhurst, as Mr. Mortlake still paused.

"—I leave nothing, because her weak mind can submit to all circumstances, and she has already assured me of cheerful submission."

Mrs. Ashenhurst still stood calm, though the crimson again mounted into her face, and she would gladly have sunk into the earth, and though again the triumphant laugh of Miss Jacquetta Freemantle sounded through the room.

"To my niece, Jane Ashenhurst, daughter and sole child of the aforesaid Katherine Ashenhurst, I bequeath the sum of ten thousand pounds funded property, being the fruit of honourable military service in the colony of Madras."

"This," said Mr. Mortlake, "is the substance of the will; and then follows a more circumstantial reiteration of the whole, mainly intended for the secure bequeathing of his landed and other property to Sir Harbottle Grimstone, which it would perhaps be unpleasant for you to hear."

"Does not my name occur in the will?" asked Mr. Conyers Freemantle.

Mr. Mortlake either did not hear or did not choose to answer the question. "Sir Willoughby Doyne and Mr. Fawcett," continued he, "are there named as executors, and, at my instance they wait without for admission; but it appeared to me better," said he, "that you should know the nature of the will first—their presence might have been unpleasant to you."

"We are extremely obliged, sir," said Mrs. Ashenhurst, in scorn and indignation; "but this precious document shall never stand!"

"Madam," said Mr. Mortlake, "you deceive yourself!"

"The will is certainly unjust, sir, and a most extraordinary will, sir!" interrupted Lord Cornbury; "Miss Ashenhurst is unquestionably the true heir!"

"My dear lord!" said Mrs. Ashenhurst, the floodgates of her excited feelings opened by his apparent sympathy, "is it not a cruel will?—is it not a most unfeeling, a most absurd will? If it could be set aside," said she, in a confidential tone, addressed as much to Mr. Mortlake as to Lord Cornbury, "my daughter would be heir-at-law. Cannot it be done?"

Mr. Mortlake shook his head.

"Oh, sir," continued she, compelled to speak plainer, "the law can do anything—such things are done every day: what need to say anything of this will—this absurd, this ridiculous will at all? What claim has Sir Harbottle on our property? Nothing need be said of this will—we are all friends here together. Gentlemen, it shall be worth your while!"

"Dearest mother, no!" said Jane.

"Madam, madam, you are mistaken," said Mr. Mortlake, hastily; "this is such a thing as the law cannot do. My good lady, I beseech you to think of what you are suggesting!"

"Is there no mention of me in this will?" again asked Mr. Conyers Freemantle.

"Of you, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashenhurst, turning the wrath upon him which she dared not pour out on the lawyers; "and what right have you to suppose you are mentioned in the will?"

Mr. Conyers Freemantle both looked and felt chagrined, but he kept his eye on Mr. Mortlake.

"Your name, sir, does not occur in the will at all!" replied the lawyer.

"Humph!" said the disconcerted gentleman, and began to wish himself away.

"The will shall not stand," again said Mrs. Ashenhurst, forgetting the temporary diversion of her thoughts; "the will shall not stand if there is a power on earth to set it aside! It is an iniquitous will!" repeated she, in a voice approaching to frenzy.

"Mother," said Jane, "let us withdraw."

"Gentlemen," continued Mrs. Ashenhurst, disregarding her daughter, "if there is power on earth to do it, this will shall be set aside!"

"Madam, I wish you joy of your legacy," said Miss Jacquetta Freemantle, rising, with the most withering scorn, herself more mortified and chagrined than she had ever been before,—"I wish you joy of your legacy, madam!" and with a laugh she swept out of the apartment.

Lady Cornbury looked round like one aghast when she was gone, and taking the arm of Mr. Conyers Freemantle, she went quietly out after her; he glad of what seemed like an excuse for his withdrawing.

"Let us leave the room, dearest mother," again said Jane; "Sir Willoughby Doyme will do what is right—his lordship will do what is right!"

"Go, if you will!" replied she, in violent anger; "but I will stay!"

Jane withdrew to her own apartment—her own no longer—and sat down to contemplate this strange termination of their vision of splendour. Surprise and disappointment she certainly felt, and an unpleasant consciousness of the world's coming wonder and idle pity; but her greatest concern was on her mother's account, to whom this was worse even than a death-blow. The agony of her feelings was a deep, living sympathy with her mother: for herself, Jane knew there could and must yet be happiness and blessings in store; but for her, thus insulted—thus degraded—thus stripped of what made all the glory and desirableness of life—there seemed nothing but darkness and death.

What took place in the saloon after Jane left it, we know not: in an hour's time Mrs. Ashenhurst was supported to the room where her daughter sat, in violent hysterics. Rage, the most ungovernable, succeeded her restoration; she was frantic with disappointment and anger; and Jane, bewildered and terrified, knew not what to do. The Cornburys were gone, and as hour after hour passed on, and no message came from them, either of condolence or sympathy, Jane began to suspect that yet another cutting pang, the neglect and desertion of friends, would be added to her other sorrows.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Ashenhurst, exhausted with the vehemence of her excitement, sank into a profound and death-like sleep, which might have been mistaken for death, but for the spasm-like starts which shook her whole frame at intervals. Jane sat by her mother's bed alone, and no wonder, that as the deepening twilight filled the chamber with yet heavier gloom, the full bitterness of this disappointment—the peculiar difficulty of their situation—fell sadly on her spirit. She felt that they were objects of strange and vulgar wonder to the very domestics; that they had been cruelly, wantonly betrayed by their relative;—they had been mocked by the presence of their enemies; as she deeply felt the Freemantles to be;—they were deserted by their friends the Cornburys;—and now, with no one to counsel, no one to sympathise with her, she sat by the bed of her mother, who already seemed fallen a victim to this cruel shock. At this very moment her maid informed her that a gentleman waited in the saloon to see her: he had refused to give his name, but said he came from Harbury, and wished particularly to see Miss Ashenhurst.

"Good heavens!" thought Jane, "can it be Brian Livingstone? What a comfort—what a mercy—if it be!" She consigned her mother to the watch-

fulness of her maid, and, with a beating heart, hoping and fearing, hastened to the saloon.

The saloon was lighted up as usual; but its black hangings gave a general sombre effect, and for the first moment she did not see who awaited her. A sound of low whistling, however, the next moment directed her to an Indian screen, within which stood the unshapely figure of Mr. Parkinson, resting on his two stout legs, set apart to command solidity of base, and his arms a-kimbo, in the act of surveying the room. What an unpleasant apparition!—What a revulsion of feeling! Mr. Parkinson, instead of Brian Livingstone! Jane felt sick at heart, and would have stolen back as silently as she had entered, but at that moment he faced about.

"Oh, Miss Jane! why, I didn't hear you come in! How do ye do? Bad job this of your uncle dying! I was just travelling this way, and thought I must look in on you. Zounds! it's a bad job!—Well! and how's my old friend Mrs. Ashenhurst?"

Jane replied coldly that her mother was not well.

"Egad, Miss Jane, you have managed badly somehow, to let the old fellow leave his money from you in this way!"

"Mr. Parkinson," said Jane, "my attendance is required elsewhere,—I must wish you a good evening."

"Oh, no offence sure, Miss Ashenhurst,—no offence I hope; but you see this is a thing everybody talks of. Why, they've got the story at Wood Leighton there, as pat as can be; and I'll tell you what now,—there's a pretty little house of mine at Harbury as will just suit you—moderate rent."

"I must wish you a good evening," said Jane, with apparent indifference, and left the room, feeling now indeed the humiliation of this event. Her heart was full to overflowing; nor did she return to her mother's bedside till she had wept away some of the excess of her feelings in her own room.

"Hollo!" said Mr. Parkinson, seeing her gone; "why, bless my soul, she's touchy! Ha, ha! this is a pretty coming down, after all my lady's airs!"

"Sir!" said a footman, entering.

"What! I shan't see Miss Ashenhurst again, shall I?"

"No, sir?"

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Parkinson, doggedly, as he walked slowly down the room, looking first on one hand and then on the other. "Why, you'll have a new master here soon," said he, at length.

"I know nothing about it, sir," was the footman's reply.

"Oh, very well!" repeated Mr. Parkinson, and began to hum a tune. "I should think, young man, you'll hardly suit Sir Harbottle," said he, at length, in vexation, as the footman stood with the door in his hand.

"Sir, I'll thank you to take your leave!" said the man.

"Oh, very well, sir!" returned the visitor, in great wrath; "but you'll please to remember, sir, that I am a gentleman."

Scarcely was Mr. Parkinson gone, when Jane was informed that Lady Doyme prayed for an interview with her. There had been a general good understanding with Sir Willoughby Doyme and his lady, but no intimacy, and Jane questioned for a moment whether this might not be an additional insult which her strange fortune subjected her to; but then she remembered that this lady was the friend of Mr. Vigers—and, so remembering, granted the interview.

Lady Doyme was a clear-headed, straight forward, kind-hearted woman, and without apology or ceremony, or referring in the remotest manner to what had occurred, introduced her errand: Sir Willoughby and herself prayed Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter to remove for the present to their house.

Jane thanked her, but hinted of the Cornburys.



"The Cornburys," said Lady Doyme, without explaining herself, "are cold-hearted, selfish people; and I have reason to believe, my dear, that you will not find a home at Wilton."

Jane started; but she remembered the Freemantles. <sup>c</sup>

"I speak advisedly, my dear Miss Ashenhurst," said Lady Doyme, in her business-like manner, and Jane forebore to ask any explanation.

We will not go through the arguments used to induce Jane to accede to her proposal. She did succeed, and then remained through the night in the chamber of Mrs. Ashenhurst; Jane the while forgetting her own personal distress in anxiety for her mother, and filled with admiration for the thoughtful, unpretending, frank-hearted kindness of this Samaritan neighbour.

The next day Mrs. Ashenhurst, in the same lethargic state, was removed to the house of their new-found friend—no message, no token of kindness or care, having reached them from Wilton; but Jane, hearing from Mr. Mortlake that his lordship was gone to a great cattle-show, and her ladyship about to visit a long-neglected seat at two counties' distance, to which the Freemantles were to accompany her—~~an~~ unheard-of journey for Lady Cornbury.

Let us now hasten over a space of many weeks, leaving untold for the present, what occurred next at Denborough Park; leaving the world's wonder at these strange events to go by unspoken of; nor will we tell of the devoted attachment of several domestics who prayed to follow the altered fortunes of Jane;—many a poor hired servant bears a truer and a nobler heart than the friends of our prosperity;—and saying nothing of the deep and desolating sickness of mind and body which lay heavy as death on poor Mrs. Ashenhurst; nor will we tell the fearful suspense of Jane's watching, nor the unabated kindness of Lady Doyme.

We must now look in upon a small, quiet residence, many, many miles from the scenes of these latter events, and there find our former Mrs. Ashenhurst, emaciated, shorn as it were of her former honours, the pride and strength of her life gone, a melancholy ruin of her former self, weak in body, and with a total oblivion of memory as to the later years of her life. She is seated, as is her daily wont, in an easy-chair, with the Book of Common Prayer on a small table before her, from which she reads the lessons for the day many a time in the course of the day, and, saying but little, seems yet to take an almost cheerful interest in what passes, however trifling the event. There too sits Jane, the good, dutiful daughter, who, self-forgetting, tended her through her melancholy sickness with holy watchfulness, and now devises a hundred little schemes to amuse and diversify her monotonous life.

Mrs. Ashenhurst and her daughter, even after this cruel destruction of their hopes, were not poor; the gifts alone which they had received from their relative, of themselves, constituted no ordinary wealth; and now, in the elder lady's debility, they were passing rich. At the earnest desire of Jane, Sir Wiloughby Doyme had obtained for her this home among strangers, where, unannoyed by passing events, undisturbed even by familiar faces, recalling memories which it was only tranquility to forget she might devote herself to her mother, and gather about herself, in humble thankfulness, the blessings and amenities of life, which yet abundantly remained for her, in unabated strength, clear and even strong intellect, bright imagination, highly-cultivated taste, and above all, in the holy and cheerful resignedness of her spirit, and its entire trust in Heaven. And here within this new home she had gathered about her her favourite authors, her music, her flowers, her birds. She was not less beautiful than formerly: though with a beauty somewhat less brilliant and joyous, her countenance, like her spirit, was calm. She feared little, now that her beloved mother was restored to her, and little also dared she hope; though her mind

many a time adverted to pleasures which she believed never could return, lingering on them, and retracing them, and feeding her soul with visionary things which often left her sadder than they found her.

So sat Jane one afternoon in November, watching the last gleams of red sunlight on the yet unfallen leaves of a young beech-tree, but occupied less by those outward objects than by thoughts which they produced through some mysterious association, when Brian Livingstone again stood at her side. Jane started as if she had seen a spectre, but the eloquent blood spoke a welcome on her cheek and forehead.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Jane involuntarily; "but who told you we were here?"

"I heard it all from a friend of yours," said he, taking her hand tenderly: "I owe this happy meeting to that noble fellow Vigors."

Jane again blushed deeply.

"Thank God, we can yet be happy!" said he, clasping her in a long embrace, and impressing the first kiss he had ever given her upon her glowing forehead: it was such an embrace as a husband might have given a much-endear'd wife. Oh, the perfect happiness of that time! Holy and chastened as their love was from long disappointment, they met, not as lovers for the first time meeting and embracing, but as most dear, long-tried, and long-parted friends. The misery of the past seemed at once annihilated by the present fulness of joy; and, in the midst of their heart-happiness, Livingstone told how Mr. Vigors had sought him out in his foreign wanderings, and joined him at a cottage by the Lake of Geneva; that the most entire friendship had grown up between them, and thence he had come to know the sacrifice which Jane had made for his sake; and at length, through information Mr. Vigors had received from his friends in England, himself had returned now to claim the happiness which in so great a measure he owed to his noble friend. It was not without emotion that this was either told or listened to; and so the lovers lingered and talked, and lingered yet, till deep twilight had made the colours of the beech-tree one mass of shade.

"Is that Mr. Brian Livingstone's voice?" said poor Mrs. Ashenhurst from the inner apartment, rousing herself up from a nap into which she had fallen. "Do bring him in, Jane; it is so long since I saw him!"

"We have a pretty place here, Mr. Livingstone," said she, when he was seated beside her; a far prettier place than that at Harbury; a much better house, and more servants too. We only wanted you and dear Mrs. Burgoyne to make it perfect. I am very glad to see you!" and she again offered him her hand.

The tears started to his eyes as he heard her speak thus; but he felt it was in mercy she was thus afflicted. What pain and humiliation were spared her by this oblivion of mind!

And now for weeks and weeks the time rolled on a succession of happiness. Let us again look into this boudoir-like apartment, with its unostentatious comforts and elegancies, on the happy group that sat there one bright morning in April.

"I had such a dream last night of white favours and gloves, of bride-cake and a wedding-ring!" said poor Mrs. Ashenhurst. "I really am glad your wedding is going to be so soon, Jane!"

"We are all glad, dear Mrs. Ashenhurst," said Augusta Livingstone, with an arch smile and bright laughing eyes, a very Euphrosyne in youthful beauty and gladness.

"And so I am to go to Bath with Mrs. Burgoyne—did you say so, Jane, love?"

"Yes, my dear mother; so she wishes, if you do not object."

"Oh dear, no, love—I should like the journey of all things. And you say she has a good house? It must be twenty years since I was at Bath. I shall like it of all things!" And so saying, she turned again to the Prayer Book.

"And pray when is this Mr. Vigors to come?" asked Augusta of her brother.

"He will be here this evening," was his reply.

"And he really is so very handsome?"

"Wonderfully so; and yet unlike any handsome man I ever saw."

"I shall never like him!" said the merry girl. "If you would bespeak my aversion for any man, tell me he is handsome. I hate your handsome men; they have no heart—no sense; they love nothing—they think of nothing but themselves! I never saw a handsome man that I could endure, except yourself, Brian."

"Mr. Vigors is very like Brian," said Jane Ashenhurst.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Augusta, laughing. "The most charming man I ever saw—the most gentlemanly, the most sensible, polite, and at the same time the most ordinary—was my old favourite, Sir Garton Jellicos. He was a perfect gentleman! I had serious thoughts of proposing for Sir Garton myself, only there was Lady Jellicos in the way—dear, good old lady!"

"Mr. Vigors!" said the servant, opening the door and ushering in that gentleman.

What a happy meeting was that of these friends! and had a spectator stood by, he would have instantly seen the impression which that noble countenance made on the hitherto sceptical Augusta Livingstone; she was a convert in half an hour, though she maintained her old opinion in merry wilfulness all the next day. Mr. Vigors did not meet her as a stranger; he knew her frank true-heartedness, and many a high quality of mind, from letters addressed to her brother; and a few weeks made, as my readers may perhaps already have anticipated, two happy couples instead of one. A few months more, and poor Mrs. Ashenhurst dreamt of another wedding on the eve of accomplishment. And so let us leave them—noble, loving hearts, rich in their own exceeding happiness!

(Concluded.)

### *A Parsee Wedding. By Mrs. Postans.*

It is not very long since I had the pleasure of being a spectator of one of the most interesting ceremonies it was ever my good fortune to witness in India,—the marriage of the lovely daughter of the highly respected and munificent Parsee knight, Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy, with her cousin, a very amiable and gentlemanly man, little older than the fair Ferozeblai, sister of Turquois.

While a guest in the house of my kind friend Meer Jaffur, the Nuwaub of Surat, this marriage was the great topic of native chit-chat; but in consequence of the illness of the Governor of Bombay, Sir Jemsetjee did not intend to issue general invitations;—a matter of deep regret to many beside myself, for the knight's princely hospitalities are so well known, and the preparations for the mystical celebrations were so extensive, that a participation in the sumptuous entertainment was of course most desirable. My friend Meer Jaffur, with his brother Meer Acbar, of Baroda, had been invited some time since, and had already selected pairs of magnificent shawls, with which to return the presents, sent, *selon regle*, with the original invitation to the marriage; but for myself I saw no hope, so with other evening loungers on the esplanade was constrained, with what contentment I might, to admire night by night the magnificent *façade* of the knight's mansion, brilliantly illuminated, to wonder whether the pretty pavilion erecting in front of it was for a natch or a supper-room, and to

gossip about the report that Monsieur Roserre, the Herr Döbler of the day, had been offered four thousand rupees, to do, what any Kalatnee would have performed more surprisingly, for three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine rupees less. At about three o'clock on a certain day, however, a servitor of Sir Jemsetjee's came to "call them that were bidden to the wedding;"\* and he literally said, in the Guzeratee tongue, "All things are ready; come unto the marriage." A polite affirmative was at once written by Meer Jaffur, on coloured French note paper, and enclosed in an envelope decorated with loves, doves, hearts, and violin players, an original design perhaps of the valentine producer's art-union; and the suitable missive despatched, Meer Jaffur and his brother Meer Aebar soon appeared, splendidly and most becomingly attired. The dress of Meer Jaffur was of fine white linen, flowered in Surat tambour-work with gold and coloured silks; his turban of Dacca muslin striped with gold, a long muslin scarf, such as Mohammedans always wear in dress, round his neck, and on his arm a magnificent green Cashmere shawl. Meer Jaffur's fine figure, handsome countenance, and graceful manner, adorn any dress; but the one in question was in such admirable taste, that I could not avoid its portraiture. Knowing well the power of perseverance in all mundane matters (even those with the most discouraging aspect), I determined mine should not be lacking, in a vigorously sustained endeavour to see as much of this great Parsee wedding as the unbidden might; and being altogether urgent in curiosity, the Meer, with his usual kindness, assisted my laudable exertions with the loan of one of his open carriages, in which, sketch-book in hand, I quickly followed to the scene of action: and a brilliant one in truth it was.

Passing through the Sunkersett Bazaar, (as this part of Bombay is called, in compliment to the rich Hindoo landholder, Juggernath Sunkersett, Esq.) our way was constantly impeded by groups of women bearing marriage gifts; all richly dressed, and followed by their male relatives, about every tenth woman bearing on her right hand a silver, on which was a loaf of sugar, and an infant's suit of crimson satin brodered in gold or silver. As we passed through the church gates of the fort, the plot thickened, and the crowd was so dense that we could proceed only at a foot's pace, ourselves attracting attention from the crimson silk reins and silver harness of our steeds. This fact from time to time favoured my advance, but the way was choking with the processions of women I have described, and the masses of bidden guests, passing from every avenue towards the mansion of Sir Jemsetjee. Each guest wore "a wedding garment," and bore on his arm, closely folded, a Cashmere shawl. This wedding garment was a surcoat of fine muslin falling in full folds to the feet, fastened with large bows over the breast on the left side, and girded round the waist with flat broad bands of a thicker material. It is proper that this dress should be of sufficient length to conceal the slippers, and must be of very ample dimensions. As we advanced, it was quite evident that the constabulary force had labour almost beyond their powers and patience, in warning off the hired shigrams filled with half-caste women, and the buggies, crested with English sailors, that marred the scene; but if Constable C. who ap-

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\* Matt. xxii.

peared the very genius of order, possessed any taste connected with his public zeal, he must have backed, passaged, and caracoled that bay Arab, which seemed ubiquitous, with right good will. On one side of us was the splendid mansion of Sir Jemsetjee, its handsome portico, and broad flight of steps, occupied by the male members of the family welcoming the wedding guests, while Cursetjee, the eldest son, pointed to the place of each on the chairs and benches previously arranged. Thus honourable men who were bidden sat in the highest place; none were afterwards called on to give place, neither was it necessary to say unto any, "Friend, go up higher,\*" arrangement having been previously made, according to rank, and thus "the wedding was furnished with guests."†

On the upper step of the porch was seated Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy, benevolence in his every expression, dignity in his every gesture. His garment was of white muslin of the most delicate fabric and ample dimensions, and on his breast he wore a noble decoration, in the gold medal presented to him by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in recognition of the princely munificence which dictated the erection of the noble hospital which bears his name. In front, and opposite to Sir Jemsetjee's house, stretched a line of temporary and highly decorated reception rooms, intended for the natch and supper, and here the band of the 20th N. I. played polkas with the most untiring spirit.

I had but time to direct my coachman to draw in at this particular point, as the best for seeing the passers by, when on the porch and steps of the mansion I observed the guests dividing as if to flank an avenue, and in a second more came forth a procession as brilliant, interesting, and beautiful, as could be imagined. It was difficult indeed to fancy myself the spectator of a matter of real life, so like was it to some of the rich, gorgeous, and well-conceived groupings that delight us in a new opera, or a splendid ballet, on which colour, light, and design, have exhausted their best efforts for effect. In this case, however, truth added to the beauty, and instead of weary, worn-out *coryphées*, we had here the handsome friends and fair young relatives of the bride, bearing marriage gifts to the bridegroom's house. And they came, *trouping* forth into the bright sunshine, clasped hand in hand, bearing salvers. Their rich attire was of French satin of the clearest colours, bright blue, pale blush colour, and full primrose, each saree bordered with a deep band of gold or silver, and each foot flashing in a jewelled slipper. The band preceded this fair *cortège*, and as the whole moved on, bright smiles and mirthful glances gleamed upon the crowd, but the slow and measured pace served well to display the grace and natural dignity of the Parsee ladies.

Scarcely had this charming procession passed, when a jewelled hand was laid on the carriage door, and Cursetjee looked in: "I have come," he said, "the bearer of my father's compliments, to beg you to honour my sister's marriage with your presence; you would, perhaps, like to see the ceremony, and your friends the Meers are already here." The reader, on whom I have already confided my anxiety on this point, will sympathize in

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\* Luke xv.

† Matt. xxii.

the delight I felt in thus becoming a bidden guest ; in truth, at this moment, the invitation appeared the very pleasantest I had ever received, and I immediately followed its kind proposer to the portico, where Sir Jemsetjee received me with the courtesy which so eminently distinguished the fine old knight, and I soon found myself in the seat of honour, "the upper room at feasts," between my friends Meer Jaffur and Meer Acbar. Ours was evidently the most distinguished position, for Sunkersett was with us, with his fat, amiable son, and the Brahmin, Vindiack Gungadhur Shastree, Esq., with others of note. With those on the opposite seats, among those of less degree, I soon espied our "family physician," Budr-oo-deen, whose eyes revolved more than ever, as I thought, and looked much paler—an odd old gentleman, in sooth, and not at his ease as a wedding guest. But I am digressing, and while the Hakeem is rolling his visual organs, as if boldly defying any cobra in all India to fascinate them, the din of women's voices grows louder through the lattice behind my chair, the lights burn more brilliantly, and Cursetjee summons me to witness the marriage ceremonies. The glare and noise on first entering the great saloon were quite overpowering, and it occupied some minutes before I could see and understand what surrounded me. It seemed, that a few moments previous to my entrance, a large curtain had been thrown down, which had been drawn across the chamber, the ceremonies connected with which had been strictly private, and from what I afterwards learned of the matter very properly so ; but the mirth of the ladies was at its height, and although this was their sixth day of festivity preparatory to the marriage, rich peals of ringing laughter left no doubt of their untiring enjoyment, and their perfect appreciation of all the

"Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles."

which had attended the performance of rites mystical to the stranger.

In the centre of the hall was spread a large square carpet, the edge of which I was particularly requested not to touch, even with the hem of my garment, it being for the time sacred. On one side of this were the bride and bridegroom, seated on richly gilt chairs ; the young husband in the usual dress of the Parsees, and the bride enveloped in a veil, or saree, of gold gauze, edged with pearls. They were a handsome couple, and with little disparity of age, the bridegroom being perhaps eighteen, and pretty Ferozeblai some four years younger. Facing the bride stood the *Dastur*, or Chief Priest, with flowing garments and white turban, peculiar to the order, and on either side *mobeds*, (priests of the second class), holding a dish with cocoa-nuts and rice, and a small fan. Between the priests and bride, were two small tables, teapots, as they are called in India, (a perversion of teen-pong, or tripod,) each supporting a lighted candle and a green cocoa-nut, on a silver salver.\* As the *Dastur* thus stood, with hand upraised, he scattered rice and dried fruits towards the bride, repeating the nuptial benediction ; this ended, the bride's feet were bathed with milk, the *kusti*, or cincture of seventy-two threads, blessed and adjusted, with some frivolous customs on which it is unnecessary here to remark,

\* Gen. 1. xxviii.

inasmuch as I was assured both by Manockjee Cursetjee, and my obliging friend Nourojee Dorabjee, the radical editor of the Chabook newspaper, that they were mere grafts of Hindooism, and "contemptible to speak of." The concluding ceremony, however, had too much absurdity in it to pass unnoticed, and the reader will, if a bachelor, perhaps thank Heaven that he, at least, was not born a worshipper of *Atish* (fire), to be liable to the suffering I am about to describe, in addition to that of a "wedding breakfast." In the marriage chamber were some hundreds of Parsee women, of all ages and various ranks, splendidly attired, for even those less wealthy than their neighbours were radiant in gold and satin; yet the elder ladies, and some even more than *passée*, had reason to rejoice that the saree, when required, levelled distinctions by concealment. Every individual of this crowd, from the moment, however, the nuptial ceremony was concluded, stepped upon the carpet and commenced a little benedictory appendix, performed by extending the hands, and passing them over the faces and garments of the bride and bridegroom, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, repassing them from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, and retiring after a low salaam. I fancied I could perceive a pitiable shrinking of the suffering bridegroom from the bony hands of some of the elder ladies, and gentle shaking of the pretty head of the bride, as if these harsh touches on her smooth face were absolutely painful. No doubt they were, but this is a "*custom*"—in the East a word of most extended meaning, powerful enough at all times to set aside any supposed necessity for reason, and affording an excuse for anything, however monstrous, absurd, or irrational. On entering the saloon, Cursetjee had introduced me to his mother, Lady Jemsetjee, a remarkably fine-looking person; her dress was a rich crimson satin saree, with a deep gold border, slippers worked in diamonds, and a nose jewel, composed of three large pearls, with an emerald pendant, an ornament which the Parsees, as well as the Mohammedans, very generally use.

After the marriage I was presented to the bride, and had the pleasure of seeing her sweet face unveiled by gorgeous drapery. She wore trowsers of white satin embroidered in gold, a flowered lace under-dress, with a pale pink satin boddice, worked with an elaborate design in pearls of various sizes, her slippers and nose ring being similar to those of Lady Jemsetjee. Numerous strings of large pearls depended from her fair neck, and her arms were half hidden by rich ornaments. Her manner was graceful and quiet, and I am told she is accomplished and very amiable; speaking English, and having been educated by an Englishwoman, who was accustomed to tuition in England, and is herself well informed. And here I cannot avoid remarking with commiseration on the condition of many of my poor countrywomen in India, whose position appears to be, if not quite destitute, helpless and wretched in the extreme; one sketch of which will serve as the portrait of many. A young woman, for instance, of a large and impoverished family, the members of whom, perhaps, all occupy the most dependent, and generally degraded position of governesses in second-rate families, is induced, with the hope of assisting in missionary labours, to come to India. She marries, perhaps, a clerk in an office, or some man whose family have been unable to provide him with a profession.

He gains chance employment, probably in an office, or as English writer to some native gentleman, where he gains lodging and some three pounds (thirty rupees) a month. Disappointment now brutalizes him, he strives to deaden its sense by stimulants; a young family increases care; the wife struggles to improve things by teaching among half-castes and Parsees, for a stipend less than her husband's; mutual recrimination too often follows; the unhappy woman, unable to return to her country, fails in health; and the scene is one over which we would willingly draw a curtain, wishing that society had no such scenes which have for its actresses our sorrowing sisters, sorrowing and helpless in a foreign and most ungenial clime.

I had quitted Sir Jemsetjee's house, and was enjoying the refreshment of tea with my kind friend Manockjee Cursetjee, at his house, a few doors from the knight's, when my attention was excited by a blaze of light which I found to proceed from hundreds of lanterns, swinging in pairs from the tops of bamboos some ten feet high, and carried by coolies engaged to light the procession of the bride to her husband's house. An avenue was now formed, and the fair Ferozezhai appeared, surrounded by her female friends, and enveloped in a crimson saree, closely drawn round her face and figure. She was then carefully placed in an open palankeen, decorated with cushions and tassels of green and gold; this was immediately raised, and borne between her male relatives, while the guests of both sexes attended it in distinct groups, but both men and women holding hands, and walking slowly, two and two. The innumerable lights gave full effect to this interesting scene, and two bands lent their aid to render it yet more dramatic.

The looker-on could not but be impressed with the singularity of the procession, and the strange fact of this fair girl, whose life had been passed in the seclusion of her own splendid home, being thus brought forth and borne above the heads of the crowd, through the close streets of the crowded fort; a blaze of light cast on her delicate and shrinking form, and curiously gazed on by the lowest of the people; and, this misery past, to enter her husband's house, and lead a life secluded as before. Yet such is the "custom," painful and revolting though it be, and, as I remarked before, no further explanation is required.

It was pleasant, however, to know that in the fate of this fair Parsee there was less harshness than attends the lives of many of those who dared scarcely look from their lattices upon her, a fact arising from the strictness of Mohammedan and Hindoo customs. Ferozezhai, it was pleasant to remember, had not married one old enough to be her father, the present husband perhaps of a trio of fair dames; nor had she been betrothed in childhood to one she could not but detest; she looks not forward to a life whose sole pleasure is gossip, whose chief luxury is sloth; in her case there is no funeral pyre, with its greedy flames, ever dancing before a terror-excited imagination. Happily, no. Her cousin husband has won her girlish heart; she fears not the influence of other wives, or any degradation at her husband's hands. She will have cheerful association with her friends, and possess a degree of liberty unknown to other Eastern women; by Parsee edict, no legal rival can dispute her power; and, but that the venetians of her carriage are only half-open to the morning and evening



breezes, as she drives to her country houses, to enjoy the family pic-nics and festivities in which the Parsees delight so much, her fate does not materially differ from that of a young Englishwoman commencing the duties and cherished responsibilities of a wife. And thus, sweet bride, with heartfelt good wishes and pleasant thoughts, we say farewell to thee! Be thou as one among the "honourable women," whose clothing is not only vestures "of gold wrought about with needle-work," but whose "strength and honour are her clothing," and whose "works praise her in the gates."\*

"Lips though rosy must be fed;" and lips of a less charming hue must also receive sustenance, despite ceremonies, cashmeres, and stiff muslins; the Parsees especially, too, agree in the idea that life in Bombay would be but a dull thing were it not illustrated by plates, as poor Theodore hath it of London; consequently, as soon as the bride had left her father's house, dinner commenced, and as this entertainment was likely to last some hours, I thankfully accepted Manockjee's invitation to look through his library for which purpose we proceeded to his father's house. On the steps we met Manockjee's interesting little daughter, Koonverbhai, who had run home for a moment to change her delicate blue and silver saree for a less brilliant one, in anticipation of passing the evening in romps and pastime with the bride and her companions. The little lady was in high spirits and under great excitement, but gentle, well-bred, and courteous, as ever. Placing her little soft hand in mine, she carefully led me up the winding staircase of the house, smiling and chatting all the way, in the most winning manner, and never for a moment betraying the anxiety she felt to return to her more congenial party. On entering the drawing-room we found a weary group, for six days and nights of festival will tire the most zealous in mirth and gaiety; Manockjee's younger son, Shereen, was especially so, and taking off his little body-coat and turban, and appearing in his loose muslin vest, scarlet trousers, and blue satin skull cap, he threw himself on a sofa, and was soon fast asleep. Manockjee's wife was also there, with her pretty round-faced little baby; but as she spoke only Guzerattee, the language now used by the Parsees, our intercourse was confined to an interchange of smiles.

Soon after ten I left Manockjee Cursetjee's to attend the natch at Sir Jemsetjee's "*Bower*," as the Parsees called it. The band of the 20th N. I. were still playing polkas with great zeal, and the guests had not yet left the feast. Cursetjee, Jemsetjee and the bridegroom, however, received us, and a servant presented a large salver, covered with bouquets of delicious roses; but no sooner had I taken one than he sprinkled it with scented water, from a golden *golaubdani*, which notion of adding as it were "perfume to the violet," was too completely in native taste for me to approve. A few days before this the Meer, who had been at a large party at Sunkersett's, presented me a bouquet, every blossom in which was marred with gold-leaf. Sir Jemsetjee's people were less barbarous in this case, but the little triangular packets of *pan suparree*, folded in fresh plantain leaf, were gilded most profusely.

The dancing-room was elegantly decorated, spread with rich carpets, and lighted with massive silver candelabras and splendid chandeliers; the cornices and pilasters painted with garlands of flowers, evidently by a French artist, and the draperies of pale pink silk. The taifa consisted of only two natch women, but good specimens of their profession; both were young and handsome, wearing the tight trowser and bell-shaped dress, of gauze, embroidered with gold. The contrast of colour was pretty; one dancer wearing dark crimson and gold, and her companion pale blue and silver. Natches resemble each other so nearly that a description of the present would be a work of supererogation indeed, and altogether intolerable to the reader; it is enough to say that the dancers at Sir Jemsetjee's were perfect in their art. They advanced, retired, revolved, and advanced again, as usual, while the musicians grinned, and nodded, and stamped, and made horrible faces of intense excitement, as it is their duty to do. Thus the spectators were lulled and charmed by turns into a succession of the most perfect satisfactions.

Behind the dancers a full curtain that depended from an arch excited my curiosity, and under pretence of viewing nearer the decorations of the *salon*, I peeped behind it. Stretching away to what really seemed an interminable distance, were supper-tables laden with rich plate, decorated with epergnes and roses, and abundantly studded with certain long-necked bottles, in vases of fresh ice.

The guests now strolling in, I felt that, as the only European present, I might be considered an intruder on the scene, and after being escorted to my carriage by a strong party of "links," I proceeded through the fort. The will to return was, however, easier than the deed; for the town generally, and the Sunkersett bazaar, with its environs, were filled with wedding parties; lights flashed from every house, coloured Chinese paper lanterns swung from every porch, tomtoms were beaten, and singers screamed in loud discord on every side; fireworks cracked, and torchmen rushed wildly from street to street. It may be imagined that all this merry madness, combined with a bright moonlight, and a pair of very fresh and shying horses, rendered my homeward course rather an erratic one, making it late before we drove through the gates of Giergaum House, whither my friends, Meer Juffur and Meer Acbar, the bidden guests, had preceded me, I found, some hours.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

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## VIII.—POETRY.

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*War.\**

THE war-banner floats, — there are spears on the coasts, —  
 And the valley resounds with the landing of hosts !  
 The ships in the offing like bacchanals reel,  
 And the bayonets flash forth like a river of steel !  
 The villagers flee from the coming of war,  
 And their flocks speed alarm'd to the mountains afar ;  
 Mead, vintage, and garden, that toil had made sweet,  
 Lie trodden and toss'd 'neath the tempest of feet :  
 And the church where each sabbath their homage was given,  
 Seems lifting its spire as appealing to heaven !  
 But vain supplication,—the war-blast is there,  
 And the red breath of slaughter is loading the air ;  
 The carnage rolls onward, nor ebbs in its flow  
 'Mid the storm-blaze of havoc, and ravage, and woe :  
 See ! the ranks have been routed, the centre hath broke,  
 And, like lightning, the sword thro' the sulphurous smoke  
 Flashes doom on the flying ; resistance is gone ;  
 Whilst the madness of passion yields mercy to none !  
 The steed, whose proud neck in war's tempest was tost  
 Now leaps from the strife, but its rider is lost !  
 The columns are shatter'd—the banners o'erthrown,  
 And the lips are now stiff that the trumpet have blown ;  
 All struggling and wounded the steed pants for breath,  
 Or lifts its wild head in the grandeur of death ;  
 The limbs that shook earth 'neath the fire of their speed,  
 Now quiver, and quail, and grow weak as a reed :  
 The eyes that, like star beams, glanced light o'er the plain,  
 Glare bloodshot and filmed in convulsion and pain !  
 Slow straining each nerve one last effort to make,  
 While his nostrils distended with agony shake.  
 He springs—and, with forelock extended in air,  
 Is dead—with the effort that mark'd his despair !  
 Alas, for the leaves and the flowers of the spring,  
 The lark has just left them with blood on her wing ;  
 The hive of the bee, so untainted before,  
 Lies plashed by the feet that have waded through gore ;  
 And the cot with its roses—where beauty and love  
 Seem'd link'd to the angels and Eden above ;  
 Now ruined—in embers—its sweetness forgot,  
 Sinks shatter'd in heaps 'neath the flame hissing shot.  
 And the CHURCH—with a sin that humanity loathes  
 Is turned to a stable, and ringing with oaths !  
 For ruin, and rapine, and murder, and wrath,  
 Still follow, like demons, War's desolate path !

CHARLES SWAIN.

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*Peace.\**

SLOWLY the early mists of dawn arise,  
 A change, a movement, trembles o'er the skies ;  
 Valley and forest, mead and mountain height,  
 Seem with faint breath to wait the morning light :  
 And, lo ! a foot of beauty from its sphere,  
 Beaming with jewels, climbs the mountain near.

Suggested by E. Landseer's admirable Pictures, so entitled.

Whate'er it touches, by some magic bold,  
 Blushes to ruby, or transmutes to gold !  
 Lac'd by a thousand tissues, rich and fair,  
 Woven by rainbow-looms from threads of air,  
 Auroras of a moment glad the sight,  
 'The poetry of clouds, and dews, and light !  
 'Turn where ye will, on every side behold,  
 'Ethereal pictures framed in Nature's gold !  
 See, the dark beech-leaf, like an Indian's ear,  
 Glitters with crystal gold, and gem-drops clear :  
 And every reed on which the south hath blown  
 Seems dancing to a music of its own !  
 Come, let us mount the cliff, the crested height,  
 Where Dover rears her fortress to the sight !—  
 Like beings of the deep the vessels glide,  
 Proud of their own reflection in the tide ;  
 Proud of their mission,—which is War no more,  
 But Commerce, Christian-love, from shore to shore ;  
 The cannon—sentenc'd ne'er again to float,  
 Still'd the red thunder in its murderous throat—  
 Lies, by the majesty of 'Truth o'erthrown,  
 Rusted, dismounted, weed and moss o'ergrown,  
 The cautious lamb hath dared to make its way  
 Unto the very mouth which spoke—to slay,  
 Whilst e'en the butterfly within it dips,  
 And grass and flow'rs spring from its iron lips !

Oh, might of Peace, that in the throat of death  
 Can scatter bloom with thine immortal breath,  
 And bid the timid lamb no longer heed  
 The cannon's mouth, but there in safety feed !—  
 Crop the wild flow'rs that live within its breast,  
 And taste the sweets of nature and of rest !  
 When will men learn, who still to battle haste,  
 That Peace is *property*,—and War is *waste* ?  
 That Education makes a Nation great,  
 And Knowledge is the safeguard of the State ?

False is the triumph of the Battle-hour,  
 The noblest triumph is in moral pow'r.  
 Time laughs at battles, and the fruits they earn ;  
 The conqu'ring sword lies conquered in its turn.—  
 But there's a pow'r which even Time can bind ;  
 E'en Time itself is vanquished by the MIND !  
 It grasps beyond the victor's blood-won name,  
 And marshals cent'ries on the path of fame.

Then, welcome Peace !—may Nations build thy shrine,  
 Profess thy creed, and own thy breath divine ;  
 May Science, Literature, and Genius, spring,  
 Like rays of glory, from thine angel wing !  
 Strike down deception—let no wrong endure—  
 Take to thy heart the interests of the poor ;  
 And prove, O ! Peace, that War usurps thy right—  
 Not his, but *thine*, the vict'ry and the might !  
 Strength, with simplicity ; with grandeur, rest !  
 And majesty, with meekness, guard thy breast,  
 'Till War, and Misery, and Crime, are gone,  
 And all the people of the earth ARE ONE.

CHARLES SWAIN.  
*Literary Gazette May.*

## IX.—CHESS.

NOTICES.—The principal Clubs in London for Chess, are the St. George's and the Old London Club.

It is curious that both the celebrated players La Bourdonnais and McDonnell (of Scotland) should have been buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Mr. Staunton is about to publish a companion to the hand book published by Bohn. It will be a treatise on odds at Chess; illustrated by games, and portraits of the best players in Europe. It is to appear this autumn.

## KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

*To the Editor of the Chess-Player's Chronicle.*

"SIR,—Will you allow me to call your attention to a variation of Cozio's attack in the King's Bishop's Gambit, to commence at the sixth move, where the second player moves as in the hand book (page 330) 5 P to Q third? The following are the preceding moves :—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K fourth	1. P to K fourth
2. P to K B fourth	2. P takes P
3. K B to Q B fourth	3. Q checks
4. K to B square	4. P to K Kt fourth
5. Q to K B third	5. P to Q third

While playing lately with some of the well known metropolitan players, I found how, by moving 6 Q to Q B third, I obtained a very good opening. It seems to compel Black to play 6 P to K B third, whereupon the following moves occur :

7. Q to Q Kt third	7. K Kt to R third
8. B to K sixth	8. Q Kt to Q second

This appears to be his best move; if he take B or play K to Q square he will clearly lose a Rook in two or three moves, and if he play 8 Kt to Q B third White can take B with B and then Q Kt P with Q.

I think, therefore, at this stage, the eighth move, White has the better game, and that whether he takes off the Kt or advance P to Q fourth, his position is more secure.

Yours obediently,

C. S. I."

<sup>40</sup> *Decisions.* If a piece is touched, it must be moved, unless the player merely intended to adjust its position on the board, and at the same time said "*J'adoube*," or I adjust.

2. Winning a game does not entitle a player to the privilege of moving first in the next game.—*Illustrated News.*

PROBLEMS.

FOR Nos. 7 and 8.—SEE DIAGRAMS.

WHITE.  
B at Q R sixth  
Q at K R fourth  
R at Q third  
Kt at Q Kt seventh  
P at Q Kt fourth

BLACK.  
K at Q B third  
Q at K Kt seventh  
Rs at K B first and fourth  
B at K third  
Kt at K eighth  
Ps at Q R second and sixth  
Q B second ; K B sixth  
and K Kt third

N. B.—To this beautiful problem the *Illustrated News* received but a single answer.

No. 228.—BY H B B OF LYNN.

WHITE.  
K at Q B second  
Q at K second  
Kts at Q Kt 6 and K Kt fifth  
Ps at Q R fifth and K R fifth

BLACK.  
K at K B fifth  
Ps at K Kt third, Q R third  
and Q Kt second

*White moves and mates in four moves.*

No. 230.—BY A CONTRIBUTOR IN INDIA.

WHITE.  
K at Q R sixth  
Bs at K seventh & K Kt sixth  
Kts at K B fifth and Q Kt third  
Ps at Q B fourth and K B second

BLACK.  
K at K fifth  
Ps at K B third and fourth  
and Q B sixth

*White playing first can mate in four moves.*

No. 34.—BY M G—Y.

*Chess Chronicle.*

WHITE.  
K at Q B third  
Rs at K fourth and Q sixth  
B at K B eighth  
K at Q B second  
Ps at Q R fourth and fifth  
Q second and fifth K seventh  
and K B third

BLACK.  
K at Q B fourth  
Q at K B fourth  
Rs at Q Sqr and K B second  
Bs at K R third and Q sixth  
Kt at K R second  
Ps at Q second and Q B third

*White to play and mate in five moves.*

## No. 36.—BY MR. NATHAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K B second	K at K B fifth
Q at K Kt second	R at Q R third
R at Q Sqr	B at K B third
B at Q Kt Sqr	Kt at K fourth
Kt at K fifth	Q at her third
Ps at Q B second and K R third	Ps at Q R fifth and K Kt fourth

*White to play and mate in six moves.*

## SUBTLETIES FOR THE SCIENTIFIC.

## No. 3.—BY HERR KLING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q Kt third	K at Q B eighth.
K at Q fourth	Q at Q R second
Q at K R eighth *	R at K R eighth
	B at Q Kt seventh
	Ps at Q fourth and K R seventh

*White gives mate in twelve moves.*

## ENIGMAS from the 'Illustrated News.'

## No. 315.—BY HERR KLING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at his Sqr	K at his R eighth
R at K Kt fourth	P at K R sixth

*White can win the Pawn in six moves.*

## No. 323.—BY HERR KLING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q fifth	K at Q second
R at Q R eighth	
B at K Kt fifth	

*White plays and mates in three moves.*

## No. 324.—BY MR. HORWITZ.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q R sixth	K at Q R Sqr
B at K sixth	B at Q R fifth

*White engages to mate Bk K on Bk Q B Sqr in five moves.*

No. 327.—By HERR KLING.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q Kt fifth	K at Q fourth
R at K sixth	B at Q fifth
B at K eighth and Q Kt eighth	Ps at K B fourth, K sixth
P at Q B third	and Q sixth

*White to play and mate in two moves.*

No. 328.—By H B B, of Lynn.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at his Kt third	K at his Kt third
Q at K R fourth	Q at her B second
R at Q Kt sixth	Kt at K fourth
Kt at Q sixth	Ps at K R second and
Ps at K Kt fourth and	K B fourth
K B second	

*White to play and mate in three moves.*

SOLUTIONS.

*To Problem No. 224 in our last.*

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q takes R (ch)	Q takes Q
2. B takes Q	P to K third*
3. P to Q fourth	P to K B fifth
4. P Q fifth	P takes P
5. B to Q B third	P to Q fifth
6. B to Q second (mate)	

*To Enigma 305 in the same.*

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B takes Q P	P to Q third (best)
2. B to K fourth	P to Q fourth
3. R to Q B sixth	P takes B
4. R to Q B fifth (mate)	

---

\* Or Black's 2d and 3d moves may be reversed without making any difference.



*To Problem No. 223 in the same.*

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. B to Q B seventh.     | K to R seventh (best) |
| 2. R takes Q P (dis, ch) | K moves               |
| 3. R mates               |                       |
- 

*To Problem 13 by R. A. B. in No. 4 Picnic Magazine.*

- | WHITE.           | BLACK.               |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Kt to B fifth | K to Q fourth or (a) |
| 2. R checks      | K to Q third (best)  |
| 3. R to K eighth | K moves              |
| 4. R to K sixth  | K to Q B fourth      |
| 5. R to Q sixth  | K moves              |
| 6. Rook mates    |                      |
- (a)
- |                    |              |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to B 5 fifth | K to Q third |
| 2. R to K fourth   | K moves      |
| 3. R to K sixth    | K to Q fifth |
| 4. K to Q B sixth  | K moves      |
| 5. Rook mates      |              |
- 

*To Enigma 308 in our last.*

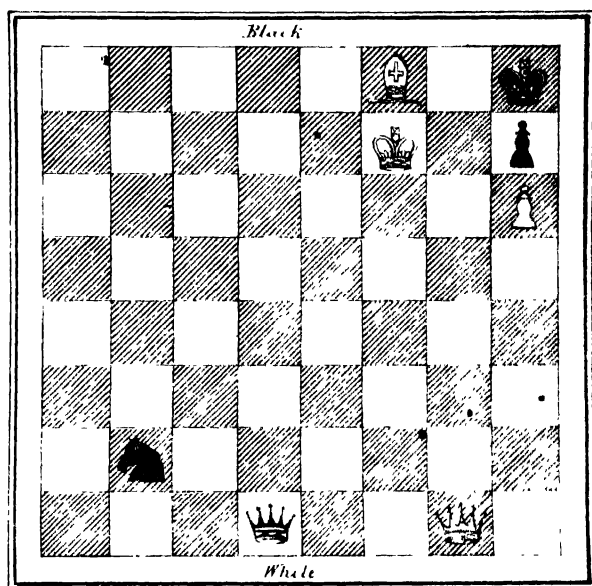
- |                            |                 |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. R to K R fourth (ch)    | K to Kt sixth   |
| 2. R to Q R fifth          | K to Kt seventh |
| 3. R to Q Kt fourth (mate) |                 |
- 

*To Enigma 293 in No. 6.*

## SOLUTION BY MOONSHEF WARIS ALI.

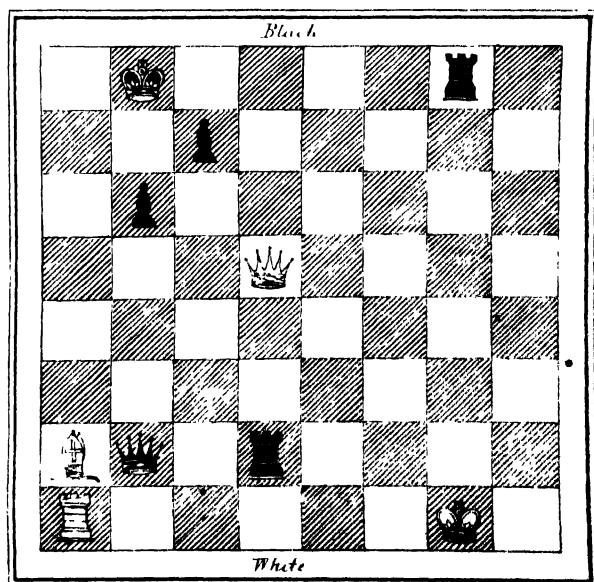
- | WHITE.                    | BLACK.            |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. K Kt to Q fifth        | if K to Q B fifth |
| 2. K to Q B second        | K to Q fifth      |
| 3. Kt to K seventh        | K moves           |
| 4. P (checks)             | K moves           |
| 5. Kt to K B fifth (mate) |                   |
- or
- |                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| 1. K Kt to Q fifth    | K to Q sixth |
| 2. Kt to K seventh    | K to B fifth |
| 3. K to B second      | K moves      |
| 4. Kt to B fifth (ch) | K moves      |
| 5. P check mates      |              |

PROBLEM 7 BY MOONSHEE WARIS ALI



White plays and mates in 3 moves with Pawn

PROBLEM 8 BY MOONSHEE WARIS ALI



White plays and mates in 3 moves.



*To Problem No. 5 in our last.*

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K B sixth (ch)	R takes Kt
2. Q to K fifth (ch)	Q takes Q
3. B to Q B fourth (ch)	K moves
4. P takes Q (ch)	K moves
5. P takes R (ch)	K moves
6. P takes R (mate)	

*To Problem No. 6 in the sam*

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B seventh (ch)	K to Kt
2. Kt to Q R sixth (double ch)	K to R
3. Q to Q Kt eighth (ch)	R takes Q
4. Kt to C B seventh (mate)	

*Errata.*—In No. 6, we regret to say some errors have crept in. It is perhaps scarcely worth noticing the one in Prob. 217 in which “the King takes Root” for Rook.

In the Solution to No. 227, 3 of White for K to K 7 read R to K 7.

In Problem No. 218, last line of Black, for K Kt 4 and K B 5 read K B 4 and K Kt 5.

In Prob 17 for Kt at K B 6 read at K Kt 6 and for White K Q read K 2.

Prob. No. 19 is correctly inserted from the Chess Chronicle, though our correspondent W A thinks it is not soluble in 5 moves, *nous verrons*.

In Enigma 301 for White K at K B read at K B fourth.

In 300 for R at Q 6 read K at Q 6 and in 297 for last White K at Q 4 read Kt at Q 4.

In No. 7 P. Mag. Solutions to Prob. 12—2nd W Kt to Q. read to Q 6—In Prob. No. 30 W K at Kt 6 read K Kt 6.

## X.—DRAMA.

*Amateur Performances in London.*

THEATRICAL excitement has chiefly been kept up by a party of gentlemen amateurs, well known in the literary world, and also of some celebrity on account of their previous histrionic performances. Fame acquired by such exhibitions is usually of a transient nature: but the pencil of Maclise has fixed the *Bobadil* of Mr. Dickens and the *Kitely* of Mr. Forster, so, that there is something of permanence in the performances of this particular body.

The high price of admission charged for their performance has subjected the amateurs to animadversions, made on a rule-of-three principle. Professional artists, having a certain amount of talent, charge only so-and-so for the display of it: amateurs, having less talent, ought, according to Cocker, to charge less—certainly they ought not to charge more.

This reasoning looks specious at the first glance, but it contains more than one fallacy. In the first place, the party who acted the *Merry Wives of Windsor* on Monday, and *Every Man in his Humour* on Wednesday, not having taken money to put into their own pockets, are not to be measured by the same standard as professional actors. Their performances are for the fund appropriated to the purchase and curatorship of Shakspeare's house; and the money paid for the tickets may be held to represent not only a price of admission but also a voluntary donation for the benefit of an ultimate object. With respect to a large portion of the audience, this view of the case is doubtless the sound one; but, supposing there may be a few who have paid their money for the sake of receiving a certain equivalent, still the arithmetical argument cited above will not hold good. The equivalent for the money does not consist in the positive histrionic merit, but in the gratification at seeing a number of persons celebrated in literature and art,—who, be it added, can be seen on one or two occasions only. For instance, many people who would never dream that Mr. Charles Dickens is a better comedian than Mr. Charles Mathews or Mr. Keeley, would feel a certain curiosity to see what "Boz" could do, and would go to witness his performance, when they would stop away from a theatre under ordinary circumstances. If these amateurs played night after night, this motive would vanish: but they do nothing of the sort, and therefore that question is not on the tapis.

And even with respect to the question of comparative talent, that is not so firmly settled as the arithmetical argument seems to imply. In the matter of stage-business the trained actor will be pretty sure of beating the amateur; but it by no means follows that he has the superior intelligence, or more profundity in conceiving the niceties of human nature. Now, that there is a certain amount of intelligence in the body of amateurs immediately before us, has been established by their productions in various departments; and we may be pretty sure, that whatever crudities they display in the practice of their temporary art, they will not fail from having no notion at all of what they are about.

Let us now say a few words about the principal amateurs in the Hay-market performances. And let it be borne in mind, that although *Every Man in his Humour* was this week acted after the *Merry Wives of Windsor* it is the play in which the amateurs first appeared before the public. This caveat is particularly necessary in the case of Mr. Forster's *Ford*; which, we are sure, would never have been rendered in so peculiar a manner had it not been preceded by *Kitely*. The latter character is a very prominent impersonation of jealousy, heightened to such a degree that it touches on the region of tragedy, and has generally been played by a tragic actor—among others, by Mr. Macready. To give full force to all the varieties of mood to which *Kitely*'s restless nature gives birth, is Mr. Forster's constant endeavour. There is not a line that he has not weighed; there is not a point that he would miss. *Ford* is a jealous character of far less importance; rather existing for the business of the drama than as a prominent exhibition of character in himself. All the force and point which Mr. Forster has given to *Kitely* he transfers to *Ford*; and the audience are startled at finding a part usually subordinate raised to such eminence. The vigorous and accurate elaboration of the conception is entitled to all praise; but the question is left open, whether the conception itself is not pitched too high.

The most accomplished actor of the company is beyond a doubt Mr. Charles Dickens. He displays an ease which was scarcely to be expected in an amateur; and if he now and then reminds us of a particular performer, he has evidently a conception of his own. His representation of the bragging and humiliated *Bobadil*, (which is almost equivalent to two parts,) of the quick-talking *Flexible*, (in *Love, Law, and Physic*,) and the vacant *Shallow*, is an evidence of remarkable versatility. The last-named character is particularly good; so highly is it finished, without any attempt at being conspicuous.

Mr. G. H. Lewes seems most anxious to look like a real actor. The tendency of an amateur is to act only when he is talking, and to become a "stick" in the intervals. To avoid this, Mr. Lewes has adopted a perpetuity of by-play. His *Sir Hugh Evans* does not come out in sudden explosions, but is in a ceaseless fidget; which is cleverly managed, but borders on exaggeration. The border is completely passed when he plays the country servant in *Love, Law, and Physic*; for he goes altogether into the old school of caricature.

To fix the merits of Mr. Mark Lemon, is somewhat difficult. The personations of *Brainworm* (especially the old soldier, who is endowed with a touch of the pathetic) show a nice discrimination of character, which we miss in *Falstaff*, and do not find at all in *Lubin Log*. This last part is totally without individuality. Mr. George Cruikshank "makes up" well both for plays and farces; and he abounds in a sort of unpolished humour, to which his deficiency in modulation of voice is a drawback. Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Dame Quickly* was one of the best characters in the *Merry Wives*; natural, and strongly marked, without caricature. Miss Kenworthy—a débutante, who, we believe, means to be professional—strikes spectators by her personal beauty, and pleases them by the prettiness of her acting; in which, however, somewhat of the training-school is yet apparent.—*Spectator*, May 20.

*Shakspeare, the Poet, the Lover, the Actor, the Man; a Romance.*

*By Henry Curling, Author of "John of England," &c. In three volumes.*

[Great artists have generally avoided introducing great artists into their productions as actors, perhaps because action is not altogether their field. Mr. Henry Curling has none of these scruples: he not only presents Shakspeare as the poet and the actor, but as a "lover" of a well-born lady, and "a man" who acts the part of machine to rescue damsels in distress or heroes in prison and make two lovers happy at last. Probability in conduct, or an imagination equal to the theme, was not to be expected; but really, *Shakspeare, the Poet, the Lover, the Actor, and the Man*, is better than might have been looked for considered only as a readable book. It is true, the author's conception of the age is rather superficial: he has little more of the Elizabethan period than its phrases and its costumes; and Shakspeare talks melodramatically unless in speaking from his own plays, when he suggests the idea of a player's quotations. Still, if we look at the enormous presumption of the task, Mr. Curling has got along pretty well; but it is by connecting the poet with the political plots and turmoils of the time.]—*Spectator*, June 10.

### *Theatricals in the Reign of the Stuarts.*

22d. At noon, went and dined with my Lord Crew, were very much made of by him and his lady. Then to the Theatre, "The Alchymist," which is a most incomparable play. \* \* \* 25th. To the Theatre, and saw "The Jovial Crew," (the first time I saw it), and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed. Full of thoughts to think of the trouble that we shall go through before we come to see what will remain to us of all our expectations. \* \* \* 10th. This morning came the mayde that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber-mayde. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good. To the theatre—"The Merry Devill of Edmunton," a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well. \* \* \* To the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination. \* \* \* To the Theatre, and saw "The Antipodes," wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else. \* \* \* My wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. \* \* \* 9th. To Salisbury Court Play-house, where was acted the first time, "'Tis pity shee's a Whore," a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. \* \* \* Home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother Balty, as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife visit a young lady which he is a servant to, and have hope to trepan, and get for his wife, I did give

way for my wife to go with him. Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, observed at the Opera a new play, "Twelfth Night," was acted there, and the King there: so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me; and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so, after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her.—*Pepy's Diary*.

The revival of *Money* at the Haymarket has proved a fortunate experiment, chiefly on account of the very great delicacy and discrimination with which *Clara Douglas* is acted by Mrs. Kean, and the passion and earnestness displayed by Mr. Kean in the part of *Evelyn*. But the comedy is generally well filled; and the performance of *Captain Smooth*, the fashionable gentleman of indubitable importance and doubtful character, by Mr. A. Wigan, may be especially mentioned as an artistic creation. The house was completely filled on the night of the revival; and "the profession" generally may rest assured that the legitimate way of attacking foreigners is by the production of good English pieces well acted. The English actors have one natural protection on their side in speaking the language of the country; for they may depend upon it, that although many fashionable people affect a predilection for everything foreign, the number of persons who can really follow out a long French play with pleasure is utterly insufficient to fill a large theatre.—*Spectator*, June 17.

### *French Plays—Monte Cristo.*

THE dramatised version of *Monte Cristo* seems to demonstrate, what really needs no demonstration, that a play is one thing and a novel another. In a novel much may be interesting which does not in the least relate to action; while in a drama, (unless we except the comedy of dialogue and manners), all that is not subservient to action is completely useless. The first part of the play, *Monte Cristo*, which begins with the beginning of the novel, and ends with the escape of *Dantes* from the chateau, furnishes a strong case in point. The readers of the novel doubtless recollect, as one of the most interesting portions, the description given by the *Abbé Faria* of the various expedients to which he has had recourse during his imprisonment,—his solution of soot in wine to make ink, his pens made of fish bones, and so on. Now this is exactly the sort of thing which it is fascinating to read, but which, set forth in a dialogue on the stage, produces no interest. In the novel the skilful *Abbé* rivals *Dantes* himself in attraction; in the play the worthy philosopher is simply *embetant*, till he becomes a corpse, when he does, indeed, afford room for a little practical horror. Generally speaking the novel is very closely followed. When it becomes dramatic, then the piece is effective—when it has a non-dramatic interest, then the piece is dull. Dramas of this sort are almost necessarily imperfect. An attempt is made to put too long a story into a limited compass, and the work in its progress is governed by laws other than its own. The labour of a dramatist should be expansive of a small subject rather than reductive of a large one, and it may be laid down as a maxim that no story longer than



one of the old Italian novels is fitted for dramatic purposes. Isolated scenes may be good under any circumstances of story, but to make a complete well-constructed work, the crowd of incidents that we find in a novel of Dickens' or of Dumas' is in every way unfitted.

The play with all its defects has, however, one great advantage in the excellence of the actors. We have not in London, combined or dispersed, a sufficient number of performers to play a melodrama as the company of the *Theatre Historique* act *Monte Cristo*. If the rioters of the Drury-lane pit succeeded in acquiring one-tenth part of the talent displayed by the objects of their attack, they might indeed esteem themselves lucky. Not only is *Edmond Dantes* played by M. Melingue with full effect, in his two conditions of happiness and misery, but the jealous *Fernand*, the devoted *Mercedes*, the mean drunkard, *Carderousse*, and the cool *Nortier*, are all completely brought out so as to be striking figures in the dramatic picture. We have many excellent comic actors, and a few who devote themselves with success to high tragedy, but suppose we wanted to see the hero of a "drame" well acted, whither should we turn? Alas! our eyes would wander instinctly to the tomb of poor Frederic Yates.

The performances of the *Historique* company are confined to two nights in the present week. Do not let it be supposed that they have displaced the lively wags of the Palais Royal. No.; Ravel and Grassot keep up the ball of "fun" as vigorously as ever, bent on keeping the *habitués* in a roar of laughter at any expense whatever.—*Atlas*, June 24.

## XI.—MISCELLANEA.

The *Dublin Evening Mail* announces the re-appearance of the potato disease in the west of Ireland, but states that in every instance it can be traced to ignorance and mismanagement in committing the seed to the earth.—*Ibid.*

The consumption of coffee in Great Britain, during the past year, was 36,781,391lbs., or at the rate of 14 ounces per head per annum on the population. In 1801 the consumption was only 750,861lbs., or at the rate of one ounce per head per annum. The present consumption in the United States is at the rate of *seven pounds and a half* per annum per head on the population.—*Ibid.*

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The mean temperature in London during the last week was twenty-one degrees above the mean temperature shewn by an average of temperature of the corresponding week during the last twenty-five years.—*Ibid.*

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*Mob Disperser*.—A new mode of dispersing mobs has been discovered out West, which is said to supersede the necessity for military force. It is,—to pass round a contribution box.—*Montreal Witness*.

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*Caricatures*.—H.B. has issued four new caricatures, applicable to the present times, i. e., to the Income Tax, and the question of public defences.

The Duke, as an old Pilot, looking out, is a capital character. John Bull metamorphosed into a donkey, but resisting further lading, is very humorous; and the boat's crew (Cabinet Ministers) pulling into the storm of public opinion; Sir D. Peel steering at the helm, is a clever version of the defeat of the additional two per cent. Twelve more subjects will raise this remarkable series to the number of nine hundred.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Why does an editor use *we* instead of *I*?—All sovereigns and persons representing a collective number do the same. Thus the Dean of Hereford says "We, John Merewether, Dean of Hereford." A paper speaks in the name of all its conductors, proprietors, &c. It is, therefore, a collective unity.—*Family Herald.*

### FOLK LORE.

#### *April Proverbs.*

The nightingale and cuckoo sing both in one month. *a*  
Timely blossom, timely ripe.

April showers bring milk and meal.  
April fools—or gowks. *b*

Sweet as an April meadow  
To smell of April and May *c*  
Black-Cross day *d*.

April showers,  
Bring summer flowers.  
April weather—  
Rain and sunshine,  
Both together.

In April a Dove's flood  
Is worth a king's good. *e*

The bee doth love the sweetest flower,  
So doth the blossom, the April shower. *f*

The cuckoo comes in Aperill  
And stays the month of May;  
Sings a song at Midsummer,  
And then goes away.

*Wiltshire*

In the month of Aperil  
The gowk comes over the hill,  
In a shower of rain.  
And on the — of June  
He turns his tune again.

*Craven.*

*a* When ye nyghtegale synges, ye wodes waxen grene,

Lef ant gras ant blosmes sprynges in averyly wene.—Wright, *Lyric Poetry*, p. 92.

*b*—i. e. People sent on idle errands.

*c*—i. e. Of youth and courtship.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III-2.

*d* St. Mark's day, 25th April.

*e* The Dove is a river parting Staffordshire and Derbyshire. It is considered the Nile of those two counties.

*f* *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, printed for the Percy Society, p. 51.

On the first of Aperill,  
 You may send a gowk whither you will.  
 On Lady Day the later, g  
 The cold comes over the water.

*Death of the Founder of Astoria.*—The American arrivals report the death at New York of Mr. Jacob Astor, the well known founder of the colony which has taken his name (Astoria), and whose infant struggles and progress have been made so familiar to the reading public by the narrative of Washington Irving.—*Athenæum* for April.

*Management of Plate.*—After being used, wash your plate well with a piece of flannel in a strong solution of soap and soda not too hot; rinse in cold water twice; then dip a wet sponge in finely powdered whiting and cover the silver well over with it; so leave it till the next morning, when brush off the whiting and polish with wash leather, and you will always have your plate in good order. German silver is cleaned in the same manner as plate. In cleaning plated articles care should be taken to dry them thoroughly after washing; otherwise they will become rusty at the edges.—*Family Herald*.

*To preserve Fish without Salt.*—Open the Fish, wipe it dry and apply sugar to the muscular parts, placing it in a horizontal position for two or three days, that the substance may penetrate, after this it may be dried; all that is necessary being to wipe and ventilate it occasionally to prevent mouldiness. Use a table spoonful of brown sugar to 6lb. of meat or fish. This process keeps it quite fresh, and gives no disagreeable flavor.—*Ibid*.

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

### FROM PUNCH AND MAN IN THE MOON.

*Programme of Liberty*:—There are different kinds of liberty.

There is the liberty of smashing windows.

There is the liberty of not paying your rents.

There is the liberty of not doing any thing, and of receiving a franc a day for it.

There is the liberty of seizing upon Railroads which do not belong to you.

There is the liberty of the Bank to suspend cash payments.

There is likewise the liberty of kicking any foreigner out of the country, who is more clever than yourself, to say nothing of the smaller liberty of playing at gardening, and at soldiers, and making speeches about liberty, and a host of other liberties, which are freely taken without the slightest degree of liberty.—*Punch*.

*M. Ledru-Rollin's New Rights of (French) Man:*

## RIGHTS OF PRESONS.

1. To do every thing that M. Ledru-Rollin and his party bid them.
2. To give every thing that M. Ledru-Rollin, and his party point out to them.
3. To elect any body that M. Ledru-Rollin and his party point out to them.

## RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

1. The wages of the working classes shall be equal.
2. The property of the rich shall be at the disposal of M. Ledru-Rollin and his party.

## RIGHTS OF THE PRESS.

1. The journals are free to say any thing in praise of M. Ledru-Rollin and his party.—*Ibid.*

SCENE—SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON HIS BEAT.—Special's Wife comes out to offer him some creature comforts being a cold winter's night. Special (wrapt up in half a dozen great coats) is *punctilious behind his comforter*.

*Special's Wife*.—"Contrary to regulations indeed! Fiddlesticks! I must insist Frederick! upon your taking this hot brandy and water. I shall be having you laid up next, and not fit for any thing."

*A Hint*.—We trust no one would even think of such a thing, as putting the French Agitator into the fountain at Trafalgar Square.—*Punch for April*.

*The Exiled Family in Claremont*, live in the most economical way. None of the Princes take more than one service of meat at dinner. Louis Philippe, himself, never stirs out. There have been many reasons alleged for this; but the true one is, that the ex-king is shy about wearing out his boots.—*Man in the Moon*.

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*The Leveller.*

Feargus O'Connor stated the other day, that his brother was President of an American Republic, and that his cousin was to be President of that of France. We believe in addition that the Emperor of Russia is the honourable gentleman's father; Queen Pomare his mother; President Polk his adopted son Louis of Bavaria and Narvaez his brothers; the Queen of Spain his foster sister, and the Pope his Uncle; all the members of the Provisional Government are the honourable gentleman's second cousins; and he went to school with the king of the Cannibal Islands.—*Ibid.*

*The Last Depth of Depravity!!!*—When a Field-officer dies, what constellation is his undertaker travelling to?

He's going to hearse a Major (*Ursa Major*.)

Why was Louis Philippe, when he first came over, likely to become a good Daguerrotypist? Because, from want of shaving, he was growing quite a "Beard."

Why are "Surfaces, in Geometry," like lobsters? Because they are supper fishes (*superficies*.)

*A new Definition (suggested by a Muff)*.—A Spoon.—A Spoon is a thing that is often near a young lady's lips without kissing them.

*Scene—the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.*

UNSCIENTIFIC LADY.—Bless me; the gardener has forgotten to wind up the Sun-dial.—*Man in the Moon for May.*

*Anecdote of Harley the Comedian.*

Harley the comedian was wont to take 'sisters and self' down to the sea-side for summer relaxation. On one of the hottest days of an August month he had engaged three places in 'a Brighton four-inside coach'; and, being seated, the little family party were rejoicing that their trio had passed Kensington without being converted into a quartette; but alas! their joy was short lived; for at Croydon—sweet rural Croydon!—an Attorney nicknamed 'the Surry Elephant,' a man of eighteen stone weight, made his appearance for an inside seat. Oh, *mort de vie!* a gross feeding, garlic-eating, cigar-smoking, lozenge swallowing, eighteen stone attorney, inside of a small coach in the middle of August!—there is suffocation in the very thought. But in he must come; and upon his coming in, behold! the vehicle bows at the first step of the man-mountain. Harley perceiving the discomfort of his sisters, gave a sly hint that he would soon put all to rights. The Croydon Falstaff had entered, was seated, and the vehicle moves on. Harley now plays the part of a stranger, and asks one of the ladies if pleasure is her sole object in visiting Brighton.

'Oh, no, Sir!' is the reply; 'I am ordered sea-bathing for a nervous complaint.'

The other confessed to muscular rheumatism; and was proceeding in the language of deep lamentation as to the part in which it had fixed, when Harley cried out, 'Ah! ladies, what are your maladies to mine? yours may be remedied; but alas! for me there is no relief!'

'Your malady, Sir!' said one of the ladies, with a simpering sympathetic voice—'your malady! why, Sir, you look the very picture of health.'

'Ah, my dear madam,' was the reply, 'you know little about my disease; looks oft deceive, the *virus* is working within me even now. I wish, for your sakes, that the journey was accomplished; but I greatly fear we shall not be able to keep our places till then; there is premonition in my *virus*.'

'Your *virus*, Sir! what do you mean?' said one of the ladies; 'you make me uneasy; and surely you are getting worse. But what do you complain of?'

'Alas! madam, about eight days ago I was bitten by a mad dog—my cure cannot be effected; but there is momentary relief when I have leisure and room to take a ride in a coach, when this can be done safely for my fellow passengers. Though I look well, yet, when the fit seizes me,—which it may do at this moment—I am no longer a responsible being; my strong inclination is then to bark like a dog and fix my grasp upon any gentleman present, but I will take a lady rather than have nobody to snap at.'

The feelings of the fat attorney who had now been a silent listener, were now wound up to the point of fear: 'Do you bite?' he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible conformation of face, was 'Hre—hre—chre—wha—whur—bow—wha—hre—bow—wow—wow—bow!'

'Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out! I say coachman, open the door let me out!' bellowed the man-mountain.

The coach stopped, and down came Jehu, saying 'Hillo, what's the row inside?'

'Bow-wow-wow,' said Harley.

'What's the matter?' said Coachy,

'Hydrophobia's the matter,' said the Attorney; 'open the door! be quick, and let me out!'

The door was opened, when another 'bow-wow' made the bulky attorney leap out as if one other moment's delay would secure a horrible bite and bring him in for a disease for which no remedy had been discovered.

'But you'll get wet, Sir,' said the coachman. 'Oh never mind!' said the man-mountain; 'I'm thankful I'm out; I'll ride any where, on the top of the luggage, if you please,' and Harley and his sisters saw him no more—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor for May.*

#### FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON FOR JUNE.

##### *Confounded Foreigners.*

*Scene.*—Foreign gent in the tip of French fashion, and face concealed by the usual quantum of hair, is gallanting a young female in fly-away bonnet, and usual size of back-gammon: her devoted, in the back ground, is throwing an attitude of surprise.

*Small Gent. Loq.*—"Good Heavens! walking with that beast from the opera chorus agin! and yet there's people as 'll say ve don't want a *halien* act."

THE proper street sweeping machines for Dublin.—*Eighteen-pounders.*

##### *Reminiscences of the Derby.*

*Scene.*—A Cockney gent on a knacker.

*Equestrian Loq.*—A thought strikes me! Suppose this 'oss should be a racer, and start off when he hears the word "go" whatever would become of me?

*Scene.*—The Course.—A Landau filled with fashionables—alongside, an Equality gent and family in a Donkey-Cart.

*Equality Gent. Loq.*—"I say old un, where did yese put up yer 'osses? we want to know of a goodish place."

##### *"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"*

*Scene.*—An old maid in doleful dumps, and an older matron sympathising with her.

*Anxious Mother Loq.*—"Come now Rosalinda—it's no use—I know there's something on your mind. Has anybody been trifling with your affections?"

##### *Signs of the Times.*

*Scene.*—Two equality gentry—a dust man and a pie man meet.

*Dustman Loq.*—"You ought to have come to the Pig and Whistle, last night, Jim, you ought. There vus two Furrin princes there, and a German Prime Minister in trouble, as made themselves wery hagreeable."

WHY has a man who has got drunk on Bass' beer like a Sallow Foreigner?  
Because he's a pale-ale-y-un (alien.)

##### *Eels get used to Skinning.*

*Scene.*—Two hairy Foreigners in a Coffee-shop.

*First Citizen Loq.*—"They're rebating the rappel. What's the matter?"

*Second Citizen, lighting a cigar.*—"Oh nothing at all; merely the Provisional Government being hanged."

*A Hint nearer Home.*

**Legal Logic.**—It was settled the other day that a man who stole—no, took—a guinea-pig committed no theft, because the creature appropriated is a “vile animal.” Fortified by this decision, the *Man in the Moon* has kidnapped an Attorney, whom he keeps in a hen coop in the back yard, and hereby defies the law to release the prisoner so long as the above dictum remains an unquestioned explanation of the statutes.

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FROM PUNCH FOR JUNE.

**SCENE.**—*Lord Brougham as the Political Macheath.*

How happy could I be with either,  
 If to'ther were not in the way;  
 But since you thus tempt me together,  
 Why what is poor Harry to say?  
 He'll sing *Vive la Republique*, right tooral,  
 If you say to him “what can you mean”?  
 He'll turn with a rum tum fal-looral,  
 And break into “God save the Queen!”

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*English Definitions for an Irish Dictionary.*

**UNITED IRISHMAN.**—Natives of Ireland, who are always quarrelling with each other, and every one else.

**CONFEDERATES.**—A political party, bent on dissolving all existing ties between Ireland and the rest of the world.

**MORAL FORCE.**—Brick-bats, fruit in an advanced stage of decomposition, blazing tar-barrels, and shillelaghs.

**PHYSICAL FORCE.**—Threatening to use pikes and rifles, and running away from them when used by others.

**A SAXON.**—Every one who receives rent from land, follows an honest calling, keeps a civil tongue in his head, a whole coat on his back, and does not subscribe to MR. MITCHELL'S Paper.

**SAXON OPPRESSION.**—Paying Irish debts out of English pockets, feeding Irish famine with English subscriptions, and supporting Irish labour out of English wages.

**IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.**—Materials for a row, and no police “convenient.”

**ENGLAND'S DANGER.**—*Not* Mr. Mitchell's bluster.

**AN IRISH PARLIAMENT, SITTING ON COLLEGE GREEN.**—A convention of Kilkenny cats.

**MARTYRDOM.**—Circulating 40,000 copies of your newspaper per week and pocketing the profits.

**LIBERTY.**—The absence of locks, gaols, writs and policemen.

**FRATERNITY.**—Encouraging men to cut each others throats.

**EQUALITY.**—Allowing nobody to keep any thing that any body else can take from him.

**IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.**—A country of quarrelling voters, unemployed labourers, and rifle clubs, or in other words, electoral divisions, extension of suffering, and vote by bullet.

**REPEAL OF THE UNION.**—A people without occupation, leaders without honesty, labour without capital, turbulence without control, rashness without foresight, and wit without common sense.

*IRISH GRATITUDE*



*BENEVOLENT ENGLISH LADY* Now, my boy, if I were to give you  
a Shilling, what would you do with it?

*YOUNG IRELAND* Anah! Buy a Pike to stick the natives









SONG OF THE PROPAGANDIST.

(Air—"du, du, du, du," German Ariette.)

Do, do, do, be seditious ;  
Do, do, do, rise in revolt ;  
Don't, don't, don't be judicious,  
Now all the world is a-jolt.  
John Bull, John Bull, why won't you too be a dolt ?

Do, do, paving stones tear up !  
Do, do, raise barricades ;  
Do, do, do, have a flare up ;  
Sport your tri-coloured cockades ;  
Get, get, up, up, scenes, demonstrations, parades.

Slaves, slaves, cast off your fetters,  
Though, though, unfelt they may be ;  
Cry, cry, death to your betters !  
Swear you're resolved to be free,  
All, all, all, all, only by way of a spree.

Let, let, let Revolution,  
Cast all Government down ;  
Swamp, swamp, swamp Constitution,  
Peerage, and Commons, and Crown.  
Do, do, do, do,—do yourselves thoroughly brown.

Each, each, opulent neighbour  
Rob, rob, rob of his wealth ;  
Live, live, live without labour,—  
Hey for subsistence by stealth !  
Rare, rare, rare, rare state of political health !

See, see, Commerce suspended,  
See, see, Credit destroyed,  
See, see, Confidence ended,  
See, see, hands unemployed ;  
See, see, see, see all Britain's foes overjoyed !

Whelm'd, whelm'd, whelm'd in commotion,  
Plot, plot, plot, and conspire ;  
Whilst we, sons of the ocean,  
Trample your flag in the mire :  
Thus, thus, thus, thus, thus we shall have our desire !

"Why should travellers in the desert never be hungry?"—"Because they can feast on the sand which is (*sandwiches*) there!"

There was a "little nigger" in our city, says the *Arkansas Intelligencer*, who had such long heels, that a wit observed that "he was ten years old before it was decided which way the fellow would walk."

If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said, "Is't what I came here for, you mane? Arrah, by the powers! you may be sure that it wasn't for *want*, for I had plenty of that at home."

Counsellor Wallace once said to a countryman in a smock-frock, who was undergoing his examination in the witness box, "You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for lying?" "Less than you are, unfortunately, or you would be in a smock-frock too."

"Doctor, jewel, I'm in a bad way intirely."  
 "What ails you, Dan?"—"Troth, an' it's more than I can tell your honour."

"Are you in pain?"—"The houle time."

"Do you sleep any?"—"Divil a wink, barrin' an hour or two, when nature, poor craythur, is exhausted intirely."

"Good appetite?"—"Not a petatee's worth."

"Night sweats?"—"You could wring the sheets."

"Well, you are in a bad way, that's a fact, but if you're prudent we can build up your constitution."

"Arrah, docthor, dear, couldn't you get me a new consthitushun altogether. I would sell the old one at half price! You could take it out, you know, while I'd be tipsy with the chloroform!"

#### SONG OF THE "OUT-AN'-OUTER."

No fun, no facts—no bills, no acts—	No well fill'd purse, to make things worse—
No Parliament dictation—	No bank, no cash, no labour—
No queen, no king—ne anything	Let each man see he hence must be
To rob or rule the nation.	Co-equal with his neighbour.
No law, no priest—no great, no least—	No Church, no State—no tax, no rate—
No high nor middle classes—	No gin, no whiskey-toddy!
No lordly hall, no houses small—	Henceforth we strike for "share alike!"
No—nothing but the masses.	No nothing—no nobody!— <i>Puppet-Show.</i>

The initial letters of the names of the French Provisional Government—Arago, Lamartine, Ledru (Rollin), Marrast, Albert, and Dupont—form the words "All mad."

"Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very *weak*, ma'am," replied Mr. J. demurely, "I thought I would let it *rest*."

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some troubles in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

A Yankee in the West, says the *Sawville Gazette*, advertises that he will mend clocks, lecture on phrenology, preach at camp meetings, milk cows at the halves, keep bar, lecture on temperance, and go clamming at low tide. He says, during his leisure he will have no objection to weave, rock babbies to sleep, or edit a newspaper.

#### A Dilemma.

Some days ago a genteelly dressed man, of a peculiarly grave and sedate countenance, went into a pastry-cook's who is more celebrated for his puffs than his powers of argument. "Sir," said the serious man, "would you be kind enough to give me a dozen tarts?" "Certainly sir," replied the vendor, much taken with so polite a customer, and having put up a dozen tarts, he handed them across the counter to the gentleman, who, on receiving them, hesitated a moment. "Would you," said he, on reflection, "change these for half a dozen cheese-cakes?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the vendor, who accordingly handed in lieu the cheese-cakes. "I am much obliged," said

the gentleman, who having discussed the cheese-cakes with much satisfaction, prepared to leave the shop. "Sir," said the pastry-cook, "you forgot to pay."

"Pay for what?" "For the cheese-cakes."

"But I do not owe you for them, did I not change them with you for the tarts?"

"You did, but then you know you did not pay me for the tarts."

"Certainly! why should I pay for them, since I did not eat them?"

What is the difference between a diseased potato and a beehive?—None at all; because one is a *spec-tator*, and the other a *be-holder*!

"A splendid triumph of science," said Mr. Muggins to his wife; "Mr. Hertford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek." "That's nothing, Pa," said his daughter; "I saw the doctor take two from our Patty's cheek, the other day, and the operation did not seem to be at all painful."

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions, viz., four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now."

A lady, who was suffering under a slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the utmost difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I would'nt try, my dear," soothingly responded the kind husband.

All the lawyers of York Co., Pennsylvania, having been called to Harrisburg the other day, the relieved and delighted inhabitants met and drew up the following petition:—"We, the undersigned, citizens of York Co., being convinced, from the present peace and quietness of our town, of the uselessness of all lawyers as a body, do pray for the passage of a law to keep our lawyers in Harrisburg, where they now are, and we will ever pray," &c.—*Boston Chronotype*.

"Cosheman!" said a French traveller, as his trunk was handed to the top of the Dover mail, it raining violently at the time, "have you got a cow on the top of your coach?" "A cow! Do you take the mail for a butcher's cart?" "Cart what you plaize, cosheman; I ax have you got a cow on the coash, for if not, my malle shall be vetted, and my hardes all spoiled." It appeared that he meant a tarpaulin to cover the baggage, which in French is called *vache*, being supposed to be made of a cow's hide.

"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"—"Oh, I don't know: I have forgotten it. But (would you believe it?) Mrs. A. wore that horrid bonnet of hers. I couldn't keep my eyes off it all the morning. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one. Miss T. wore a shawl that must have cost a dozen golden sovereigns. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of extravagance. And there was Mrs. H. with her pelisse. It's astonishing what want of taste some folks exhibit."—"Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A.?"—"Oh! Mr. A.: he's so handsome and so graceful! What an eye, and what a set of teeth he has!"

A person named Owen Moore once left his tradesmen somewhat unceremoniously, upon which a wag wrote—

Owen Moore has run away,  
Owing more than he could pay.

"Ireland's cup of misery," says a Pittsburgh editor (apparently an Irishman), "has been for years overflowing, and it seems to be not yet full!"

Buck, the York comedian, was once asked how he came to turn his coat twice. He replied that one good turn deserved another.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, in his speech at Limerick last week, perpetrated a bull. Speaking of the new Irish flag, he said it was orange and green, which should henceforth be the Irish tricolour!

What is the most favourable season to have letters from India? The season that brings them on soon (*the Monsoon*).

A person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his nose paper, and received in return his friend's *marriage certificate*.

There is a "wise man" in Lincoln, who tells fortunes by the planets, yet cannot discover who it was that upset his water-butt!

A gentleman, not very long since, wishing to pop the question, took up the young lady's cat, and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, who said, "Say yes, pussy."

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-haired girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put yours into an oven, for it's rather soft," was the prompt reply.

Professor Wilson was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. "You will allow, at all events," urged his antagonist, "that Napoleon *surprised* the duke at Waterloo?" "Ay," exclaimed the professor, "but didn't the duke *astonish* him?"

A lady, the other day describing her daughter's musical accomplishments, expressed herself as follows: "Louisa has a splendid voice; she has been taught by the best masters, not only in London, but on the Continent; and she can sing some of the most difficult airs by Verdi; but she sometimes sings either a little to the right, or a little to the left. Some ill-natured people say she sings out of tune, but I think it is a *natural wildness*."

REVENGE EXTRAORDINARY.—A wag having had a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his shop one day as he was serving several good customers, with an immense dead cat, which he quickly deposited on the counter, saying, "This makes nineteen; as you're busy now, we'll settle another time;" and he was off in a twinkling. The customers aghast soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

THE TEST OF GOOD TEA.—Not many days past the following dialogue took place between two Irish laundresses in St. Giles's:—

*Mrs. Mallowney*.—Molly Malasky, is your tay to your liking, ma'am?

*Molly*.—Ah, then, sure it is, Mrs. Mallowney, and I'll trouble you for another bowl of the same, for it is excellent tay.

*Mrs. Mallowney*.—Indeed it is, Molly, *shuper-excellent*; 'it takes such a fine grip of the second wather.

A BAD BUSINESS.—A gentleman of our acquaintance has asked our advice on the subject of his pecuniary affairs, which he says have become so deranged that all his liabilities have gone out of his mind.—*Punch*.

POSTSCRIPT  
TO  
**THE PICNIC MAGAZINE.**

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*On the Attack and Assault of Fortresses.*

SINCE the present Number went to press, circumstances have arisen which give us every reason to suppose, that operations on a large scale will be necessary in the Punjaub;—and abounding as it does in forts, that the chief portion of the service will be in attacking and assaulting them.

We think it would be important to General Officers and others entrusted with such delicate operations, to consider well the best means of *effecting their object with the least loss of life or chance of repulse*. Practice, and practical data, are the great desiderata in these cases, and better lessons can no where be found than in examining the cause of failures in former sieges; and thus to take advantage of the experience already on record, rather than gain it at the expence of our own character.

With this view, and in the hope of its utility, we commence a series of papers drawn up from 'Sir John Jones' Sieges in Spain,' and with the help of notes placed at our disposal by a scientific officer, we hope to draw up a succinct account of various sieges, and to explain the causes of their failure. It will be seen that it is not our object to give details, which have already been graphically recorded, nor to go through the whole of the attacks, as every Engineer officer is well acquainted with these matters; we shall only therefore lay hold of those points which we wish to illustrate and remark upon.

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*The First Siege of Badajoz in 1811.*

BADAJOS, on the Guadiana, which washes one-fourth of its encient, rendering it nearly un-attackable, has a defence along the river of a simple and badly flanked rampart, with an exposed revêtement, but on the other sides, eight regular fronts of fortification—the height of the bastions 30 feet, an advanced work at 200 yards and 400 yards in its front. On the N.E. is a hill rising 100 feet crowned by a castle with weak naked walls and without a citadel or other defence: there were two or three field-pieces mounted on its walls without the shelter of proper parapets. Opposite the Castle, across the Guadiana, are the heights of Christoval, commanding the whole of its interior, to obviate which, they are occupied by a fort of a square of 300 feet, the scarp or wall being 20 feet in height.

Lord Wellington had a limited period of 16 days to complete the siege. Had time and adequate means permitted, the south front would have been attacked, first reducing one of the advanced outworks, this however would



have required 22 days. Col. Fletcher, Commanding Engineer, proposed that advantage should be taken of Christoval commanding the Castle, as also its wretched defences, in which it was expected to require not more than 3 or 4 days to form a practicable breach; which, when carried, Badajos could make no further resistance, as the Castle overlooks the town and there is no defensive line of separation between them.

With this view, Fort. Christoval had to be breached and carried by assault—whilst false attacks were made on the other two advanced works.

Lord Wellington having reconnoitred and approved of the above project, returned to the army, leaving Sir W. Beresford to conduct the siege.

The force was very deficient in Sappers and Miners, having only 27 rank and file of artificers, 36 miners and 48 carpenters—their stores could not arrive in time—so the supply for the attack of Christoval did not exceed 500 entrenching tools, 2,000 sand bags, 200 gabions, 250 facines, 7 platforms, a few planks, and 43 splinter-roof timbers.

The artillery available were three 24-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers for Christoval—and six 24-pounders, and two 8-inch howitzers for the false attacks.

It will require too much detail to go through the operations of the siege, —after four nights' and days' operations of the artillery, and opening of the trenches, on the 5th night an order arrived to retire the workmen and raise the siege, as Soult was approaching to the relief of the place.

The only lesson to be learned from this abortive siege, was that the besiegers were totally unequal to such an attack, both in numbers munition and time, and consequently "it may be considered as fortunate that the approach of Soult's army caused the siege to be raised: as otherwise further sacrifice of men in other feeble attempts—it would have brought itself to a conclusion from inability to proceed!"

### *Second Siege of Badajos.*

Sir Wm. Beresford having routed Soult at Albuera, the siege was recommenced—but again, "any thing to be undertaken against Badajos must be of a rapid nature for fear of another relief.—Lord Wellington decided on carrying out the same plan, and improving it by increasing the means of attack generally, by opposing the fire of the place by counter-batteries of guns and mortars. •

With 21 Engineer Officers and 11 Volunteers from the Line, and stores increased to 3,500 entrenching tools, 60,000 sandbags, 600 gabions, 600 facines, a liberal supply of splinter-proof timber, platforms and planks, and all the carpenters' and miners' tools; with 48 carpenters and 48 miners, 25 artificers and 169 privates, &c., selected to render assistance.

The artillery was thus disposed of—

#### *Attack of Christoval.*

12	24-pounders,
4	16-do,
4	24-do, (in reserve,)
2	10-inch howitzers.
4	8-do. do.

#### *Attack of the Castle.*

14	24-pounders.
4	8-inch howitzers.
2	10-do. do.

After 8 nights' and days' operation, Genl. Houston determined to assault the breach of Christoval *at dark* of the ninth night, consequently at mid-night an advanced party of 25 men, out of 180 who formed the storming party, moved forward and gained the ditch of the fort without opposition. The palisades having been destroyed by the firing; and the counter scarp being only four feet deep; but on attempting to mount the breach it was perfectly impracticable, the garrison having moved the rubbish from the foot of it, after nightfall, and the escarp standing clear 7 feet high. After unsuccessful attempts to clear this obstacle, the advanced party were retiring, when they met the main body in the ditch with 12 extra ladders 15 feet long. They thereupon attempted an escalade, but the scarp being 20 feet high, the attempt proved abortive, and the garrison showered down upon the assailants shells, hand grenades, stones, &c., during a whole hour, when the residue of the party retired.

On the tenth day, the fire of the besieged having sensibly diminished, Lord Wellington reconnoitred and ordered the attack of the same breach to be continued. On the 12th night the breach was considered to be again practicable, the assaulting party, 400 strong, paraded as soon as it was dark enough for concealment, and firing was kept up on the breach to prevent its being cleared again, and 16 ladders, 25 to 30 feet long, were provided. On the other hand the French were better prepared, and on the alert with a stronger garrison, elated by the late success. The advanced party of 100 men moved forward *at nine p. m.* and were fired on the moment they quitted the batteries. They met with loss before descending the ditch, where an immense number of shells and combustibles was rolled upon them from the parapet of the fort, which, added to the cool bravery of the defenders, checked their efforts and saved the breach. From the account given by those who returned, *it appears doubtful, if the real breach was ever attacked at all, the night being so dark, that other portions of the rampart injured by stray shot might easily have been mistaken for the breach.* So many men were left wounded in its vicinity, that firing could not be recommenced that night, of which the French took advantage to clear away all the rubbish.

Next day, Lord Wellington decided to raise the siege, stating as his reasons 'the impossibility of getting possession of Fort Christoval without advancing to the crest of the glacier, whilst the castle could not be assailed until Christoval was taken, and because the besieged had strengthened the interior. In the mean time the French armies were approaching to its relief.'

### Observations.

SIR JOHN JONES observes "that it has been shewn how want of time and means prevented the allies from undertaking a siege of a more certain nature and the result of the operation shews that the means were insufficient even for the inferior attack."

"A practicable breach having been formed in Fort Christoval at the point selected, it only required the aid of a co-operating fire on the defences, with a body of sappers and the necessary supply of fascines and gabions to

*have rendered the reduction of the work certain ; for there was abundance of time to have carried forward a sap to the glacis and to have established such a close front of musquetry fire as should have prevented the garrison from clearing the breach or showing themselves above the parapet during the attack. Then, as the troops would have been able to advance under cover to the assault, it might have been made in daylight.*

"It further appears, that the breaching batteries were placed unnecessarily far from the fort, and the ordnance was very inferior and inadequate to the reduction of such a fortress as Badajos.

The guns were false in their bore, the shot of all shapes and diameters—the chambers of the howitzers of unequal size—the shells did not fit the bores and the beds were unsteady! besides, the Portuguese gunners were young and inexperienced and too few, viz. one in five, of British mixed with them. It was highly creditable to the officers to have effected as much as they did under such disadvantageous circumstances, each individual did his duty, and as a body they showed the most distinguished courage.

There was a judicious application of all the means available, though these were insufficient." He concludes his remark thus,

"This attempt to recover Badajos, although bold and hazardous in the extreme and contrary to all rule, had much merit as a feasible expedient, and deserved a happier result."

GENERAL NAPIER has the following remarks on this siege: "There is no operation in war so certain as a modern siege, provided the rules of art are strictly followed, but unlike the ancient sieges in this particular, it is also different in this, that no operation is less open to irregular daring, *because the course of the Engineers can neither be hurried nor delayed without danger.*"

"Bad success always produces disputes, and the causes of this failure were attributed by some to the breach being impracticable from the first, by others to the confusion which arose after the main body had entered the ditch. French writers affirm that the breach was certainly practicable on the night of the 5th but repaired on the 6th; that as the besiegers did not attack till midnight, *the workmen had time to clear the ruins away and to raise fresh obstacles*, and the bravery of the soldiers who were provided with three muskets each, did the rest. But it is also evident, that whether from inexperience, accident or other causes, the combinations for the assault were not very well calculated; *the storming party was too weak, the ladders few and short, and the breach not sufficiently scoured by the fire of the batteries.* The attack itself was also irregular and ill-combined, for the leading troops were certainly repulsed before the main body had descended the ditch. The intrepidity of the assailants was admitted by all sides, *yet it is a great point in such attacks that the support should form almost one body with the leaders, because the sense of power derived from numbers, is a strong incentive to valour, and obstacles which would be insurmountable to a few, seem to vanish before a multitude.*"

"The allies lost, during this unfortunate siege, nearly four hundred men and officers, and the whole of their proceedings were against rules."

*The working parties were too weak, the guns and stores too few, and the points of attack chosen, not the best; the defences were untouched by counter batteries, and the breaching batteries were at too great a distance for the bad guns employed; howitzers mounted on trucks were but a poor substitute for mortars, and the sap was not practised; lastly, the assaults were made before the glacis had been crowned, and a musquetry fire established against the breach.*

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*Memoranda by the Writer.*

*Memo. 1.—This siege failed because no enfilading batteries were placed to silence the guns of the besieged.—If instead of forming breaching batteries at 600 or 800 yards, they had made enfilading batteries, which would have enabled them to push on approaches, and then have formed a second parallel at 300 yards to which the enfilading guns might have been removed; and again pushed on the approaches to the crest of the glacis, and there have formed the breaching batteries, which could have seen down to the foot of the escarp wall, all of which would not have taken more than 12 nights to have accomplished; the result ought to have been different.*

*Memo. 2.—It is a mistake to suppose that a breach can often be successfully stormed before the defence is silenced; and again that a besieger's battery formed in a couple of nights, can be successful in silencing a solid battery in a fort by direct fire from a distance.*

*Memo. 3.—The time of assault was badly chosen.*

It is impossible to carry on any operation correctly and successfully when it is too dark for men to see each other. To collect a storming party at nightfall on a dark night is highly censurable.

*The proper time to collect the party is about an hour before the moon rises, or before the day breaks, so as to give them sufficient time to approach unperceived to the ditch of the fortress, and so that the light may begin to break just as the party mounts the breach.* They have then a fair chance of carrying the work instead of killing their comrades. This fatal mistake was so often made in the assaults in the Peninsula campaigns and sieges, that we shall have to recur to it more than once again.

*Memo. 4.—However, attempting a siege without a proper body of sappers and miners, well trained and practised to their work, and without serviceable artillery at once rendered the case hopeless!*

*Memo. 5.—Further, it was neglected to keep up a fire on the breach during the first portion of the night of attack, which enabled the defenders to clear away the rubbish and render the slope impracticable, as well as to strengthen the breach by raising fresh obstacles in it.*

*Memo. 6.—Though forts in the Punjab, resemble more the ancient than the modern style of European fortifications, in having high exposed walls with or without deep moats, still the rule of not breaching from a distance is equally applicable. These faces, generally in the form of a square, should be likewise enfiladed. The hours of assaulting them should be chosen as explained above.*

If artillery ammunition should be wanting, they are easily approached by trenches, having no flanking defences, and can then be undermined and destroyed with a barrel or two of powder.

• The mode of attack to be pursued against forts upon high hills will differ in a great measure from the attack of those situated on the level country, and will be treated of separately.

*Memo. 7.*—In the account of the foregoing sieges, it will be observed, that the siege guns were easily disabled, both from their own firing and by the enemy's shot. In a country where there may be a succession of sieges and assaults, fresh supplies of siege guns and stores should be constantly pushed up from the rear. To have to halt for weeks before entrenched armies or forts, until siege ammunition arrives, exhibits the greatest want of foresight and judgment that a General can display.

*Memo. 8.*—Finally, a General of the present day, who wantonly exposes the lives of the troops entrusted to his care, when by patience, and the skill of his scientific Officers, and by following the advice of those competent to guide him, such sacrifice might be avoided, deserves to be execrated, and will be estimated at his true value in history.

### *Escalade and Capture of Fort Napoleon at Almaraz in 1812.*

FOR the sake of example we shall now give a short account of this successful operation by Sir Rowland Hill, one of the most dashing enterprisers in that campaign.

#### *Description of the Works.*

Two forts had been constructed on either side of the Tagus, fort Ragusa consisted of a redoubt for 400 men, with a good profile, and a masonry tower 25 feet high, having two rows of loopholes for musquetry. There was an outwork called a *flèche* to protect the intervening bridge and flank the fort. On the left bank was a well flanked bridge head with a good masonry revetted profile, and some heights which commanded it were covered with another redoubt. Fort Napoleon for 450 men, having a retrenchment across its rear, supported by a loopholed tower in its centre 25 feet high.

The scarp of this exterior work was injudiciously divided into two steps, by means of a very wide berm, the ditch, however, was well palisaded, and the entry to the tower was secured by a drawbridge, rendering it capable of an excellent defence, even after the loss of the outer work. The road to Almaraz was practicable for artillery, only by a certain pass, and on a height near it, at 5 miles from Almaraz stood an old tower, Miravette, surrounded by a lower wall and rampart 12 feet high, mounting 7 or 8 pieces of ordnance. They had besides fortified a large house on the road, and constructed two small works between the house and tower, forming altogether a strong line of defence across the pass.

The next road was called the pass of Cueva, the descent from which was not better than a goat's path.

The attacking corps marched at 7 P. M.; having three days' provisions, and in 3 columns, intending to surprise the French posts. Gen. Chowne was to take Miravette, Gen. Long was to advance by that pass to Almaraz, and Sir R. Hill with Gen. Howard's brigade was to make a de-

tour and cross by the pass of Cueva. But the march of this last column was considerably longer than was expected, and though the top of the pass was reached without difficulty, the descent by the goat's path caused so much delay, that day-light overtook them, and they retired behind the pass, out of sight of the French. Whilst Gen. Chowne advanced close to Miravette, which he found to be too strong to be taken without artillery, and Gen. Long found the pass of Miravette so well protected that to force it was considered hazardous.

By a reconnaissance it was discovered to be impossible to carry on the gnus; the troops bivouacked that night on the mountain. Gen. Hill determined to descend the goat's path, and by a bold and dashing enterprise *with a column of infantry alone* to escalate Fort Napoleon and the Bridge-head. It was proposed to do this by descending in the dark and *appearing unexpectedly before the fort at daybreak*. For facility of movement the ladders of 32 feet in length were cut in halves.

At 9 p. m. the troops marched and the head of the column arrived near Fort Napoleon by daybreak;—here some delay occurred, for the rear to close up, but they lay concealed behind some intervening hillocks only 800 yards from the fort. *Soon after daylight*, as had been concerted, Gen. Chowne made a false attack on the Castle of Miravette, which distracted the attention of the garrison of Fort Napoleon, who did not seem at all aware of their own danger.

At 8 a. m. Gen. Hill's column moved forward to the assault of Fort Napoleon, under a brisk fire which opened upon them as soon as discovered. "They descended into the ditch at three points and reared the ladders, but from the great breadth of the berm, they could not be rested on the parapet. Each party, however, undismayed, ascended to the berm, and took footing on it, then drew up the ladders, and again fixing them, simultaneously mounted the parapet against a vigorous resistance.

"As soon as fifteen or twenty men were on the top of the parapet, the defenders of the exterior line gave way, and made for the communication to the retrenchment. This was by a narrow door-way through a small building covered by the parapet of the outer line, from which a narrow bridge led to the inner defence, and seemed to render it secure; but the assailants followed the garrison so quickly that they entered the door-way together, and a sharp but momentary conflict took place, in which the French commandant was wounded and made prisoner. Overpowering numbers of the troops having now escalated the fort, the garrison abandoned the retrenchment and the tower, and fled in the greatest confusion to the *tête-de-pont*, the assailants pursuing them so closely, that both parties pushed together into that work, when all resistance ceased. The flying enemy crowded on the bridge to escape across the river, but those first over cut away three of the boats, in consequence of which a number of men and officers leaped into the river and were drowned, and the remainder 250 were made prisoners.

"The garrison of Fort Ragusa, seeing what had happened, opened a fire of artillery against Fort Napoleon, but Lieut. Love with his artillery-men most promptly turned the guns of Napoleon against Ragusa, and after he had fired a few rounds, the French garrison evacuated the fort, made a

hasty formation at the foot of the glacis, and then marched off towards Naval Moral !”

### *Observations.*

Sir John Jones proceeds to observe “ that the reduction of these formidable works was thus effected by the musket and bayonet alone, with the loss of 2 officers and 31 men killed, and 13 officers and 131 men wounded, which can scarcely be considered the amount likely to occur in the escalade of similar works when well defended.

“ No doubt the decision, the arrangement, and the spirit of the attack was the cause of the assailants not having suffered more ; but the errors of the defence also saved them many lives. For instance, the ditch of the inner work or retrenchment of Fort Napoleon being strongly palisaded round, if the commandant had secured the entrance to the retrenchment and sacrificed the defenders of the outer works, the complete reduction of the fort would still have been very difficult, even after the first success ; or at all events the garrison would have gained time to recover from their panic, and secure the *tête-de-pont*. Again, no attempt at defence was made in the tower of Fort Napoleon, which if occupied by a few men, might have made considerable resistance, and occasioned great loss to the assailants.”

### *Memoranda by the Writer.*

A successful enterprise does not afford so good a practical lesson as a failure—it consequently leaves us little to remark on beyond the very shameful behaviour of the garrison.

*Memo. 1.*—This was one of those bold and daring operations, without venturing which no general can be altogether successful. However, the garrison were unpardonable in a military point of view, for allowing themselves to be surprised in the middle of a campaign, which could not have happened, if they had placed out pickets or scouts.

*Memo. 2.*—The construction of the ramparts of Fort Napoleon was faulty. The wide berm in the middle destroyed at once the benefit arising from its height, and was the chief means of accelerating its capture.

*Memo. 3.*—It will be observed that General Hill, with the judgment equal to such an attempt, contrived to arrive at the fort by *day-break in order to have the benefit of the full light for the storming* ; most probably, in the dark, the surprise would not have succeeded, as there was not even access by a previously made breach.

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## VOL. I.—ERRATA—Chess.

We regret that in consequence of not residing in or near Calcutta, so as to be able to correct the press, the following errors should have occurred in the *Chess* portion of Vol. I.

In No. 3 and the 1st Diagram.

White.

Omit ♖ from Q Kt 6—  
 and insert R at Q 6.

Black.

insert Kt at Q B 2.

In Prob. No. 207.

White.

Omit Rs from Q Kt 2 and 3,  
 and insert them at Q Kt 6 and 7.  
 Omit K at K Kt 2, and  
 insert at K Kt 7.

Black.

In No. 4 the two first Diagrams should be numbered 12 and 13 from the Chess Chronicle.

In Solution to No. 207, 3d move of Black for K takes K, read K takes R.

In Prob. No. 212 remove W Kt at K R 6, and replace with a White King.

In Prob. No. 213 remove W Kt at Q R 3, and replace with a W B.

In Chess Enigma No. 273, for P at Q Kt Q, read Q Kt 2.

In Enigma No. 274, for W P at Q 24th read at Q 4th.







